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The STRANGE ADVENTURE of Richard Cartel

By G. Hembert Westley

Complete in this Number

We anticipate our readers' enjoyment of this story. It is written in that spirit of utter freedom from world-care and world-weariness that belongs to the age when personal valor and honor in love and war seemed to be the things that won the prizes of life. The reading of it carries us out of the present. It is like watching a stage drama—a story for those who read for recreation.

The author is already well known to the reading public as the author of many bright articles that have appeared in the leading magazines and periodicals. He has been for some years a contributor to Lippincott's, The Arena, Life, Puck, The New England, and other high-class publications. He is also known as associate editor of The Literary Review, and The Book Plate Collector, and is the author of several successful books such as "For Love's Sweet Sake," and "At the Court of the King."

This brilliant story of Massachusetts Bay, is a semi-historical novel in which the interest and action of the story are made the first consideration.

The STRANGE ADVENTURE of Richard Cartel

By G. Hembert Westley

FROM "THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER"

You should have seen him in the street
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time,
His rapier dangling at his feet,
Doublet and hose and boots complete.
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume,
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,
Luxuriant curls and air sublime
And superior manners now obsolete!
* * * * *
With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand
The first who furnished this barren land.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

IT came about that one day whilst I was regaling myself at the Mermaid in London—that fine old tavern so often frequented by Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson—I fell in with the noted Captain John Smith and another who was with him, named Thomas Brookfield, and from these I heard the most marvellous tales of a certain new land they had visited. This chance meeting was the turning point of my life. Before we rose from the board so strongly had they impressed me with their fine and flowery descriptions, with their relation of the wonders they had witnessed and the opportunities they had encountered for romantic and profitable adventure, that afterwards I could rest neither night nor day until I found myself free of the King's service and safe on board ship bound for this wonderful new country.

43174

Before matters had progressed to this extent, however, some rumor of my purpose reached the ear of my father's good friend, Lord Howard, and he sent word that he would see me.

"So, lad, you would cajole Fortune in the New World, eh?" said the old nobleman in that hearty way of his.

"Ay, my lord," I responded, "the old fields seem over closely cropped, and I would fain try new pastures."

"It's a bold venture, sir," said he, "but it's not in me to dissuade your father's son. Nay, I would rather encourage you in your purpose, Richard, for there are some yonder in America who are very dear to me."

"A niece, I have heard, my lord."

"A couple of them," he answered, "and faith, sir, it's one too many. There's Mistress Joan now, who should come back."

"You see," he went on, "Mistress Nell, her sister, married young Ralph Dudley, and nothing would do for the other but that she would adventure with them across the seas. It was a wilful folly in the maid, and belike ere this she has heartily repented of it. But whether or no," he added with a sigh, "I would have the sweet wench back again, for I miss her sadly."

"If I can do ought to that end, sir," said I, "believe me, it shall be done."

My visit to Durrimore Castle was of the briefest, though this was for no lack of courtesy on the part of my kind host; but I had a great deal yet to do, and

would be about it.

Before I left him, however, my lord placed in my hands a considerable little package for Mistress Joan, which, as he observed with a mysterious smile, contained that which might aid in bringing about what he so desired.

"It's a thrust at the heel of Achilles, sir," said he, responding to my curious look with a tantalizing humor. "Nay, I'll tell you nothing more! Good-bye, my lad, and the best of good fortune!"

As our vessel came to a standstill in Shawmut Harbor, I stood upon the deck gazing shoreward. There was no gleam of delight in my eyes. Nay, what I saw turned my heart to very lead within me. Was this, then, my Land of Promise? Was this the "Golden Land," the "Paradise anew" that had been described to me, and of which I had hung such fair pictures in the chambers of my fancy? Heaven help me; I could only see a wild, forlorn country closing down upon a poor straggling, struggling little village, bleak and miserable.

Is it any wonder, I ask, that as I gazed upon this wretched reality there should come over me a great flood of rage and resentment against those who had so beguiled me? I saw their vile deluding trick, and for a moment there was black murder in my heart.

"Oh! I shall rust here to a certainty," thought I gloomily; but, certes, it was the poorest prognostication that ever I made, for scarcely had I set foot on shore than I was off it again upon the maddest of adventures. Immediately upon landing, I made inquiry for those I was seeking, and being told that they lived on the further side of a hill which rose upon our right, I made no delay in setting off upon my errand.

I had mounted this hill and got well into the valley on the other side, and was approaching a narrow stream to cross on a foot bridge, when on turning a bend in the road, I came suddenly upon two persons engaged in talk.

One of these was a tall, well-set man of about forty, strikingly well dressed, and of a bearing which suggested to my mind at the same moment the swashbuckler and the courtier. His face, albeit indulgence had traced some ugly pictures thereupon, was yet handsome and of a cast which declared him an aristocrat born. No Puritan was he, that I saw quickly enough; indeed, for this conclusion I need only have glanced at the splendid jewelled rapier that he wore, a weapon far too gaudy for those staid first-comers.

His companion, I noted, was a person of quite another mold, an older man of a rugged sort, with the red, bloated face of a sot and the garb of a seaman. Beshrew me, but they were an odd couple, and so strongly contrasted in dress and demeanor that I can picture them at this moment as though they stood before me.

The path I was on was soft and lightly beaten, and the brush and foliage bordered it thickly, so that before these two were aware of my presence, I had come near enough to catch a little of their talk.

"It is arranged, then, captain!" the first was saying. "You will see that the proper steps are taken?"

"Ay, sir," responded the other, huskily.

"Stay, there's one thing more," continued the tall man. "I have said nothing of the reward for your services in the matter, but should our plan fare through, you will be nothing the loser, be sure of that."

"That's all fair and square, Sir Christopher," said the Captain. "Your word is enough. Trust me, sir, to be on hand with Cole and Horwood at—"

The what and where of their arrangements were of no interest to me, and being of no mind to play the part of eavesdropper, I stepped forth quickly into full view when the man suddenly broke off speech.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," quoth I, "but perchance you will be good enough to direct me to the dwelling of one Master Ralph Dudley, with whom lives the maid, Joan Forrest."

Zounds! one would have thought that I had clapped a brace of pistols at their heads.

"Who the devil are you?" snapped the man called Sir Christopher, giving the query its most offensive emphasis.

"Sir!" cried I, flaring up, and with hand leaping to hilt. "Sir! you will leave

the devil out of that question, if you please."

"And will I, then!" he roared savagely, his own hand at the same trick.

Lord, sirs, I had whipped out my sword in a twinkling, and he, too, and we stood at the very edge of combat—for perhaps a full minute we remained thus, glowering at each other—then somehow, a new mind came to him, and he thrust back his weapon and laughed.

"Ha!" cried he. "Here are we two utter strangers flying full at each other's throats for naught but a rude word shot out in a moment of surprise. Fie on it! Sir, I apologize to you and do amend my question. Avaunt Sathanas!—And now mayhap it will please you to answer the residue?"

"What's left is as irrelevant as the whole was insulting," said I, not greatly mollified. "How, sir," I demanded, "is't the way here to present one's biography with every trivial inquiry?"

Again he laughed.

"'Fore God, sir," said he, "you are clearly in the right of it! But you shook us, coming upon us so sudden; you did, indeed—so you are not long in these parts?"

"Scarce a full hour," I told him.

He looked relieved.

"Ah, maybe now you arrived upon the ship?"

My look of angry impatience at this unwarranted cross-questioning was not lost upon the man.

"I beg your pardon," he added quickly. "I was forgetting. You inquired, I believe, for Master Thomas Dudley—"

"Nay, Ralph, man, Ralph!"

"In that case I am quite at a loss," he responded, his eyes, however, moving shiftily. "Our good Deputy Governor is the only Dudley I have knowledge of."

I turned to the other.

"Perchance you, then, sir?"

"Not I," responded that worthy, brusquely. Being a sea-faring man, how should I?"

I had the strongest suspicion that they lied, both of them, and was of a hot mind to tax them with it; but, thinking twice on the matter, I held my tongue and passed on, though I was greatly puzzled to mate their deception with any satisfactory reason.

Stepping along to the bridge, I there saw two boats in waiting, one on the outer or bay side, this with a couple of sailors in it, the other on the inner side. And here it was that I came upon a sight quite unexpected, a thing that on a sudden struck and enlivened my somewhat depressed spirits. In the stern of this latter boat sat a pretty, but haughty mannered youth, flicking the water impatiently with a light walking cane. The lad was of slender build, indeed, almost frail, and his years were surely not above a score. With small regular features, full melting dark eyes, and a profusion of lustrous curls, he was one fitted, I thought, to catch any maiden's fancy; yet, looking closer, I doubted somewhat but he lacked in that virile quality which holds it.

The picture was heightened by his dress. He wore, for one thing, a dark satin jerkin, richly embroidered, and with fine ruffled lace at the front and also on the cuffs; while on his head sat jauntily a little Spanish hat, ornamented with an aigrette and costly jewelled clasp.

All this, the hauteur and beauty of the youth and his exquisite finery, set in sharp contrast against that wild background, struck me with wonder, and for the moment I could not but think that I was standing by Thames side at home, where some proud page-in-waiting lingered in my lord's barge for my lord's lady. And so, as I say, I was struck with amaze, and I stared at the youth, who in turn stared back at me—but next moment, as though my appearance had no further interest for him, he fell again to his former idle occupation.

Presently, recalling my wits, I was about to address to him my previous inquiry, thinking that so fine a youth would surely have some knowledge of my lord's niece; but before I could utter the words, the two men hurried down to the bridge, and each stepped into his own boat.

"Row swiftly, Roslin," I heard the knight give orders, and the youth leaped to the oars. Next moment one party was speeding upstream and the other out towards a vessel lying in the harbor.

Hulloa! Out from the border of bushes overlooking the river came tripping a young maid.

"Ha, it's the lad's sweetheart! She's been watching him, I warrant, feasting on his proud beauty afar. Faith, mistress," mused I, "thou playest Hero to but a cold Leander."

The girl was crossing the mead diagonally to take the road, stooping frequently to gather wild flowers. I stood and looked at her, quite charmed by the gracefulness of her movements; but her gaze being fixed in search upon the ground, she did not catch sight of me until she was quite near. Then, seeing a stranger in front of her, she drew back with a little start and exclamation. But this passed quickly, and in a second she was herself again.

Do all men notice first about a woman, her eyes? Such is my way, and this maid's, I saw, were of pretty hazel color, arch and laughing in expression, indeed, almost mischievous. Next I found my gaze dwelling upon a perfectly bewitching little mouth, with lips ripe and full. And then upon her complexion, than which never did come a finer work from the hands of those matchless twin artists, youth and health.

Her hair I can but compare with a tumbled mass of gold, with just that rich red tinge of the metal which in my fancy is so beautiful; while her dress (to come to externals), though in a general sense it was that of the other Puritan maids I had seen, yet for all its likeness, it was gloriously distinguished from any other by an embellishing grace borrowed from an almost perfect and entirely adorable figure. Such in a few poor strokes was the engaging picture I saw before me.

"Your pardon, fair mistress," quoth I, with a profound bow, "but I would fain find the dwelling of Ralph Dudley, hereabouts."

"You are not a world's distance therefrom, sir."

Her reply came quickly, yet there seemed no hint of forwardness in it.

"Dost mark yonder where the path bends shoreward?"

It was a lovely hand that pointed out the way, and faith my eyes were loath to leave it, but I said:

"Ay, surely!"

"Then, sir, you have but to follow that until you come to—" she paused and glanced at me, I fancied with no little curiosity in her eyes—"But, stay!" she cried, with a new thought, "I am very well known at the Dudley's, and if it please you, sir, will walk along there with you."

"Mistress," said I, sweeping the very ground with my plumes, "you increase my indebtedness beyond all computation."

She flashed me a coy interrogative.

"To your gracious information you add the enchantment of your company."

She courtesied to me for this poor attempt at gallantry, and smiled quite coquettishly, disclosing teeth like pearls.

"I take you for a new-comer, sir. Such pretty compliments are a luxury our own men care not to indulge in."

"What!" cried I, "and with so inspiring a subject?"

She made a charming little mouth at me.

"Oh sir!" she protested, "you really must not. After so long a fast, sweets should be given but sparingly."

At this happy retort we both laughed heartily, and to my enlivened fancy, her delightful little ripple, with my ruder note, were our instant signatures to a bond of mutual liking.

There can be no more satisfactory method of introduction than a little chance duel with the wits—'tis as if two cavaliers, strangers to each other, ran hotly atilt over some trifle, and proving each other true swordsmen, were friends ever afterward—and so this maid and I had come to a footing in a mere score of words.

"But come!" I went on, "there be some here proficient in the amenities, surely. Just now upon the road yonder I met a swaggering peppery gentleman, yet courtly withal, whose tongue should turn readily to such speeches."

"You mean Sir Christopher Gardiner?"

"The same, no doubt."

"Oh," she responded with a scornful toss of her head, "Sir Christopher's tongue lacks nothing in readiness; but, sir, I hate the man!"

The word came out with a passionate

vigor which almost startled me.

"Hate, mistress!" said I in surprise. "'Tis a bitter word for sweet young lips."

"Natheless, I would there were a bitterer!"

Hey day! here was evidently no agreeable subject. To change it forthwith, I took on a bantering air.

"And that gentle youth who waited in the boat, you hate him also?" I asked with a quick glance at her. It was a great impertinence, and I had repented of it the instant it was uttered, for the maid flushed painfully and fell into silence.

But she was not one to carry resentment, or, indeed, any mood but sweetness for long, so with another diverting question, this time more happily chosen, I soon had her her merry, gracious self again, and she chattered away pleasantly and with little prompting until we reached the house.

"Since you know Mistress Forrest," said I, pausing at the gate—for I was loath to go further, my aplomb being of a sort I could not depend upon between walls—"you will kindly hand her this package intrusted to my care for her by her uncle, Lord Howard. And say to her, if you please, that my lord desires that she come home."

"Oh, sir," she protested, with a little frown, "but this will never do! You cannot be dismissed so ungraciously. I answer for it that Mistress Joan and her sister and Master Dudley would be much put out with it. Prithee come in!"—and as I still hesitated—"Nay, then you must!" she cried, and ,laughing gayly, she caught me by the sleeve and drew me along up to the house, I having no heart against such charming insistence.

Master and Mistress Dudley, it was found, were not at home; but Mistress Joan, as my merry conductress informed me after a tour of investigation, was in the house, and would be down in a few moments. Then the maid started to leave me again, declaring that she must go and help her friend in making ready fitly to receive her visitor.

"I beg that Mistress Forrest will put herself to no trouble on my account," I protested earnestly.

"Tut, sir!" she cried. "You forget that you come as emissary from my lord. For this, if for no other reason, you must submit to be honored. And besides, we seldom see a new face; so be patient, sir, be patient!" and with the merriest laugh she left me, taking the package I had brought along with her.

I waited for full half an hour, perhaps even longer; but I had the most agreeable thoughts for companions, and the time was little heeded. What matter now, I mused, if Mistress Joan herself turn out a very Gorgon for ugliness; I had found another in this poor dismal country, the loveliest, liveliest maid that ever ravished the earth with the touch of her dainty feet. And had Captain John Smith been there at that moment, faith I had apologized to him most humbly for all my hard feelings, and bestowed a happy man's blessing upon him to boot.

I was still in the midst of these pleasing reflections when, on a sudden, my ear caught a swift rustling upon the stairs outside.

Next moment the door flew open and a dazzling vision appeared, clad in a rich, beautiful costume of dark blue silk, embellished with rows of fine and costly lace. I caught a glimpse of a lovely, somewhat flushed face, with eyes beaming with joy and merriment—then, with my senses in a thorough bewilderment, I bowed low before the radiant apparition.

When I again lifted my eyes and looked at the maid before me, it was to start back in astonishment.

"Oh!—You!" I stammered. "You!—I fancied 'twas Mistress Joan."

She broke into silvery laughter.

"Well, sir, and do I not suit your fancy?" she cried, most roguishly. "I am the only Joan there is!—See!" she said, turning about that I might admire her exquisite gown. "Was not his lordship most kind?"

Immediately upon leaving Mistress Forrest, I went and secured lodgings with one Master Maude, to whom she had recommended me; and during the remainder of the afternoon I busied myself in getting my belongings ashore from the ship.

By nightfall I was fairly settled, and after a frugal supper and some little talk with mine host, I sat down to smoke my pipe and think over the events of the day.

As I drew in and ejected the aromatic cloud, slowly my mind drifted from one incident to another in the day's happenings, dwelling especially upon what had taken place since I landed. In fancy I walked again over the hill; again had my trifling adventure at the bridge, and passed along to encounter Mistress Joan crossing the flowery meadow. Again I chatted pleasantly with her on the way to Ralph Dudley's, and in the end burst into laughter afresh as I came to the clever little trick she had played upon me in the matter of who she was.

Then I began to connect things. A sudden recollection of Gardiner's strange words and startled look came to me, and close upon the heels of this what Mistress Forrest had told me concerning his attentions to her, and finally Master Maude's talk upon Sir Christopher's character and illfame. And putting these things together I began to be uneasy in my mind. A vague suspicion grew upon me that some plot was hatching, some villainy afoot, though what it was I could make no reasonable conjecture.

At length I was worked up to such a condition that I could remain inactive no longer. Buckling on my sword and taking my pistol as well, I opened the door of the house and stepped out.

The night was not dark, and yet dark enough to be chosen for deed of daring or of crime. There was a moon aloft, but it diffused its light dimly through a thin curtain of scudding mist; so that looking around, it was difficult for me to distinguish the scattered dwellings from the numerous masses of rock and bush which had not yet been removed by the hard-working settlers.

Ralph Dudley's house I was able readily to locate on account of its peculiar situation. It was a commodious two-storied structure, with pillared portico, occupying the top of a low rise very close to the shore. The woods on the front and sides of it had been thinned out by the diligent hand of its Puritan owner, leaving only a scattering of large trees. A long path led down the green slope to the gate, while from one end a narrower path wound through low bushes down to the water.

As I approached Dudley's everything seemed to be well. There was no light visible either in this dwelling or in any other near it, the settlers being in the habit of retiring at an early hour, though it was now well past nine o'clock.

The night was very calm and still; save for the occasional croaking of a frog, and now and then the stirring of which I thought must be Mistress Joan's some timid creature disturbed by my nocturnal prowling, there was not a sound to break the silence.

Stopping in front of the house, I lingered by the gate for it may have been five minutes, gazing up at the window which I thought must be Mistress Jona's, my fancy the while picturing a lovely face half buried in spotless pillow, and shaded above by a mass of pretty tumbled golden hair.

Presently arousing from this mood —albeit not without an effort—and feeling relieved in mind for that I had seen nothing of a disturbing nature, I was about to retrace my steps, when on a sudden my eye caught a glint of light from behind a large tree near the house.

Instantly every sense was on the alert. Gazing steadily in that direction, I discerned, against the dim background of sky, a number of stealthy-moving figures. There were three of them—ah! it was the number mentioned by the captain upon the road! My fears were not groundless, then, thought I, and drawing my pistol I began to creep cautiously forward.

"Hist!"—the voice came from behind a rude stone wall beside me.

A man rose out of the blackness and clambered over.

"Hist," he said again, "there's devil's work here!"

"Who are you?" cried I, covering the fellow.

"Lower your pistol," said he calmly; "a friend of the Dudleys and a foe to those scoundrels yonder. Enough for the present! There's abduction on hand

from what I have overheard. Run you for help! Quick!"

"Nay!" I protested, "there are but three of them. The nearest house is at a distance; there may not be time. Come, if you be a friend and with Dudley's help we'll balk the villains!"

The man considered a moment.

"Ay, we might," said he, "we might—but I have no weapon."

"I am doubly provided," said I, presenting sword and pistol. "Choose!"

He chose the pistol.

"Come now," said I, "and let us haste," and immediately we began to creep along towards the marauders, taking care to keep ourselves well under cover among the trees.

Suddenly as our gaze was turned towards the rise, we saw the three men dash from the shelter of the tree and make for the house. They bore between them a huge log and with a single blow of this, which had all their weight and force behind it, it they crushed in Dudley's door.

Immediately following the sound of rending timbers, came the screams of the inmates, terrified at such rude and sudden awakening. One of the voices I knew to be Joan's, and the thought of her danger inspired me with a desperate courage. I sprang from covert and rushed forward.

In the wild excitment of that moment I quite forgot my promised caution. I forged ahead of my companion—or was it that he slipped intentionally behind? I only know that before I had reached the house I felt myself suddenly tripped up and went sprawling to the ground, with the traitorous villain on top of me.

"So, my fine fellow, you would spoil Sir Christopher's little amusement, would you!" he observed mockingly. "Look you now, what is to hinder my putting a bullet through you for your infernal meddling! What's the girl to you?"

I cursed my assailant for his damnable treachery and struggled violently to free myself. He was perched astride the small of my back, leaning forward with both hands pressing mightily upon the nape of my neck, so that with my face half buried in the sward, I was like to suffocate for lack of breathing space.

The advantage he had was a fearful one: nevertheless, I being no weakling, he had all he could do to retain it. His hands were well employed, else doubtless he had used his weapon upon me.

We writhed and strained thus for what seemed many minutes—when presently another scream of terror from the house reaching my ears, I put forth an almost superhuman effort and flung the scoundrel off.

Swiftly I strove to regain my feet, yet before I could straighten my body, he was upon me again like a wild-cat.

"Take it then, you dog!" he cried, savagely, and raising aloft my own pistol, he brought the butt of it down with a fierce oath upon my uncovered head.

The blow was a vicious one, and doubtless would have done for me offhand had not an instinctive uplifting of my arm broken the force of it. It was sufficient to stun me, however. I remember, in a last flash of thought, feeling that the maid was lost—then I sank back on the ground unconscious.

When I came to myself, it was with a dim consciousness of having risen to my feet and continued my pursuit in a dazed, half-seeing fashion. There was a memory, more like a dream than reality, of a shallop on the shore, of a chase in the darkness, guided only by the sound of oar-locks, of clambering aboard some manner of vessel—and then of darkness. I had swooned. Now I found myself lying in the scuppers in the narrow space between her cabin and thwarts. Item by item, my immediate surroundings became more clear.

There was a row of square stern windows just above the level of my head, and after resting a few moments, I drew myself up cautiously, until I could peer into the vessel's cabin. What I saw was this:

Seated in the further corner was Mistress Joan Forrest, her face buried in her hands, and she sobbing, while at her side was the lad Roslin trying to comfort her. His arm was laid lightly over her shoulder and he was talking in a low, soothing voice which reached me

only in a murmur.

I confess that the sight was not one of unalloyed pleasure for me. There came over me something like a twinge of jealousy. Ay, jealousy!—but next moment I was cursing myself for a meddling fool. What was this girl to me that I should be risking my life for her safety? Let her young lover protect her! Let the arm that caressed her fight for her; why put myself to trouble about it?

And yet he was but a frail stripling to cope with such a villain as Gardiner. I dismissed the thought as selfish and quite unworthy of a gentleman, and resolved that at all hazard I would stay by the maid, and if possible, guard her from the unspeakable harm that threatened her.

While I was yet looking, the cabin door was thrown open and a man entered.

"Halloa!" cried a voice which I immediately recognized as that of my late assailant. "Close quarters there, my young jackanapes! You mistake Sir Christopher's purpose, I'm thinking."

"Nay, Master Cole," answered the youth not very boldly, "I was but soothing the maid."

"Ay, soothing!" said the mate, with a significant grin. "A fair sounding word. But look you, sir, your master is due here anon, and like enough he'll want to try his own hand at the game. So get you to your cabin and let the snivelling maid go to hers."

His tone was rough and harsh, and my blood boiled to knock the fellow down. Neither Roslin nor Mistress Forrest made any protest, however, but rose and retired as the mate had ordered.

When the doors were closed upon them, Cole left the cabin.

It was but a moment after this when I caught the sound of dipping oars.

Then it came to me that if I was to act at all, I must act without an instant's delay. I tried one of the stern windows and was rejoiced to find it unfastened. Though small, I judged that the aperture was large enough to admit my body —I was of slender build in those days —and with much effort I succeeded in drawing myself up and crawling through.

Without pausing to recover from my fierce exertions, I crossed the cabin and without knocking opened Roslin's door.

"Hide me, quick!" said I, stepping inside, flushed and almost breathless.

"Sir!" he cried, startled, "who are you?"

"A friend of the maid who would save her," and I stooped as if to secrete myself under his berth.

"Nay, not here!" he interposed, with a strange, frightened look. "Not here!"

"Where, then?—Be quick, man!"

He pulled his wits together.

"I know! I know!" he cried. "Follow me!" and he led me out into the cabin and through a narrow passage at the back, toward the vessel's hold. There, after a hasty search, we found a space where I might remain in some comfort and without any immediate danger of discovery.

We were not a moment too soon. We heard the bow of the boat scrape along the outside wall of my wooden prison, only a few feet away, and then the scuffle of men clambering on board.

"Go back, now," I said to the youth. "If there is peril to the maid, let me know of it quickly."

He promised and then left me, and shortly afterward I heard the anchor being drawn up and the sails hoisted, and felt that we were making the open sea.

It lacked, as I judged, only a little while to dawn. As I lay there in the dark hold of Chaddock's vessel, I had leisure to think over the many curious things which had chanced during the past few hours. Verily here was adventure enough crowded into a single night to last an ordinary lifetime, and more was promised anon.

Musing thus, lying on my back on a pile of old canvas, I fell asleep. That I had strange and vivid dreams I well remember, but what the fancies were which chased each other through my excited brain I cannot now recall. I was aroused by someone shaking me gently and speaking to me in soft tones, and opening my eyes I saw by the faint light which stole through a number of air holes in the hatch overhead, the youth Roslin. He had come to tell me that all

was well with the maid Joan, and to bring food.

"What is the hour?" was my first question.

"Close upon ten o'clock," he told me.

"Whereabouts are we?"

"There is no land to be descried."

"But you have heard whither we are bound?"

"Nay," he said. "I know not."

"An' it be Old England I shall scarce be sorry," I said lightly, "for, of a truth, life among the Puritans, as I have found, is a bit too exciting."

The lad smiled at this, then a moment later he said with a sigh:

"Nor would I be sorry either. I have found little happiness here."

"Little happiness!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Ah, young sir, there be those who would exchange their hopes of Paradise for the favor of a certain fair maid I wot of."

"She is not for me," said the youth.

"She loves you!"

"Nay, it cannot be!" he cried with a strange despair in his tone. "Would God that it could, that—that— But, sir, I may not stay here in talk longer, I shall be missed."

When he had left me I fell to thinking over his words, wondering what they could mean. Surely he loved the maid Joan—how could one see her and not love? And how could one comfort her as he had comforted her in the cabin, and not wish to be at her side forever?

Then it came to me that perchance he had cried out thus because he was bound to a powerful master who had set his own heart upon the maid, and who had seized her and now held her in such case that the helpless youth might well make moan that she was not for him. Surely thus it stood, I told myself, and forthwith a great pity for the lad came over me, and I resolved that I would do what I could to bring these two together, yea, even though in the task I strained my own heartstrings beyond all mending.

The morning passed in quietness, and a goodly portion of the afternoon. I felt for the food Roslin had brought me, and bestowed some of it upon my appealing appetite.

I judged that Gardiner and Captain Chaddock had already done the same in the cabin; indeed, I could already hear a murmur of voices from that direction, and also a clinking of glasses which suggested that they were enjoying a more copious repast.

Where was the maid, I wondered. Had Sir Christopher been delicate and diplomatic? Had he quieted her fears? Was she dining with them?

As if in answer to these questions, immediately I heard the sound of knocking from the cabin. Then loud voices reached me. Again the knocking, and again the voices, this second time still louder.

"By heaven, you shall!" I heard Gardiner exclaim in angry tones, and the next moment there was a crashing sound as of a heavy body projected against a door.

This was followed by a cry of fear. It was the maid's.

Starting up, I groped my way toward the opening, my heart, meanwhile, pounding in my breast with excitment and anger.

Ere I reached it the cry rang out again, but the next instant I dashed into the cabin.

John Chaddock sat in his chair, too stupidly drunk to move. Gardiner, flushed with wine, and with the devil gleaming in his eyes, had seized Joan roughly by the arm and was dragging her from her small room, the door of which he had broken in. Roslin was at his master's side, vainly trying to restrain him from violence.

All this I saw with the rapidity with which one's eyes take in a scene by lightning flash—and then I had Gardiner by the throat. I hurled him back with all my force, so that he staggered for several paces and all but fell.

"Damnation!" he exclaimed, grasping his sword. "Who is here?"

"Villain!" I cried, facing him. "Dastard!"

"Insolent meddler! Who are you? Speak, ere I cut your heart out!" he snarled, advancing on me threateningly.

"We have met before, base knight," I answered, standing ready for his attack.

"Then, by heaven, we shall not

again!"

Saying this, he made a furious thrust at me, which, however, I parried and returned, wounding him slightly in the wrist with my point.

"Curse you!" he cried, his face livid with rage.

Then we were at it in deadly earnest. Our rapiers clashed, then hissed and writhed like slender living fiery serpents. Thrust and parry and riposte; counter, parry and thrust followed each other with lightning rapidity to the music of grinding steel on steel. We were not ill-matched as swordsmen, and now one of us gained a little and now the other, yet after several minutes of this fierce play neither seemed to stand at any decided advantage.

I have said that we were not ill-matched. Sir Christopher, I am fain to confess, had something of the upper hand of me in skill, but against this I had youth and some superiority in strength. Neither of us, however, were up to condition, for my opponent was unsteadied by wine, while I was cramped by my recent confinement in the hold.

A quick glance toward Mistress Joan, and I saw her standing at the door of her cabin, waiting, pale and trembling, upon the issue. The sight nerved me, but at the same time my indiscretion in taking my eye off Gardiner's as well-nigh my undoing. I felt Sir Christopher's point enter my left shoulder, pricking through to the bone. The sting of it drove me to fury. I pressed my attack with so fierce a vigor that he gave way before me for many paces. My onslaught was breathless, irresistible. I followed him close, plying upon him trick after trick of my school in quick succession. Some of them were new to him—they seemed to bewilder him—he became wild in his defence—I saw my advantage, and in another second or two had assuredly ended the fight, but that just then the unlooked-for happened—the cabin door was pulled open by someone outside. I was facing it, and the sudden glare of light in my eyes disconcerted me. My lunge lost precision—and in an instant I stood disarmed and at my opponent's mercy.

The next thing I knew Gardiner's point was at my breast, and he about to make the thrust.

Then came a cry of terror from the maid. She ran forward and flung herself on her knees before Sir Christopher. Spare him! Oh, do not kill him!" she pleaded.

"*Diable!* And why should I not, fair mistress," asked he, with a gleam of triumph in his eye. "Is he lover of thine?"

"Nay, sir," she replied stoutly. "I did but meet him for the first time yesterday."

"How came he here?"

"Sir Knight, I know not. My surprise is no less than your own."

"His name, then?"

She looked at me, and I saw that she feared to answer lest she might betray me.

"It is no great secret," said I. "I am called Richard Cartel."

I saw his eyes flash with sudden anger, and felt the sharp prick of his rapier in my breast.

"I like not that name!" he cried savagely. "Know you ought of one Sir Giles Cartel?"

"I have the honor to be his nephew."

Then thought I that his steel had gone home for sure, but the maid cried out again pleadingly, and her voice seemed to stay him, to give a new turn to his thoughts.

"My faith!" he muttered, with a strange, far-off look in his eyes. "Things turn about oddly enough! Giles Cartel. Ha!"

What he meant by these words I knew not then, and not till long afterward, but I guessed, and guessed aright, that there was a woman in the matter, of whom the maid speaking had suddenly reminded him.

Still keeping his sword-point at my breast, Gardiner now turned to Joan, bidding her rise. There was a touch of triumph in his tone, as though he was about to wipe off some old score.

"Look you now, fair mistress," said he, "that which is worth having is worth paying for."

"What mean you?" she inquired with a startled look.

"Plainly, then, Mistress Joan, what will you give for this hot-headed fool's life?"

"You well know, sir," replied the maid, "that I am here without purse or means."

"Nay, by the gods, you lack neither. A purse have you that has inexhaustible means."

I could not contain myself. With a sudden motion aside, I evaded his rapier and sprang toward the villain to throttle him. But before I could accomplish my purpose, I was seized from behind, my arms were held in a vice-like grip, and a voice that I remembered said mockingly:

"We meet again, Master Cartel, and by the Lord, sir, this is getting to be a favorite posture of ours."

The speaker was Cole.

"Ay, coward!" I hissed, striving to turn upon him. "You dare not face one like an honest foe!"

"Strike, sir," cried the fellow, addressing Sir Christopher. "Strike, and finish it!"

But Gardiner's mind was now firmly set upon his other plan. He bade Cole stand back.

"Come, mistress, your answer!" he said impatiently.

Looking around in the pause, my eye fell upon Roslin. His face was white, and his lips twitched with suppressed passion. Ah, he loved her! He must love her! Why else this fierce anger?—A mood seized me. With a quick turn toward Joan, I cried:

"Nay, my lady, I forbid it—I! You shall not purchase my poor life at this cost! Come, coward! miscreant!" I turned to Gardiner—"Strike me, with whom you have a quarrel, not the innocent!"

At this taunt he went white, straightened up, and drew back his arm for the thrust.

"Hold!" cried my lady.

Her tone was no longer one of pleading, but of command.

In that brief moment her fair girlhood seemed to have dropped from her as a garment, and she stood before us in all the beauty and dignity of womanhood. There was that in her air and manner which was austere and queenly.

For a full minute she stood thus—I should never forget the sight though I lived a hundred years—then she seemed to relax a little as she said:

"Be it so, Sir Knight—I will pay—and yet"—she smiled a faint, constrained smile—"and yet I would have the purchase extended a little—his life and liberty."

"Sooth!" said Sir Christopher, leering at her, "you women know well the value of your favors. Come, let it be two kisses—one for life, the other for liberty!"

"Nay!" I again remonstrated. "Let it be none, my lady. Why should you?"

She turned and smiled upon me.

"Why should I not?" she asked—then, turning to Gardiner, "It is agreed, sir."

Sir Christopher sheathed his sword. "Withdraw all!" he commanded, with a sweeping glare around.

"They must remain!" cried my lady imperiously. "They must witness the purchase!"

"It matters not a jot," he said lightly, advancing toward her.

His face was flushed with evil desire, his eyes gleamed hellishly, the vile monster. I prayed to heaven for power to kill him with a look, but the power came not.

She gave him her fair young face.

"You are free, sir!" he said rudely, turning to me.

"My sword," I said, making a motion to pick it up.

He kicked it aside.

"It is not in the compact! I shall keep it. Go on deck, Master Cartel. You sleep forward with the men."

Sullenly, and vowing vengeance in my heart, I left the cabin. As I went out I glanced again at Roslin. His face was livid. Ay, surely he loved her.

My first thought in getting forward among the men was to inquire whither the Welcome was bound. This none of the sailors seemed to know, or else, which is more likely, they had been warned by Cole not to inform me on any point touching our destination. I succeeded in learning one thing, however, which was that our vessel was steering south by east, though to what port this would

eventually bring us, I knew not.

I ate my supper in the forecastle with the men. There was here the same constraint upon them, and they said but little, addressing me only when it was absolutely necessary; but for this I cared nothing. The meal over, I returned to the deck, and after musing awhile and longing again for the solace of my pipe, I went below and turned in.

More than once that night I started up from my sleep, thinking I heard a cry. Each time I listened intently, but hearing nothing save the stertorious breathing of the men beside me, I was forced at last to conclude that my alarm was due only to the illusions of a superactive fancy.

A little before dawn I heard the watch changed, and Master Cole came down, turned in, and was soon fast asleep.

Being now wakeful and restless, I arose, dressed myself, and started to go on deck. As I passed Cole's berth, I had a sudden itching of the fingers to drag the cowardly, treacherous scoundrel from his berth and thrash him within an inch of his life; but the thought came in time that such an act would be of no practical benefit, and might, indeed, involve me in such a way that I would be powerless to protect the maid in case of further danger. So, swallowing my desire for revenge, I passed on, and emerging from below I went and leaned over the rail, gratefully drinking in the cool air and gazing away over the broad waste of waters. The slow rising sun had yet hardly begun to tinge with its first faint glow the eastern horizon.

That day was an anxious one; at every movement of it I was prepared for a tragedy. As the hours passed, however, I began to feel more easy in mind.

It was growing along toward dusk before anything occurred to confirm my early fears. Possibly it was because Gardiner had not before this recovered sufficient vitality to act—at any rate, late in the day up he came, followed by Cole and the captain.

Gardiner was pale and haggard looking, but there was a look in his eye which boded ill for someone, and I doubted not that someone was myself.

Advancing to the edge of the poop deck, he sent Cole forward with the message that he would speak with me. Without any great haste, I obeyed the summons.

"Master Cartel," he said, with a mildness of tone that sounded ominous, "I have kept faith with you, have I not?"

"I have no complaint," I replied.

"I have spared an enemy," he went on. "And how, sir, have you repaid me?"

"What mean you?"

"You have entered into a dastardly conspiracy against my life. You have tried to poison me."

"It's a lie," I cried hotly.

"It's truth, by God! Your plot has been overheard, your accomplice caught in the very act of dropping the deadly drug into my cup."

"Sir Christopher Gardiner," said I, drawing myself up, "I am a soldier, not a murderer."

"Enough, sir!" he cried, "Your fine airs will not avail you. Now, sir, listen! The mind is on me to string you up and afterward throw your body to the sharks yonder—but I have given my promise—life and liberty. And you shall have both!"

"Ay, by the Eternal!" he went on, waxing more furious and raising his voice so that it must surely be heard in the cabin. "You shall have your fill of liberty, you fool, you marplot, you assassin; and the traitorous youth, your accomplice, shall enjoy it with you. Chaddock, lower the shallop."

"Nay," I remonstrated, seeing what he was about to do. "'Tis an undue punishment as heaven is my witness, but let it fall on me alone. Expose not the frail lad to the rigor and peril of the sea in an open boat. Put not such a blot, Sir Knight, upon your humanity."

"He shall go, I have sworn it! He shall go!" cried Gardiner, with another fierce oath. "And, by heaven, were it not that I had some feeling for him on account of his many years of good service, caught red-handed as he was, he should not escape so easily."

Meanwhile his orders were being carried out, and the boat was lowered and in a small way provisioned. This consumed

several minutes, during which the knight strode angrily up and down the poop deck.

"Call up the lad," he said to Cole, when all was prepared. It was by this time quite dark.

Roslin evidently had overheard what had passed, for scarcely had he been called when he appeared at the companion-way, cloaked and ready. His face was buried in his hands, and he was sobbing bitterly.

"You have heard the sentence, ingrate," said his master sternly, "so much the better, I shall not have to repeat it. Over the side with you!"

The youth uttered never a word of pleading or protest, which I thought was rather strange, but without hesitation did as directed, I following. I, too, was silent, utterly disheartened, not at any misfortune of my own, but that I had to leave the maid Joan wholly at the villain's mercy.

As the mate pushed off the little boat, cruelly consigning us to the terrors of the open sea, Gardiner laughed a sneering, triumphant laugh and flung a taunt after us.

"Life and liberty, you meddling fool! Ha! Ha! You've got them! You've got them!"

In a few moments we were floating far behind. The Welcome faded into the dark, and we were alone on the boundless ocean.

I sat in silence and with a heavy heart, watching the last trace of the ship which had so cruelly deserted us. When I could see her no longer I turned toward the youth Roslin, who was sitting in the stern sheets in an attitude of despair.

"Come, lad," I said, forcing a little cheer into my tones. "Do not weep. All may yet be well!"

A sob, and a little helpless cry of "Heaven help us!" broke from my companion.

"God's mercy!" I cried. "It's Joan!"

All through the night I watched while she slumbered. So worn was she with weariness that she scarcely stirred in all those hours. Once she gave a little start and murmured as with pleasure. I sat leaning forward, my head upon my hands, musing. My thoughts were not of the happiest—and yet, I think, they were not unhappy, either, for with a sweet sorrow they dwelt upon golden things that, alas, might never be. I know, at any rate, that they were not ungrateful to my mind, for when at last dawn smiled upon me with her ruddy face, I gave her no welcome, but still would have the darkness and my own lonely musings.

Joan did not wake until the sun was well up in the heavens. I had no means of telling the exact time, but judged the hour to be six o'clock. I had been straining my gaze away to the right, fancying I saw land there, and when, believing that I was mistaken, I turned from looking, I saw Mistress Forrest sitting up and gazing around her in wild-eyed bewilderment.

"Where am I?" she began—and then, with a queer little shake of her pretty head, she seemed to get her senses. "Ah, yes," she said, "I remember now. But I have had such a lovely dream."

"Tell it to me," said I, glad of every opportunity to keep her mind off our troubles.

"Oh, I seemed," said she, "to be floating down a beautiful stream in a golden barge, such as they used on the Nile in Cleopatra's time. On board there were musicians and players to amuse me, and slaves to fan me and wait upon my every wish. And the sun glinted beautifully on the still waters, and all along the banks were lovely flowers, which sent their fragrance out to me, and birds which trilled me their sweetest songs. And soon we came to a fair green island, and you were standing there—"

"I!" My heart thrilled at her words.

It was with no generous fare that Gardiner had supplied our little craft; we found nothing but biscuit and water, and no great quantity of these, either. Yet for so much, even, we were now thankful, and as we sailed on towards our place of refuge, we broke our fast, both of us eating the simple fare with a true relish.

The wind was light, and we did not reach the island until early in the afternoon. Approaching it we saw a line of reefs, which in a rough sea would have

been very threatening, but in the present condition of the weather could be threaded without any considerable danger.

As we drew in, I took down the sail and got out the oars, deeming this method of propulsion the safer in such treacherous waters. We passed the breakers without mishap, and at length our boat touched land. Immediately I stepped ashore and held out my hand to Mistress Joan.

"Your dream, my lady," said I lightly, "behold the barge, the island, and your humble slave, myself."

She laughed merrily.

"Sooth!" she replied, "save in one part, 'tis but a poor realization, Master Cartel."

"'Tis the ungracious way of things," said I,—"And the exception, my lady?"

"Tut, sir! You ask questions like a woman. The island, of course. What other?" And with an arch and captivating smile she laid her small hand in mine and leaped ashore.

After I had drawn up the shallop and taken out our small remaining supply of biscuit and water, we sat awhile on the sands and talked over the strange things that had happened. The maid seemed to take her troubles lightly enough, indeed, now that she was on land again, she seemed quite to enjoy the novel experience of being a castaway.

For me, I was merry and melancholy by turns, one moment cheerful, the next apprehensive and prone to worry over the outcome of our strange adventure, though for my companion's sake I gave the latter feeling no tongue.

After we had whiled away an hour or so in talk, for all the world like a couple of holiday makers on a pleasant little excursion, I rose to my feet and said:

"The day is on the wane, Mistress Joan, and we have much to do. Shelter must be found, and I like not the appearance of yonder sky."

"Ay," she responded. "Since we have not Joshua's power to stay the sun, we must bestir ourselves."

"Nor have we the widow's inexhaustible mealbarrel," I added, glancing at our small food supply. "It was a meal barrel, was n't it?"

"Faith, sir, you know your Bible like a Puritan," she laughed.

I held out my hand and helped her to rise, and together we went and drew the shallop into a little sheltered inlet, where it was hidden from view and quite safe. This done, my lady and I started off on a tour of exploration.

The island was apparently a large one, though there being a high ridge crossing the centre, we could not see just how extensive it was. Walking at a good steady pace, we soon reached the foot of the ridge and began our ascent. We found ourselves confronted by no easy task. We had now to clamber up sheer masses of rock, clinging to the bushes that grew from the crevices, and now to force our way through almost impenetrable thickets. At the most difficult points I would go ahead to make a path for my lady, or turn and assist her over the steeper places. Then for awhile we would find our course easy, over a gently sloping plateau or through an open wood, till again Nature threw up her barriers in front of us.

Once, on rounding a bend in our path, we were startled by a loud rustling sound ahead of us, and looking, we caught sight of eight or ten frightened animals scampering off to cover in the thicket. Shaggy-haired creatures they were, and I at once took them to be wild goats. The sight was a gratifying one, for we had begun to think that there was nothing alive upon the island from which we could hope to replenish our larder. So we went forward with easier minds.

Reaching the top of the ridge, and gazing eastward, we discovered that our island was one of quite a considerable number, some of them of goodly size, others mere islets. Here on the summit we stopped to rest after our fatiguing exertions, and to enjoy the grandeur of the scene about us. Never shall I forget the sight, or the impression of that moment. The island seemed a mere pedestal under our feet; there we stood, two pigmies, alone in a vast creation, the boundless blue circling above our heads, and under us, stretching away as far as the eye could see, the boundless green, each of these seeming an immense hemis-

phere curving to meet its sister hemisphere—there we stood enclosed, as it were, in a mighty emerald and sapphire-tinted shell.

I was aroused from my reverie by a little cry from my companion.

"Look! are not those dwellings yonder?"

"Dwellings!"

Following with my gaze the direction of her pointing, I saw what seemed to be eight or ten low houses, grouped together near the shore at the foot of the ridge.

"Come," said I, and immediately we started off towards them. Descending was, of course, not so difficult a matter, and in a little more than half an hour we had arrived upon the spot.

Houses they were in very truth, low, one-story buildings of rude construction; but there was no sign of life in the neighborhood, and our knocking brought no response from the inside. We tried the doors, found them unfastened, and went boldly in. The rooms were empty and deserted, and so had been apparently for many moons.

There was one dwelling which stood a little apart from the others, and was somewhat larger and more ornate.

"This, my lady," said I, "shall be Forrest Manor."

"Nay, sir, she replied. "Someone has forestalled you. See!" she pointed above the doorway. "It already has a name, 'Somers' Hall.'"

I looked, and true enough, there was the name she mentioned, rudely scratched upon the lintel.

"By the saints!" cried I, the clue jogging my memory, "then we are on the Bermudas, and this is none other than the deserted colony of Gates and Somers."

"Tell me about it," said Joan eagerly; whereupon I related to her what I had heard before leaving England—how that Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, on their way with a party of colonists to Virginia, had been driven to these islands and their ships wrecked. Here they had settled, but finding not here the advantages they desired, or perchance, hearing great reports from those of their friends who had reached Virginia, they built a new vessel, left these islands, and proceeded to their original destination.

I told her further how that Master Shakespeare had written a play called "The Tempest," about these islands, and taking out my small pocket volume, I read to her some passages from it, among them that about "the still vex'd Bermoothes," and that other speech of Ariels:

The King's son have I landed by himself:
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle.

All this interested my companion greatly.

"How romantic it all is!" she cried, clapping her hands with the glee of a child. "What a tale I shall have to tell when we get back home."

I noted with a feeling of intense pleasure that she said "when," and not "if," thus showing, I flattered myself, that she had complete trust in me, and confidence in my ability to bring her safely through the dangers that encompassed us.

Entering Somers' Hall, we found that it better fitted and more comfortable than the rest of the houses, yet, like the others, a trifle damp. This I soon remedied. Going out, I gathered as much as I could carry of dry wood, and luckily having my flint and steel about me, in a few moments had a fire kindled, which soon overcame the moist chilliness of the place.

It was now about the middle of the afternoon. Shelter having been found, our next thought was upon the question of food. I had brought our small stock of biscuit, no overweighting load, across the island with me, and apportioning this we found that we should have enough to supply our needs for three days, or four at the longest; while our problematical larder consisted of shellfish and the flesh of goats.

Now as a youth I had held Robin Hood to be one of the finest of heroes, and, admiring him, I had often played the part of the bold outlaw with my schoolfellows for Frier Tuck, Little John and the rest; and my father's orchard for Sher-

wood Forest. And so it happened that I had come to be fairly expert with bow and shaft. Here, then, was the chance to test whether or no I had entirely lost my youthful skill.

Going forth into the wood, I selected a good, springy sapling, and this, together with some straight dead branches, I carried to Somers' Hall, for Mistress Joan would help me. After considerable work we rid the branches of projections, making passable arrows, whose tips we pointed and hardened by burning. The bow was an easier matter; I made shift of a string with my doublet lacing, and in a jiffy was Robin Hood again, or, as Mistress Forrest would have it, Nimrod, ready for the hunt.

When near the top of the ridge I observed, away to the northward, a black and ominous cloud. I was minded to turn back on seeing this, fearing a storm, but concluding that it might not break for a considerable time yet, I went on until I reached the summit.

Here there was something else to engage my attention. In the offing ahead were two ships steering straight for our island. My feelings on beholding them it is not easy for me to describe. I felt glad, and yet sorry, glad because that the maid, who was unused to hardship, was so soon to be rescued; sorry that so sudden a termination was promised to our sweet and undisturbed companionship. As it proved, however, I had no occasion to feel either way.

One of the ships, I noticed, was in advance of the other, and this one was of a rather peculiar construction. She was a large and lumbering craft, with a great deal of oranamental but clumsy top hamper. She was of such a build, indeed, as I have never seen before.

Suddenly from the second ship, which was of ordinary shape, and which seemed to be much the swifter of the two, there broke a blinding burst of flame, followed by a tremendous roar, the roar of a cannon. On the instant up went the black flag, and at once I knew her for what she was, a bloody pirate.

The first shot was followed by another, and then another, in quick succession, and these the pursued vessel replied to, but it was plain from the sound that her metal was of much lighter calibre.

On came the doomed ship, straight toward the opening in the reefs, and, like a wolf after its prey, on came the pirate in close pursuit, the latter discharging shot after shot, and receiving but a feeble reply from her desperate quarry.

Mean while the black cloud I had noticed was rapidly overspreading the sky; a dull, leaden darkness fell over everything. The pirate saw her danger and swung around, giving her chase a full broadside as she did so, then trimming her sails for the open sea. The other vessel staggered as the shots struck her, and swerved from her course, heading now straight for the rocks. Either the fierce hail of iron had disabled her, or else her crew had been terrified out of all use of their wits.

Next moment the storm burst in all its fury. The squall fell upon the doomed vessel with the shriek of a thousand demons. It seemed to lift her bodily out of the water, then, as suddenly, dashed her down upon the cruel jagged rocks of the reef. I could hear, above the howling of the storm, the rending of her timbers and the screams of terror from her crew, as she remained fixed there for a moment—then as the great mountainous waves hurled themselves upon her and forced her over the reef, where she filled quickly and went down, all was silent, save for the angry roar of the wind and sea.

Next morning I told Mistress Forrest of what I had witnessed from the hill—I had feared to mention it on my return lest the news add to her fright and perhaps disturb her rest—and she suggested that we set off at once for the wreck. After a scant breakfast this we did, and reaching the spot where we had landed, we found that, thanks to our precautions, our shallop was not materially damaged by the storm.

Of the lost ship there was not a vestige. The hungry waters had closed over her and her ill-fated crew, and it was as though they had never been.

We strolled along the shore, stopping frequently to examine a number of small pieces of wreckage which lay scattered

about. One of these possessed a particular interest for us. It was a broken strip with four ornamental letters cerved upon it, SANT—, evidently a portion of the wrecked vessel's name.

"Santa something, no doubt," said Joan, speculating upon it.

"The ship and crew were Spanish," I told her. "Everything points to that."

"Spanish!"

"Ay, my lady," and then with a sudden thought, "belike a Spanish galleon, laden with treasure."

"Then your fortune is made," she cried, her eyes lighting up. "Oh, how glad I would be were it so."

I had brought over with us my bow and shafts, and as we returned to Somers' Hall I was fortunate enough to bring down a kid.

It was about midday when we arrived and our exertions had given us great appetites. Conscious of a replenished larder, we ate without stint of our simple biscuit fare, gloating in fancy over the fine roast of tender young goat's flesh we should have ready by supper time.

I had deposited the carcass of the young goat in one of the smaller houses, and as soon as I was through gathering wood, I went there and dressed the animal, returning presently with a fine haunch ready for the fire. Amongst the few kitchen implements left by the previous occupants, we found an old poker, which I cleaned thoroughly and used for a spit, and soon the haunch of young goat was sizzling over a bed of hot embers.

All this work consumed time, two or three hours, in fact. The room was by now a furnace, and leaving Joan to attend to the precious roast for a moment, I stepped to the door for a breath of fresh air.

"The saint's mercy," I cried, starting back.

"What is it?" asked Joan, rising in alarm and coming toward me.

"Back! back!" I warned her. "Do not let them see you! It's the Welcome! It's Gardiner. They're rowing ashore!"

"Sir Christopher!" she cried, despairingly. "Oh, what *shall* we do?"

"Fools! Idiots! to make known our presence by a towering column of smoke that can be seen miles away," I blurted out—"Pardon, my lady, for the plural. I alone am to blame, for I might have known that the scoundrel would search for us upon discovering how he had been tricked."

"Nay," she said. "I, too, am to blame. I feared it also, but thought the danger past."

"The mischief's done!" I answered gloomily.

"Nothing can save you from the villain's clutches."

"Let us fly! Let us hide ourselves!" cried the maid.

But the surprise, the lateness of our discovery, had fallen like lead upon my spirit.

"It is hopeless," I groaned, "hopeless! They are almost ashore. In a few minutes Gardiner will be here."

"But we need not be!" cried Joan, clutching me by the arm. "Come away!"

"Nay!" said I, holding back. "What will he find?—every sign of our being here a minute or two before he arrived. Our flight will show who we are. He will at once scatter his men in pursuit. Where could we hide that they could not find us? Gardiner would never give up, never—and when you are taken—"

"I would kill myself rather!" she broke in, her eyes deep with determination.

"Oh, for a weapon—a weapon!" I groaned—then suddenly: "Wait! wait!" cried I, "a ruse, my lady, a ruse! Neither force nor flight will avail us, we must try cunning. The tiger shall meet the fox!"

"What do you mean to do?" she asked.

"Listen!" said I, and quickly and nervously, in the fewest possible words I outlined to her the plan which had so suddenly flashed upon my mind.

"Yes—yes!" she cried eagerly, as she grasped my purpose. "It is good! It is worth trying! But you, Richard, you—?"

My name—my name for the first time. I could have faced demons for her.

"I fear not the scoundrel!" I exclaimed vehemently. "Let him come! Let him do his worst!"

"But should he take you, Richard—should he kill you in his anger—oh!" and she trembled at the thought.

Her words, her solicitude, rang sweet in my ears, despite the imminence of our danger, but there was no time to think on sentiment; Sir Christopher's boat had now touched the shore and the villains were landing.

"Hasten, my lady!" I urged. "Go—go while there is yet time!" and I half led, half pushed her through the smaller door of the house, the door which opened inland.

She held out her hand to me.

"Good-bye, Richard! God take care of you!" she said, with tears in her lovely eyes.

"Nay!" I responded, my voice trembling, "not good-bye! All will come out well, believe me."

She hesitated no longer but did as I told her.

While Sir Christopher, followed by a half a dozen of his fellows, came hurrying towards the house, I mentally rehearsed my part. Had I the wit to carry it through? Would I not be caught by some unexpected turn, or let hot anger seize me, to our betrayal and undoing? Against the latter I swore to guard myself, no matter what the provocation.

In a few moments Gardiner reached the door of Somers' Hall and strode into the room. I started up from bending over the roast as though I had been totally unaware of his coming.

On seeing me, an exultant look came into his eyes.

"I was not mistaken, then," he said triumphantly. "Good morrow to you, Master Carthel!"

"You—you here!" I exclaimed in feigned amaze.

"Your appetite, sir, is keener than your ears," he retorted, "else you would have been aware of the fact some minutes ago—Faith, it's a savory roast and fairly browned. Men, here's game for you, prepared by a gentleman's own hand. Fall to on it!—For you, sir, I have some questions. Where is Mistress Forrest?"

"Where you will never come," said I, "in Heaven!"

The next day we succeeded in hailing the Margaret, an English ship from Liverpool bound for Virginia.

Our few days on the Margaret passed very pleasantly indeed. Mistress Oakes, the Captain's wife, took charge of Joan and saw that she was in every way cared and provided for.

The ship we were now on was bringing over some twenty men to swell the Virginia colony, and these were in charge of one John Levett, who had promised them free passage over to join the colonial army, with good keep and excellent pay. These sturdy fellows spent a great deal of their time in sword practice on the forward deck, and it gave much pleasure to watch them at the play and occasionally to take a hand in the game myself.

There was one among them, a young man whose name was Lawrence Groves, whose handling of the weapon more than surprised me. For the mere lad that he was, he possessed a remarkable skill, being able to worst several of his fellow-passengers who, as I learned, were seasoned veterans, and had fought, many of them, in the Flanders wars. One day I questioned him upon the matter.

"You must have had a good teacher to attain to such adroitness, Master Groves," I said.

"Ay," he responded darkly. "Hate, and a desire for vengeance are excellent teachers."

"What mean you?"

"I have a grievance, sir," he explained, with a look in his eyes that was almost fierce. "There is a man, a villain, one Fulk de Gorges, whom I have sworn to kill. He is a skilled swordsman; I am making ready to meet him."

"Where is this man?"

"Somewhere in this new land of America," was the reply. "I have heard that he is among the Puritans, and again that he is in Virginia. I have chosen to believe the latter, seeing that such a villain as he can have little taste for the rigid and religious life of Governor Winthrop and his people."

"But, sir," he added, as though remembering himself and fearing that he had been indiscreet, "perchance I am talking altogether too freely. To Master Levett I am one simply come to fight

against the Indians. I had not the means to come otherwise."

"Fear nothing! I shall not betray your confidence," I assured him. "But tell me, how has this man injured you?"

"I had a sister," he replied sadly. "She was fair and unsullied. I—I loved her," his voice quavered as he spoke, and for a moment he could not proceed. Before he had regained his composure, Levett observed us and called out to my companion that he would speak with him.

"We will talk of this further later on," I said, and so we separated, he going to his interview with Levett, and I to the cabin.

I talked with him no more, however, for we had already entered the river, and on the following day we arrived in Jamestown Harbor.

It was dusk when we dropped anchor, and being in no haste to go ashore, Mistress Joan and I remained on board the Margaret, though Levett and his twenty fellows landed that same night.

In the morning we thanked our generous host and hostess for their hospitality and were set ashore. Of our condition in the way of resources we had told them nothing, for, in the first place, we felt rather diffident on the subject, and again we trusted something to that fortune which thus far had not been unkind to us.

If we had been asked just what we should do with ourselves, or where we should go for food and shelter, we could not have answered; but with a fair day before us we made no worry over this, and we proceeded aimlessly up the main street of the town.

"Sooth, a fair enough spot, my lady," said I, gazing around. The settlement was more compact than the Puritan town of Shawmut, the houses were larger and of better build, and the whole place had an air of brisk life which delighted me.

Joan made no reply to my observation, but walked along beside me in silence. What was running in her mind I knew not, but I thought perchance she was feeling homesick, for she looked sad and melancholy.

I was groping in my mind for something to say to arouse her from this mood, when presently we came to an open square where a crowd of men and women were gathered.

"Hello!" I cried, pointing to the centre of the place. "See yonder, our fellow-passengers of the ship. They are drawn up for drill, no doubt."

Joan brightened up.

"My faith," said she, after a glance at them, "they look not over-pleased about it. One would take them for a row of miscreants awaiting the whip. Besides, I see no arms."

"True!" I replied, looking more closely. "They have neither swords nor snaphances. It is no drill. Belike they are to be sworn in."

But we were soon to be undeceived, for even as we stood there wondering, Levett, the hard-featured supercargo, mounted a small platform and began to harangue the planters.

We had listened to not half a hundred words when we discovered what he was to do.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "these men are to be sold; they are to be bartered like so many cattle."

"Nay," said Joan incredulously, "how can that be? They came hither to join the army of Virginia."

"A ruse, a vile trick to catch the unwary."

"A trick?"

"Ay, I remember now," said I. "Once I had thought to voyage hither myself, but was warned to come over on no promise; and though I was able to pay my own passage and so ran no risk of such a fate as this, I preferred not to come among any such rogues."

"Poor, deceived ones," said my lady, moved to pity for them. "And they remain white slaves how long?"

"For the term of four years," I replied. "For four long years are they their master's, body and soul. 'Tis a villainous thing to entice honest men into such a trap."

I spoke with warmth, and several of the planters nearby, overhearing, looked at me with stern and angry faces. But I cared little for this. They were ty-

rant., and I felt in a mood to tell them the truth, one and all."

Meanwhile the sale was proceeding, and we drew up closer to observe and listen. Master Levett was disposing of one of the men, a tall raw-boned fellow, not over-strong looking, for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, that product being in some parts the currency of the colony. Next in the row stood a sturdy young man whom I immediately recognized. It was Lawrence Groves.

"Who would have this fine fellow?" shouted the auctioneer in husky tones. "How much is offered?"

"One hundred and thirty pounds," cried a planter.

"Thirty-five!" said another.

"Forty!"

Seeing the despairing look upon the handsome face of the youth, and remembering his pitiful story, the purpose of his coming, and thinking of his great disappointment, I was struck with a fierce and uncontrollable anger against the man who had thus entrapped him.

"You scoundrel!" said I, stepping up to Levett. "You despicable trader in human flesh! You have brought these men hither on false promises. They came over to fight, not to be sold as one sells oxen. Out upon you for a treacherous knave and a coward! Men of Virginia! Englishmen! will you stand for such dishonor to your countrymen?"

What effect my words may have had upon the planters, I had little chance to see. Their effect upon the twenty victims of Levett's treachery was instantly apparent. Incited to action by my indignant protest, they broke from their line and made a rush for their persecutor, to take summary vengeance upon him.

Before they reached him, Levett aimed a fierce blow at my head with his auctioneer's mallet, and as it descended Joan screamed. But I leaped nimbly aside, and ere the fellow could raise his weapon a second time, I had him by the throat and had hurled him off the platform, out amongst his infuriated victims.

The planters now took a hand, and pounced upon Levett's assailants, in flank, and in a twinkling there was as pretty a melee as one could ever witness at a Kerry fair, albeit there were no sticks or swords used, but only nature's own weapons.

It did not last long, however. The alarm had speedily been given, and in a moment up came the town train band, armed with halberds and pistols; but already the unfortunate twenty had been overpowered by numbers and the fight was over.

Master Levett was a subject for commiseration. Almost all of his clothing had been torn from him, and he was bruised and battered so that he could hardly stand. He was half led, half carried away to undergo repairs.

As for me, after having given some decent account of myself, as was fitting to back up the words I had uttered, I found myself held firmly in the grip of three sturdy captors.

Mistress Forrest, coming up, looked relieved to find that I was not greatly hurt, and she held out her hand to me and gave me a kindly smile, as though she approved of what I had done.

But I had scarce won my own aprpoval for all that.

"Now am I not a hot-headed fool?" I cried in reproach for my own rashness. "Here are we in a strange country, and I like to be separated from you by prison bars for my folly when most you need my help."

"You did bravely and meant nobly," she said in reply. "Dear friend, do not fret yourself for the rest. Things have a way of coming right if we but do our duty."

"God grant that they may!" I said fervently, though I was put to it to see that any good could come of it.

But I was presently to regret my indiscretion still more, for an hour later when I stood in the pillory, put there as a person of riotous disposition, there came to gaze upon my discomfiture—whom think you? None other than that devil whom I thought we had seen the last of, Sir Christopher Gardiner.

"Well, Master Carthel," said he, with a sneer upon his handsome face, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

"You fiend!" I raged, glaring at him.

"You murderer!"

Sir Christopher drew from his pocket a gold jewelled snuff box and coolly took a pinch.

"Fortune, my young friend," said he with a taunting smile, "seems to have brought me uppermost again."

"Her wheel will revolve," I responded sullenly.

He flicked a little of the brown powder from his lace ruffle.

"The thought has had its turn consoling me, Master Cathel."

"And some day it will cease to revolve for us," I went on, glaring at him with intense hatred.

"Yea, man, but one of us shall be on top."

"Not the villain, the ravisher of virtue, the despoiler of innocence. Not you, Sir Christopher Gardiner!"

"Bah! a truce to this foolish banter!" he cried impatiently. "I have the maid secure once more, and, by Heaven, I shall keep her!"

I winced at these words and must have turned pale.

He came close and glared into my face.

"Ha! I perceive, Master Carthel, the news pleases you," he said mockingly. "I thought it would, that's why I came with it—What, you do not thank me?"

"You cowardly dog!" I hissed. "If I were but free a moment!"

"'Fore God, sir, I wish you were," said he vehemently. "'Twould give me the keenest pleasure to kill you."

"Do it, then!" cried I, with desperate taunting. "'Twould match your other vile cowardly deeds."

He went white with rage. He drew his pistol and pressed the muzzle of it against my forehead.

"Damn you!" he muttered, "but I've a great mind to."

He stood thus for a moment, irresolute, I glaring up at him around the pistol barrel, calmly, unflinchingly.

"But no," he said at last, removing the weapon. "Curse you, I've a better revenge than that. You shall live to suffer torture, you meddling cur! The maid—"

"Harm her if you dare!" I broke in fiercely. "By Heaven, for any hurt you do Mistress Forrest you shall pay with your heart's blood!"

"Spare your threats, you fool!" he exclaimed with a sneer, and then—"Adieu, Master Richard Carthel. I must not keep Mistress Forrest waiting. Adieu, sir!"—and with a light, triumphant laugh, he turned on his heel and passed down the road.

I watched him until he went out of sight around a corner, and then I called to a couple of lads who had been standing staring at me, to come near. They hesitated at first, as though afraid that I would harm them; but at length they came up and I bade one of them to follow the man who had just left me, and mark closely where he went.

The other I dispatched posthaste to the Governor, Sir Francis Wyatt, with a message asking him to come hither with all speed an' he wished to do a service to the powerful and worthy nobleman of England, Lord Howard.

The name was potent, more so, indeed, than I thought, for my lord, as it proved, was a shareholder in the Virginia Company. Sir Francis came in haste, thinking from the message that it was none other than Lord Howard himself who was standing in the pillory.

In a few words I undeceived him and told him the maid's story. The Governor was an honest, straightforward, kindly gentleman, and the case strongly appealed to him.

The youth I had sent to follow Gardiner now returning, His Excellency had a small body of soldiers dispatched immediately to the house to which the villain had been tracked.

The soldiers arrived too late, however, to render any aid, for, even as he was approaching the house where he had confined Mistress Forrest, Sir Christopher was met by one whom he had good reason to dread, the gallant Harry Wollaston, whom Renegade Morton, with the knight's help, had deposed at Merrymount. Gardiner had little stomach for a quarrel with so powerful an opponent, and when the opportunity presented itself was not slow to take to his heels, so that when the soldiers arrived

there was nothing left for them to do but to escort Mistress Joan to the home of the Governor.

That night, as Sir Francis and I sat smoking together, I broached the subject of my return to the island, and asked His Excellency to name for me some man of honesty and enterprise, and, if possible, one who owned a vessel that could quickly be made ready for sea.

Sir Francis thought a while.

"There is John Rolfe," he answered presently.

"Rolfe! I have heard that name," said I. "Is it not he who won the lady Pocahontas?"

"And who lost her, alas! The same," he replied.

"A good man and true?"

"Ay, a most reputable man, and he owns the Golden Lyon, a staunch craft, well fitted out."

"That will do," I declared, the matter settled in my mind. "Rolfe's the man!"

On the following morning, bearing a note of introduction and recommendation from the Governor, I sought out Master Rolfe, and we had a long talk together. I found him just the man I required, a strong, capable, venturesome person, and it was agreed between us that we sail in the Golden Lyon the following week for the Bermudas, there to search for the wrecked galleon, and in the event of our finding her, to share, and share alike, in the treasure which we firmly believed lay concealed beneath her deck.

It was further agreed that the vessel should then sail northward to Shawmut, there to land Mistress Forrest and myself, after which Rolfe's obligation was at an end.

Safe in the haven of His Excellency's mansion and able to draw a free breath after all the turbulence and danger of the past week, Joan regained much of her old-time gaiety and lightness of spirit. Lady Wyatt treated her with the greatest of kindness and Sir Francis was gallantry itself.

Many of the settlers in these parts were men of high family, not a few of them being the younger sons of lords and baronets. Some of these had come hither to escape their debts and to retrieve a manhood well nigh wrecked by a dissolute life; others had been sent over by their fathers to advance the interests of the colony in which the latter had invested a goodly portion of their fortunes. All these gentlemen were frequent visitors at the mansion, and between them, good and bad, stupid and witty, it was not surprising that Joan found enough to keep her enlivened and amused.

Our plans had been laid that the Golden Lyon should sail in the early morning, but some apprehension of danger, growing out of late developments, had induced Rolfe to delay for a few hours while some extra sakers and demi-culverins were fixed on the ship in case we needed them for defence.

About noon, then, on one of the most beautiful days God ever made, my lady and I went, together with Roslin, whom his master in his flight had left behind, on board, and the canvas being spread and the anchor weighed, we sailed away for the Bermuda Isles and for our fortune.

Of our voyage, of the storm we encountered, and of our safe arrival on the seventh day, there is no need for me to write at any length. We sailed in through the opening in the reefs, and dropped anchor in the lagoon.

Having previously noted the position of the sunken galleon by certain landmarks, I had no difficulty in locating her a second time.

PART II.

Being eager to put our fortune to the touch, we lost no time in getting to work. The sea was calm, the day fair, and everything favorable for our purpose. The diver was made ready and sent down to break open the hatches.

A few hours later we might have been seen gathered on the quarterdeck of our vessel, gazing with eager, excited eyes and quickly beating hearts upon five good-sized chests, strongly bound and securely fastened.

As the lids fell back one after another under the blows of the ship's carpenter, we stood spellbound at the sight

before us. There, exposed to our view, lay great wealth in pieces of gold, jeweled armlets, tiaras and necklaces, little heaps of gems unset, with quantities of rich gold plate graven with fantastic and exquisite designs, a treasure worth a king's ransom.

I gathered up a handful of the loose, glittering stones and let them trickle through my trembling fingers. There were diamonds, rubies, opals, emeralds, blue sapphires, and many gems absolutely unknown to me. As they poured from my hand back into the chest, the peculiar rustling tinkle that they made seemed in my ears like a joyous whisper repeating: "Riches! riches! riches!"—and for a moment I stood there as one under enchantment.

Rolfe's voice roused me.

"What devil's fascination is in these things?" said he wonderingly. "Beshrew me, but had there been such gauds in Eden, they had purchased a heavier curse for us than any apple."

We took out all the glittering stuff and laid it, piece by piece, upon the deck, making a rough estimate of its worth, and fingering it the while with the gloating satisfaction of possession, with a joy akin to that of the miser telling over his gold. It was ours, all ours, every fragment of it, and it meant for us, Rolfe and me, a life of ease and plenty for the remainder of our days.

When the list was completed, and Rolfe had summed it up, he announced in exhilarant tones:

"Ninety thousand pounds!"

"Say eighty!" I cried, making a liberal allowance for over-figuring. "A good forty thousand apiece. Rolfe, man, art satisfied with the venture?"

"'Twas a lucky day when I met thee, Dick," returned Rolfe exultantly. "We are made men!"

On the afternoon of the same day, everything being ready for our voyage northward early on the morrow, Rolfe gave orders to our trusty mate to have the water casks replenished; and then we set off over the ridge to visit Somers' Hall, where Joan and I had passed those happy hours ere the Margaret hove in sight to take us off.

Leaving Joan at the Hall with the youth to keep her company, for the walk had tired her a little, I strolled with Rolfe over to the other houses, and we went through and examined them all, my companion taking notes upon them and upon the lay of the land and its resources.

Returning from this, as we approached the Hall, Rolfe stopped for a moment to make a sketch of it in his notebook. I, meanwhile, strolled on toward the building, and coming near it without noise, for the sand was fine and soft under foot, I beheld through the window that which was not meant for my gaze.

Joan was seated and Roslin was kneeling at her feet. My lady's arm rested across the youth's shoulder, and she was bending affectionately over him, her eyes soft and tender.

The feeling that rushed over me on seeing this it is not in my power to describe. Nor is there need of description or analysis, for those who have passed through a like experience will know, and those who have not could never be made fully to understand were the ocean ink and every pine a pen to write it dry.

When I looked again—their faces were at such an angle that I was unseen by them—my lady seemed to draw the youth to her, and I saw her kiss him on the brow. Then, smiling sweetly upon him, she rose, and next moment they appeared at the door.

My manner must have been constrained as we walked back over the hill, for my lady noticed a change in it, and bade me tell her what was the matter. I pleaded that the hot sun had given me a headache—a thin enough excuse, surely, for one of my life—but she took it in good faith, not knowing I had observed her through the window; and so when presently we came to a stream, she dipped her kerchief therein, and insisted upon binding it over my brows for relief.

After this I seemed to grow better, and she was pleased at her doctoring but she did not know that it was her sweet solicitude and not the cool water

that had restored me.

It was almost dark when we got back to the Golden Lyon, and as we should need the shallop no more before sailing, we gave orders to have it hoisted on board.

"Anything to report, Master Barton?" inquired Rolfe of the mate.

"Nothing, sir, save that a ship sailed by close in shore."

"A ship! What rig?" I asked quickly.

"Brigantine, sir."

"Ah! Did she shown any signs of seeing our vessel?"

"She made no signal, sir."

"And she disappeared where?"

"Around yonder headland."

"Friend Rolfe," said I, "I have my suspicions. Let a double watch be set tonight. It is well to be prepared."

"You think, then, that—"

"That Gardiner has somehow found out our destination and followed us. He is not one to be easily shaken off."

"I had feared as much," said he, "when I delayed to take on the demi-culverins."

"These will scarce serve us in the dark," I told him. "You may be sure Gardiner will not give us a square fight. He will endeavor to capture us by surprise. We must have up the pikes and cutlasses."

Master Barton was given the necessary orders, and bidding him have us called on the instant should anything of a suspicious nature be observed, we went into the cabin for supper.

The evening passed quietly enough, and we began to hope that our fears were unfounded. The moon rose, but the sky was full of scudding clouds, and her light shone out only intermittently.

We, that is, my lady, Roslin, Rolfe and I, had spent an hour or two on deck, when, the air growing rather chill, Mistress Joan and the youth returned to the cabin. Rolfe and I remained where we were, talking and dallying over our pipes.

My companion was telling me many interesting things about Pocahontas, his dear, lost Princess wife, and also of Capt. John Smith and his wonderful adventure with the three Turks, when suddenly, as the moon shone out, I fancied I saw a moving speck upon the water near the headland.

Still listening to Rolfe's entertaining talk, and at the same time indulging in some thoughts of my own regarding Smith which were scarcely complimentary to the famous Captain, I continued my gaze in that direction, and soon made out beyond peradventure that the spech was a boat loaded with men.

"By heaven, John, we have not been mistaken!" cried I, starting to my feet. "Look yonder!"

He looked.

"Gardiner or pirate, let him come on!" he said, defiantly. "We shall give a good account of ourselves."

Ere the moon was lost again behind a large cloud that was spreading toward it, we had time to see a second boat following close upon the first, and after that a third. It was clear enough that we would presently have our hands full.

There was a lively scene on board the Golden Lyon for the next few minutes, as we made hurried preparations to repel the attack. We had a double treasure now to guard, wealth and the maid's honor, and the thought inspired us with a double courage.

It may have been ten minutes later, when, as the moon shone out again, we beheld the boats close at hand, and all three approaching us on the same side.

"Give them a shot, Master Barton!" cried Rolfe.

The mate aimed at one of the culverins, fired, and sent nine pounds of metal at them. The mark was a small and unsteady one, and he missed.

"A bit low, sir," said I. "Try it again."

Running to a second culverin he again aimed and fired. This time the shot reached its mark. We saw the splinters fly from the foremost boat, and heard the shouts and curses of her crew as she sank and left them floundering in the sea.

We saw, too, one of the other boats turn aside to pick up their struggling, sputtering comrades, and then the unaccommodating moon sank again behind a cloud.

"Well aimed!" cried Rolfe to the mate, approvingly. "By the Lord, sir,

you gave them something to think about!'

"'Twas a good large pill," I put in lightly. "May it purge the scoundrels of their intention. But 'tis doubtful; they have too persistent a devil for their leader."

Seeing that the noise had brought Mistress Forrest and Roslin on deck, I went over to where they stood beside the cabin.

"Then it is true," she cried, in some alarm. "We have not yet escaped him!"

"Fear not, my lady," I replied encouragingly. "We have already sunk one of their boats. We shall repulse them, take my word for it! I would though, that you remain safe in the cabin, for we are like to have a busy and exciting time of it."

"Nay," she pleaded, "let me remain I may be able to help you."

"These delicate hands," said I, taking them gently in mine, "how could they help?"

"Still, dear friend, let me stay, I pray you," she urged.

"Ay, then," I responded, seeing her mind was set upon it, "but stir not from this and keep low, for the sight of you may feed the knight's courage and so be against us."

"That I will do," she agreed thankfully. "And now be you careful, my friend, my brave champion. Run not more risk than you must, for were you to fall—" she paused.

"Were I to fall?" I repeated questioningly and with a strange, wild hope in my heart.

Her eyes fell before my gaze. It was too dark to see their expression.

"It would—it would be pitiful for you to fall at the very threshhold of fortune," she said.

"Only that!" sighed my heart in deep disappointment. "Only that!" and for a few moments I stood there before her in silence.

A call from Rolfe roused me, and with a hasty word of adieu to my lady, I ran to his side.

"They come! they are here! See!" he said, pointing; and as I looked a boat shot swiftly out of the gloom and made toward the forepart of our vessel.

The culverins and sakers were now of no service; the fight must be hand to hand.

A moment later the bow of the boat had touched the ship's side, and our assailants had hooked fast.

Rolfe and I were armed with sword and pistol. We leaned over and discharged the latter weapons full into the boat, and one of the pirates threw up his hands with a yell and toppled overboard. In accomplishing this we, of course, drew their fire in return, but owing to the rocking of the boat their aim was poor, and we stepped back unhurt.

They now made a desperate attempt to board us, clambering up the side, one over another, like so many rats; but we met them with as desperate a resistance, and with pike and cutlass we scored and gashed them so that they fell back, some into the boat and others into the sea.

One of the bloody-minded villians, crawling along the outer side of the bulwarks, managed to reach the foremast shrouds, and up these he ran like a cat. He stopped half way to the masthead, then standing on the ratlines he fired down upon us point blank.

The bullet struck poor Barton full in the breast; entering from above it tore its way down into his vitals, and he dropped to the deck mortally wounded.

The murderer uttered a laugh of triumph, then to escape our vengeance he leaped boldly into the sea.

We had repulsed our assailants, but they were yet far from beaten. They still clung to us, awaiting fresh energy and getting ready to attack us again.

"By the Lord, John!" cried I, "these men are no common sailors. They are a lot of bloodthirsty buccaneers!"

"Ay," he said, "belike it is not your friend Sir Christopher after all. Perchance these are no other than the pirates you saw chasing the galleon."

"If they did not fatten the sharks that same day—" I had no time to say more for just then there came a cry of alarm from the maid.

The other boat which, in the excitement of the moment we had well nigh forgotten, had made a detour and drawn

up on us on the opposite side, and was already made fast to the Golden Lyon.

Shouting out to our men for half of their number to follow us, Rolfe and I dashed across to meet our new foe. Before we had time to reach the opposite bulwarks, however, a man leaped over and gained the deck. Another followed close behind him. The moon was now shining out again, and we could see our enemy with great distinctness.

"Gardiner!" I cried to Rolfe, who was rushing at the foremost of these two. "Leave him to me!"

He did so, slipped by, and encountered the second fellow whom he engaged fiercely sword to sword.

"Have at you, vile marplot!" cried the knight, making a furious pass at me.

"Have at you, scoundrel, abductor, ravisher of innocence!" I retorted, parrying—then with a swift riposte I caught him on the right shoulder.

It was but a touch, the merest graze, but it seemed to madden him. A fierce oath broke from his lips. He became a fiend of rage, his face horrible to look upon. He rushed upon me as if by the very fury and breathlessness of his attack he would do for me offhand.

I fell back a pace or two before this furious onslaught, then planted my feet firm, clenched my teeth, and fought as I had never fought before.

Yet hardly had we made a dozen passes ere confidence came to me. I had felt my opponent's weakness in his blade. Drink, and the devil had done it. Skill he had left and brute strength, but his nerve was gone utterly.

My game then was a waiting one, and so I played it, keeping wholly on the defensive, my eyes fixed keenly upon his, and with a lightning parry for every lightning thrust, reserving my strength for one, the supreme and perfectly-timed effort, which should lay the scoundrel dead at my feet.

We had moved aside from the general fight. I was vaguely conscious that a fierce struggle was going on on the deck near us, that Mistress Joan from her position at the cabin door, was looking on with face oustretched and drawn with anxiety, almost terror. For myself I had no fear, no anxiety, no feeling save of calm confidence in the outcome.

We had been at it for what seemed an age. Slowly and surely I wore him out. With little openings that invited furious attack, I lured my antagonist to the wasting of his strength. Half blind with rage he fell into every trap, and my face must have been set with a gloating smile of assured victory.

Gardiner was now breathing heavily, gasping, and on his forehead stood great drops of sweat. A ghastly look had come upon his face. A keen joy seized me, the joy of a tiger worrying its prey. I could have thrust him through the heart with ease, but still delayed the stroke gloating over my triumph.

Then strangely the feeling passed, and another took its place, a feeling of pity for the man's utter helplessness. I had held back too long, defeating my own purpose. Villian though he was, I could not now kill him. It would be murder.

Suddenly he realized what I had done to him, saw the light of triumph on my face, and it crazed him.

"Vile trickster!" he snarled. "Despicable cur!" and was at me again with the pitiable remnant of his strength.

I put him by as I would a child, laughing in sheer derision—then on a sudden changed my tactics, feinted swiftly, then lunged with all my might. The wretched fool came to guard, but bah! my blade shot cleanly through the thick of his sword arm, swiftly and cleanly as a shuttle through a snap-loom. Another fearful oath broke from his lips, and his weapon fell clattering upon the deck.

Threatening him still with my point, I swept his fallen sword into reach with my foot, stooped for it and flung it into the sea.

Our fight ended. I woke suddenly to the condition of things about us. The deck was red and slippery with blood, while scattered about upon it lay the bodies of ten or a dozen poor fellows, dead or wounded.

Rolfe and the others were still at it, still struggling with our assailants, though they had beaten the scoundrels back to the boats, and now fought in two groups on opposite sides of the ship,

struggling furiously to prevent the pirates from getting a new foothold.

On the right I could see that we had them well in hand, but on the port side matters looked more dubious. I saw the pirates swarm again up the side, fighting and cursing like very devils and threatening every moment to beat back our brave fellows by the fury of their onslaught.

Suddenly above the bulwarks darted an ugly scowling face which I instantly recognized. It was my old enemy Cole. He had craftily clambered along the outside of the bulwarks unseen, thinking that when he rose up he would find none there to resist him. One leg was already thrown over our rail to leap on board when I was upon him, and with a thrust that had all my strength and fury behind it, I plunged my sword through him to the hilt. A howl of rage and pain burst from his lips and he fell backward into the sea.

This act had carried me some yards forward, and I now turned hastily back to where Rolfe was fighting, and God wot there was need, for the scoundrels were pressing him sorely, when on a sudden my blood went cold with fear and dismay.

Joan had bounded from her place at the cabin and was rushing into the midst of the fight. I caught a look at her face. It was white and drawn. Had she gone mad?

"Back, my lady! Back for your life!" I screamed at her.

But she gave no heed. In an instant she was at the side, it seemed amid the very clash of bloody weapons. Horror seized me, thinking to see her in a moment writhing upon the deck. I had not yet gained her side when she stooped quickly, caught up a twelve-pound shot that lay at her feet, and hurled it with all her might down into the ruffians' boat.

In another instant I had caught her and pulled her back, but there was little need. A crash of splintering wood had followed her strange assault, then yells of pain from those who had been in the path of the deadly missle; next a hundred fierce oaths from the baffled scoundrels, who, struck with terror at this new calamity, began to drop pell-mell back into the shattered and half-sinking boat. The novelty of the weapon, the unexpectedness of the blow had absolutely demoralized them. With the slash of a cutlass they severed the fastenings, pushed off, and made for the shore, rowing and bailing like demons, lest they sink and feed the sharks before they could reach land.

Their fright and awkward haste was ludicrous enough to us safe on board, and we gazed at them with an amused laugh, feeling no shame to enjoy the discomfiture of such bloody-minded ruffians.

But we were not wise in this, and for me it came near to ending disastrously. The smile had not yet died from our faces, when suddenly we were startled by a terrified scream from the maid. In Heaven's name, what now? was my swift thought. What new danger was upon us? Instinctively I turned and leaped to her protection. I had not moved from where I stood a second too soon. Sir Christopher, left to himself, and for the moment forgotten, had snatched from its place a heavy iron belaying pin, and crept up behind us. He was in the very act of bringing the deadly bar down with an infuriate blow upon my unprotected head, when, by God's mercy, Joan had turned and caught him.

Seeing himself foiled, a curse broke from his lips. Rolfe sprang upon him like a tiger, and with a swift blow of his fist sent the treacherous devil sprawling upon the deck at our feet.

"You dog!" cried Rolfe, about to despatch him with his sword. "You contemptible treacherous cur! Have you no shred of honor? Have you no spark of common human decency in you that you would murder one who has spared your dastardly life?"

"Hold!" I interposed, grasping his uplifted arm. "Hold, John! put up your weapon, man. Do not soil it, do not disgrace it with such heart's blood."

"Ay!" said he, "you are right, Dick. Swords for the brave, for the fair fighter, but for this treacherous hound a stout hempen necklace, by Heaven!—Bring ropes, men," he added, "bring ropes and bind the dog securely."

When the crew that Mistress Forrest had demoralized had taken themselves off the other crew, already in a poor case, had done likewise, leaving us victors of the fight, though not without the loss of several of our men. Two had been killed outright and four others, including poor Master Barton, were severely wounded; while no less than seven of the pirates lay dead upon our blood-stained deck.

On the ninth day after our start from the isles of fortune we dropped ancher in the harbor of Shawmut. The sensations, or rather emotions, that were mine as I heard the heavy iron splash into the water this second time are not easy to describe. I only remember that a weight seemed lifted from my mind and that I felt thankful to Heaven that all the labor and hardship and danger of the past few weeks had not been in vain.

Clearly the first duty incumbent upon us was to restore Mistress Forrest to her loving and mourning relatives; so leaving our prisoner in charge of Master Bristow, the new mate, we went ashore.

Before starting, however, I gave instructions to Bristow that if any one should arrive with an order signed by my hand, he was to deliver Gardiner over to such. This I told him thinking that possibly we might somehow arrange while ashore for the disposal of our incubus.

The youth Roslin accompanied us, and it was noticed that his manner was unusually strange and preoccupied. Not even Joan, who was now in great spirits, seemed able to rouse him.

On the way to Dudley's my lady met a goodly number of her friends and acquaintances, and, of course, there were stoppings and much talk. During one of these greetings upon the road, Roslin disappeared.

We made all possible search and inquiry for the lad, but could find no trace of him anywhere. It was as though the earth had gaped and swallowed him up.

At length we gave up looking and walked on.

When we left the house Ralph Dudley went with us. It had been arranged between us that he was to go and fetch Capt. Miles Standish with his men to be at the landing, while he went and brought Sir Christopher ashore. Our boat was waiting and we went on board.

"Get up the prisoner, Master Bristow," said I, as we stepped on deck.

"The prisoner, sir!"

"Ay, the prisoner," I echoed. "We are going to land him."

"But he's already gone, sir!"

"Gone!"

"Yes, sir," replied the mate, "the youth came back with an order and half a dozen men, and I gave him up as you directed.

"The youth! You mean Roslin?"

"Ay, sir."

"A thousand devils!" I cried in a fury. "Gone. Escaped us after all!"

What did this all mean? The youth—was Roslin, then, a traitor? Had he left us on the street for this? Was he still loyal to that master who had been so cruel to him, and who had so clearly proved himself to be a dastard and a murderer?

"Here is the order, sir," said the mate, handing me a slip of paper he had drawn from his pocket.

"Forger as well as traitor!" I cried, examining it. "He has done his work well. You are not to blame, Bristow."

"Thank you, sir," responded the mate with a touch of his finger to his cap.

"When did this happen?" asked Rolfe.

"About half an hour ago."

"The infernal imp had three good hours to work in. Now I'll be sworn," cried I, "that he sped post haste to Merry Mount and there got assistance from 'Roaring Tom.' Which way went the boat?"

"They landed over yonder," replied the mate, pointing. I did not watch them further."

There was nothing for us to do but to return to the landing and inform Dudley and Standish that Sir Christopher had gone, escaped through a clever trick of his page.

When Standish heard the news it put him in a passion.

"The devil!" he cried—Standish was the soldier first, the Puritan afterward—"Now how did you let that happen?" and when everything was told him: "Oh, a precious pair!" he exclaimed, strutting up and down. "A slippery couple! Eels

can't compare with them. But we'll catch them yet!"

"How do you intend to proceed?" I asked him.

"I shall send out scouts immedately to their old haunts, also across to keep watch on Merry Mount," replied the captain. "At the first inkling of their whereabouts we shall set off on their heels. We can do no more now. Disperse, men!" he said to his company. "But stand ready for call!'

On the following afternoon we reached the Cotonquit River, and the scout pointed out to us Sir Christopher's hiding place. It was a small island, or rather an islet, a few rods out from the shore, rocky and thickly wooded.

Approaching it cautiously from the side most favorable for our purpose, we had the Indian swim out and reconnoitre. He reached it without a shot or any other indication that he had been observed, and in a few minutes he returned reporting that there were signs of recent occupation of the spot, but that Gardiner and the lad were now nowhere to be seen.

"Doubtless they have gone in search of game for their larder," suggested Rolfe.

"Did they have a canoe?" I inquired of the scout.

"A canoe. Ay," he replied. "White man had canoe. The print is there on the beach."

"What now?" Miles Standish was asked.

"We shall divide our party," said he, as one used to deciding promptly. "Let half remain here, while the others go down the river to a spot where the stream narrows. Here we shall attack him as he returns in the canoe. If he should break through one party he will fall into the hands of the other. But remember all, that Sir Christopher Gardiner must be taken alive."

"Unless there is danger of his again escaping us," I protested. "If so, then shoot the villian down without hesitation."

Rolfe and I, Standish, and the three Indians were of the party that went down the river, leaving Bradford in command of the rest by the island. We located ourselves at a spot where the river narrowed to perhaps a dozen yards, and, hiding ourselves in the brush, we waited.

Half an hour passed—three-quarters—an hour—and still no sign of Gardiner —Would he never come? Another hour dragged its weary course along, and yet he came not. We were beginning to grow weary of our vigil, for besides the strain upon our patience there were swarms of small flies to trouble us and make us heartily wish that the adventure were at an end. It was with intense relief therefore, that we heard at last a little warning cry from one of the Indians on the outlook.

We peered down the river. A canoe was approaching. In it were two persons; even at that distance we made them out to be Sir Christopher and the youth.

On they came, slowly paddling, utterly unsuspicious of what awaited them.

We had planned that the Indians were to plunge into the river and make for the canoe to upset it. But as the two came nearer I observed something which caused me to modify our scheme of attack.

"Wait," I whispered to Standish, who stood ready to give the Indians the signal. "Gardiner has a musket at his elbow. Hold our fellows back a minute. I will first draw his fire and then set on the men."

Not giving either Standish or Rolfe a chance to stay me, I hurried off to a little knoll nearby. Then with my usual foolhardiness I jumped up suddenly and shouted. The ruse succeeded. Gardiner snatched up his weapon and fired.

* * * * * *

I came to myself in a strange room, the windows of which were heavily shaded.

Someone was bending over me; at first dazed as I was, and in the half light, I could not distinguish who.

"Thank God he lives, he revives," murmured a gentle voice in tones of great relief.

My ears were keener than my eyes, quicker to recover their natural powers. The voice was that of my own dear lady.

Her soft hand touched mine and slid along to my pulse: I strove to raise my

free hand to place it upon hers, that by pressure I might make known to her how grateful I felt for her tenderness; but my strength was unequal to the effort. I tried to speak, but could not.

My consciousness was but momentary. Joan seemed to fade from my sight as through a form of mist, and next moment I had relapsed into a mere lump of insensate earth.

It was two days after this ere I was strong enough to be allowed to interest myself again in worldly affairs. Then Rolfe came in and told me all that had happened, how, after a desperate fight in which the youth, Roslin, was of no mean assistance to his master, Gardiner had been overpowered and taken.

And when he had gone I had a long talk with my lady, who told me what had happened afterwards; how that the surgeon had probed for the bullet, at first in vain, at last with success, removing it from its place in my head, where by continuous pressure upon some organ, some nerve or vein, it had kept me from recovering consciousness. The operation had been attended with great loss of blood hence my weakness.

I was lying in Dudley's house, for it appears that Ralph, on learning that I was brought in sore wounded, would not hear of my being taken anywhere else.

With such a tender, thoughtful nurse as Joan, what sick man would not recover rapidly? With such a fair, sweet attendant, what sick man would wish to recover at all?

In all our talk together Roslin was mentioned but once, and as my lady seemed disinclined to speak of the lad I deemed that her love for him was dead.

So the time passed in happiness and without a cloud, and I grew steadily better.

At last I began to feel I could venture to take the air.

At first it did not seem that I had the strength to go far, but new vigor coming to me in the fresh breeze, I walked on.

It was late in the afternoon, growing toward the dusk. The road was a lonely one and I had met not a single traveler upon it.

At length, in the distance I beheld a man coming toward me. As we drew near to each other I saw that he was a young man, weary and footsore and covered with dust and to all appearances a stranger in these parts. His face struck me as familiar, but in the twilight I could not be certain of it until he had come close up. Then I looked and was assured.

"Master Groves," I exclaimed, "You!"

He looked at me for a moment, puzzled.

"I seem to remember you, sir," he said, slowly; "but I have seen so many strange faces of late."

"Let me help you," I said. "I have been very ill and have doubtless changed. You recall the ship Margaret—Master Levett—the sale of the white slaves at the block?"

"Ah!" he cried, seizing my hand and wringing it warmly. "Yes, now I know, now I remember. The good friend who listened to my story, and who tried to save us. Look!" he said, pointing to a scar on his cheek, formed like the letter R. "I tried to escape. They caught me and branded me like an ox."

"The brutes!"

"Thank heaven, I eluded them at last," he went on. "The villian I sought was not there. But all hell could not keep me from him. I have learned that he is here, living among the Puritans. I have come to seek him out, to kill him!"

"To kill him? 'Twere unsafe in these parts to snatch the sword of Justice for one's own using."

"I have sworn the base Knight's death," he cried fiercely. "To my mother on bended knee I swore it. Nothing shall turn me from my purpose."

"Knight!" I exclaimed, a light breaking in upon me. "Knight, say you?"

"Yes," he answered. "Knight foresworn, branded—Sir Christopher Gardiner, otherwise known as Sir Fulk de Gorges."

I seized him by the arm excitedly.

"In Heaven's name!" I said, "we've been on the same chase and knew it not!"

"How, sir!" said he. "What do you mean?"

(Continued on page 131.)



Beautiful New England





Sugar Farming in New England—The Sugar House



43174

SUGAR FARMING IN NEW ENGLAND—THE SAP SLED



Sugar Farming in New England—Gathering Sap



THE WHITE BEAUTY OF THE WINTER WOODS AT POLAND SPRINGS



A Poland Spring Sleighing Party



A Frolic on the Snow-clad Hills at Poland Springs



Photograph by L. C. Newhall

THE ULTIMATE CASTLE.
NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. A DEFENDER OF THE FRONTIER

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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THE DAUNTING TERRIBLE WHITE MOUNTAINS

By THOMAS JOHNSTON HOMER

ONE Monday afternoon last June (1910), in the good company of a veteran of the Appalachian Mountain Club, I left Randolph, New Hampshire, for a tramp among the northern peaks of the White Mountains. Following a trail to the east of King's ravine, we climbed Mount Adams, next in height to Mount Washington, and descended to the hut, on the saddle between Mounts Adams and Madison, for the night; passing (near Star Lake) that huge quartz formation whose upper surface looks so astonishingly like crusted snow that the giant outcrop might well be called the Fossil of Snow.

We got away betimes on Tuesday morning, after a night somewhat marred by the snarling of intrusive hedgehogs. There had been quite a heavy fog; but, as we traversed the easterly slope of Adams, it lifted from time to time, permitting brief but glorious glimpses of the Madison ravine. Our route led to the south of Adams down into the Jefferson ravine, where we struck the Six Husbands* trail; and soon we were moving southerly up a portion of Washington's north flank (one of the titanic marches that delimit and shut in the vast basin known as the Great Gulf), over a course which appeared to have been little more than traced. For a while the axe came into play, to good effect. We came out on the grass-and-rock upland,—with "Cape Horn" beyond a ravine, not far away. After a short rest we plunged down into the Gulf "across country," and reached the Great Gulf camp before sundown.

Our hospitable host there was the Councillor of Improvements, A. M. C.; and his "merry men" were a troop of athletes who were breaking out and cairning trails under his genial direction. Many of the party were massively built; and one was unrivalled as an expert and mighty axeman. In no such class was I; and while "making a try" at chopping some wood for the Camp, I struck my right shin just above the ankle a vicious blow with the back of the axe that I was so proudly wielding, and thenceforward was content to practise the humbler calling of fagot-bearer.

Wednesday morning, after joining the others before the camera, we bade goodbye to the path-makers, and went on up the trough of the Gulf, passing the lonely tarn called Spaulding lake. Pushing forward and upward, we encountered only moderate difficulty,—experiencing a few loose rocks and friable formations, and now and then negotiating a climb calling for the use of both arms. The vistas were so superb as to evoke visions of the Yosemite (of many years ago). At last we achieved the verge, and came out on the grassy upland beyond. It was blowing a cold gale. But a short distance farther, and the crest of Washington (6,290 feet) was reached.

*The writer has never followed this famous trail, up the knee of Jefferson; but has been kindly permitted to use two photographs, illustrating that portion of the trail,—of unusual interest.



Photograph by Louis F. Cutter

THE RAVINE OF THE CASTLES

Soon after leaving the summit my companion and I parted company for the remainder of the jaunt, planning to meet again in Randolph in the evening. His professional work (measurements and determinations for a map he was making) led him homeward by way of the Glen and the Pinkham Road.

My ambition to "collect" mountain peaks as rapidly as possible led me to take a homeward course that included Mount Jefferson.

I approached Jefferson by way of Mount Clay, but found no registration cylinder on Clay. In the descent, preliminary to the rise of Jefferson, my game tibia continued to give me more trouble in downhill than in uphill work.

Soon after Monticello Lawn was crossed, the apex of Jefferson was accomplished. Here I found an A. M. C. cylinder, but no pencil. I cut my name



Photograph by Shorey Studio

THE HUT

with a knife, on a fresh sheet of the roll.

From Jefferson my chosen way lay northwest down over the stark, jagged, barrens forming the upper reach of the Castellated Ridge (the Ridge of the Castles). The westerly views were of wondrous beauty. This was *new* country unfolding before me. The spell of the untrodden trail was on.

Before the northwestern Castle was attained, it was noticeable that the cairning was no longer as distinct as at first. I had decided upon a different route beyond Jefferson from that kindly mapped out by my companion, whose sound and expert advice I ought to have taken; and the props that would help (I had fancied) to buttress my imprudent decision to strike out for myself and attempt to make Randolph *via* the Castles and Bowman Station, when I should have followed instructions and taken the Randolph Path, were falling away from me. The way was now but a faint mark through low, but gradually rising, scrub. The thought of rising scrub and vanishing path struck a little chill into my marrow. The final Castle, however, was in plain sight, and there was no crying need for a path until it should be necessary to go beyond, along the ridge, and thence down into the grim depths of the mighty gulch to the north (the Ravine of the Castles).

A few minutes more, and I had clambered up the *aiguille* of the ultimate Castle. To the west, gleaming in the westering sunlight, there stretched away into the dim distance the most beautiful prospect that the heights had yet revealed. It was a bright and cheerful land, and might well have overflowed with milk and honey. Several bits of waterscape, glistening gems of stream or pond,—rare scenic features in this region, enhanced the loveliness of the picture.



Photograph by Louis F. Cutter

WHERE FIRE'S WRATH HATH SPED

In contrast, to the north, far below me, crouched the monstrous Ravine, shrouded in a wilderness of forest, "daunting terrible" (as Josselyn* described the White Mountains nearly two hundred and fifty years ago), and already lowering in shadow. Into this yawning pit my course was sure in time to lead me.

From this time onward came a succession of emotions, each close upon the heels of its predecessor. I was glad to find a cylinder,—and was both glad, and sorry, to note that no one had registered since the preceding autumn. Again, no pencil was within, and this time I cut my name much more hastily and informally

*New-Englands Rarities Discovered..... By John Josselyn. London, 1672. (P. 4.)



Photograph by Louis F. Cutter

THE TOP OF NEW ENGLAND. MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM THE QUARTZ OUT CROP

than before. The shortening span of daylight had become a very precious thing.

And now for a trail (could I but find it) through the scrub, and then the forest. I scoured the brief perimeter of the height in search of the longed-for path. At least some trace of it was doubtless there, but my woodcraft did not suffice to ferret out a scintilla. I felt a little like a rat in a trap. It was not pleasant to think of floundering indefinitely through pathless, closely-woven, exhausting, spruce and fir scrub. Daylight and strength would soon be gone in such a welter. But there was no time for delay, and seeing to the southwest a slight break in the thicket, which might indicate the lingering remnant of a path, I tried to swing down off the ledge into the chaotic tangle of stunted growth. Somehow I lost both footing and grip, and slowly crashed along through the dense gnarled branches, which yielded grudgingly to my bulk. Thus buffered, the fall did not prove serious, and I landed absolutely unhurt on something soft, moss, perhaps. My hat was off, but my glasses were still on. The tumble was harmless in itself, but psychologically it was disconcerting. Nor did the path appear.

Now came a fierce grapple with the scrub. The land fell sharply away to the southwest, and in the effort to avoid obstructions the natural tendency was to work gradually downward. But that is well away from my proper course, which is northeast, up, up, back to the height of land; thence along the ridge; and, beyond, down into the murky Ravine of the Castles, where Castle Brook is plunging and clattering along on its way to the forks of Israel's River, to the Connecticut, and the Sound. Down there, in the trough of the pit, runs water, and water I must reach before darkness shall fall. But here, on the far side of the ridge, this downward pull is all wrong. It must be overborne *now;* and I *must* work back.

After rather a grilling struggle, I regained the ridge, and suddenly, to my intense thankfulness and delight, stumbled

upon the Bowman path. I paused a minute for a prayer of sheer gratitude and joy; and then gaily "hit the trail." Gloom had turned to gladness. Seemingly the wild-wood had let slip her sable robes, and the jocund play of light and shade was fairly entrancing, as I rapidly trekked along; and soon I was chasing an alluring way that zig-zagged down, its unquestionable artifice a comforting assurance that it was made for foot of man to follow, toward the running water I so longed to reach. (By this time I had again missed the Bowman path, and was pushing unaware into the very core of the wilderness.)

The respite was all too brief. Suddenly before me there uprose, gaunt, forbidding, implacable,—a huge wind-fall; and my "primrose way" was blotted out as if it had never been. The stealthy oncoming of the night during the preceding ten minutes seemed more than matched by the engulfing pall that closed down in the next ten *seconds*.

I could beat around the blow-down in an effort to find the renewal of the trail, or I could plunge down the gulch-side for Castle Brook—whose roar was music to my ears. I chose the latter venture, and, continuing to descend, before long came upon a "slide" which offered a fairly good thoroughfare; and water cropped out along the way. I thought it would stay by me until the brook were reached; but after a while it sank from sight into the maw of the thirsty earth.

At last the brook! Like a hound hot on the scent, I scrambled eagerly up the farther bank, and found myself in a deserted logging region. What seemed to have been in other days a logging route was indeed there, but it was overwhelmed with slash and other timber clog, choked with vegetation in all stages of growth—and of decay. I had looked for better things along this brook, and was bitterly disappointed. I had thought of it as a trunk-line, and had been expecting to find, skirting its course, a negotiable trail. I drank, and then tasted food, the first for many hours. Even so, it was hard to swallow. A trenchant faintness gripped me. Was this the entering wedge of col-



Photograph by Louis F. Cutter

MOUNT MADISON



Photograph by Guy L. Shorey
WILSON'S REACH; SIX HUSBANDS TRAIL

lapse? They will of course search for me along the Randolph Path, and search in vain. Probably someone will see my name in the Castle cylinder. Granted all this, what chance of finding me down here in this inferno,—an errant, beyond all reason, from my charted course? What if I break a leg, or merely (perhaps) get a bad wrench? After all, was I going to pull out? Or would the morning papers give me half a column, a year or two hence?

* * * * * *

The faintness was hardly more than momentary. I reacted well, and the outlook appeared more rose-colored. They are almost *bound* (I now argued) to find my signature at the Castle. With so eloquent a clue as that, a good tracker will do the rest, by day after to-morrow at the latest. Also, *à bas* starvation and sprained ankles! Come on!

Mobilizing my energies, I pushed on down the stream, in the waning light, struggling up now one side, now the other,—always that I might perchance strike a passable path. And soon the darkness had so far fallen that I concluded to pitch my camp for the night.

Pitching camp was a simple affair enough. There were no matches, and it was too dark to bother about gathering much material for a resting-place. The main thing was to be very near the water that rushed along in such a racket of good cheer. So I chose a spot in the bed of the brook, but whence the water had receded, near the west bank. There were overhanging branches at hand; and several of these I broke off, and laid upon the rocks, to make my couch the easier. The place was softer thus, even though damper too. Next came supper,—a dainty feast of water, milk chocolate, and brandy. My spirits (not unaccountably) were still rising; and, full of high hope for the morrow, I knew I should pull out not many hours after day-break. Even



Photograph by Guy L. Shorey
UP THE KNEE OF JEFFERSONS; SIX HUSBANDS TRAIL



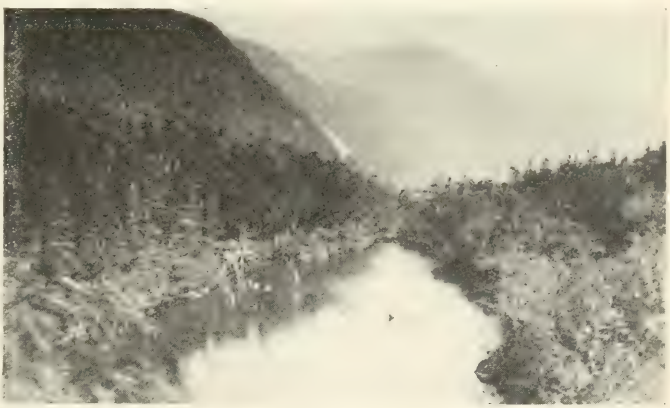
Photograph by Chas. E. Harris

WE JOINED THE OTHERS BEFORE THE CAMERA

some ominous clouds which had been obscuring the narrow gleam of sky visible overhead (the water course had opened a narrow rift in the masses of the forest) had drifted onward, and the eternal stars were shining. Old Earth may have been taking her rest, but it was a field-night for all Cosmos beside. Black Care still lingered, but only in three phases,—the anxiety I was causing the family, my discomfort and risk from dampness and cold, and disgust at my extravagance in having perpetrated something that entailed the expense of searching-parties. And after a while I prayerfully disposed myself in damp blanketless clothing, upon cool moist branches, my camp-fire existing only in imagination—wondering whether, even so, I should go to sleep.

I tried all possible positions that might tempt sleep. I curled up like a porcupine; stretched out like a telescope; placed the volumes of my "Pigskin Library" under various parts of my anatomy in order to separate it from the soggy boughs and the "hubbledy" rocks; but not one of my luxurious attitudes persuaded the coveted slumber, and it was borne in upon me with obtrusive emphasis that *Coos* County (the land of *jounces*) was fitly named.

I got up, and made a pretty thorough readjustment of garments, which brought the sweater much nearer the "altogether." This was an improvement, and I lay down quite confidently; and wore away an hour or so in a half-dreamy state. Visions of trails studded with beautiful cairns and visions of trails wretched for lack of cairns, floated one after another across my semi-consciousness; and for the hundredth time I rehearsed the pleasure (largely economic) I was to feel in telephoning from somewhere in the morning that all searching-parties could be called off. All searching-parties, did I say? *All* of them? It began to seem to me that there was a vast nebula of them, the circles of which (beginning with the outer pale) were converging in a mad ecstasy toward the common centre, where I sat bolt upright, my lower limbs bound down by clanking chains, my hands and arms free to manipulate a puny muzzle-loader as my only defense against the onslaught of these frenzied cohorts. Each searching-party culminated in the prodigious head of a dragon; but, be my aim never so true, for every head demolished



Photograph by Shorey Studio

MOUNT ADAMS FROM SPAULDING LAKE

a dozen more would rise up to take its place. The end, horrible and inevitable, was almost upon me, as I shook and shrieked myself awake. It was of course nothing but the old Hydra myth transmogrified to suit my case as to a certain difficult calling-off job, eventually to be attended to, with the valuable assistance of Hercules—left out!

I now conceived that some music would be appropriate. (Besides, it would be prudent to exorcise any ferocious animal that might have been fraternally attracted by my nightmare.) Ephemeral songs seemed unworthy of the environment; higher flights were sought; and the welkin rang with noble melodies wrought by Chopin and Wagner. The brook, foaming down the gorge in solid volume, furnished a never-failing accompaniment. The gush of melody had seemed neither long nor tiresome (at least to the performer) when I happened to look up the ravine, and beheld a radiance, brighter than that of any star, slanting down upon me through the branches. Was the lustre chatoyant? Wild-cats (possibly much wilder than those timid and attenuated variants of the domestic type which the nature-observer, presumably, sometimes discerns) had recently been seen in Vermont. Was this the relentless gaze of some really non-domestic feline that had traversed the Connecticut, and now, conjuration-proof, had fixed upon me (and an early breakfast) as his next objective? Happily, no. The phenomenon was but the rising of a belated moon, and the night was nearly over. Better even than that, my shadow (thrown across the moonlight), at first a clean-cut figure, was becoming a dim and evanescent shape. The sun would soon dominate the situation. My laggard appetite had at last arrived, an affair of gargantuan proportions, and I breakfasted ravenously on some badly battered and crumbled food prepared for me some three days before, and took chances with the nectar of Castle Brook. It was time to break camp and be off. What ho! For the "Forks of Israel,"—and The Promised Land!



Photograph by L. C. Newhall

THE RIDGE OF THE CASTLES, FROM ISRAEL RIDGE, ACROSS THE RAVINE

There is little more to tell. For a way that at least seemed long, if there existed a path, I could not find it. The loggers had left things in dreadful, almost unimaginable, chaos. A wilderness *au naturel* does not necessarily mean very

rough going; but *this* wilderness, after being devastated and throttled by the logger, has become, as one of the natives tersely put it, a "hell-hole." It was scramble, and stagger, and slip, and break through, and recover,—in endless mutations; my luckless legs sustaining a fresh spiking every few minutes. Of course my route, more and more, under this pitiless pressure, became the bed of the brook. The brook was clogged and cold, but better than treacherous debris, and tangled underbrush, shot with rotting logs and remorseless stumps.

The flawless form of Guiney's haunting verse, "The trail is through dolour and dread, over crags and morasses", took on, indeed, the uncompromising substance of reality. But at last (and suddenly) the havoc lay behind me, and a good corduroy road took its place. Thenceforward I contentedly limped on, with grateful heart and temper chastened by experience. Minor difficulties counted for little, and I came out, blithely enough, at Bowman Station, shortly before seven in the morning. The night in the Ravine of the Castles was now nothing more than a memory.

I was now in shreds and tatters, and decidedly unkempt, and felt a bit ridiculous along the road in the role of Wild Man of the Woods.

And it makes the tramper of moderate means catch his financial breath to find that at least four strong men and true have been raking the trails for him by night, and that two have but just got beyond recall on the same quest; that, in the opinion of a cheerful resident, "the mountains are *covered* with 'em" (the Nightmare of the Hydraheaded Searching-parties come true!); that the Northern Peaks, from Washington to Madison, from the Ravine House to the Glen, are very likely being appropriately harried with the cry of *Man Lost on the Mountains!*—and that the Lost Man is *he!*

Blind

By MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

The world had been peopled with shadows
A long and dreary time,
Where I groped alone in the growing dusk,
Till your dear hand grasped mine.

And God gave me this respite;
One brief, sweet hour of grace,
So I might see and store away
The lineaments of your face;

Then darkness fell. What matter?
My world was n'er so bright,
For your tender eyes are my light by day,
And your heart my rest at night!

Independence or What? The Reciprocity Treaty and Canada's Future

By HON. W. FRANK HATHEWAY, M. P., BRUNSWICK.

EVER since 1867 when the United States Congress, somewhat in apprehension, and possibly envious of the reconstructed British North America, passed a resolution stating that they viewed with regret the aggregation of a number of provinces in North America under the one monarchial rule, ever since that date the people and political leaders of the United States have been disturbed by the rapid commercial and political growth of United Canada. There was a time when the statesmen of the Republic were sure that Canada was like a very ripe apple ready to drop off the tree and fall into their hands. This was when the several governments, Conservative and Liberal, were sending delegations to Washington asking for a Reciprocity Treaty. Now, however, times are changed, and it is our friends in Washington who intimate to Ottawa that a Reciprocal Tariff arrangement would be beneficial to both countries. Likewise in Great Britain there was a time when statesmen of that country did not look upon Canada as an appendage worthy of much thought or care. The slighting remarks made by some of the British plenipotentiaries when dealing with such vexed questions as the Boundary Line in Maine, and the right of Canada to extend as far as the Mississippi, are ample proof that British statesmen in the last century did not realize the strength that Canada might some day bring to the mother country. To-day, however, times have changed even there, and we see many statesmen in the Mother Country since 1897 urging closer relations between the Dependencies and Great Britain. Sixty years ago when the Cobden Policy was in its full sweep no one would dare to intimate that a Preferential Tariff arrangement could be beneficial to both Great Britain and her colonies. To-day, however, the Conservative Party in Great Britain has laid down as one of its main planks, that the Colonial Dependencies should be treated more favorably than Turkey, Russia, the United States or other competing countries. Canada likewise has seen a change politically in the late election at Arthabaska-Drummond, which shows that the French wing of the Liberal Party is beginning to think there should be a third party in the House of Commons. No doubt this third party will within a year include many of the brightest minds in Quebec Province and will constitute a power to be dealt with in the near future. This party has taken the name of the Nationalist Party, and although not avowing any purpose of separation, or declaring that Canada should seek to be an independent nation, yet from speeches made in the past by those who are now their leaders, it is fair to assume that much of the spirit which gives life to this new Nationalist Party is based upon the desire for a more complete freedom than now obtains in Canada.

These political conditions in Great Britain, in the United States and in Canada lead me to make some reflections on the future of this country.

CANADA INDEPENDENT

In considering the political independence of this country, the severing of that slender tie which binds us to Great Britain, it is fair to say:—

That there is in certain parts of

Canada a sentiment in favor of independence, and those who represent that sentiment will no doubt range themselves under the leadership of M. Henri Bourassa and Mr. F. D. Monk, the recognized leaders of the Nationalist or Third Party.

The extremely selfish attitude of British plenipotentiaries as shown in the Boundary and other disputes, and the determination of the British electorate in 1905 and 1909 not to treat Canadians more kindly than the Turk, Russian and German, have contributed deeply to this feeling.

The evident wish of British statesmen to make Canada a recruiting ground for both the army and navy, and the desire that Canada should contribute a large sum for the defence of the Empire, without any representation in the British House of Commons, all this tends to make the young Nationalist party, and many adherents of the other two parties, feel that Canada is to be used as a sponge and squeezed yearly.

A review of British Treaties in which Canada was vitally interested shows that Britain sometimes sent ignorant and careless men to compete with New England subtlety and knowledge. The history of the Oswald-Franklin treaty is the first number on the sacrificial list. In 1764 Dr. Franklin was eloquent in his letter to the British Government, about the Canadian forests and waterways from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, those fertile lands where are now Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, etc., which Wolfe gained for Britain in 1759. This was the territory that in 1782 Oswald, the British delegate, called "the back lands of Canada, and worth nothing." In fear of a "particular grudge" he granted about all that Dr. Franklin asked and nearly gave away the Erie belt which lies just north of Lake Erie between Niagara Falls and Detroit. Small wonder that the French Minister said "the English have bought a peace, not made one." By this ignorance and carelessness of the British Government, Canada lost her Mississippi province, gave to the United States the right of the inshore fishing on Canadian coasts, and was left with uncertain boundary lines.

Again in 1818 Great Britain ceded to the United States a large tract of Canadian territory west of the Lake of the Woods, and also conceded certain fishing privileges. In 1842 the Ashburton Treaty cut into Quebec and New Brunswick so that a large portion of Quebec logs float even to-day through Maine's waterways. The mysterious disappearance of Franklin's Red Line Map of 1782, was a help to Webster in 1842, when he got Lord Ashburton to agree to cut this slice out of Quebec and New Brunswick.

We remember Secretary Olney's curt despatch to Great Britain on the Venezuelan question, and also that in 1897, the Dingley Tariff Act became law in the United States. It was the hope of the United States that this tariff would bring Canada to her knees. Yet there was no protest or even disposition on Britain's part to draw the bonds of Empire closer so as to offset that tariff. Great Britain saw the Boer war on the horizon and at once bought the neutrality of the United States by so amending the old Clayton-Bulwer Treaty that she resigned all British control or rights to the Gulf entrance of the proposed Isthmian Canal. The Hon. David Mills, at that time Secretary of State, said "the conditions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty are of vital interest to Canada. The Government of the United Kingdom must not for any political consideration sacrifice the interests of Canada and the future of the British Empire on this continent."

But Great Britain sacrificed those interests in 1898 as she had done in 1842, 1818 and in 1782. When the Isthmus is pierced, the United States can do as they please with the Panama Canal. If they decide to give United States ships fifty per cent reduction on tolls, how can Great Britain compete in New Zealand and Eastern Australia with United States Atlantic ports? Vancouver on the Pacific and St. John and Quebec on the Atlantic side, have interests in an Isthmus canal, but the British rights were bartered in 1898. The Alaskan Boundary is fresh in our minds. Evidently Sir Louis Davies and his volume of facts could not convince the English arbitrator that the Alaskan Line was worth so much talk and writing.

If Great Britain had not in 1782 and 1818 conceded such extensive fishing rights to the United States we would not have seen the spectacle in August, 1910, of British arbitrators at the Hague contending that Britain had the absolute right to make laws to govern fishing in the waters of Canada and Newfoundland. Why should they have to contend for what was evidently so just? That Oswald Treaty of 1782 which led to the closer details of 1818, is the reason to-day why the Hague Tribunal in 1910 gives the United States Government the right to object to our regulations of fishing in *our own* waters. We have to advertise those laws for two months, during which time it is open for the United States to show cause why the laws should not be enforced. If Great Britain had known how to manage her guns in 1782, this humiliation would have been spared Canada in 1910. Dr. Franklin had orders in 1782 from his Government to give up the inshore Fishery claims, but a British official perpetrated a blunder which has cost Canada millions of dollars. Now the same British Government seeks to make of Canada and Newfoundland a hunting ground for volunteers for both Army and Navy, and intimates also that, after we have built railways, canals, and harbors, and made homes for the surplus population of the old world, that we should contribute heavily towards the defence of the Empire.

Careless of her colony in 1867, Great Britain permitted Russia to pass her by and sell for £1,400,000 the lands of Alaska, which to-day has a total trade of $32,000,000 annually with the United States. In 1910 the United States agreed to expend $2,000,000 in fortifying the Panama Canal, which is one of the proofs that the United States intends to keep that as her own private highway. Great Britain has resigned any right to interfere. The Munroe Doctrine is a child of England and the United States. Both Canada and the United States should recognize it. The Dominion of Canada is interested in this Isthmus Canal and those interests should be considered. Our voice cannot be raised for Great Britain has long since abrogated those rights.

Great Britain as a Government since 1818 always treated the United States fairly. Even though private enterprise preyed on United States commerce in 1861-64, Britain paid amply for the damage. The Honorable Charles Sumner in 1871 demanded all Canada just as Franklin had done in 1782, but both of them knew it to be the cheapest of bluff, if not bluster. Even though the British Government feared the threats of Franklin and Sumner, and the danger of losing a buyer of her goods, still Great Britain had no right to sacrifice Canada's interests as she has since 1782. The French Canadians of Quebec fully realize that Great Britain paid the Alabama claim, but did not press the collection of damages resulting to Canada by the Fenian Raids of 1866-70-71. The selfish policy of Great Britain makes leading French Canadians feel that this new demand for a navy and for recruits, has an ulterior aim not pleasant to dwell upon.

I do not hesitate to say, what some may deem heresy, that I am a Canadian first and a Britisher afterwards, and until that "Canada first" sentiment prevails, this country can never attain to real national life. Nevertheless I am sure that the truer and wiser future for Canada, in the national interests of both Great Britain and Canada, is to be more closely interlocked with Great Britain by a Reciprocal Tariff arrangement. When I review the history of Britain's neglect in 1782, her weakness in 1818, her easy bargaining in 1842, and her later desires to submit to affront and contumely from the United States rather than stand by her rights on this continent, I am not disposed to strongly condemn those Canadians who now think of a Nationalist Party.

It was the Canadian French who built fort after fort between the Lakes and the Mississippi and held that rich country until Wolfe conquered in 1759. It was Britain's want of diplomacy that, with a sweep of the pen in 1782, gave that most valuable tract (280,000 square miles) forever to Dr. Franklin and his allies. It was the Canadian French and the Canadian British who in 1897 gave the United Kingdom a twenty-five per cent and again

a thirty-three and one-third per cent preference on all dutiable imports, and yet Britain refuses to treat us to-day better than she treats that same United States whose statesmen have snubbed, wheedled, threatened and actually despoiled her. The United States press, people and politicians have openly avowed that the Dingley Tariff of 1897 and the proposed Blaine Newfoundland Treaty would drive Canada to seek its political future in the United States. Nevertheless John Bull goes on treating Uncle Sam as a friend and brother. Can we blame the French in Quebec for getting restive, and suspecting those statesmen who demand that Canada take a large share of the Empire defence-cost, and yet do not suggest that Canada have representation in that British Parliament which has power to carry on war? Canada is beginning to feel the throb of national life. Poets are singing of Canada's forests and fields, mountains and lakes. Historians are searching the archives of Quebec and Montreal, and the figures of LaSalle, Champlain and Frontenac stand before us in battle or in council. Novelists gaze on the high cliffs of old Quebec or wander along the banks of the St. John where LaTour and Marie Jacquline passed eventful years. Captains of Industry look with avaricious eyes on the vast water stretches, the enormous dynamic power of river and tide, and the limitless acres of cultivable land. Truly this young and growing Canada has the right to be angered at the crass stolidity of the British electorate which refuses to consider Tariff reform, and yet it may not be wise for us at this time to step out very far on the way to Independence. English delegates to the Australian Conference September, 1909, think we are looking that way. Some of them said to me "Does Canada want to be independent that she seeks to build a navy of her own?" M. Bourassa indicates the thought of the French of Quebec, when he says: *"Ne rompons pas la chaine trop tot, mais n'en rivons pas follement les anneaux."* Which means, let us not break our British bonds too soon, and in the meantime, do not rivet them too solidly. This shows the probability that in 1912 we will see a third party demanding the independence of Canada. If so, then the blame must not rest upon the Canadian, but upon the blundering British diplomat, and the lethargic British people. Independence, however bright it may appear to some, will, like Reciprocity with the United States, make us only the backyard of the United States. Worse than that, when Britain wakes up and sees an estranged Canada, she may then grant a Preferential Tariff to India, Ceylon, Australia, and South Africa. We may think that our wheat and dairy products will always find favor in the Old Country. Not so, Australia and India would then command the British market and we would have to be content with supplying the populous Eastern United States and other countries. Independence might suit those who demand a Canadian Navy and an increased militia; it may dazzle the minds of the young French in Quebec, but let us look well ahead before we leap. Let us turn a deaf ear to the United States agents who are talking Reciprocity. Let us work out a careful scheme of Preferential Reciprocal Tariff with Great Britain and present it first to our own Parliament, and then, to the British Parliament. That scheme should provide a fifty per cent tariff rebate on all goods from United Kingdom, they to give us fifty per cent rebate from their proposed Tariff on certain goods of ours. Then if Great Britain still refuses to treat us any better than she treats her political and commercial rivals, then we can decide what next to do.





Narragansett Manors

By MATLACK PRICE

With Illustrations by the Author

THERE is a chapter of Rhode Island history which has never crept into the books and has lived mostly by word of mouth. Like many unrecorded matters, this chances to possess a peculiar interest, and to contain not a little romance as well.

Generally speaking, it has always been supposed that austere New England of Revolutionary times, with its weather-beaten harbor-side villages and its more sheltered, though no less primitive inland settlements, had looked upon the South as the home of effete luxury and European feudalism. Where a New Englander of means had a prim, conservative gambrel-roofed house, with a few trusty servants, the Southern gentleman had an enormous estate with a lordly manor and hundreds of slaves. This supposition has lived on in the land, and has been exaggerated in both directions, until one had come to picture the Southerner in ideal colors, as a royal entertainer, a rider to hounds and a hard drinker—and the New Englander as a rather meagre parsimonious individual, with ascetic ideas and little liberality of mind.

Any such impressions were entirely dispelled by some rambles in the unfrequented southeastern corner of Rhode Island, known as the Narragansett country.

It is in this locality that there once existed a type of estate similar to those of the South, but different in certain important particulars, the only allusion which I can find to these one-time manor-houses, now so dismantled and so diminished in size as to lose themselves among the many small abandoned farms, is a passing mention in one chapter of "Part of a Man's Life," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson:—

"Nothing indeed now remains in America which so recalls the feudal system, as the whole region of the Narragansett country in Rhode Island, where one still sees the remains of a class of buildings differing in kind from any now selected. They represent great square houses of fifty or a hundred feet front, with drawing-rooms twenty feet square, and from fourteen to fifteen feet high. There were two stories, with a high gambrel roof attic for the slaves, who often occupied out-buildings also."

These statements taken as a whole may fail to be definitely suggestive, but are very pertinent in so far as they point out the idea of a European feudalism in Narragansett as distinct from the slave-holding of the South. Where a Southern planter maintained hundreds of bound slaves to work in his fields, the Narragansett squire owned merely a comparatively small staff of slaves for personal body-servants, while his tenants constituted a separate class, farming his land for themselves but living under his patronage.

The squire, for such he was, occupied the manor house, and to a greater or less extent lived the life of the English squire so familiar in story. He kept open house, which vied with that of the Southerner

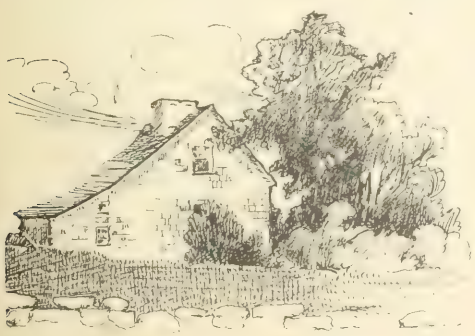
for hospitality, and lived in detail the life of the English country gentleman.

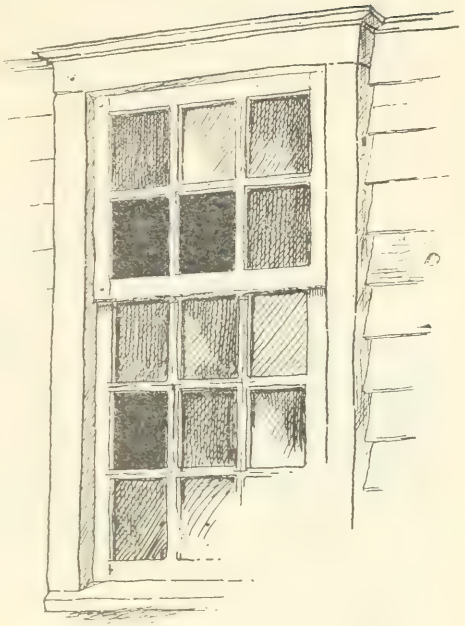
But of all the local magnificence of these establishments, nothing remains but the demolished and weather-beaten ruins of the manors, and a host of country-side legends.

From such examples as may be seen to-day it would seem that the primitive local artisan "builded better than he knew," unless the stout construction of those houses was the result of a fundamental sincerity and honesty. They were framed in enormous timbers of solid oak, hewn from trees on the estate belonging to the house, and these timbers were mortised and pegged together in such a manner as to resist everything but the desecrating hands of later generations.

It is of three of these venerable manors that I wish to write—of their appearance to-day and of the romantic past which their legends preserve. There is an ancient house—the Potter manor—standing back a bit from a sandy by-lane that drops off from the old Post Road in the vicinity of Point Judith Pond. Time out of mind it has stood there, and tales were rife about the country-side of its extreme antiquity and long-gone magnificence. On the one great stone chimney rising from its roof, was a date of 1750, although this, I was told, was painted there at a period long subsequent to the erection of the house itself. (A small farmstead in the immediate locality, indeed, boasts of 1661 on its chimney, with a weather-beaten appearance which by no means gainsays the premise.)

Such random legends as were related to me by a certain grey historian of local fame, and such observations as I made

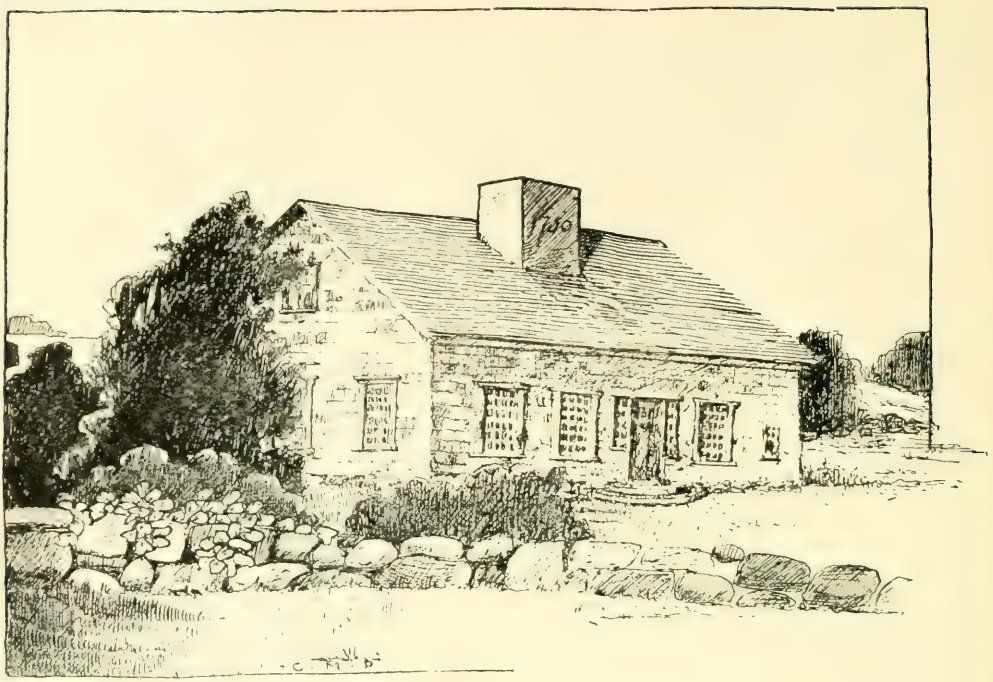




in many visits to the manor on the Point Judith lane, weave in the mind a fabric certainly picturesque, and surely fascinating to those antiquaries who collect unwritten history.

It would seem that it was built at some period, as remarked, considerably prior to the date (1750) on the chimney, by one John Potter, a grandson of an even older settler in these parts. The house stood originally three stories high, with a two-story wing for the slaves, and its present size is the result of successive cutting down and alteration through many generations. Local tradition tells of a hall so large that a coach-and-four could have been driven under its arch, and of an establishment on a scale measurable only by that of the great Southern estates. Tradition also has it—alas, unanimously—that this John Potter, 3rd, was a clever counterfeiter, but the local historian, preferring to wink at this phase of his character, paints him as a rare gentleman of the old school, riding to hounds, drinking hard, and entertaining royally with an open house, while lording it over hundreds of broad acres, with many personal slaves and farming tenants.

So large was the manor at this time, that an anecdote tells of a house-party



THE POTTER MANOR HOUSE TODAY

given by the son of the house, for three days, during which time the old people, in their rooms in a distant part of the house, knew nothing whatever of what was going on. Illustrative of the scale upon which the life at these old manor-houses was conducted, a story of one Robert Hazard, a Narragansett planter of contemporary fame, would apply as well to doings at the Potter house. It seems that this doughty squire was known to have boasted of economy when he brought his establishment down to seventy persons. "He owned 12,000 acres, kept fox-hounds, 14 saddle horses, 150 cows, and 4,000 sheep. He employed twelve negro dairy-maids, each with a small girl to wait upon her, by whose joint labors from twelve to twenty-four cheeses were made every day in the year for the family consumption...."

Returning to our John Potter, 3rd, it is told how that worthy was eventually suspected by the authorities of counterfeiting, and placed in a position at once constraining and uncomfortable. With the beaks close upon his trail, he incontinently dumped his nefarious paraphernalia into a neighboring pond, and, with no connecting evidence apparent, pleaded not guilty, and defied the law. His prosecutors, however, would seem to have secured sufficient grounds, by processes then existing, to offer the defendant the polite choice of giving over to the state the greater portion of his lands, or suffering himself to have his ears cut off. The latter contingency in no sense appealing to defendant as being either seemly or dignified, he ceded a vast tract of land without further ado, and the matter was closed forthwith. As an afterword, it may be actually said that certain portions of this tract were auctioned off with certain other parcels, as "Government Land," no earlier than a few years ago, the matter indeed, being well within my personal recollection—and the local historians do not even know whether the "government" that worsted their John Potter was the government of colonies or nation!

All the stories of the Potter manor, even with a mental discount for legendary enlargement, point to a house by no means small, and move the antiquarian to

investigate what remains of the building itself. And even though little now exists to supply an exact or a complete restoration, such fragments as are left form deeply interesting material for study and retrospection.

The house as it appears to-day would certainly attract no more than a passing glance—a small, low, barn-roofed structure, tenanted by farmers, and slowly falling to pieces—a plain, primitive house with one great stone chimney in the centre, bearing a date of 1750, and nothing more. By no means edifying, its appearance, however, is saliently sincere, and undeniably suggestive of rugged strength and simplicity of the North. With fewer classical traditions than the more cultivated builders of the South, stately Greek porticoes are not met with in this part of New England, and a more severe, and certainly more primitive style prevailed in these Narragansett manors, where the actual limitations of material and conditions are, in a measure, expressed.

Four massive, semi-circular steps of stone lead to an unpretentious door, with a plain architrave, and simple narrow side-lights. This door, beaten grey with the terrific winter storms of this bleak reach of coast, gives upon a very small square hall—a mere vestibule little more than five feet square. I looked in vain for the hall which would admit a coach-and-four, and fancied it to have been some sort of *porte-cochere,* long since demolished, and perpetuated in legend by the failure of the local gentry to compare it in description to anything ever seen.

It may be said here that the wide hall and sweeping stair of the great Southern houses were things quite unknown in this type of Northern house, where winters were bitterly cold, and large halls hard to heat. Quite as often as not, the stairs were consigned to some dark part of the house, and were narrow, steep and ladder-like, sometimes built in the thickness of the wall—again a result of the heating problem.

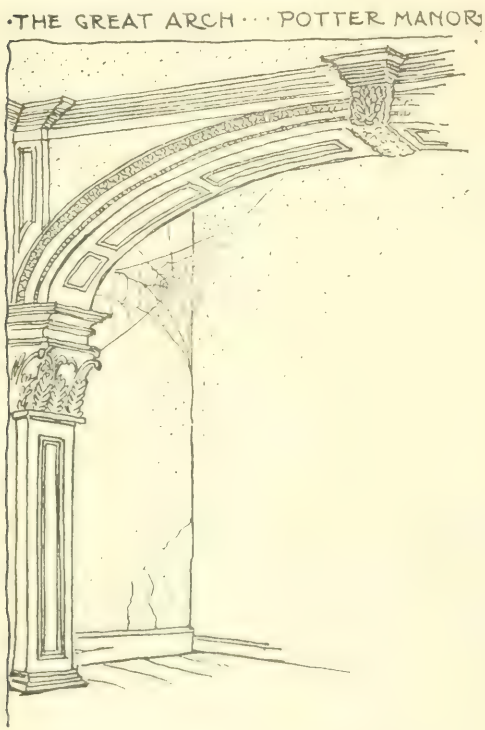
Here, standing at the entrance, panelled doors open on the right and left, and a blank expanse of chimney-breast occupies the entire fourth side. This chimney is of stone, and is over twenty feet square, in the first story, resting in the cellar on massive piers, and a well-turned vault of old, hand-made brick, imported, one is told, from Holland, before brick was made in this country. The size of this great chimney is sufficient to suggest even more space than that actually occupied by the flues, and possibly it contains some small room or cavity designed by the old counterfeiter for the concealment of his dangerous pursuit. When a



similar chimney in an old house in Newport was torn down some years ago, a room over eight feet square was discovered, ventilated by an unused flue, and entered by a later bricked-up opening in one of the fireplaces.

Owing to the many changes which the Potter house has suffered, little may be accurately described or drawn except one room, (supposedly the only one existing in its original condition, and certain parts of two others).

The room now best preserved occupies the usual place of the so-called "best-room in a farmhouse, to the left of the entrance, and is about twenty feet square, and panelled from floor to ceiling on all four walls. This dignified treatment, with graceful fluted pilasters, and arched door-openings, seems to suggest a setting for a long-ago house-party, with the stately measures of a minuet.



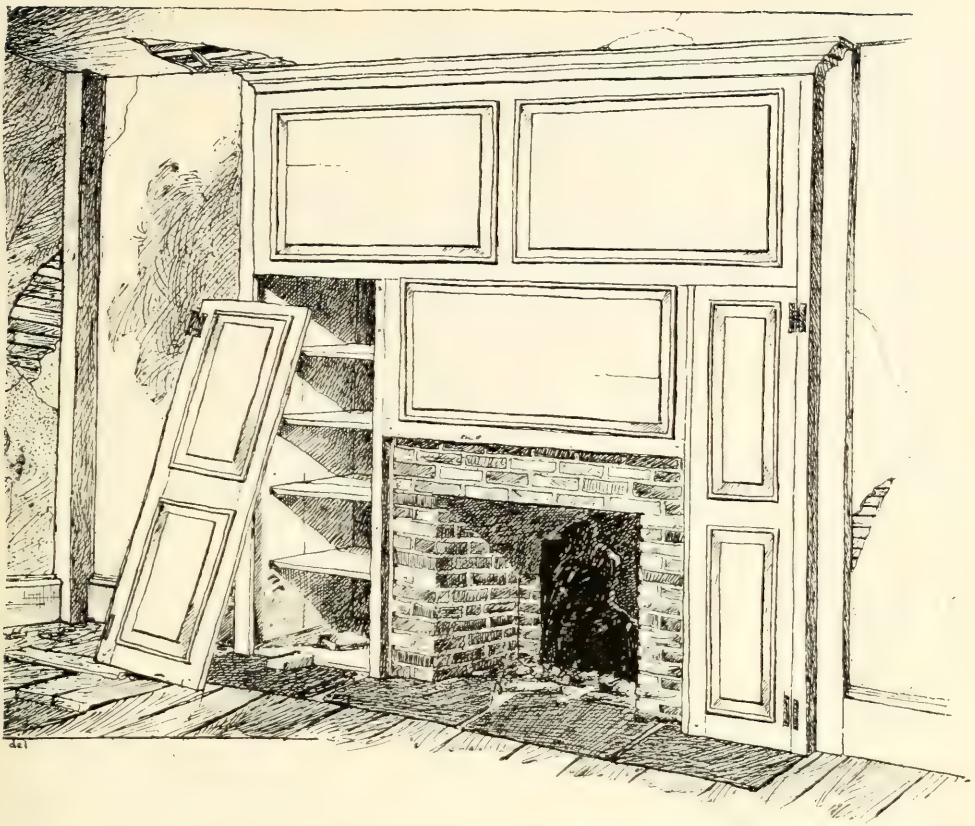
Over this fireplace, as is usual in the buildings of this age and locality, no mantel-shelf appears, and the space is filled with a large panel. This particular panel is said to have borne an ambitious painting of some forgotten sea-fight, but it was removed in recent years by some antiquarian of greater zeal than veneration. The fireplace is flanked on either side by pilasters of distinctly interesting design, mounted on panelled pedestals, beautifully executed.

The remaining spaces on the wall, right and left, are occupied by two arches, filled, respectively, by a door, and a shell-cabinet, the latter of exquisite design and faultless workmanship. The door is fitted with old angle-hinges, and a wrought-iron latch,—the same, beyond doubt, that have opened and closed it for upwards of two centuries.

The shell cabinet is as fine and as beautifully executed an example of that early importation of a Georgian-Renaissance motive as one may ever encounter, and must certainly have been the work of some master joiner—possibly in England, though more probably in Newport, where much of this sort of work was done. The delicately proportioned little pilaster-columns inside, capped by tarnished gilt mouldings, were originally painted in imitation of Tennessee marble, now a dark green, and the rich olive and dull gold of the "sun-burst" or "shell" above, form a thoroughly aesthetic combination. The scalloped shelves of this cabinet were designed to hold the more treasured bits of china of the household.

On the west wall of the room are three very large panels, decorated in Revolutionary times, it is said, with portraits, on the wood, of Washington, Martha Washington and Lafayette. These, by some dull tenant, were at one time actually *painted over*, and when one remembers that Gilbert Stuart, born not far from here, worked through these parts all through his early career, the loss is full of interesting possibilities and surmises.

A door in this west wall leads to a small room which presents a greater puzzle than anything in the house. Running across the room, with a span a little over ten feet, is a great elliptical arch, of beautiful proportions, springing from two low Corinthian pilasters. Although the work on these, as well as on the carved mouldings of the arch is very crude, and much damaged by time and



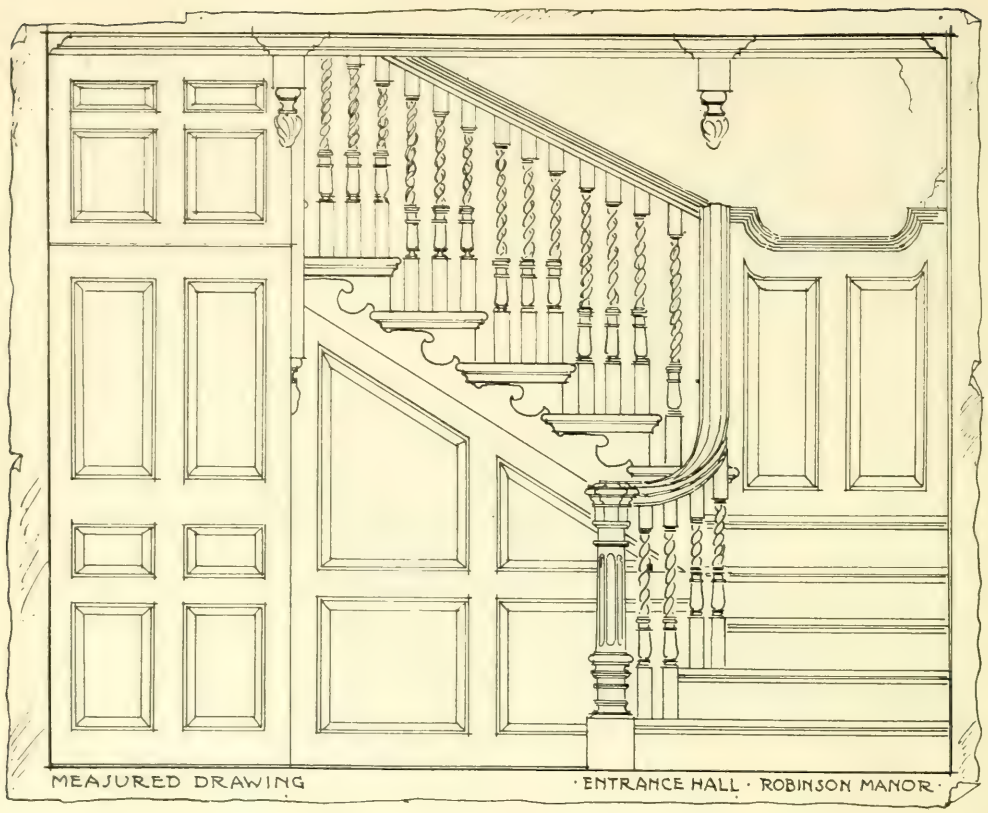
A Fireplace in the Bonnett Manor

wear, the effect is remarkably rich and suggestive, and the whole composition is small in actual scale rather than in relative proportion. Enlarged and elaborated sufficiently, it would form a pleasing enough proscenium arch for a theatre. Behind this arch, at a distance of about three feet, runs a dead wall, plainly of later erection, and so odd, indeed, is the appearance of the arch—almost monumental in suggestion—that one must suppose this to have been some kind of a hallway in the original plan of the house. Was it that famous hall through which the coach-and-four could have been driven?

Possibly though, the arrangement of the remaining front rooms, and the improbability of any mere hall so large existing in this type of house—both these considerations throw question upon it, and leave the purpose of the great carved archway in the little back room a quaint architectural enigma.

At this point the searcher is rewarded only by occasional panels and disconnected bits of wainscot, the only other remain being a stately window in a part of a once large room. Up a flight of crooked narrow stairs, the second floor is found to have been cut up and re-divided beyond all hope of plausible reconstruction, and the antiquary can only reflect that such material as is offered for study is of a most interesting nature, and the fact that even a conjectural restoration of the original house, room for room, is quite impossible, adds perhaps, to the fascination of such fragments as remain. Often our best preserved ruins are the least interesting from the fact that their condition leaves too little play for the imagination.

One grand old house, of which only enough now remains to suggest its one-time glory, or to furnish enough material



for history, stands in ruins, set in its green fields in the township of South Ferry, on the west shore of Narragansett Bay.

This was once the Bonnett Manor, at a later period maintained by the father-in-law of the Rev. Dr. Mac Sparran, of memory sainted in these parts.

I explored the old house one hot summer day, and as I walked up the knoll on which it stands, roofless and deserted, a flight of pigeons rattled from the open rafters in a brilliant cloud, to one of the tumbled barns, and left me in full possession. The lower rooms were dark and dismantled, and in a state of utter ruin, so that it was a matter of some surprise to come upon an unwrecked chimney-piece, with a broken and oddly-wrought iron back. A suggestion of something heraldic in the crude and much eroded face of this set me on an unsuccessful search about the place for the missing half.

The chimney-piece itself was oddly interesting, with tall cupboards built in on each side of the hearth, with deeply panelled doors. The two recesses, however, were of widely varying widths. Between these, was a single great panel above the fireplace opening, and two more panels filled in the space up to the ceiling. The effect was distinctly informal, but eminently satisfying, and while it unreservedly pleased the antiquary, it pained the architect to reflect that in a reproduction of the idea, he would be forced to make those two tall cupboards of the same width, to form a "balanced composition" —and satisfy his client!

Moved by a sense of adventure, I forced open a door which seemed to lead to the upper rooms of the roofless house. The stair-door opened with a clatter and a shower of dust, a breath of sunny air shot downward, and the pigeons, which had returned, flapped frantically among the rafters.

The uneven floor, strewn with weathered fragments of plaster, came

upon a level with the eye, all flecked with tumbled bits of shadow from the bare roof-timbers overhead. On the floor of the room of honor were growing weeds, among the decayed pieces of wood which littered it. The room itself was of noble proportions, with a large dressing room opening off from it, and, though all the panelling and trim and doors had been stripped from the house, it possessed a certain peculiar grandeur which failed to make itself so strongly felt in certain better preserved manor-houses.

On one side of the fireplace was a tall cupboard built into a recess of the chimney, and the large plaster panel above the splintered mantelpiece bore the weathered remains of an ambitious painting, done in the crude though pleasing manner of the travelling painter of 1740 or thereabouts. It represented a bit of some roadway, through a little valley, enframed with over-arching trees, naively executed as to foliage, and designed to set off the main idea of the picture. This was nothing less than a gorgeous coach, (evidently once colored in brilliant red and gold) drawn by six horses, and with a goodly advance-guard and following of cavaliers, out-riders and postillions. The idea which this immediately conveyed was wonderfully in keeping with the legendary halo of local tradition which hangs over these old manors, and so strong was the suggestion that the dismantled and rotting old ruin took on a dignity and sanctity which is to be felt in but few buildings in America.

The great kitchen which served the manor was to be found under the tumble-down wing once occupied by the servants, and it was hard to imagine anything in this country more like the kitchen in a mediaeval castle than this cavernous hall in the old Bonnett manor-house. The fireplace was enormous—one could stand in it—and the crane, flaking away with rust was of proportionate size. Around the main fireplace were bake-ovens, smoke-holes and innumerable curious niches and cavities of unexplainable purpose, all built into the thickness of the great chimney. As this kitchen was partly under-ground, the walls were of rough-stone, further suggesting the castle idea, and the floor was flagged. In one corner was an arrangement which could have been nothing other than a forge, and it is to be supposed that all the farrier work about the estate was done here.

Overhead were the floor-beams of the rooms above, huge oak logs, with bark intact, blackened by smoke and age, and decorated with a great number of crude wrought-iron hooks, much rusted, for the drying of meats, or storing of various provisions.

In point of construction, one notices that there was little or no framing as we understand it to-day, in these manors. The floor in this instance (as in many others), consisted of heavy two-inch planks, of widths unbelievable, spiked directly to the floor-beans, which were great oak-logs, closely spaced on centres, and either rough-hewn with an adze, or surfaced only on the upperside to take the flooring. These beams were either mortised into a heavy sill, or imbedded in the masonry.

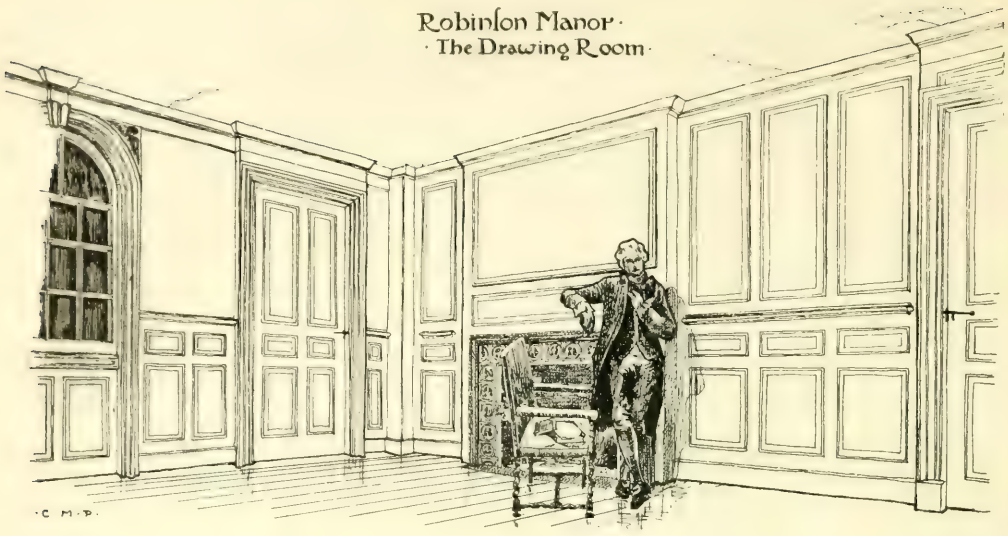
Out again upon the hill-side, it was indeed difficult to suppose that one were in



Detail from Stairway of Robinson Manor

America, and that the manors of Narragansett were really maintained on such a scale, and in a manner so essentially mediaeval as that great servant's hall and kitchen attested.

A little further up the bay, at no very great distance from the Bonnett ruins, stands the famous Robinson Manor, better known to the antiquarians of New England, perhaps, than any similar house in this locality. Grey among its ancient encircling willows, it has stood for many a generation, suffering frequent desecration and continual neglect at the hands of



its tenants. Its unobtrusive dignity almost amounts to grandeur, and it would almost seem, indeed, to have retired beneath the sheltering shadow of its great willows as though to hide its diminished fortunes from the casual inspection of the careless passer-by.

The grounds, completely overgrown and run wild with weeds, only suggest the old-time garden which surrounded the house, with traces of box-hedged paths, and scattered fox-glove among the tall, unkempt grass. Here and there a broken trellis or tumble-down rustic seat form mute reminders of long-ago garden-parties.

The house, including the slave-quarters, was originally one hundred and ten feet long, the foundations of the demolished portion being still plainly distinguishable, extending from the main structure in an easterly direction. To-day the house is not more than sixty feet in length, and about forty feet deep; two stories high, with a wide-angled gambrel roof, grey and moss-covered.

All the materials used in the construction of the manor were the products of the estate itself, and the rugged rafters, which have stood the test of years without decay or deflection, were hewn from the enormous oaks which once grew in this part of Rhode Island.

About the entrance are no architectural embellishments, and the small pent-roof would seem to have been a subsequent addition.

The panelled door itself presents a much weather-beaten appearance, and admits to a small hall-way, of which the design is as delicate as it is refined in motive. The stair-rail, formed of exquisite spiral balusters, sweeps outward at the newel-post, and a panelled wainscot runs up along the wall, while the posts on the landing above are terminated with the "inverted flame" drop-ornament, all executed in unstained black walnut. The walls of the rooms on the lower floor are all wainscoted, and the two large rooms on either side of the hall are treated in a manner of more particular interest.

The drawing-room is twenty feet square, with a fire place bordered by very old Dutch tiles, of that delicate shade of blue to be found only in the earliest importations from Holland. While the woodwork of the panelling which surrounds the fireplace is of a soft cream color, the frame itself is of walnut brown, and with the blue and white tiles forms a pleasing, if simple, color-scheme.

In the thickness of another wall is built a "shell" china-closet, as in the Potter Manor, though of execution far inferior. It is blazoned with red and gold, and is seen through a glazed door, which is quaintly divided into small panes. A wide

shelf, doubtless used as a writing desk may be drawn out of a recess immediately below the cabinet.

Above the drawing-room is an apartment known as the "Lafayette Room," as pleasant a chamber as it were possible to imagine. It is affirmed that the French general, as well as Washington himself, lived at the Robinson Manor at various times during his presence in these parts. Numerous French signatures and monograms, apparently scratched upon the window-pane by means of a diamond ring would seem to confirm the tenancy of the first-named guest.

There is a fireplace, decorated as in the room below with old Dutch tiles, and the panelled wood-work is of a deep, soft, olive green. A large, sunny dressing-room opens off from the main room.

In the dining-room, which opens from the right of the hall-way downstairs, the fireplace is embellished above the mantel with a curious old oil-painting done on the large wooden panel. It depicts in a crude technique, more spirited than convincing, a deer-hunt with huntsmen on madly galloping horses in pursuit of an enormous stag—the event, it is told, having taken place on the Robinson estate.

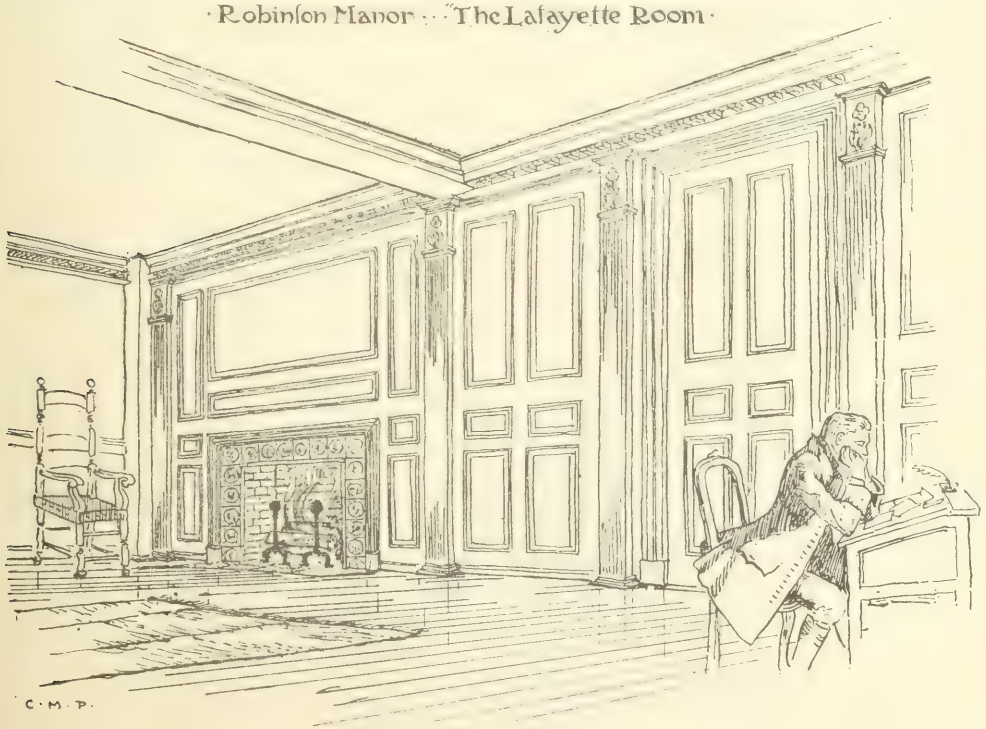
The chamber above the dining-room is still known as "Unfortunate Hannah's Bedroom"—having belonged to Mr. Robinson's beautiful daughter during her short and ill-starred life.

This romance, familiar, no doubt to most New Englanders, is one of pathetically misplaced love.

Her father, Rowland Robinson, was of the true story-book type—wealthy, proud and possessed of a testy temper but a kind heart. Under the hospitable roof of the great house were given many grand entertainments, and the girl's celebrated beauty brought her many suitors. No money had been spared on her education, but of all the accomplishments then proper or fashionable for a "young lady," her favorite was dancing.

Now it seems that a young French Huguenot, of most excellent family, had taken refuge in Newport, across the bay, where he supported himself by means of giving dancing lessons. Pierre Simond,

·Robinson Manor ·· The Lafayette Room·



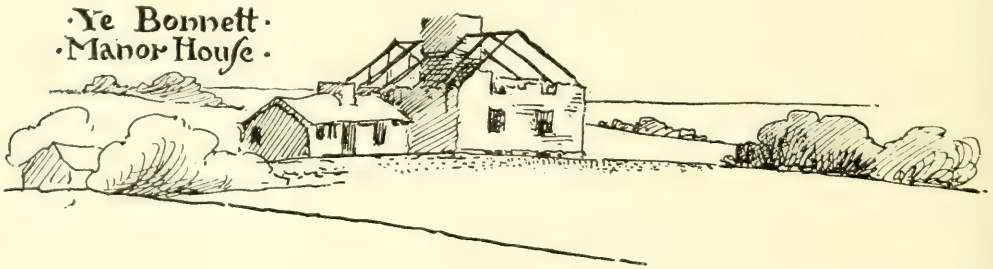
in the natural course of events, fell desperately in love with the beautiful Hannah, and the affair became mutual. Nor was its glamor in any way dimmed in the eyes of the young girl by the interchange of secret letters and clandestine meetings.

The secret amour was discovered by Hannah's mother, with the result that all meetings or letters were forbidden, though in vain. Finally she consented to aid the young couple in an elopement, which united them in marriage.

Old Planter Robinson forthwith disowned them both, and turned a deaf ear to the tears and entreaties of his unhappy daughter, whose erstwhile lover, perceiving that a reconciliation, (with financial results) was a very remote contingency, deserted the young bride without further ceremony, and left her to sickness and despair.

A narrator concludes, ".....the reconciliation followed, but too late, for on the day following the unfortunate girl's return to her home, the song of the Whip-poor-will was heard beneath the window, and when morning dawned, she was dead. Her grave may be seen today in the old family plot on the homestead. Beside it Bachelor's Button and Bouncing Bet never blossom, though Hearts-ease blooms in great profusion as if to soothe the spirit of "Unfortunate Hannah Robinson."

Thus ends the legend—one of the many memories that cling around the weather-worn corners of these forsaken and dilapidated old ruins of what were once among the proudest houses of the land—the manors of the Narragansett planters.



The Cup of Friendship

By JANE C. CROWELL

The cup of friendship in her royal way
She lifted and to me aweary bore,
So wrapt in grief I had not seen before
How swift her hand would reach to where mine lay.
Her cup of friendship mine! What joy for aye
That she a lavish draught for me should pour,
Rare vintage from her love's most golden store,
And bid me drink not once but day by day.
Ah, cup of friendship, sacred then but now
To me become e'en more a sacrament
Since her I love no longer I may see,
I hold thee fast, assured, I know not how,
That o'er thee still her hallowed face is bent
And I of thee shall drink eternally!

When the Time Came

By EDITH RICKERT

IF a man chooses a wife as he would a hawk or a hound, he must abide by the quality of his choice, unless he has the strange fortune, both ill and good, that befell Sir Ranulf Montclair.

This was a young Knight that dwelled in his castle of Chepstow by the Wye in the days of King Harry the Second. By some chance of quarreling among his guardians, he was left unwedded until he came of age; and then he would not marry, caring more for the chase and falconry than for any woman in the world, until on a day, several of his chief barons assembled in his hall and told him roundly that unless he had more mind to ensure the stability of his lands and of theirs, they would make petition to the King for his marriage.

He answered them very sulkily that what needs must; and asked them what damsel of the West Marches had their favor. And they said without dissent that the Earl of Ross was the most powerful man in all that countryside, and had the broadest lands, and was in every way best to do for a father-in-law and for a friendly neighbor.

When the barons had gone, Sir Ranulf called in his fool—a poor silly boy of the village—and asked him straight: "Who is the fairest maid hast ever heard tell of?"

The boy picked at his fiddle-strings as he answered: "Lord, you have been hunting game a long time not to know that it is the Lady Stephanette of Ross, new come from France, where her father has had her in safe keeping, this many a year."

"Thanks, fool," said Sir Ranulf. "Is it even so? Well, it seems we must go a-wooing; and to me all women are alike, save that one is brown and another fair. For this reason, God-a-mercy, let us choose the fairest and the one that has the most to her dowry."

So he sent a messenger to the high castle of Ross, and presently rode along the Wye with a great following of young men.

He received a fair welcome, and a stately banquet was set forth in his honor; and by his side sat the Lady Stephanette.

So was he dazzled by the splendor of her beauty that he forgot to taste the meats; and while playing with his dagger, he got it somehow thrust deeply into his hand so that he was much discomforted. Nevertheless he concealed his wound until the end of the feast, when the trumpets were blown and the trestles lifted, and the minstrels and story-tellers were making ready to do their part.

Then came up to the dais a little slender damsel, grey-eyed and dark-haired and nothing wonderful for fairness; and in her arms she was carrying a young hound.

The earl took her chin in his hand and called her "Niece"; and asked why she had not come to the banquet, and what was she doing with the beast.

"Sire," she said, "it is Quince who broke her leg in the hunt to-day, and I am trying to mend it; and I might not eat until I had done what I could. So I am come to pray this gentle knight, our guest, to forgive my discourtesy."

"Sir Ranulf," said the earl, "if ever you need mending, here is your physician."

With that the knight laughed and held out his wounded hand that he had bound up, and vowed that even then he had need of healing.

The Lady Douce set her hound gently upon a cushion, and dropped to her knees with a little cry; but quickly thereafter, she sent a page for warm water, and tore the whimple from her hair and bound the wound as skilfully as any barber in the land.

The Lady Stephanette drew back a little for fear of soiling the damascene

velvet of her robe; and all the while she played with her rings and her jewelled girdle, and tapped her foot with impatience for the music to begin.

Once only, as she finished the binding, the Lady Douce raised her eyes to the guest's face; but for the rest of that night, he saw nothing else in the world.

However, in the morning, he was called to chess with the beautiful Stephanette, who played well, and so wisely that he always won, yet never without hard struggle, so that the victory was sweet. Then came the earl who spoke out plainly, and said that since the young knight was come a-wooing, they must be troth-plight; and after ten days of hawking and of jousting and of carolling, they were wedded.

But all the while, the knight could not forbear wondering why he had no further glimpse of the lady who had bound up his hurt. And at last, on the day before he went to church with his bride, when she was busy with her maidens, and the earl was with men of law, drawing up the settlements, the bridegroom, from his window looked down upon the garden; and there he perceived the Lady Douce, walking up and down between the box hedges, having again her wounded hound in her arms.

He went straightway down to her and turned the path quickly, and they came face to face.

"Lady," he said, "for your great kindness to me, I wish you a good husband."

He saw that she grew paler than the tall lilies by her side, as she slowly shook her head. "The convent is best for dowerless maids," said she. "My father pledged his lands to go and fight the Saracens—and he died there. Speak not of husbands to me."

Then he: "Lady, I would I might have been your husband."

She looked at him long and straight but said no word.

"Because I would not choose quickly for myself, Fortune has brought me a wife—but men say Fortune is a jade."

"Have better hope," she answered, trying to smile. "Think of your bride—the loveliest in the world I do believe. To-morrow—"

"But to-day," quoth he, "how if we were to take horse now—this moment, and ride away through the gates together—how then?"

"It is not the time," said she, and laughed as well as she could. "Here is a hurt thing needs my care—to speak of no other matters." No more passed between them then, for the earl sent to summon him for the signing of the deeds.

So it happened that in the gay summertime, the Lady Stephanette rode as bride down the valley of the Wye; and everywhere folk so cried out upon her fairness and her sweet grace, that her husband was content and said to himself he would forget those other eyes that had troubled his peace.

With the waning of the long days, he looked that the lady should put aside her bride-mirth, and sit with her women at the distaff and the needle; but she had never a thought in the world for such things, nor for alms-giving, nor of harboring strangers for sweet St. Julian's sake. She was ever for riding forth in company with merry maids and bachelors to seek disport.

When the black winter came, many a beggar lay at the castle gates and groaned unheeded. Nor would Sir Ranulf have let such things be; but it chanced, the first year of his marriage, that the King was hard-pressed in war, and made great demand upon his men. So he was often in battle while his dame listened to love-music in her orchard or in her bower.

One day when the King lay near, and the young lord rode home for the night, he fell into sudden anger at sight of the misery without and the revelry within his castle gates. "Out upon thee, wife!" cried he. "Thy folly will bring judgment upon us two."

And "Out upon thee, Sir Mar-Mirth!" was her cry. "Go back to thy wars." And she fell to humming a little song whereof one line runneth: "What care I?"

And when he urged upon her some thought of those that need charity, she laughed at him: "Let them go to Tintern. Why else live monks?"

Another day when he was on the road Chepstow-ward, he met her with her train, riding forth; and with a sudden

mastery, he seized her bridle: "It is time we go home together."

She looked at him hard and saw in his face no yielding. So for the space of a mile or two, they rode together at the head of their company, and spoke no word. As they passed under the tower of St. Briavels, but across the river, they beheld a man lying by the wayside, his face covered with his woollen cloak.

"Ha, lad," said Sir Ranulf to his squire, "dismount and look if he be dead or no."

"What need?" asked the lady. "Certes, if the fellow live, it is well; and if he be dead, thou canst not make him live again."

At this all the fair ladies and bachelors laughed loudly, and the knight turned red with anger and shame.

"Fare thee well, Sir Preaching-Friar," cried she then; and set spurs to her horse, and fled away fast with all her train.

Then the squire lifted the mantle as he was bid, and dropped it, pale as a stone.

"Well, Aspen-Leaf?" said his master.

"Lord—lord—"

"Nay, clack they teeth to some purpose. Lives he?"

"Nay, he is dead."

"If thou tremblest at the sight of one dead man, how canst thou ride to the wars with me? Thy place is in the chimney-corner with the old wives."

Thereupon the knight dismounted and pulled aside the cloak. "Ay," said he, "the man was a leper; and here be his cup and clapper by his side."

A long time he stood and looked, and sometimes sighed: "'Tis loathesome enough, the face—hideous with baneful sores—hairless—with the bones a-stare through the skin—thatched over with brown poison-spots—were I like that, would any love me still? Or should I be forsaken to die alone—even as he hath died—with none to give me Christian burial?" Then perceiving his squire a little apart with shaking knees, he said not unkindly: "Get thee home, boy, with thy fears."

And when he was gone, Sir Ranulf wrapped the body well in its cloak and laid it across his saddle, and led his horse until he came to Tintern. And there he prevailed upon a priest to bury it as Christianly as he could; and afterward he rode home in a sudden storm of wind and rain so strong that his horse could scarcely make way against it.

Far off, as he toiled along the hill-track, he could see the flare of torchlight from his castle out upon the river; and when he clattered through the courtyards, he made no sound for the revelry of music within.

Suddenly he flung wide the door of the hall, so that the torches dipped and flared in the sudden gust, and the music broke and fell silent.

On the dais sat the Lady Stephanette, and with her a young French knight with curled beard and gown of Damascus silk.

But as the master of the house passed along the benches, fear fell on all that gay company, for he was pale as the dead.

He spoke no word until he reached the dais, and then he flung the French lord from his chair to the floor; and said, so that his strange words were understood even to the far end of the hall: "Straight from the arms of death I come into the house of sin! May it fall upon all of you—get ye gone!"

So saying he struck him that was nearest, and made his way down among them as the boar sometimes clears the bushes and turns upon those that hunt him. But they fled before him as leaves before the wind; and the gay French lord was foremost in the rout. And when at last the hall was empty, he stood at the door and laughed at the hoof-beats and cries of those who were thus driven out into the night and the storm.

The Lady Stephanette came down from her great chair, wherein she had sat trembling and mute all the while; and with outstretched arms, she sought to make her peace.

A moment it seemed that he would clasp her, then he pushed her away so harshly that she almost fell. "Dame," said he, "wouldst thou embrace leprosy? Not thou!"

Thereupon she too fled away, thinking him mad.

Then followed sorrowful days in Chepstow Castle, for the wars were done, and the lord was idle, and the lady wearied in

the company of her women.

And these—good souls—crossed themselves and said prayers when they perceived how young Sir Ranulf, day by day, grew pale and wan; and how when he moved from chamber to chamber, as he did all the long day, restless as a ghost, his footsteps made no echo in the vaulting. One of them, older than the rest, remembered an ancient rhyme:

"When the silent footstep
Passeth by the wall,
Wailing shall be in Chepstow,
In bower and in hall."

And they were all afraid and dared not tell their fear, even one to another.

It was a day in Lent when the blackthorn was turning white, that their young lord came into the chamber and sent them all forth for garlands.

And when he was alone with his lady, he watched the swift running of the river below the window, and said to her: "Dame, I have hard tidings for thee."

"What now?" asked she bitterly. "As if my life had been one joy this long winter! Certes, it was better at Ross."

"Then," said he, "it is better thou return there."

For a space, she was silent with the fear that he meant to put her away, because of the shame she had brought upon him; and that her name would be known throughout the world for her lightness.

A man might have run a hundred furlongs before he said further: "If thou hadst loved me ever—"

Then she was quick: "My lord—my lord—I love thee!"

But he: "Canst thou love a leper?"

She drew back and cast upon him glances like arrows.

"Nay, look not so strangely—it is true. But I have bid thee go home. And I think thy French lord is not so many miles across the Marches."

He held out the palm of his hand, showing the brown spot that no man might ever mistake.

Then she cried out, "Well-a-away!" and said that she was undone, and cursed their wedding; and paced the room a while, as the wolf wanders about the fold in winter-time. But she came never near where he stood. And while she was spending her vain words, he looked at the river; but when she had done railing, he said:

"It came upon me for a good deed in which thou wouldst have no share—nay, it may be that the man perished of hunger, failing thy help. And so I understand not the workings of God. But since the doom is come upon me alone, I will spare thee as far as I can. Either we give all our lands to the White Monks, and thou veilest thy head as a nun....."

But here she laughed loud and shrill and cursed more bitterly than before.

"Or thou returnest to thy father's hall with thy maidens, and all the dowry thou hast brought me....."

And at this she waited no longer, but passed from the room, weeping, with never a backward glance.

Ere the third hour had come, he saw her riding along the valley, with her women and a great train of pack-mules; and even then there was a bold page by her side, to whose whisperings she lifted her veil.

When the last cloak had fluttered through the gateway, Sir Ranulf came down into the outer court where the castle folk were gathered, and bidding them ring the great bell to call in the herdsmen and whomsoever else might be without, he told them the doom that had fallen upon him, and bade them take what they would and go their ways.

At first there was outcry and wailing and none would depart, but presently one who was a traitor and a vile churl rose from his knees, and some few followed him.

Then Sir Ranulf went within, and from his empty room he could hear the sound of trussing, and of quarreling, and of horses' hoofs; but when the ninth hour had passed, there was silence throughout that great castle, save that somewhere an open door swung heavily in the wind.

Later still, an old woman who had been in his father's service fifty years, crept in and set food before him; then she, wordless, passed away and down to the village among the other crones, where she showed a basketful of treasure that she had gleaned, and did him the grace of

a few prayers.

Sir Ranulf sat in his great chair, while the logs smouldered and the flame died for want of tending. When the curfew rang, he did not lift his head, for he was meditating upon the justice of God. All this while, the bridge was down and the portcullis raised, even as folk had left them; for leprosy kept safe ward.

When the wan shadows of morning broke the darkness between the window-pillars, the stricken man looked up and cursed the day and all days that should be in his life-time thereafter. But later, with weariness he wept so that he heard not the clack of hoofs as of a wild horse on the bridge and through the three courtyards, nor yet the swish as of wind through the chambers. And he cried out with wonder when the softness of silk was about his neck, and the sweetness of perfume and kisses and love-words was all about him in the dawn.

"My time! My time!" said the lady, laughing.

And when he could see her in the rosy light, he forgot everything in the world save her name: "Douce—Douce....."

She waited for no bidding but crept into his arms and kissed him many times, until at last he was awake and tried to push her from him with the cry: "Dost thou know?"

But she clung as the mistletoe to the oak, and laughed through her tears: "I left thy wife at Ross; and all night I rode to thee over the wolds. I might not come more quickly."

"And this morning I shall send thee back again," said he, and strove again to be free of her sweet clinging.

But she was strong in her love: "If taint there be, it is too late, for I have kissed thee and will again while I have breath. Oh foolish my lord, canst thou not see that God hath sent thee pain and trouble for thy first vain-heartedness, and he hath also sent thee me to amend thy choosing? Nay, listen to me, not for all the treasure of earth, will I go and leave thee now! Give thy lands to the White Brethren, take the cup and clapper in thy hand, if need be, and wander among outcasts the world through. I still shall be with thee. But, yet—but yet—I have a word of hope!.....There was a palmer told me—one who knew my father before he fell at Ascalon—that all who go on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, be they blind or halt or lepers, may be healed for sweet faith's sake. Shall we go thither overseas?"

"Lady," he said, "have thy will. Since God hath sent me thy love, I have little care for anything else in the world."

So it came about that while the Lady Stephanette dwelled again on the high rock at Ross, and forgot her widowhood in mirth and revelry, with the company of the French lord and many another; and while the good White Monks tilled the lands of Chepstow, and reaped such fair harvests as greatly enriched their abbey to the glory of God, Sir Ranulf and the Lady Douce journeyed as pilgrims to the Blessed Land. Forlorn among men of high estate, and forworn by strong perils of land and sea, they stood at length on the hill above Jerusalem and beheld it shining afar, the Pearl among Cities. Thereupon they fell on their knees and gave thanks to God and to His gentle mother for the fair sight that had been granted them.

When they arose, Sir Ranulf turned to the lady and asked: "Is thy hope still strong?"

And she: "I have no need of hope. God hath shown me that one mercy for which I have prayed him, night and day—behold!"

Clearly in the whiteness of her hand he saw the brown leprous spot and cried out for bitter anguish; nor would he be comforted, saying that he had hurt the one thing in the world that he held most dear.

But she clung to him fast, saying: "Not for all the pearls in the Holy City, nor for hope on earth or in heaven, would I give up that I have."

And one book says that they went down to the Holy Sepulchre and worshipped and there were healed, and after the Pope gave them dispensation to marry. But whether this be true or no, I hold that when the time came that they should find each other, they had the greatest gift that is given in the world of men.

The Society of the Cincinnati

By MARY STOYELL STIMPSON

HANGING on the walls of Memorial Hall, at Harvard University, is a portrait of the Father of his Country, painted by Savage. Washington sat for this picture at the request of the president and governors of Harvard College during the winter of 1789-90. One notices, while gazing at the likeness, that the only decoration worn by the sitter is the Order of the Cincinnati. The question is often asked, "Just what is this order?" It will be interesting to recall some facts regarding it.

During the cheerless winter of 1782-83, when the men who had fought for the Independence of the American Colonies were waiting for their formal discharge and their arrears of pay, the murmurs of discontent verged on mutiny. These men had reason for anxiety. Great Britain was slow in making final terms. Congress was too poor to pay those who had borne arms in defence of their country for eight years. Penniless, broken in health, with hands once trained for specific calling, but now unskilled in aught save warfare, they might well brood over their future and deem their services scantily appreciated. Even in their more hopeful hours, grief for lost comrades, and regrets for the approaching separation from each other, added another shadow to their sullen despondency.

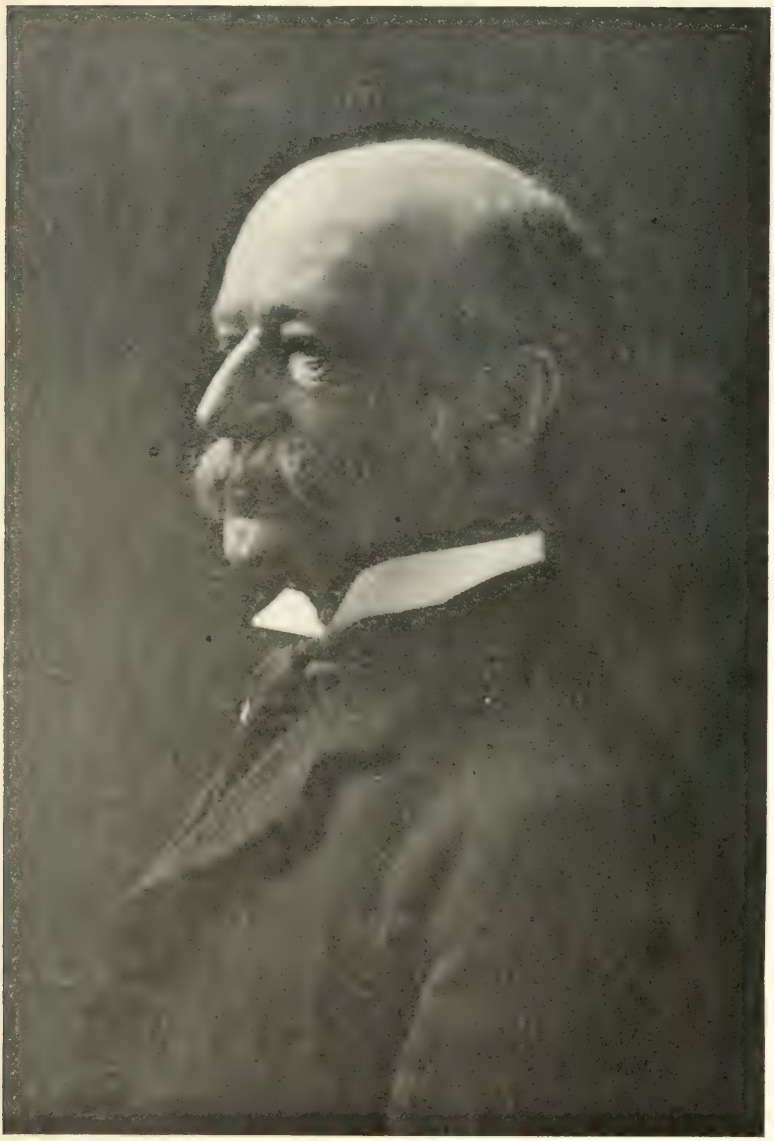
At this juncture, Henry Knox, who, at the age of thirty-three, was commanding major-general of the American troops, conceived the idea of forming a society which should not only cement the friendships of those years but should also offer practical means of giving pecuniary aid to the widows and orphans of dead officers. Knox could grasp the situation to a nicety. He had risen from a colonial volunteer to his present high office. Having, himself, braved the hardships and perils of the eight years' conflict he could sympathize with each and every phase of the problem under solution. At West Point, April, 1783, he drew a rough draft of the proposed society. The preamble read as follows:

"Whereas it has pleased the Supreme Governor of the Universe in the disposition of human affairs, to separate the Colonies of North America from the domination of Great Britain, and, after a bloody struggle of eight years, to establish them free, independent, and sovereign states connected by alliances founded upon reciprocal advantages with some of the Great Princes and Powers of the Earth..... To perpetuate, therefore, as well the remembrance of this great event as the mutual friendships which have been formed under common danger, and in numerous instances cemented by the blood of the parties.....The officers of the American Army do hereby in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute, and combine themselves into one Society of Friends, to endure while they shall endure, or any of their oldest male posterity who may be judged worthy of becoming its supporters and members.

"The officers of the American Army having generally been taken from the citizens of America, possess high veneration for the character of that illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus; and being resolved to follow his example, by returning to their citizenship, they think they may with propriety denominate themselves—

THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

"The following principles shall be im-



HON. WINSLOW WARREN, PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

mutable and form the basis of the Society of the Cincinnati:

"An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature, for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing.

"An unalterable determination to promote and cherish, between the respective States, that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness, and the future dignity of the American empire.

"To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers: This spirit will dictate brotherly kindness in all things, and particularly, extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence, according to the ability of the Society, towards those officers and their families, who unfortunately may be under the

necessity of receiving it.

"The Society shall have an Order, by which its members shall be known and distinguished, which shall be a medal of gold, of a proper size to receive the emblems, and suspended by a deep blue riband two inches wide, edged with white, descriptive of the union of France and America, viz.:

The principal figure,
CINCINNATUS:

Three Senators presenting him with a sword and other military ensigns—on a field in the background, his wife standing at the door of their Cottage—near it

A plough and instruments of husbandry.

Round the whole,
OMNIA RELIQUIT SERVARE REMPUBLICAM.

On the reverse,

Sun rising—a city with open gates, and vessels entering the port — Fame crowning Cincinnatus with a wreath, inscribed

VIRTUTIS PRAEMIUM.

Below,
Hands joined, supporting a heart,
With the motto,
ESTO PERPETUA.

Round the whole,
SOCIETAS CINCINNATORUM INSTITUTA,
A. D. 1783."

The design for a flag was made by Baron Steuben.

The smallest details as to badge, seal, and flag having been planned a preliminary meeting was held, May 10th, 1783, at the Cantonment of the American Army on the Hudson River, at Newburg, presided over by Baron Steuben. Shortly after, with a few slight changes, the articles were accepted and besides the General Society, a society was formed for each of the thirteen states. In order to become a member one must have served for three years as a commissioned officer in the Continental Army; or to be continuing till the end of the war. A clause was also provided for such as had been deranged by resolutions of Congress. Since each member in subscribing his name also signed a draft on the paymaster-general for a month's salary, a fund for immediate use was at hand. The pay was at this time, among the several grades of officers as follows:

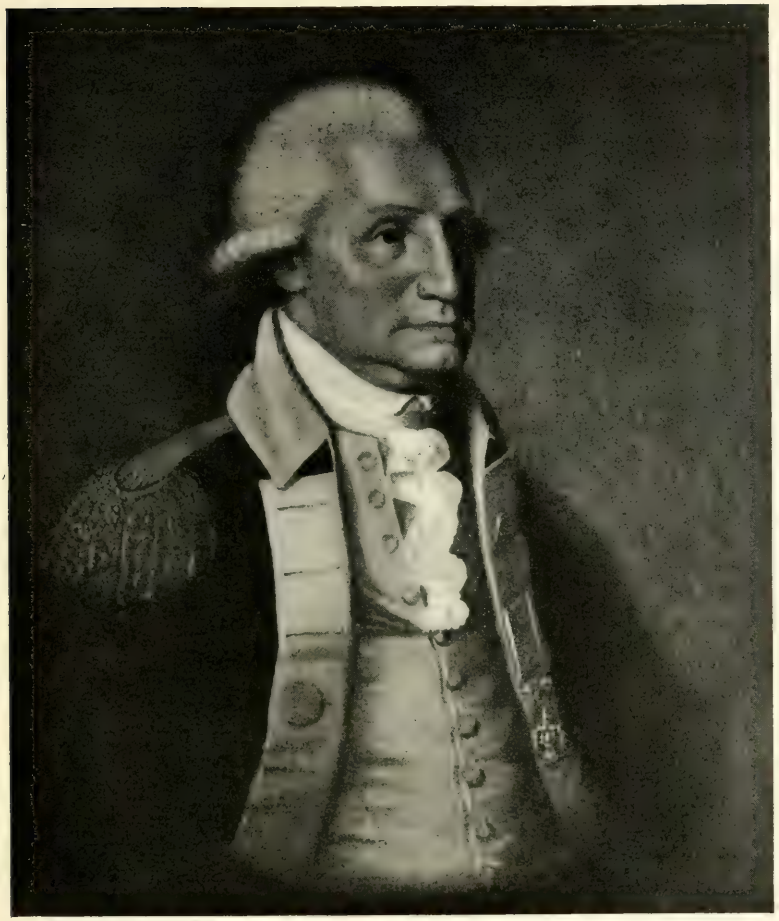
Ensign	$20.00
Lieutenant	30.00
Capt. Lieuts.	33.00
Capts. Navy	60.00
Surgeon	60.00
Chaplain	75.00
Col. of Cavalry	93.00
Col. of Infantry	75.00
Colonel of Artillery	100.00
Brigadier-General	125.00
Major-General	166.00

The clause providing for the succession of oldest male descendants to the membership of their parents was the subject of much criticism. Thomas Jefferson advised the immediate disbanding of such a dangerous military nobility. Though John Adams characterized the undertaking as the deepest piece of cunning yet attempted he lived to admire the integrity and honor of the organization. Benjamin Franklin was delighted, in later life, to accept an honorary membership in that society which he had formerly ridiculed as "forming an order of Hereditary Knights."

Six thousand French troops did service in the Revolutionary War and among the officers glad to be enrolled as members of Cincinnati were the young and enthusiastic Lafayette; the well-seasoned Steuben, who had seen twenty years' service under Frederick of Prussia; Counts Rochambeau and De Grasse. D'Estaing, admiral of France, was president of the French Society, Rochambeau its vice-president, while the King acted as patron of the Order.

The first President-General was George Washington. Its first Secretary-General, Henry Knox. It was the former's hope and prayer that the society should live forever.

At the triennial of the society-general in 1905, the thirteen original state societies were represented, though there had been periods of languishment in several of them. In 1824 the visit of Lafayette to this country stirred the societies to renewed interest, while the Civil War kindled afresh the old sentiments of comradeship. There are to-day



THE SARGENT PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IN THE LIBRARY OF HARVARD COLLEGE
(This is the only portrait of Washington showing the badge of the order.)

about twelve hundred members. A noticeable feature at a recent roll call was the continuity of names—almost all the old ones being represented, such as Washington, Hamilton, Greene, Lincoln, Warren, Schuyler, Pinckney, etc.

Two significant facts concerning the Cincinnati are these: No other patriotic order is recognized by Congress, and the order is really six years older than Congress itself.

Opposition has died away. The dignity, charity, and patriotic influence of the society is everywhere acknowledged. Descendants of Revolutionary officers are assisted in a quiet, unheralded way, many aged women being entirely dependent upon the funds of the society for support. To such as hold a lingering belief that the Cincinnati is a body of aristocrats, let it be said that it proves itself a democratic organization by its attitude towards new applicants for admission. It is the man's integrity of character which is weighed—his social standing has no bearing upon the matter.

Across the water the prestige of the society is enhanced with time. General Henry Hunt, who was chief of artillery at Gettysburg, is quoted as follows: "I never understood," he said, "the respect with which it is regarded, until travelling in Europe some years ago, I was invited, while in Sweden, to dine with one of the ministers at court. I noticed while at table, among his decorations, the eagle of

the Cincinnati. Alluding to my own membership, my host informed me that he was a descendant of a French officer who had fought in the Revolutionary War, and was an original member. He enthusiastically added, 'Next to the leading order of our own country we consider it the most honorable under heaven. Look through Europe and learn the origin of the so-called proudest orders. The fondest hope of England's nobility is to obtain the Companionship of the Garter, a facile quip made by a king upon a foolish incident. The Spaniard aspires to the Golden Fleece, an order based upon the successful issue of mercantile speculation .....But the occasion of the foundation of the Cincinnati was to commemorate the establishment of the United States of America. As set forth in the motto of the Cincinnati—*Esto Perpetua*—May it last forever.'"

It might be added also that, unlike most national organizations this society cannot have its membership altered except under its own institution.

As to the separate state societies, Massachusetts has always been one of the largest in numbers and the wealthiest, the original fund having grown to over one hundred thousand dollars. The enthusiasm for the order has never waned. David Greene Haskins, Jr., secretary of this society has in his custody a unique volume which he keeps locked carefully in a vault. It is a sizable book, bound in Russia leather (turned a rich pansy shade with time) on whose title page is written, Records of the State Society of the Cincinnati. These entries give the unbroken records of one hundred and twenty-one years!

Pennsylvania has been a perpetual society. To her large fund a most generous contribution was made for the erection of a monument to George Washington, now at the entrance of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

In the important Maryland society one notes the names of Honorable Somerville Pinkney Tuck, Judge of the international court of Egypt and Honorable Larz Anderson, diplomat.

A hereditary member in Delaware is Honorable Richard Renshaw Neill, secretary of the United States Legation of Peru. The state president is Brevet-Major John Patten Wales, M. D.

The Virginia state society, which lapsed for some years, has of late shown remarkable activity, and has as members such well-known men as Clement Carrington Gaines, Colonel James Miles Marshall, assistant quarter-master general United States Army; and Honorable Dudley Evans, A. M., president, Wells, Fargo & Co.

Enrolled with North Carolina we find Professor William Mecklenburg Polk, Dean of Medical College, Cornell University; Right Reverend Joseph Blount Cheshire, Bishop of North Carolina; Captain Nelson Macpherson Ferebee, medical director of United States Army, retired.

James Simons, president of the South Carolina Society, is also vice-president general of the main society. He was speaker of the House for many years in the South Carolina House of Representatives.

Honorable Glasgow Charlton, A. M., Judge of the Superior Court of his state, is the president of the Georgia society. Other members are Rear Admiral Thomas Williamson; and Honorable William Hall Milton, United States Senator from Florida.

Honorable Richard Dale is the president of the Pennsylvania society. Two prominent members are Rear-Admiral Samuel Roads Franklin, and Major John Biddle Porter, Judge Advocate U. S. Army.

Among the men, from various states who hold membership in the New Hampshire society, may be indicated Honorable Ethan Allen Hitchcock, former United States Ambassador to Russia; Honorable Jonathan Prince Cilley, of Rockland, Maine; Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, F. R. G. S. of Chicago, Illinois; Honorable Butler Ames of Lowell, Mass.

A group from the Connecticut society may well include its former president, George Bliss Sanford; its vice-president, Brigadier General Henry Larcom Abbot, former Governor of the State of Connecticut; and Honorable Morris Woodruff Seymour, A. M., LL. B.



HENRY KNOT, FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CIN

The very mention of all these names is to answer a question frequently asked: —"What manner of men hold membership to-day in a society which was originally made up of such as were distinguished for valorous deeds?" With this in view, let New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts also speak.

The president of the New Jersey society is J. W. S. Campbell. Among its members are Rear Admiral Conway Hillyer Arnold of the United States Navy; Honorable John Lambert Cadwalader, trustee of the Public Library and Museum of Fine Arts in New York City; and Dr. T. M. Cheesman, trustee of Columbia College.

Aside from such hereditary members as its president, Mr. Talbot Olyphant; Honorable Francis Key Pendleton; Stuyvesant Fish; the New York society has on its honorary list Lieutenant-General Chaffee; Admiral Dewey; General Miles; General O. O. Howard; Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt.

Asa Bird Gardiner, LL. D., L. H. D., distinguished for his bravery in the Civil War and eminent scholar, is the president of the Rhode Island and Providence Plantation society. He has written a history of the French society and is, without doubt, the best informed person living, on all matters pertaining to the Cincinnati. Among the long list of Rhode Island members we may quote Brigadier-General Hazard Stevens of Boston, Mass.; Honorable Charles Warren Lippitt, former Governor of Rhode Island; the Right Reverend Sidney Catlin Partridge, A. M., D. D., Missionary Bishop of Kyoto, Japan; Honorable Le Baron

Bradford Prince, former Chief Justice and former Governor of New Mexico; Dr. Walter Channing of Tufts Medical College; Count Von Stedingk of Sweden; Count D'Ollone of France.

Honorable Winslow Warren of Dedham, Mass., is the present president- general and is president of his state society of the Cincinnati, as well. He is a man well-known in legal circles, is an overseer of Harvard College, formerly President of Bunker Hill Monument Association, member of the University Club, and the Massachusetts Reform Club. From the extended list of membership in the Massachusetts society the following names are selected, Thornton K. Lothrop, Gamaliel Bradford, Dr. John C. Warren, Moorfield Storey, General William A. Bancroft, Judge Charles Upham Bell, Rear Admiral J. W. Moore, Roger Wolcott.

In the one hundred and twenty-seven years of this Society's existence there have been eleven Presidents-General. It was early in 1784 that officers of the French Navy, belonging to the Society, united in subscribing for the fabrication of a costly gift to the first President-General, George Washington. It was the order of the Cincinnati, consisting of the riband and eagle containing the emblems as established, elaborately set in diamonds and emeralds. It was sent over in the packet-ship, Washington, from Havre, in February, 1784, and Count D'Estaing, in a gracious letter said, "It is in the name of all the French Navy that I take the liberty to request Your Excellency to accept an American Eagle expressed rather than embellished by a French artist." This gift was received by Washington while he was attending the sessions of the General Society in Philadelphia, and he ever afterward wore it instead of his own badge, on suitable occasions. After his death, Martha Washington sent it to Alexander Hamilton, who succeeded Washington as President-General. It finally became the property of the General Society and is worn only by the President-General on official occasions. This badge possesses such pecuniary as well as historical value that it is taken from the vault only at the written or verbal request of two of its three guardians, the Presidents-General, Treasurer, and Secretary.

Thus, Hon. Winslow Warren wears the jewelled order to-day, by virtue of office, which was made in France so long ago—the self same badge which George Washington used to fasten to his breast, when he stood before the men from thirteen states, to preside as highest officer of the Cincinnati.

Her Likeness

By EUNICE WARD

Serene and still, her face looks out
From glass and silvered leather;
Her changing glances memory
Holds in another frame for me—
The book we read together.

The printed words give back her voice,
In undertones of sorrow,
In tender cadences, and lest
I pass it by, each little jest
Her laughter seems to borrow.

But I for her dear self will look
For others, then, her pictured face
Within the covers of this book
We loved, and read together.
Betwixt the glass and leather

The Foundling Hospital of Moscow

By ISABEL ANDERSON

MY visit to this unique establishment in Moscow led me to ask questions, to read articles on the subject, and to visit institutions of a similar character. It is with the hope that my readers may also become interested enough to look into the matter that I am writing now.

Surrounded by a beautiful park in the center of the city of Moscow is the institution known as the Foundling Hospital, established by Catherine the Second and supported by the Government. It consists of several enormous buildings inside a walled enclosure, which is so vast in extent that we were told it would take an hour to make a complete circuit of the place.

We were fortunate enough to be escorted through the buildings by a matron who, although a Russian, spoke English quite well, and gave us much information. Though the Hospital is a government institution, she said that some women of the upper classes gave their services to it, while still others were paid for their help, and that they all came in for different kinds of work on the day or days assigned to them.

As this establishment is really intended for illegitimate children, the mothers, as a rule, are kept here for a time. Last year 13,000 babies were cared for, in fact, no foundling under two years is ever refused. Many of the children are discovered on the streets and in the trains, where they have been abandoned. Mothers may also bring their infants here and give them up entirely to the State. Many married women, out of the depths of their poverty, used to bring their newborn infants here, pretending that they had no husbands, in order that they and their children might be well fed and taken care of for six months. For the last few years, however, the doctors have been obliged to give a certificate that the women were not married. Before this was required, the hospital often had 19,000 inmates in a year. Connected with the institution is a lying-in hospital, where 2,000 women are received free, one room in which is fitted up with incubators for babies prematurely born.

When mothers arrive with their infants, the attendant in the waiting room at once writes down the name, age, etc., of each child. If it has not been baptized, it is taken for this purpose to a little chapel, where the services of the Greek Church are regularly held. Then the new arrivals are examined and weighed by the doctor, their clothing is taken from them, they are given baths and clothes belonging to the hospital, and every baby is tagged.

The new comers sleep for a time in the small ward next to the waiting room, which is a sort of quarantine, where they are kept till it is certain that they have no contagious disease. If it is found that they have, they are then sent to the contagious part of the building to be cared for and afterwards watched. This is most important. If they are well, they are assigned to wards upstairs. Each ward has its uniform, white and red predominating.

In each of these huge wards are, I should say, from two to three hundred women and children. On either side are baby cots in a long row. In front of each sits the mother in her costume. Here she sits all day long and takes care of her baby, and sometimes of others, too; follows the doctor's orders, helps clean up the room, puts down her own mattress at night and takes it up again in the morn-

ing, and sews and does any other light work. As the work is never hard, the women rest and grow strong. Each mother sleeps on the floor in front of her baby's cot.

The women take turns in going for their meals, and they have each a cup and saucer, which they can take to a room near by, where they are allowed to make tea for themselves at any time they wish. In the tea room is a small counter with food, sewing materials, and a few other things, such as those who have any money might wish to buy. Once these women enter the building, they are never allowed out of the grounds for the entire six months. A head nurse is in charge of each ward, night and day.

Most of these poor mothers looked prematurely old and worn. Some of them return with new babies, and they are always taken in. No questions of any kind are asked as to their past, and the matron said most of them were utterly silent in regard to their lives, few ever caring to confide their troubles. They were all quiet, polite, and well behaved when we went through the rooms, and were anxious to show us their little ones. They bobbed to the matron, and she shook hands with the head nurses, many of whom had been children of the Home.

The old lady told us that some of the mothers were peasants, but the majority came from the city; that there often were well educated women among them, but the greater number were of the lowest class. As in any large number of people, there were some quarrelsome ones among them, but they were all so quiet and clean and orderly when we were there that the management must be strict and good. Training the mothers to be hygienic, to bathe their babies and care for them properly, can have only good results. As a consequence, they must leave the institution better women.

At the age of six months the children are separated from their mothers and sent into the country, and the women leave the Hospital. The babies are usually put into the homes of peasants, the Government paying each family a few roubles a month for keeping a child. The mother knows where the baby is, and if able to care for it, she is allowed to take it, if she wishes, at any time before it is seven years old. After that, however, if she has never claimed her child, she no longer has any right to it. To our inquiry whether any of these children had turned out well, the matron replied that several had been prominent in the nation. As most of the boys are kept for the army, this institution seems to be a state nursery to keep up the failing population. Owing, however, partly to the cruel climate, and partly to constitutional weaknesses, not more than one quarter of the infants reach their majority.

So much for the Foundling Hospital in Russia, which in some ways is unsuited to the United States, but may have suggestions for us. If you want to know about such things in America, read in the New England Magazine Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly's account of the baby farms in New Hampshire, or Miss Dorr's article upon wayward girls in Hampton's Magazine for January, 1911. Now that this country is older and bigger, there is a crying need of such government regulations and restrictions as are found in the Old World. Doctors and charity workers know how urgent is the necessity for the government to take hold of this question. If State and National officials would only consult with able doctors and organizers of charities, some good would surely come from the conference. Although a few well managed charities are working at the problem in a small way, I believe little can be accomplished without the interest and aid of the government.

The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

CHAPTER VI.

Deborah lifted her and was about to turn away, when she quickly stooped again, unrolling little Ruth from the blanket, and rolling it again in the same shape in which it had been, when covering the child's little figure. Then, with Ruth's delighted face close to her, Deborah turned away. She was almost at the door when Ruth sneezed.

The woman stirred, opened her eyes and looked toward the settle, and at the blanket lying there.

"Did thee speak child?" she called.

Little Ruth in Deborah's arms behind the woman, almost giggled outright; but Deborah shook her head at her. Then the woman leaned back in her chair. Deborah waited until the even breathing sounded, then she moved swiftly forward; she was almost at the door, when her quick ear caught the sound of footsteps outside. The man of the house was coming in. Deborah looked around. There was a door at the side of the room, it semed the only place she could reach. She darted toward this opening and closed it noiselessly after her and Ruth. She was in a closet with no space for her to move between the door she had just closed and the broad shelves behind. To reach any other door in the outer room, would have taken her directly in front of the woman's chair, and there had been no time, the man was already in.

"Little Ruth," breathed Deborah in the child's ear, so softly that it could scarcely be called a whisper, "if thou wilt play this game very quietly, I will give thee a long ride on a horse." She felt the affirmative bob of the child's head in the darkness.

But her own thought went more unpleasant ways. Suppose she, who, despite the slur Ezra Ditmarsh had cast upon her, had never been caught in questionable deeds, were now found taking a child from her lawful father and hiding in another man's closet. But even as she thought this, the man was speaking.

"You're all right, are you, wife and child? I just looked in, for there is something afoot to-night and I must be off again. Friend Williams says the Sister is a rascal or something like it."

Deborah gave no heed to this aspersion. Her latest peril was still before her. Her breathing came unevenly upon Ruth's rings of hair. Then she heard the outer door click. Had the man only closed it behind him again, or had they gone out? She waited and waited, then made as if to push her door open. Her hand went up and down the panel. There was no latch on the inside. Then did Deborah's heart stand still. To have locked little Ruth in a closet where the child might faint or smother, unless the Sister betrayed herself! But, though hopeless she pushed the door gently, and, joy of joys, it gave beneath her hand; a fold of her black gown had kept the latch from catching.

She was in the room again; like a spirit across the floor and at the outer door, then into the outside air. She drew a great breath as the door closed behind her.

"Let us praise the Lord," she whispered to Ruth, turning toward the opposite side of the house from which she had come. Then she gave a cry of delight. There was a horse saddled and tied. To be sure it had a man's saddle, but that was a trifle to a hard pressed woman. And there was a strong pannier at the side, as if made for little Ruth. "Praise

the Lord, Ruth, praise the Lord," she said again. She dropped the child into the basket, she took the horse's bridle and led him into the fields; and then started him into a trot on the soft turf and ran swiftly and gaily beside him, laughing aloud again and again in her exultant relief.

At last she came to the fork in the road, then to the path to the woods. There were two horses here, and by the side of each walked a woman. A little smothered cry came to her in the darkness.

"Ruth, Ruth!" said Sarah Williams.

"She is here."

Little Ruth bobbed up from the basket with, "Muvver," then cuddled down again.

"We did get but two horses. We did have to hurry. Ezra came to the stable to look at his pacer just as we had the horses in the yard and would have gone back for it," began Mary Bennett.

"The Lord has supplied our needs," said Deborah. In a moment she was in the saddle and leading them swiftly down the black forest path by a way the others had never known before.

The two women followed closely through strange winding paths where no gleam of starlight penetrated. Deborah held on, for John Williams' horse was fresh and willing. Little Ruth fell asleep. In the soft mould the horse's hoofs made no sound. Suddenly Sarah Williams cried out and pressed closer to Deborah.

"Alas, Deborah, I did not tell thee, I brought all else in my saddle but the box thee did give me long since, I could not find it."

"Thee did not bring the inlaid box?" Deborah halted in the darkness.

"Yes, yes, that box! No, I could not find it. I looked everywhere. It must have been taken. I could not have locked the drawer. It was open, Mary said. I could wait no longer, they were knocking at our door."

"I must go back," said Deborah. "Take thy husband's horse, Sarah Williams, and await me, and give me my white horse. My work has all gone for naught if I have not that by me. I must have it."

She had already dismounted and was standing in the path.

"But if it is stolen," sobbed Sarah Williams miserably.

"Do not go,—they will take thee—what will become of us?" cried Mary.

"I must get it, I must go back," repeated Deborah.

CHAPTER VII.

The Passport

What would have happened had Deborah gone back to the settlement is beyond conjecture, but as she wheeled her horse out into the space, the sound of horse's hoofs was heard clear and loud from the road.

Sarah cried out, "Oh, Deborah, come hither, come!"

Deborah drew the rein in strange indecision; at last she turned and would have pushed her horse back among the trees, if, from a sudden turn in the road the other horses had not been quite upon her. Sarah cried out again with a sob of despair, and standing beside her husband's horse put her head against little Ruth's and crouched shivering in the darkness.

Then she heard Deborah's voice. "Peace be unto thee!"

And Sarah started for the answer came in Caleb Brown's uncertain accents:

"Be it indeed thee, Sister? 'Twas a task to find thee."

"The Lord led thee," answered Deborah solemnly.

But Sarah pushing forward to speak to Caleb, was hindered by Ruth, who was quite awake now. "Up, up," she lisped, and Sarah bent over her.

"Shall I lift thee a moment?" she lifted the child in her arms. Then quickly, "What is that thee has in thy hand?" For Ruth was holding the little japanned box in her small hands.

"Oh Deborah, Deborah," Sarah ran forward. "Thee need not go back. The box is here, little Ruth had it, 'twas in her basket, though I know not how it came there."

"Give it to me," said Deborah. She took it from Ruth's hand and placed it in her saddle bag.

Then Sarah's voice cried out again, "Martha, thee here, with Caleb! Why

did thee come?"

"Let us move on," said Deborah, "at once follow me!"

"But Sister," called Caleb; but she silenced him:

"Ride on at once."

There was no time for more words. As she turned again into the forest paths, they went swiftly forward; following the lead of her white horse, Martha and Caleb were last, having no chance for explanations, only a wearisome struggle to keep up with the dauntless leader.

The night was warm, the earth was opening to the soft breath of spring. They could smell the sweet freshness of new-born leaves. Tiny buds brushed their faces as they hurried past them; the curled tips of unrolling ferns, touched their fingers when their hands hung loosely by their sides. There was the slightest stir of birds half-aroused from pleasant dreams.

The first to ride to Deborah's side was Martha. Deborah looked at her curiously, speaking briefly between the joltings of her horse.

"Why did thee come with Caleb, Martha?"

There was enough light now to see that Martha's pretty face was discontented and sullen, she pouted as she spoke.

"Because I could not live with Patience and her doctor longer. They did begrudge the food I ate."

"But I sent thee money."

"If Patience knew I had it, 'twould be small good to me. Here it is, take it." She took from the pocket of her dress, the small purse that Deborah had sent her.

"And Reuben?" questioned Deborah.

"He has not returned and has sent no word to me. And John Williams has cast a slur on thy good name, and Patience's, and has said the money was not rightly come by, and Preserved Bennett believed. And he has said that even if his son return from war, he will not let him wed one whose sister has things—said about her—."

Martha's head hung still lower. The faintest hint of a smile curled Deborah's lips.

"Ah well, Martha there are better men. I will find thee a better."

She laid her hand on Martha's arm, but Martha threw it off and broke out violently.

"I want no better—" she cried, there were tears in her eyes. "Alas, Deborah, why could thee not abide peacefully at home and keep the house and spin and weave and marry a quiet man and not preach so boldly and do so many strange things that thou must wander about the country like a creature with no home!"

"Martha," said Deborah in her ominous voice, " how little thee knows of my high and holy mission." Then Martha fell suddenly behind.

They journeyed on day by day; neither Ezra Ditmarsh nor John Williams overtook them, if indeed they attempted it. To the officers of the law, the country had now more imperative duties, and Deborah had chosen her way well. They went on, stopping at this or that farmhouse.

Deborah selected her hosts or hostesses with remarkable understanding, making converts, and praying or preaching to all who would listen. To her new disciples she preached her chief gospel of believing on the Spirit which animated her, and she always spoke of the home she was preparing for the faithful.

Her flight from justice became a triumphal march. Not one of her train knew whither she was leading them. They followed after, crossing streams, toiling up hills, descending into valleys, by the slow progress their horses made necessary. The weather was the lovely New England spring and the mere life in the open was excellent for their health and spirits. Martha was indifferent, Mary and Caleb devoutly trusting; but Sarah was anxious as to their destination, and the third day of their easy progress, she pressed to Deborah's side, and spoke:

"Whither are we bound, Deborah?"

"Where the Lord shall lead us, Sarah," answered Deborah almost gaily.

"And where will He lead?" persisted Sarah.

"Does thee not recall the man from Pennsylvania who had come out from the Friends, even as Ezra, but was a man of higher understanding?"

"I recall a man who had come out from the Friends in Pennsylvania and did visit at neighbor Allen's and hear thee preach; but whether of higher understanding, I know not."

"Oh, yea, of high understanding. At that time he did plead with me to come hither to Pennsylvania; he spoke of a village which did so need spiritual help, and where all things would be ready for my ministry. I sent him by the post a letter some days ago saying that I might come hither at any moment."

As they went on, they came nearer and nearer to the two waiting armies watching one another and listening for some signal from over the seas that might relax their vigilance; then Deborah and Sarah realized the more how the two parties in the name of liberty or the king had wreaked destruction on a goodly land.

"Alas, how great is the need of the gospel of peace upon this earth," sighed Deborah one fair Sunday morning as she wrapped her cloak about her and prepared to go to the small meeting-house still standing, to preach her gospel to a few fearful women, children, and old men,—the only ones left in the region. She looked from the window of the house at which they were staying and sighed. "This is a fortunate house to escape destruction. What has been accomplished in the name of liberty or the king. To see the fields trampled, the cattle driven away and the houses burned."

"'Tis because we are so near New York," said Sarah with a little shudder. She was putting Ruth to sleep in the narrow bed in the little room they had been able to engage. "My heart has ached at all that we have looked on. To see just one brave chimney standing and trying to point out the home, but leading up to naught, and the little gardens the poor women have planted to try and live still. Will it be so when we reach Pennsylvania?"

"Oh, nay," said Deborah, "it will be as the spot we left, calm and peaceful I think."

"Yes, how still it was, we thought so little of the war."

"'Tis time for me to depart for service, Sarah. Farewell, no doubt 'tis best that little Ruth should rest this morning. 'Twould be quite safe to leave her alone, I think; but if thee does desire to stay—"

"I will never leave her without me again, Deborah."

But little Ruth at this juncture, sat up in her hard bed and wriggling to its edge tried to climb down to the floor.

"Me do with Thithter," she cried.

"No, no," said her mother, "no dear, thee cannot go."

The answer was a lusty scream and a more decided wrench that freed her and sent her straight to Deborah. She clutched Deborah's garment.

"Me do, Thithter."

"No, no," said Sarah, but Ruth paid no heed to her mother's voice.

Deborah stooped and lifted her. "Thee cannot go with me, Ruth, this day. Obey thy mother and stay at home with her and go to sleep. Remember, thee must!" She looked straight into the rebellious brown eyes and Ruth's lips quivered; she made no sound as the long black robe disappeared.

It was hard to coax little Ruth to close her eyes after Deborah had left. Sarah combined into a monotonous chant, words with a soothing meaning; but it was some time before the blue-veined lids closed over the sparkling brown eyes; and then Sarah, hearing steps without, thought Ruth must have been so long in falling asleep that Deborah with her followers had returned from service. She sat still now for some moments looking at the streak of sunlight creeping around the corner of the curtain, and falling to the plain board floor. There was a heavier step without and a man's gruff voice. Sarah, a little drowsy herself, arose to ask the farm people to be more quiet, since Ruth was asleep. She went to the door, and opening it, looked out into the kitchen, blinking a little at the stronger light. Then her heart stood still, and the color left her face. But with a mother's first thought she closed the door softly behind her and stepped out into the kitchen, facing two men in scarlet uniforms, one of whom was standing by the door, one sitting at the table.

"So there is a woman and a pretty one too!" cried the man by the door.

Sarah steadied herself a little and swallowed quickly.

Her voice shook when she spoke, but her lip curled. "Was it a man you were expecting to meet?"

The man at the table laughed out suddenly, "Egad! well spoke!" Sarah fixed her strange eyes on him. "We will not harm you mistress, have no fear."

"But we would have food, there is naught to be found to eat in the city, so we must often come hither to see. Many will sell us food, the mistress of this house has often done that. Do you belong here?"

"I am on my way to Pennsylvania, but stopping here for rest," said Sarah with unnecessary honesty.

"Well, we can stop but a moment. Is there nothing you can give us to eat, or to take back with us? Must our errand be in vain?" The man who sat at the table and who had laughed, spoke now, and Sarah turned and looked full at him; she still looked at him when he had done speaking and so hard, that at last he cried out at her:

"What ails me mistress, that you stare so? Do I seem a monster that I am hungry?"

"No, no," said Sarah hastily, "I will get thee food, what I can find."

She hurried about, trying to find something to set before the hungry men, with a desire to be as generous as possible in order to keep them quiet and away from Ruth. As she placed milk and bread before them and some meal-cakes, she was still studying with her nervous, gleaming eyes the man at the table, a British officer she was sure. She thought of Deborah's money and was glad it was at church in Caleb's pocket. There was really nothing to tempt the men. The scant wardrobes of the Sister's disciples were in the saddle-bags in Sarah's room.

She was at the cupboard in the farthest corner of the kitchen when suddenly the door of the room opened and Ruth appeared. Her face was still streaked with the lines of the pillow; a certain moistness about her lips and a dry clearness in her eyes betokened sleep. But evidently the child had been awake some few moments and had been enjoying herself in her mother's absence by diving into the saddle-bags; for she had tied one of Mary Bennett's kerchiefs around her neck, placed one of Sarah's caps hind-side before on her curls and pattered merrily into the room with a gurgle of satisfaction at the brilliant-coated company. Sarah darted toward her, as one of the men cried out:

"Egad, a pretty picture! She'll be more ready than her mother—" Then suddenly his tone changed. "What has she in her hand?"

Sarah caught the child now, she looked across at him through the muslin of the little cap which blurred her vision.

"It is naught, naught!" cried Sarah. "Give mother the box, Ruth, dear."

But Ruth, perversely bending in her mother's arms, held out the box toward the officer, who rose quickly and took it from her.

Sarah put the child down hastily, stooping over and holding her by one hand. She cried out at the man, "Give me that box, it is not mine. It belongs to my friend.

"Who is your friend?" asked the man. He stood facing Sarah, there was a look on his dark face that made Sarah shudder; he moved a step nearer and she was sure that whatever he had lacked of food that day, he had had enough of drink. And how purple his face had grown of a sudden!

"She is a great woman, a great preacheress. Her fame will spread when thee is dead and forgotten. Give me back her box, I beseech thee."

The man looked the box critically over; then held it to his ear and shook it. "What is your friend's name?" he asked, studying the keyhole of the box, but not offering to return it to Sarah.

"Her name in the world is Deborah Stebbins, she goes even now to found a great religion in Pennsylvania, she has many disciples. Her name in the Spirit is the Sister."

"The Sister," he laughed sneeringly, "a sister to all men is she? Tell her 'tis the safest relation."

"I beseech thee," Sarah spoke humbly

now, though the blood tingled in her veins. "Give me that back."

The man turned away as if not hearing her and seating himself at the table began to write; then he rose and reached to Sarah a bit of paper on which he had written. But Sarah would not take it.

"Give me back the box, I want not your writings," she cried.

He smiled at her scornfully. "Take this paper! You will be glad of it later when you need a passport to protect you from the British."

He thrust the paper into her hand, but Sarah did not grasp it, and it fluttered down between them.

"She needs no passport, she can go where she will. She is a great preacheress."

"I warrant you," cried the man and he laughed aloud, "she has had enough practice."

"Come—come," called the man at the table, "stop your talk and eat. We will have to move on soon." As he spoke he rose from the table. "I am through already. Let us go," he said.

The man started away from the table, still with the box in his hand. But Sarah was across the room before him. She stood in the doorway opposing his departure, her hand still on Ruth's small arm. He came straight to her, so close that she could not look into his eyes and threatening face, but saw only a blur of darkness.

"You cannot have the box," he said, speaking quickly but steadily. "It is now mine. Tell your great friend, Deborah Stebbins, that the man whose name is on that paper, will keep her box safe and is only too glad to know that she is passing on and hopes she may soon be—. Here, let me go!"

He seized her by the arm and swung her to one side against the door-frame, he stumbled over little Ruth, was off and out of the yard.

Sarah crossed the floor still holding Ruth tightly, so tightly that the baby face looked up into hers, and the lips quivered.

"Hurt muvver!" said little Ruth.

Then Sarah knelt down by the side of the child and putting her head against her began to sob softly, half in forgiveness, half in blame of little Ruth. The paper the man had given her was just at her knee. She picked it up and laid it on the table.

"I will give it to her. It may be a help—but the man I think lied—and such a face! Have I ever before seen it?"

"What is it Sarah?" Deborah's voice full and unhesitating filled the room.

Sarah looked up gaspingly. "Oh Deborah, a British officer was here and he left a passport for us,—he—he, oh, Deborah! he has thy box!" Then Sarah rose stumblingly and weakly dropped into the nearest chair as Deborah came into the kitchen.

"My box, Sarah? What does thee mean?" Deborah's voice deepened.

"Thine inlaid box, that thee did ask me to take care of." Sarah bent over little Ruth who was cuddling her head in her mother's lap; she pointed to the paper on the table. "That—that is the passport, he said to give thee—Ruth—woke up when I came out to feed them—she had got the box from the bag—and he saw it and took it—and would not give it back." Sarah's voice broke.

Deborah stood in the centre of the floor with the note in her hand, staring from it to Sarah and back again. She was white, her eyes gleamed like fire, the paper in her hand rustled from her shaking. She looked down at the paper again, lifted it toward her eyes, then reached out one hand toward the table and swayed over it. Sarah ran toward her.

"Oh Deborah, forgive me, forgive Ruth. What is it? Art thou ill?"

"Nay, 'tis the heat. Has thee read this note?"

"No, 'twas thine. Oh Deborah, he had a fearful face. He has the box."

"Caleb," said Deborah, her voice cut through the room like a knife, "saddle the horses and be ready to start at once. Martha and Mary come and make yourselves ready."

"'Tis First Day," said Caleb Brown, gaping in the doorway.

"Do I not know that it is the Sabbath?" she asked in that same sharp voice. "Go and make ready at once."

"I don't see why we must start so soon," grumbled Martha.

"Martha," said Deborah, "we go at once."

Sarah came to her fearfully. Deborah stood still leaning against the table, she had not moved in this time.

"I am so sorry, Deborah," she said softly.

"'Tis naught," said Deborah turning away and walking slowly with careful footsteps as if afraid she might stumble.

"But Deborah, I fear me thee cannot overtake him. And I—he is fearful man —I fear he will not give it back."

Deborah did not look at her but Sarah saw the curve of her cheek break as if into a smile; she could not see the scorn of it.

"Sarah, I am no fool," she said, and Sarah started. Then Deborah finished more spiritually. "The spirit tells me whither to go."

"Doubtless the passport will help us," ventured Sarah in a last effort to comfort.

"The passport!" Then Deborah laughed strangely. "Oh yes, the passport," and Sarah saw her put the paper into her bosom with a shaking hand.

They fell busily to work despite the Sabbath. When at last the horses were ready and they were all in the saddle prepared to start, Deborah led them on at a mad pace.

BOOK II.

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS

CHAPTER 1.

IT was almost eighteen years since Deborah Stebbins had come to Beulah and established her colony here in this fair and smiling land. One might travel many days' journey through the new republic before coming upon a village of such neatness, such thrift and prosperity. On one side of it a river flowed usefully by, then curving about and spreading at one end into the larger, more restful opulence of a lake. On the other side were the woods, purple and grey in winter, green and dark in summer with the promise and menace that nature's green spaces hold. At the narrower end of the space between river and wood, wound the road like a soiled white ribbon binding the little village to a more bustling world. The fields were fallow and rich, stretching to the high-banked river or lake on one side, and on the other to the edge of the wood, where the trees could almost be seen retreating from the aggressive settler, leaving behind hasty footsteps of uprooted stumps. At one end of the town there was the pleasant, irregular music of a waterfall, like the voice of nature, with the steady instrumental accompaniment of a mill-wheel that whirred busily six days in the week. The streets of the town were laid out with pleasant evenness and the buildings in the midst of their neat gardens were largely of wood painted white, fence and house and barn, with here and there a more recent building and smaller structure of logs, soon to give way to match the spotless formality of the rest. Everything was white and clean and thrifty, and seemed to culminate in the highest point of all, a small hill whereon stood the largest house of Beulah, of two stories and a half, well built, well painted, well gardened and well garrisoned in religious things to judge from the church in the same fenced enclosure,—a small meeting-house, white and oblong, with narrow windows shuttered with green, with a bell tower symmetrically poised over the front door. Behind it, and on the side farthest from the dwelling house, were a few grave-stones, set in the grass like sorrow-seals to mark the few who had passed beyond this earthly Beulah despite the healthful air and the Sister's prayers and ministration.

Along the street leading to this, the Sister's house, and for that reason accounted the main street of the village, a young woman was walking on this spring morning. The soft breeze, scented with the breath of the river, passed her on its way to the woods; the woods answered and a fragrant, spice-laden wind slipped past her to the river. The girl lifted her head; she had been walking with her eyes bent on the ground, though with no stoop to her slender, erect figure. She sniffed that sweetest of odours, water and pine. Her face, which had been shaded by the brown scoop-bonnet she wore, was now clearly seen. A face that was lovely to look upon for the first time

and still pleasanter to return to. Beneath the bonnet there were little tendrils of golden hair that strayed over the broad, white forehead; one even now fell into one of her wide brown eyes and she put up her hand to push it back. There was something of a Grecian cast in the face and the mouth was not small but nobly formed.

There was about her a shadowy resemblance to something or somebody; as she walked on again it could be seen that she was like the Sister in her bearing, in her stately walk and in the lift of her head; but her figure was shorter and slighter than Deborah's; and there was not the flash in her eyes, there was a sweet appeal in her face that had never for a moment rested in Deborah's. It was a resemblance between them begotten by long association; it was a dissimilarity implanted by nature.

She started a little as Deborah would never have done, as now a young man came quickly toward her and spoke:

"Peace to thee, Sister Ruth Williams."

"Peace to thee, Brother James Foster," answered Ruth Williams.

"Hast thou had a pleasant walk this fair morning?" he fell into step with her. There was a boyish indecision in his movements, but the weakness in his face was more than that of youth.

"It was not for a pleasant walk that I went; I have been on the service of the Sister."

"Thou art always at the service of the Sister."

She turned and looked at him with her wide-open gaze. "I could not be in better service," she answered quickly, with a rebuke in her voice.

Then with her face turned directly forward, she stepped quickly on. It was this uncompromising manner that had stood Ruth in good stead with the few young men she had known; it was strange that it did not discourage the youth beside her.

"I am wondering if thou wilt be in the service of the Sister all thy days."

"I hope and pray so," answered Ruth steadily, without turning her head.

But he looked hard at her perfect profile, as he said, as if with no personal meaning, "I do often wonder if thou wilt ever marry."

The corner of Ruth's mouth farthest from him moved a little to one side and a tiny hollow showed itself in her cheek just beyond.

"And wherefore should I?"

"They say that when one gets old, one is lonely if unmarried."

She looked again at him with her straight-forward gaze and smiled outright. "What a reason is that! The Lord will care for me when I am old; I have no fear."

"Well, then, to have some one to love thee while thou art young."

She nodded her head a little. "That would seem a better reason to most, I think, and is doubtless the cause of most marriages. But how foolishly thou dost talk!" turning on him again. "Marriage is naught to me and never will be. I have higher work to do even now, than to listen to such unprofitable discourse."

He fell a little behind her and bit his lip hard. "Spoke like the Sister, Ruth," he said, and laughed. "And yet I tell thee, Ruth, try as hard as thou may'st, thou art not like her, thou wilt never be so—"

"I do not expect to be so great as she is, James, that would be presumptuous," said Ruth's quiet voice.

He made a quick gesture she did not see. "Thou art not made of her sure stuff and some day—thou wilt see—"

"Perhaps I can already see my weaknesses as well as thou, James Foster." She spoke a little sharply, and he cried out:

"Nay, I did not mean that, Ruth; I meant that thou dost seem to me much more—"

"Here I am at the gate of my home. Farewell, James," and, with a quick swing of the brown cloak she wore, she turned into the yard in front of the Sister's house and went swiftly up the path without once looking back. He swung about on his heel; he could see the outline of the Sister in the window of an upper room; but though he seemed to walk unconcernedly away, he ground the gravel hard beneath his foot.

As Ruth opened the front door she was

confronted by the stairs inviting her to ascend them. She went up these and then turning in the hall above, entered into the room known as the Sister's chamber; a large, square, corner room, with one window looking across the town to the river, the other down the road by which the business of Beulah came from the world beyond, while Beulah sent its products, lumber, food and religion, thither. In this room was a large four-posted bed, with its bolster and valence of flowered chintz, and with hanging curtains; there was a mahogany chest of drawers with a black-framed mirror above, two large armchairs and a double-leafed table, now covered with many papers and two Bibles; a small light-stand was near with drawers at the side and a swinging leaf now unused. Two women sat by this table, withdrawn but a little from the western window; one, with her face toward both the door of the room and the white road; the other, with her back to the door and her eyes on the river. Ruth came in softly and the woman facing the door welcomed her with a smile, the old smile of Deborah Stebbins.

"Well, Ruth," she said, as Ruth, pausing, made a little courtesy, and then the other woman turned her head quickly and looked at her.

"Hast thou done what was committed to thy care?" asked Deborah in her still musical voice.

"Yea," answered Ruth quickly, "I did see Isaac Turner and told him that he and his brother must divide the lot equally between them, and prayed with old Brother Allen, who seems to be failing, and in passing inquired for Jemima's little boy who is much better, because of thy prayers, she said."

"Thou hast done well, Ruth," said the Sister. "Thou art a joy and comfort to me as I knew long since thou wouldst be. Thou art preparing for a higher duty which may some day await thee. I will now go below to pray and meditate for this night's meeting."

Deborah Stebbins walked slowly out of the room and Ruth's brown eyes followed her admiringly. The years had taken nothing from Deborah's beauty, though her curves had grown a little fuller, her head a trifle higher, her face more massive and her whole bearing more certainly impressive. Her hair was still glossy and black, her eyes still full of fire and her voice still mellow and resonant.

"Thou wilt be prepared for the meeting," said Deborah in the doorway; then the door closed behind her splendid figure.

Ruth came over toward her mother and sitting down near her in a straight-backed chair unfastened her cloak, like the Sister's save in the color, which exactly matched her eyes.

"Mother," she asked, fixing her eyes on Sarah's, which wavered from her gaze to the river, then back again to her, "how came it that thou didst marry?"

The mother started before answering. The years had seemed to take from Sarah what they had given to Deborah. The soft plumpness that had been a part of her prettiness had left her with lines sharp and spare; her cheeks had fallen in, though above their hollow showed a little patch of pink; there were fine lines about her eyes and in her forehead as if brought there by much puzzling over the tangled skeins of life; her eyes wandered and wavered and flickered aimlessly.

"Why, mother?" Ruth asked, a little impatiently.

"Married? Why, I—married!"

"Yea, mother dear, thou didst marry." Ruth smiled on her as if on a child; her own warm, pink fingers closed over her mother's fluttering hand. "But when the Sister and thou dost think it so great a degradation, how couldst thou bring thyself to do it?"

"I was young Ruth," Sarah sighed, regretfully.

"But since I was young I have known what marriage was. The Sister hath taught me."

"But the Sister was young with me, Ruth." The little mother smiled at this triumph of reasoning.

"But the Sister never married. She must have understood even then. It was strange that thou didst marry."

Sarah flushed. "But, Ruth, where wouldst thou have been if I had never

married?"

Then the brown eyes turned on the mother with a roguish twinkle and Ruth laughed outright. "I must forgive thee for marrying, mother," she said, shaking her head; "but I shall never do it, never. I wonder how the Sister can ever let her followers marry."

"It is best for some, Ruth; not all can live the life of the spirit."

"And wherefore not? Many follow closely after the Sister, but—oh, I do wish that James Foster would cease from troubling me. He is ever on the subject of marriage and I cannot still him as I can the others. But I shall quiet him some day, never fear." She gave a bird-like motion to her head. "It makes me creep to hear him talk of love and marriage. Ugh!" She gave a little shiver and the cloak slipped from her shoulder and fell upon the chair behind her, revealing her slender, supple figure. She rose and went to the window, darkening her mother's vision. Sarah had turned again to her work in the large account book, and did not protest at the lack of light. Presently Ruth spoke:

"I met a strange man on the road this morning, just where the river curves away and the woods are thickest. I have never seen him before. If I had not been in haste I would have asked him his errand."

"What did he look like, Ruth?" The mother lifted her straining eyes from the book before her and fixed them on the golden knot of hair in her daughter's neck.

"Oh, he had hair all over his face; a wild-looking creature, with strange eyes that he stared so with, I thought he would have spoken to me—"

"Oh, Ruth, I am so afraid of strange men; do not go so far alone."

"There is no danger." Ruth turned from the window. "Though, to confess the truth, I was a little frightened at his looks; but next time I shall speak to him. I must not be a coward—why, mother, what is it?"

For Ruth, straightening from the chair as she gathered up her cloak, saw her mother sitting stiff and white, her eyes closed, her head thrown back.

"Mother, what is it?" She seized one of her mother's hands, which was cold and clammy. "I will call the Sister."

But she was at the door when her mother stirred. "Ruth."

"Oh, what is it? I was so afraid—what is it—"

"Nothing—only I am tired." Sarah moved her head with a little sound in her throat. "I—think—we had better not tell the—Sister."

Ruth came toward her and began to rub her cold hands.

"About thy fainting? Why, nay, if thou wouldst rather not, but I think if thou wouldst tell her, she could help thee."

Sarah smiled out of her white face up at her daughter. "I am not well, Ruth—but I—think—she cannot help me—my body is failing me."

A little anxious frown came to Ruth's smooth forehead. She paused in her rubbing. "It is wrong for thee to speak so, mother."

"I have lost my spirit, Ruth," said Sarah. She smiled strangely as she spoke; the high color had come back to her cheeks.

"It is not right for thee to say so, mother—"

"But, Ruth," said Sarah, as if waiving the argument, "I meant that thou wouldst better not speak of the strange man thou hast seen."

"I will not if thou dost not wish me to," said Ruth. She stood uncertainly, still looking at her mother.

Then Sarah turned again to her accounts. And Ruth lifted her cloak from the floor where she had thrown it in her fright, and went out of the room with a backward look.

After the evening meal, Ruth came into her mother's room on the opposite side of the hall from Deborah's. Ruth's little hall bedroom was between the two chambers.

"Art thou not going to evening meeting, mother?" she asked.

"Nay, I am too weary to-night."

"Is not thy mother coming?" asked Deborah, when Ruth met her in the narrow hall below.

"She says she is too weary," answered

Ruth, and then the two walked across the green dividing Deborah's house from the meeting-house; a path they always walked together, leading from the Sister's side door to a door in the meeting-house at the right of the pulpit.

"Dost thou know if thy mother received her last remittance safely from the doctor?" asked Deborah, as she walked in her stately way through the dusk.

"She has not said," answered Ruth.

"It is now a goodly property," said Deborah. Then, with quick change of subject, "Perhaps 'twould be well if thou shouldst preach on next Lord's Day."

"Oh, Sister, I fear me—"

"Nay, thou knowest thou hast no fear, and wherefore shouldst thou? One that can speak as thou canst in meeting! It has come to me, Ruth, the Lord has borne it in upon me, that thou art the one to follow me in my work here."

"Sister, nay, I have not the spirit thou hast." Yet the flush of pleasure was in Ruth's cheeks.

"Nay, not my spirit, but thou hast an excellent spirit and the gift of speech and a clear head to direct matters. But say nothing of this; it may be many years before I shall pass on. Only hold it in remembrance as I, from time to time, call on thee for service."

"But, Sister"—Ruth looked up at her—"there are some who even say thou wilt always dwell here and never pass on."

"There are none who have been of this earth who have not at last left it. Even Christ left this world in the body to dwell in it in spirit. It may be I shall pass on as did Enoch and Elisha and Moses; it may be I shall remain beyond thy years. The spirit hath hidden this thing from me; but this I know, whether I leave this Beulah for a time or for a season, for this world or the next, it is well to have one at hand who can work my works."

"Alas," cried Ruth, "dost thou not remember many of thy deeds in which I cannot follow thee?"

"Thou canst not be all that I have been, doubtless," answered the Sister, complacently, "but thou canst follow close after, even as the disciples followed their Master."

They had reached the meeting-house now, and as the door opened and let out a faint yellow shaft of candle-light into the purple dusk, Ruth put out her hand and touched Deborah on the arm. The Sister turned quickly.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, it was—" began Ruth; then she remembered her promise to her mother. "It was naught—I but saw something."

"If thou wouldst be a leader of men, thou must not fear, nor have unprofitable visions," said Deborah, calmly.

But as Ruth followed her into the church she was sure she had seen the figure of the wild-looking man vaguely outlined in the dusk, and a passing gleam of his eyes had been caught in the candle-rays.

(To be continued)

Childhood

By SADIE E. MYERS

The winds of heaven, caressing and benign,
Breathe but to bless, with tenderness divine,
The days and happy ways appointed thine,
Dwellers in childhood's land.

From out those days hold thou some treasure fast,
The love, the trust, the happy heart thou hast,
Some talisman to grace life to the last;
Earth's winds are roughly planned.



Photograph by Adolph Bendslev

ELIOT OAK, SOUTH NATICK

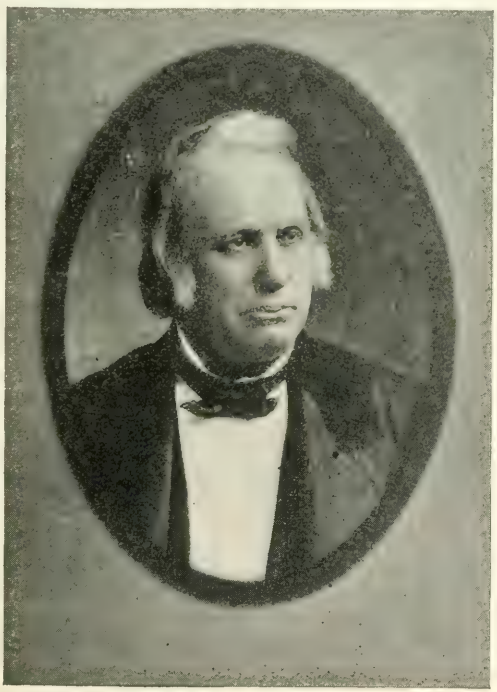


Natick, Old and New Towns

By NATHAN ELIOT

NOW that tales of the sudden and phenomenal growth of western communities have ceased to fill the air, New England people are awakening from their astonishment and discouragement to a realization of their own advantages and successes. The rapid development of the west has in no small degree been due to New England faith in the west, and the like faith in its own opportunities cannot fail to produce a similar result. The age of miracles, of enterprise and commercial achievement is not, for New England at least, a golden age of tradition, but a golden dawn that is just lighting the tops of our hills.

We may not turn prairies into cities in a day. As a matter of fact, while the west is long on prairies and short on cities, we are rather short on praries and cities are our "long suit." And that being the case, we have learned a good deal about them and the conditions of their prosperity and growth. We have learned the difference between good and bad growth, between the real and the unreal. While the western way has been to plot off the ground and sell corner lots in the faith that when the people came, they would of necessity discover a way of making a living out of one another, our New England way has been to plant substantial industries in the faith that, a good and secure livelihood being furnished, the tide of immigration would surely set in. But Natick is different. It has more assets than one. Its development is not likely to follow any one line, and certainly ought not to. It has suburban as well as industrial possibilities, it may become a favourite summer and winter recreation resort as well as a manufacturing centre, it may share in Wellesley's academic distinction as well as develop a heavy wholesale mer-



Photograph by Bendslev

HENRY WILSON



Photograph by Bendsley
INTERIOR OF OLD BACON HOMESTEAD, NATICK

chant trade, it may vie with Pennsylvania and New Jersey for supremacy in the culture of roses as well as assume respectable rank among the great shoe centres of New England. None of these lines of development interfere with one another. All work together for the growth of a well-rounded community on broad foundations that will not be easily moved by the fluctuations of business.

Natick is the first centre to the west of Boston that, while still within the suburban belt, is sufficiently removed for the development of a really substantial mercantile trade. It is to-day the natural shopping centre for a population of between thirty and fourty thousand people, and the careful observer will note at once, from the appearance of its business centre, that its mercantile life has very much outgrown its own local trade. And situated as near as it is to Boston, that fact is very significant and speaks volumes for the enterprise and business sagacity of the men responsible for this development. Indeed, the merchants of Natick are a very much broader and abler body of men than one naturally associates with the retail trade of a town of ten thousand inhabitants. Some of them have been very strong men, and their prosperity has been a very important



Photograph by Bendslev

THE WHITE KILLARNEY ROSE—THE LATEST PRODUCT OF THE WABAN CONSERVATORIES

factor in the growth of the community as well as in its civic improvement.

The stores of Natick are not country shops, by any manner of means. They display the latest goods at current prices and offer the purchaser a wide selection and every convenience that up-to-date business methods are able to suggest. Later on in this article we will find occasion to speak of some of these men and of some of the things that they have accomplished.

But all this has to do with Natick Village, or New Town. The historic interest of the locality centres about South Natick, or Old Town. No more charming old New England town than this is to be found in Massachusetts. It has all the interest of tradition, literary association and quaint old architecture that one associates with New England at its best. For this reason and because of the natural beauty of the location, a very extensive and high class recreation resort is being developed there. The Old Natick Inn, which has been entirely remodeled recently, is situated within a stone's throw of the old Eliot Oak, where the great apostle to the Indians was wont to preach to the praying Indians of Natick. The Unitarian church nearby is a lovely example of old colonial church architecture.

This is the scene of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous book,"Old Town Folks." The house of the Reverend Stephen Badger, which plays a part in this much-loved old story, is still standing. It is on the road to Sherborn, a few minutes' walk from the Inn. Before it stand two great elms which were carried to the spot by the Indians and presented as a peace offering. The place is marked by a cut stone set into the wall. The original Inn, of which the beautiful modern structure is a direct successor, was built on the Charles River which affords, at this point, one of the very best reaches for canoeing in its entire course. It is also an ideal place for out of doors skating and for all summer and winter sports. The Norfolk Hunt Club of Medfield has found the neighborhood an excellent one for the indulgence of their pastime, and, as the frequent meets are announced in advance, many persons avail themselves of the Inn to enjoy the always picturesque spectacle of cross-country riding to hounds. The neighborhood abounds



Photograph by Bendsley

OLD NATICK INN, SOUTH NATICK

present site in 1782 by Eliakim Morrill. It is the "Old Tavern" of Harriet Beecher Stowe's book. It was destroyed by fire in 1872 and the present house erected. In 1909 it was thoroughly remodeled and modernized, and a more attractive and home-like hostelry it would be difficult to find. The view from the verandahs has a quiet, old-fashioned charm about it that is extremely restful. A touch of natural beauty is added by the in beautiful drives, and its accessibility by automobile as well as by rail and electric car service is having its effect in popularizing the Old Natick Inn among the best classes of recreation seekers.

The early history of Natick is extremely interesting, interwoven as it is with the missionary work of John Eliot, whose efforts for the civilization and christianization of the Indian rather than his extermination, is one of the brightest and

most honorable pages in New England History. Had there been more men at that time similarly minded, what a different story the history of New England would have been.

It was in 1650 that Eliot located in Natick, and the community began its history as a human settlement as the habitation of the band of "praying Indians" which he gathered. In 1679 a town charter was granted to the settlement and at first and for a number of years all of the town officers were Indians. But that mysterious inability of the dusky skin to stand before the white again manifested itself. By 1733 the English colonists began to assume precedence. Their names appear in the lists of town officers in positions of power and influence and by 1745 not an Indian name appears on the records as an officer of the town. And this yielding of precedence was but a precursor of their gradual disappearance either by migration or death and, possibly, to some small extent also, by intermarriage. About the only permanent memorials of this first New England settlement of civilized Indians are to be found in the local names or in the monuments erected by antiquarians or in that touch of romance that lives in the traditions and early history of the town. Natick became a typical New England community. Its part in the war of the revolution was spirited and honorable. Its citizens took part in the struggles at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and its muster roll of Revolutionary soldiers is still preserved, a prized relic, by the town.



Photograph by Bendslev

OLD TOWN PARK, SOUTH NATICK, GIFT OF THE HUNNEWELL FAMILY

The name "Natick" is taken by some to signify "place of hills," by others, "the open place" and by still another authority as "the desired place," which latter derivation would seem to associate it most directly with the Eliot movement Any of the suggested meanings are sufficiently appropriate as descriptions of the place, although it is more than probable



Photograph by Bendslev

ELIOT CHURCH, UNITARIAN, SOUTH NATICK

that none of them are more than guesses at the truth. Whatever may be its derivation the name permanently connects the history of the town with its picturesque and unique beginnings. The Old Town Park, which was a gift to the town by the Hunnewell family, is a very beautiful tract adjoining the river. It is a favorite resort and the appreciation of it will increase with the growth of the population and the disappearance of the open country. Its preservation as a public park is a wise piece of foresight.

The entire town of Natick, as at present constituted, occupies an area of between sixteen and seventeen square miles in Middlesex County. The central village began to be important only after the building of the Boston and Albany railroad. From that time on its development has steadily surpassed that of the old town, or South Natick. As a station on the main line of the Boston and Albany railroad, it is situated eighteen miles from Boston and is served by twenty-three trains a day in each direction. As the running time is less than three quarters of an hour, and ten-ride tickets can be purchased for $3.60, a considerable suburban life has grown up, as the prosperous business men of Boston have sought to take advantage of its many beautiful locations for homes. There are numerous estates of more than usual attractiveness and residential streets of much beauty. Walnut Hill, a fine, gradu-

ally rising eminence on the northern side of the railroad, is a particularly inviting district, and one that has been developed quite extensively for residential purposes.

On this sightly hill is located the Walnut Hill School for Girls, an institution of which the people of Natick are justly proud. While the school is a private enterprise, managed by its two principals, who are also its proprietors, Miss Charlotte H. Conant and Miss Florence Bigelow, it is planned on the broad scale of an endowed school and its great usefulness points to the probability of its being endowed at some time in order to insure its perpetuity. It is the aim of the school to offer the pupils a pleasant home, and no pains is spared to that end. The school grounds contain about twenty acres, including a grove, basketball field, three fine tennis courts and a hockey field. There is a club-house for the use of the Athletic Association and a gymnasium equipped for what is generally known as the Swedish gymnastics. Careful physical examinations are made of each pupil upon entering the school and exercises scientifically adapted to her condition and needs are prescribed by a competent specialist. Particular attention is given to the feet and back and many structural aberrations that were entirely unsuspected are discovered and corrected. In fact, the health of the students is made a constant subject of care. It would be difficult to follow and enumerate the little points in which a home atmosphere is maintained. For example, in place of one large dining hall, there are three smaller dining rooms, each having the quiet and comfort of a family table. The living room is a very home-like apartment and the kindly and sympathetic atmosphere of the principals pervades the entire institution. The course of study provides for one preliminary year and four years of college preparatory work. The rapid growth of collegiate education for women opens a very wide field of usefulness for a preparatory school adapted at every point to send girls to college thoroughly equipped in mind, body and personal habits to enter college and successfully meet its many requirements; in an effort



Harriet Beecher Stowe House, South Natick

to do so without sufficient preparation, so many young women have wrecked their health, and wasted their opportunities. Walnut Hill School is now in its eighteenth year, and has already made its mark in the success of its pupils in the various colleges which they have entered, the majority having taken their courses in preparation for either Wellesley or Vassar.

In our supposedly commercial age, it is



Photograph by Bendsley

HIGHLAND HALL, WALNUT HILL SCHOOL, NATICK

particularly pleasant to dwell on these indications of culture and of interest in other than material interest. We have already spoken of the association with Natick of John Eliot and of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose husband was a resident of the town before his marriage to her and who spent much time there with his distinguished wife. Natick has also given to the country one of its ablest vice presidents, Hon. Henry Wilson, who was vice president of the United States in the second Grant administration. Wilson was one of the organizers of the Republican party, served in the House of Representatives and in the United States Senate, was a staunch Free-soiler and the author of a clear and comprehensive history of the rise and development of the slave power. He was a shoemaker by trade, a strong character with a marked individuality and unswerving devotion to the cause of the Union. He is still remembered by the older citizens of the town and his memory is honored by all. Natick, in short, has a great deal in its history to be proud of. And not only that, it has a historical importance and interest that is a valuable asset, although it has not been put forward as it might be by a broader policy of publicity. It may well rank as one of the points of special interest to student travellers, one of the old New England shrines.

An exceedingly interesting feature of present day Natick life is the extensive culture of roses there. There are fourteen conservatories in Natick, most of them specializing on roses, although not all. The reasons for this success are probably very simple outside of the fact that it has enjoyed the activity of a number of men of special ability in this direction. The rose is a child of the sun. It needs an abundance of light for its successful culture, and the open hill-tops of Natick, free from fogs and as little inclined to dark days as any available New England location, furnish admirable sites for the erection of green-houses. Without doubt, there is something in the soil also. It is said that certain roses, the Richmond, for example, is here brought to a higher degree of perfection than anywhere else. At the great Waban conservatories many new hybrids have been produced that have become general favorites, such as the beautiful pink Killarney, and more recently the white Killarney, which is a magnificent rose and one of the newest achievements of horticulture. The superintendent of the Waban Conservatories is Mr. Alexander Montgomery who, with his brother Robert Montgomery, also a Natick florist and independent rose grower, served an exacting apprenticeship to the art in his native land, Scotland. Mr. Montgomery is undoubtedly one of the ablest rose specialists in the country. Numbers of the Natick florists have received their training in the Waban nurseries and are now independent producers. This, however, is not true of Mr. Robert Montgomery, whose early training, like that of his brother, was in Scotland. Mr. Robert Montgomery was at one time the Wellesley College florist. For fourteen years he



Photograph by Bendslev

LIVING ROOM AT WALNUT HILL SCHOOL, NATICK

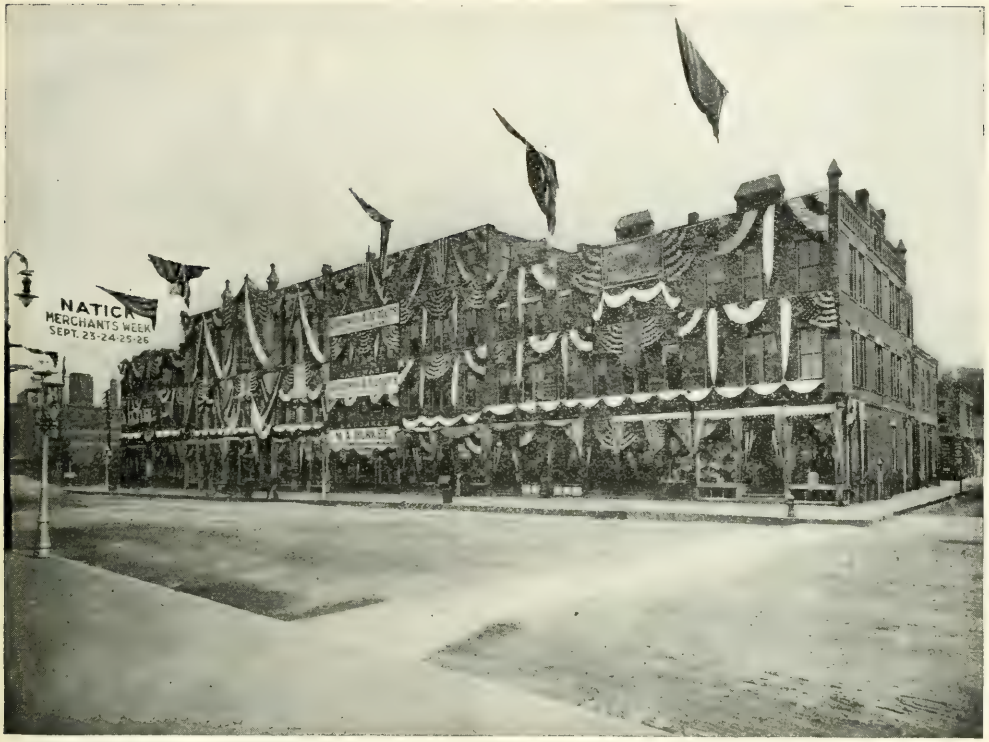
has managed a conservatory of his own, known as the Worcester Street Conservatory. He is a successful rose specialist and his establishment, which he conducts with the aid of his son, adds materially to the prestige of Natick in that interesting specialty.

Although not enjoying the unique interest of the rose culture, a very substantial source of Natick's prosperity is found in the shoe industry. This great New England staple, to which so many of our communities owe their very life, is firmly rooted in Natick and is about to receive an extensive addition in the erection of the new Dean factory. This is to be a magnificent concrete, brick and glass plant, modern to the last word and will bring to Natick a pay-roll of from three to four hundred thousand dollars annually. The factory was formerly situated at Cochituate from which place it is now moving to Natick. The Pratt-Reid factory, situated in the heart of the village, is a very large concern and has long been one of the main supports of the community. Other manufacturing interests in Natick are the J. W. Walcott Company, Brennan Boot and Shoe Company, Johnson Dale and Aldrich and the Sheldon Brothers Company and Murphy Boot and Shoe Company, all manufacturers of shoes; the Harwood and Son Baseball factory, a conspicuous institution near the railway station and engaged in the manufacture of all grades of baseballs; the E. Edwards and Son and Randall Brothers factories engaged in the manufacture of shirts, the Natick Box Company, and at North Natick the Walter F. Felch Company and at South Natick the William F. Pfeiffer Company and the Schneider Company, also manufacturers of shoes.

The Natick Commercial Club, now in its third year, was organized and is carried on, as its motto proclaims, "For the betterment of Natick." Its member-



West Central Street, Natick



Photograph by Bendslev

MERCHANTS' WEEK DECORATIONS, NATICK

ship of nearly two hundred and fifty men represents all classes of citizenship, regardless of any other affiliations, religious, political or otherwise. It is the organ or tool of no man or set of men; but is working for the improvement of the town and the welfare and comfort of its citizens. Meetings are held in G. A. R. Hall on the third Tuesday of each month except during the summer, the average attendance being between one hundred and one hundred twenty-five. At these meetings questions of all kinds relating to the improvement or upbuilding of the town in any way are discussed and acted on, or referred to one or another of the efficient standing committees for investigation and report or action. Matters requiring attention between meetings and all ordinary business of the Club are attended to by a very capable executive committee. The action and influence of the Club has already resulted in many improvements in the town. The Club also, through its executive committee and its committee on manufactures and new business, endeavors to promote the welfare of local industries and to bring new business into the town. They have already been instrumental in bringing in the C. W. Dean & Co., shoe business, whose splendid new factory building is now nearing completion. They have also, through a subsidiary organization, the Natick Realty Company, provided land for factory sites and are about to erect a building for another new industry. Parties looking for good factory sites with railroad facilities will be given every proper encouragement and assistance in locating in Natick. The officers of the Club this year, Geo. C. Fairbanks, President, and William F. Quinlan, Secretary, are always ready to answer questions and afford all possible assistance to those looking for locations. Natick Commercial Club has proved itself a valuable and important element in the life of the community. And not the least of its benefits is the fact that it has



CLARK'S BLOCK, NATICK

brought together for a common purpose men of all classes in the town and showed them that they can work together and by so doing can accomplish many things they could not otherwise do.

Natick has just passed a no-license vote for the fifth year, and at an increased majority. This fact is very significant of the trend of its development and of the residential possibilities of the town. The same civic interest is manifested in other ways. The streets are broad, well-paved and exceptionally well cared for. The schools, surrounded as they are by some of the greatest educational establishments in the country, are among the best in Greater Boston. Shade trees, sidewalks, lighting, water, and sewerage and drainage have all received expert attention. Since the great fire the business center of the town is almost entirely constructed of brick, and presents an attractive and substantial appearance.

In this age of the world, when natural beauty is so highly regarded, the possession of so charming a locality as that of Lake Cochituate and its surroundings is an asset which any town might envy. This beautiful sheet of water is now part of the Metropolitan water system, which ensures its careful preservation from defilement. It was formerly much used for pleasure boating, for which it is eminently adapted, and there seems to be no good reason why this privilege, under proper guards and restrictions, should not be restored to the people of the town of whose territory it is so important a part. Contamination from such a source can be eliminated without cutting off the entire privilege.

From Regan's Hill, in the southeast corner of the town, Bunker Hill monument is plainly visible, and the valley of the Charles River winding in and out among its green meadows and hills, with Lake Cochituate and Dry Pond to add to the variety of light and contour, compose a scene that is said to have drawn from Washington the most enthusiastic praise. If there were nothing beyond this natural beauty, Eliot Oak (let all historic events hereafter take place under oaks rather than elms; they are so much more promi-

nent), no old Indian burying-ground, no fine old New England farms and homesteads, Natick would still deserve the traveler's attention.

We have already spoken of the rose industry, but there is such a fascination about the culture of this beautiful flower that our readers will be interested to know far more of this great Natick industry than our space will allow. The Waban Conservatories were founded by Mr. Edmund M. Wood, whose plans from the very beginning were on the most extensive scale. The business is now conducted as a corporation, of which Mr. Mansfield Storey is president and Mr. Long treasurer. There are a number of things in connection with the history of the conservatories in which its owners take just pride. They were the first to market blooms of the famous General Jacqueminot rose, and the first to "disbud" it in order to secure longer stems and larger flowers. Many of the most popular and beautiful hybrids have originated in this progressive and inventive establishment. An idea of the size of the plant may be obtained from the following facts: There are twelve acres under roof, warmed by forty miles of pipe, and covered by 400,000 square feet of glass. Six huge boilers supply the steam that combats the frost of our New England winters, and miles upon miles of rubber hose carry water to every corner of the eighty acres.

The Waban Conservatory is an important contributor to the prosperity of Natick. It disburses $50,000 a year in the town, in wages and purchases, and pays one-fifth of the entire water tax of the town. It is also one of the largest taxpayers on regular assessment. A visit to these and the other Natick conservatories in an instructive and delightful experience.

The usual reply to the question, asked by the writer of many persons, "Why did you locate in Natick?" was, "It is so convenient a location, and so healthful and



Catholic Church and Rectory, East Central St., Natick



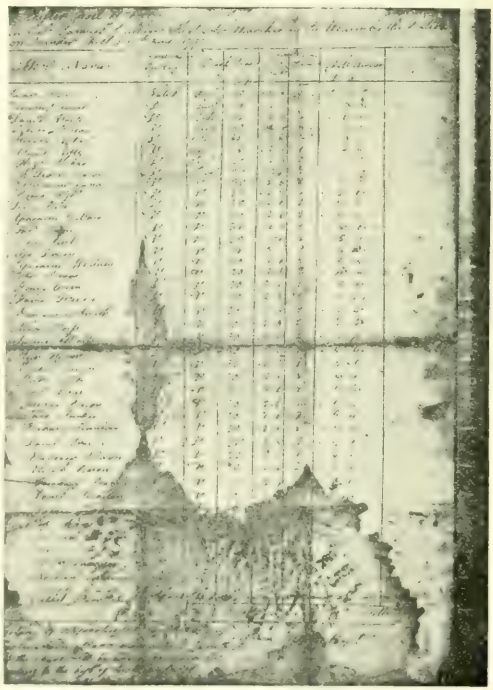
HENRY WILSON SHOP.

beautiful." And that, indeed, is about all that can be asked of a location. Man must do the rest. But convenient it certainly is, both for business and residence, beautiful in the summer and winter, and its healthfulness is attested by the records of mortality and disease and by the fact that it is the chosen location of such a school as the Walnut Hill School for Girls, and, practically speaking, for Wellesley College, which is situated on the Natick side of the adjoining town of Wellesley and in the same topographical district.

Manufacturers will be particularly interested in the splendid shipping facilities, the fine factory sites that line the railroad tracks, and the fact that many years of manufacturing experience have developed a population of skilled labourers, who are contented and well-housed and among whom labor troubles are practically unknown. Boston is the billing point for freight. With these advantages the development of Natick and its rapid growth is assured. It is largely a question of who comes first to secure the advantages of the increased value of property that will inevitably keep pace with its growth. One nursery-man assured the writer that his property had much more than doubled in value since its purchase.

It is not generally supposed that this is true of any New England real estate outside of the great cities; but it is true, and the present awakenings of the people of New England to the need of proper publicity will acquaint the business and investing world with the facts and further quicken the rejuvenation of our beloved section.

One point more. It is doubtful if the present article has sufficiently emphasized the desirability of Natick as a residential community. Although the reader may well have gathered an impression of that kind from the advantages enumerated, the point is one that needs to be re-emphasized after having spoken so decisively of its industrial possibilities. For to many minds the two lines of development seem incompatible. It does not seem so to us. A well-rounded community is always a more desirable one for a residence than a one-sided community. It offers many advantages that a mere bed-room town cannot. While the level spaces about the railroad centre are finely adapted to manufacturing, the rolling country on either side, with its beautiful scenic outlook and healthful ex-



MUSTER ROLL OF NATICK, REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS



TOWN PARK, NATICK

posure, its finely surfaced roads and the beautiful residences appeal to the homelover. Its educational advantages offer further appeal, and the social quality that is inseparable from academic culture.

THE PINE

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

The old pine tree has waited long,
Rooted in peace and tassled with song;
Torn by the storm, by the wind caressed,
Sheltering close the wild-bird's nest;
Patient beneath its mantle of snow,
Guarding the mosses that gather below
O, lovers may come and lovers may go,
And the world is weary of strife and wrong,
But the evergreen pine, unyielding, strong,
And changeless ever, is waiting still
By the pasture bars on the sunlit hill.
Rooted in peace and tasseled with song,
The old pine tree has waited long.

Criminal Identification, or a Day at Police Headquarters

By JOSEPH M. SULLIVAN, LL. B.

THE ancient mode of arrest, without a warrant, was that of "Hue and cry"; it was authorized in the most ancient periods of the common law, in cases where persons were suspected of felony, or having inflicted a wound, from which death was likely to ensue. The practise is distinctly recognized in the laws of King Alfred and the power incident to its practice and operation was conferred by ancient statutes. An arrest in criminal cases is the apprehending or detaining of the person in order to be forthcoming to answer to a crime alleged against him, or of which he is suspected to be guilty. To this arrest, all persons, without distinction, are liable, when accused of a capital or other crime. A security against unlawful arrest is one of the great objects of a free government; and the due regulation of them in cases where the public peace and the safety of individuals require them to be made, is essential to the administration of justice.

After an arrest is made the next duty which devolves upon the officer is to take the prisoner to the nearest police station or house of detention. At the police station the process of "booking" the prisoner takes place, and the accused is asked the usual questions by the officers in charge, namely, his age, whether married or single, residence, and a guess is made as to the probable weight and height of the prisoner, and these answers are duly recorded in the registration book which is required by law to be kept at every police station or place of confinement. After these questions are satisfactorily answered, the customary search of the prisoner takes place, and money, and all articles (particularly those of a dangerous nature which might inflict bodily harm) are removed from the person of the prisoner, and when these necessary formalities are over, he is led away to a cell and locked up. If the case is a trifling one he is simply taken to court in the morning, and the case is disposed of in the regular way of legal routine. If the culprit is charged with a commission of a crime which the law classes as a felony, and one should he happen to be convicted which would subject him to a long term in State Prison, he is taken to police headquarters and there booked, photographed, stood up for identification, and inspected by the headquarters staff, measured according to Bertillon System of Measurement, his finger prints taken, and after all these necessary details are disposed of, he is taken to court and arraigned according to the law made and provided in criminal cases.

At Headquarters

A detective is an officer who possesses a peculiar skill in uncovering crime, detecting criminals, and discovering matters of secrecy. The police departments of every large city or town employ one or more men exclusively in routine detective work. Such a man is usually a member of the force, who in the line of his regular duty has shown an especial fitness for such work. As a general rule the average policeman gradually works his way up until he reaches the rank of detective. This is the procedure in vogue in New York, Boston, and all the large cities and towns of any importance in the United States.

Every inspector must be on hand at headquarters at 9 A. M. to answer roll call, look over the arrests of the day before, hear their criminal history read off (if any), and a statement of the offenses for which the prisoners are under arrest. In the course of time the average detective or headquarters man becomes very familiar with crooks and law breakers (especially if they happen to be local crooks), and in many instances are able to call them right off hand by their Christian names. In some cities apertures are provided at police headquarters in order that the police may view persons suspected of crime unbeknownst to themselves. This is in order that thieves and crooks may not become too familiar with the police, because the consequences of such intimacy would make the captures of criminals a most difficult task.

Character Study

This is one of the fine arts of the detective profession. It is something which cannot be learned from books but a successful detective must possess it to a remarkable degree and it is an accomplishment which is acquired only after long practise and experience. The art is the combination of intuition and suspicion. To read a man to tell what he is, how to approach him, and what he may do, is a subtle art, and the possession of it marks the work of a first-class officer and detecter of crime. The French police (the best detectives in the world, as a class) possess this quality to an extraordinary degree. The average man sizes up a person by his personal appearance; and it is an officer's duty and practise to note all appearance of details in a stranger. This is done by reducing your observation to a set of rules that your past experience has proved to be of a trustworthy and reliable standard. A man must be able to make up a quick mental inventory of an individual and when you have mastered this art you are able to correctly size up any person you may happen to meet. One ordinarily pays little or no attention to a man he sees for the first time, unless there is something striking about his face, clothes and manner. An officer upon meeting a man he wishes to remember, should endeavor to note the striking features of a man's face, and then make a mental photograph of him, and recall it occasionally until he is sure he can place him when he meets him at any future time. To instantly recognize a man is a gift, which is partly intuition and partly the result of long and constant practise and experience, combined with a good memory. Inspector Byrnes of New York City, knew thousands of crooks, and could instantly recognize them without the aid of the Gallery (and this before the introduction of the Bertillon System of Identification), which proves of itself that he possessed a memory little short of marvellous.

Habits of the Accused

A knowledge of the habits of the accused is of the utmost importance for future reference. For example a man may keep his own counsel, start suddenly when approached, go armed, and tell conflicting stories concerning himself. It is the duty of an officer to note carefully a man's height, weight color of eyes, hair, marks on body, scars, peculiarities of speech and manner, size of foot and gait, kind of clothes, habits as to drink, companions, profanity, disposition as to work, gambling traits, etc. This knowledge becomes invaluable when the accused jumps his bail, and becomes a fugitive from justice because without such a critical knowledge of the prisoner a "wanted" circular of any value cannot be prepared. The police departments of the country have a sort of criminal clearing house arrangement whereby they interchange photographs of criminals, circulars of bail jumpers, people wanted for crimes committed, and fugitives from justice. There is also published in Chicago a newspaper called the *"Detective"* which acts as the official organ of the police department of the United States and Canada. In the columns of the *"Detective"* are displayed photographs of fugitives wanted and notices of reward for the arrest of bail jumpers, escaped convicts, and other individuals whose arrest is a matter of public interest and concern.

The following is a fairly good specimen of a police circular describing in detail the habits, and peculiarities of a boy who mysteriously disappeared.

$500 REWARD $500

Telephone Connection
James Irwin, Jr., Walter K. Carter,
General Manager. Superintendent.
Irwin's Secret Service Company
Licensed—Detectives—Bonded
Offices, Suite 504 Hale Building, 1328
Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Correspondents in all Principal Cities.
Cable Address "Irwin."

Joseph Jordan. Mysteriously Disappeared

The above reward will be paid through this service to any person who will furnish positive information as to the present whereabouts of one Joseph Jordan, son of P. J. Jordan, who left his home, 1523 N. Main Avenue, Scranton, Pa., Thursday afternoon, August 5th, 1909.

He is 16 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, weight 130 pounds, dark brown straight hair, heavy and parted nearly in the middle, slight scar on back of each ear, eyes of grayish type, skin eruptions of pimply nature closely distributed over face and neck.

At time of disappearance wore gray suit, pink four-in-hand necktie, flat top flexible straw hat (white) with curled brim, may be pulled down in front, carried a dollar watch and cheap gold chain.

The above reward will be paid for information directly resulting in his restoration to any official of this service or his parents.

Address all communications to Irwin's Secret Service Company, Suite 504 Hale Building, 1328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE THIRD DEGREE OR THE SWEAT BOX

It is the duty of an officer when getting a straight story to help his informant along by suggestive remarks, and when he is being lied to he must seek to confuse the liar and trip him up. That form of mental punishment familiarly known as the "Third Degree" still exists, and is extensively practised by police officials in America at the present day. In England a police officer must tell his prisoner in advance that any voluntary statements will be used against him, and the English law especially prohibit any police official from inflicting any mental or physical torture upon the prisoner. Inspector Byrnes of the New York police department was the originator of the so-called style of sweating a witness sometimes called now the "Third Degree." An officer to get at the truth from a reluctant witness is obliged to go back at him day after day until from sheer exhaustion he blurts out the truth. It is often times of the greatest importance for an officer to have a partner to aid him in questioning a suspect, because between them they can keep up a rapid fire of questions which soon forces the witness to yield and tell what he knows concerning the affair. Some suspects he will find reticent and refuse all information others will overwhelm him with a whole lot of false information which is designed to throw him off the track. He meets this exigency by resorting to flattery, hints of future trouble, and various other tricks and dodges, and when these fail he must drop them and seek to get his information by leading his informant along by way of another route.

The "Third Degree" has received the stamp of judicial condemnation by many courts of last resorts in the United States. Our object is to call attention to an abuse which is growing in our treatment of those only suspected of crime. In reversing the conviction of a young man, Judge Calhoun of the Mississippi Supreme Court describes the miserable thing that demands our attention in the following words:

"The Chief of Police testified that the accused made him a free and voluntary statement. The circumstances under which he made it were these: There was what was known as a 'sweat box' in the place of confinement. This was an apartment about five or six feet one way and about eight feet another. It was kept entirely dark. For fear some stray ray of light or breath of air might enter without special invitation, the small cracks were carefully blanketed. The

*August 16th, 1909.

prisoner was allowed no communication whatever with human beings. Occasionally the officer who had put him there would appear and interrogate him about the crime charged against him. To the credit of our advanced civilization and humanity, it must be said that neither the thumb screw nor the wooden boot was used to extort a confession. The efficacy of the 'sweat box' was the sole reliance. This, with the hot weather of summer, and the fact that the prisoner was not provided with sole leather lungs, finally, after several days of absolute denial, accomplished the purpose of eliciting a free and voluntary confession. The officer says, 'we put them in there (the sweat box) when they don't tell me what I think they ought to. Defendant, unless demented, understood that the statement wanted was confession, and that this meant release from this black hole of Calcutta."

If this were an isolated case it would deserve only contempt. It is not an isolated case. It is a specimen of a system. We recall the case of Jones in the Patrick case in New York City. No one outside the police station knows how near to insanity he was driven by the "Third Degree." In the city where the words are written, it has been repeatedly stated by the daily press, and never officially denied, that the "sweat box," or "Third Degree" has been reduced to a science, and that the police rarely fail to get from a suspected man what they want. Those who are familiar with the history of torture know what countless men and women have "confessed" to crimes which they never committed, under the awful strain through which they were subjected. Prince Kropotkin in his "Memoirs," tells of his tremendous battle of reason in a Russian dungeon. The story sends a chill through the nerves of the reader. The "sweat box victims are not Kropotkins in will or mind. They are usually defectives, weak in mind or will. Under the horrible treatment to which they are subjected it is doubtful that many of them could hold out long even if innocent. It is a terrible system which involves the possibility of confession or insanity for an innocent man. We are aware of the difficulties of convictions in many cases. Also of the necessity of confession, sometimes. But the bribed witness is no witness, and a tortured witness is worst than a bribed witness. Whatever the alternative it is a return to savagery to convict any man on testimony which is the product of "sweat box" methods. It is a growing evil. Every vestige of it should be banished by law. Use of it should be sufficient cause for removal from office. It involves the possibility of the greatest miscarriage of justice. It educates its victims, innocent or guilty, to hatred of society. It breeds the crimes it seeks to prevent. It has no place or function in the economy of a civilized society. It should be retired to museums along with rack and thumb screws. Out with it! Let us begin to reform criminals by ending this crime against them and against justice. For humanity sake let us set evildoers at least a decent example of the rights of others, and cease to practise upon those not yet convicted of crime, modified forms of the physical torture but intensified forms of the mental torture which thugs and burglars use to extort from their victims the key to the safe, or the combination of the vault where the loot is locked.

The Rogues' Gallery

A rogues' gallery is a collection of portraits of rogues or criminals for the use of police authorities. It is not open for public inspection, or to entertain the morbidly curious, but any citizen having legitimate reasons to go to the rogues' gallery can be allowed to inspect it by the permission of the proper authorities. Every gallery should contain a picture cabinet, tools, appliances for taking the Bertillon measurement of prisoners, and the necessary outfit for taking the finger prints of persons, charged with the commission of crimes.

The Pinkerton picture cabinet is patented by the United States Government; it contains a holding capacity of two thousand pictures, is fireproof, constructed entirely of metal, non-breakable, and can be made for any size. The base for the cabinet is constructed of

quartered oak having four card index drawers, with a capacity for four thousand pictures, also four drawers, twelve inches wide, thirty-five inches deep, ten inches high, for record, clippings of crime notices, and a capacity of two thousand envelopes.

The paraphernalia of a well equipped gallery should contain:

1. Filing cabinet indexes.
2. Photo racks.
3. Cards.
4. Measuring instruments and furniture
5. Camera and photographic supplies.
6. Bertillon and finger prints text and instruction books.
7. Imported magnifying glasses such as are used at New Scotland Yard, London, and Palace of Justice, Paris, France.

After a picture is taken the name of the prisoner, Bertillon measurements and other remarks are placed on the back of the photographs, and when these details are attended to the card is given a number and the addition to the gallery is complete. Besides the collection of photographs of persons charged with crime, there is also kept at headquarters a cabinet file of newspaper clippings which contain notices of crime and other matters effecting the public safety.

Small cities do not carry a rogues' gallery, but they use the gallery and equipment of the nearest large city, and also their Bertillon operator, and in this way they save the expense which the running of a gallery necessarily entails.

A finger-prints outfit consists of the following articles:

Finger print book.
Magnifier glass, imported.
Imported aluminum ink plate on oak.
Hard rubber ink roller, iron frame.
Pointer for counting.
Finger print ink.
Finger print blanks, four hundred for males, one hundred for females.
Twelve filing covers, for holding finger print forms.

Certain rules are laid down by the government for the taking and practical application of finger prints.

The apparatus required for taking impressions consists of the following articles: A sheet of tin or copper ten and one-half inches by seven or of such other size as experience may show to be most convenient, screwed down by its corners to a board one inch thick; an ordinary printers roller, and a tin of printers ink. Both roller and slab must be thoroughly cleansed with kerosene oil on each occasion after use, dried with a rag and put out of the way of dust. The manner in which impressions should be taken is explained below:

1. Squeeze a drop of ink on the plate and work it until it forms an even layer over the surface. The ink must be so thin as to allow the color of the plate to show through it.

2. Then take the little finger of the left hand, roll the bulb slightly on the inked slab, and roll it again on the paper in the space marked for that finger; do the same with each of the other fingers and thumb in succession so that the imprints of them may be taken in their allowed places on the paper. Note: A drop or two of kerosene oil makes it more fluid. The inked finger should only be rolled once on the card from one side to the other and then removed cleanly without smudging the pattern. To afford clear scope for identification, the whole of the finger (or thumb) between the tip and first joint must be impressed.

Conclusion

In the above remarks I have feebly endeavored to lead the reader through the intricate labyrinth of technical criminal procedure. The preparation of a case for trial and the proper presentation of a case is one of the fine arts both of the legal and the detective profession. To give to the court the full facts and evidence both for and against the accused, is the strict duty of every police officer and practising lawyer. At times the zeal of police officers in their efforts to obtain convictions has exceeded proper bounds and has resulted in a miscarriage of justice, but to my mind the defects and abuses in criminal procedure will soon be remedied, and our country will then be in a position to administer justice alike to rich and poor.

A state of affairs which, I am loath to admit, does not exist at the present day.

How to Study the People's Welfare

By JOHN F. O'CONNELL

HOW to contribute generously to the welfare of the worker and leave to him his independence, is a problem which for many years has occupied the minds of economists and philanthropists who have been striving for the people's good. "Model communities" have been created by great corporations which generally have proved disappointments because of the predominance of the paternalistic idea which failed to take account of the American workman's insistence upon his individual freedom from restraint; and legislation has striven blindly to achieve results which it may well be doubted are possible through legislative means.

There is a great industrial organization in Beverly which apparently has solved the problem of just how to contribute generously to the welfare of the worker and yet leave to him his self-reliance. The organization is itself typical American, the outgrowth of American genius and constructive ability. It has a huge plant consisting of sixteen buildings, with a floor space of 924,000 square feet—over twenty-one acres. Within its buildings are marshalled each day over 4,500 workers, the majority of them highly skilled, who turn out the most efficient and intricate machinery known to industry—machinery for making shoes. These workers grade high in the economic world. They receive good wages. According to the report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, the average yearly earnings of the working people of Beverly are higher than the average yearly earnings of the laborers in any other city or town in the State; but this is not enough for their employers, who have felt it incumbent upon them to do something more than merely pay wages for tasks well done.

When the United Shoe Machinery Company built its great factory at Beverly, it had in view not only the erection of an industrial plant but also the creation of a healthful environment for the men and women in its employ. Instead of setting its factory in the midst of a thickly populated community, the company chose a spot near the seashore, in a beautiful rolling country where in a tract of three hundred acres there would be ample opportunity for wholesome surroundings and the development of advanced ideas. The officials of the company did not set out to establish a "model community" or to undertake anything which would be paternalistic or communistic in its nature. They felt that their employes, so far as possible, should own their own homes and from the beginning they have stood ready to facilitate this object so far as they were able to without going into the real estate business or making heads of families feel that the retention of their homes might be affected in any way by their continuance in the company's employ.

Having given their factory such a setting, the company's officials determined to place in the way of its employes the social and economic advantages which the inhabitants of a well ordered industrial community should enjoy. They did not undertake to direct the pleasures or the thrift of those to whom they paid wages, but transferred to them the responsibility of working out their own destiny, exercising only such a supervisory care as might be deemed essential to orderly development. The result is one of the happiest industrial communities in America. One has but to look at the army of working people as they enter or leave the factory buildings to see a triumph in character brought about by in-



An Annual Field Day

telligent industrial treatment.

The employes have a mutual relief association that does things. The fees are nominal and graduated according to the earning capacity of the members, the largest fee being paid by the employe who earns twenty-one cents an hour or over, while the youngster making less than seven and one-half cents pays his few cents each month and is entitled to a substantial financial assistance is time of illness or other physical distress. The company, in order that the affairs of the association may be carefully and systematically administered, pays the salary of a secretary, who spends all of his time keeping the business side of the society in order. M. B. Kaven, the general superintendent of the plant, is the president of the association; George H. Vose, a man of many activities, and beloved of the employes, is the vice-president and active administrator, and every other officer, including the board of directors, is a worker in the massive plant. Too many statistics detract from the interest. It is sufficient to remember that since April, 1906, to January 11 of the present year, the association has paid in sick and accident benefits $32,499.69. For each death of a member $200 is paid, regardless of the amount of dues paid by the deceased while a member.

As the rule of the association provides that sick or disability benefits cannot be paid after thirteen weeks, many deserving folks might suffer from actual want, or at least be far behind financially at the end of a protracted indisposition, were it not for the reserve or "charity" fund of the association, from which aid is furnished to worthy cases as the discretion of the board of directors shall determine. This fund is recruited from moneys secured by various high-grade entertainments furnished by the employes during the year. There are now two thousand members, and the administration of its affairs is solely in the hands of employes.

Visitors to the big Beverly plant have often said that the women and young girls employed there are, as a type, a niche

higher than those employed by other corporations doing business on a large scale. It is true. Here is an industrial community where fathers, daughters, sisters and brothers are congregated under one great kindly administration; and the spirit of American chivalry, that the woman must be guarded and cared for, is fostered by the officials and perpetuated by the employes. The women begin their work ten minutes later than the men and leave ten minutes earlier, so that a proper distance is maintained between the sexes entering and leaving the factory. The administration of the various departments has gone a step further and so arranged it that girls and men do not come together anywhere to any great extent. As far as practicable, the girls work without male supervision, and when this is necessary there is one man to twenty or more women.

All this tends to give the female employe a certain advantage over the men, and the company itself has arranged within the factory walls inviting, well-equipped quarters for rest and relaxation for the female corps, no distinction being drawn between the hundred or more office employes and the seventy or eighty girls of the factory. They are women nrst of all, and other distinctions are merely a matter of administrative detail with which the welfare promoters are not concerned. They have their rest room in charge of the matron. It contains a piano, reading matter and comfortable chairs and couches. There are individual lockers, and adjoining are bathrooms, with ample hot and cold water, where the shower baths are among the most popular of the many excellent innovations.

"We assume that they are all in good health when they come to us, and it is our duty to keep them that way," said one of the officials who is deeply interested in the employes' welfare, while talking to the writer, "and there are a few simple rules which we insist upon for the girls' own benefit. For instance, they must leave the atmosphere of the factory



The Club House

during the mid-day lunch time. They must either go to their homes, if not too far away; to the restaurant, where they may sit at separate tables, or to the rest room. This enforced relaxation keeps them happy and contented. They are our girls—our daughters—and as the company provides such excellent accommodations, we are eager for them to take advantage of these benefits."

The men also are well taken care of. They have their lockers and bathrooms and ample facilities for enjoyment during any period of relaxation. Then throughout the factory the hygienic conditions are well nigh ideal. Of the wall space, 90 per cent is devoted to windows and great fans installed all over the plant suck down great inhalations of fresh air from the skies and waft it throughout the great rooms. The employes may dine in a neat restaurant within the walls of the plant, where excellent food prepared in a sanitary kitchen is served at cost price. There are no annual "housecleanings." Men go about constantly, clearing away dust and litter, and not for an unnecessary minute is a mechanic allowed to leave a piece of machinery or tool lying about. Any part not directly wanted is promptly carted away to the great systematized storehouse, where it may be obtained by proper requisition when wanted, but it cannot be left about, cluttering up the workrooms.

"I have often been asked, by visitors to our plant who have been in many other factories where neatness is not so implicitly insisted upon, 'Can you afford to do this?' an official said to me, and I have always answered, 'We can't afford *not* to do it.' The force works better and with less nervousness when the litter is missing, and then besides there is the selfish view. There is less danger of serious accident. You can go into the plant at any time on a dark night and travel all over the stairways and passage-



MECHANICAL DRAWING IN THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

ways, and though every light was out, there would be no danger of breaking your neck over a piece of machinery left in the way by a careless employe. The system makes such a thing impossible."

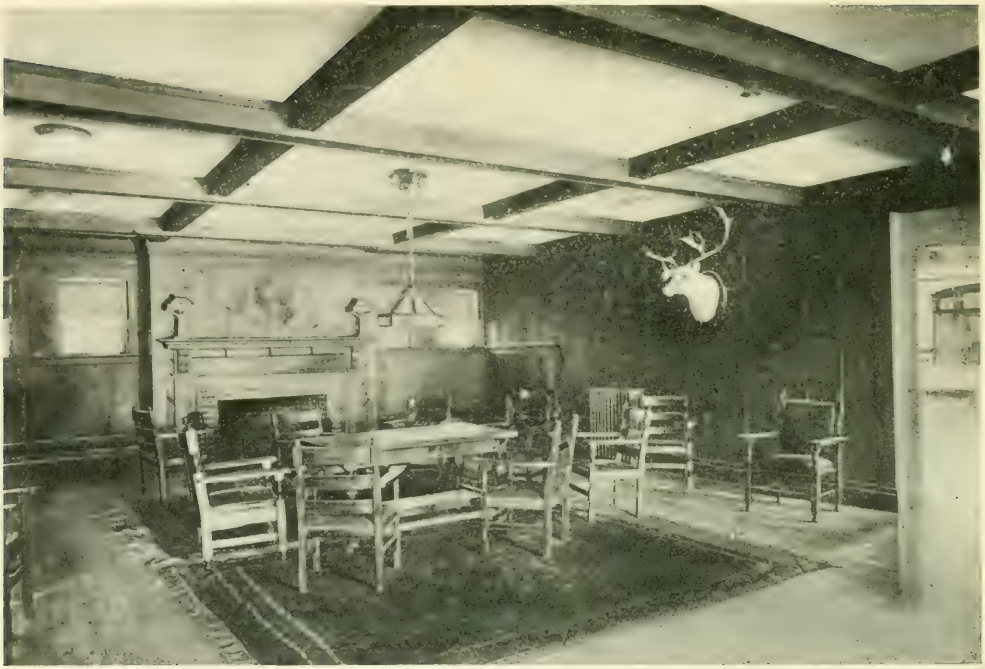
In Massachusetts there are in force, according to the most recent report of the State savings bank officials, 2,521 savings bank insurance policies, and of this number about one-sixth, or 402 policies, are held by the thrifty employes at this Beverly plant. The limit allowed to each policy under this form is $500, and as the Beverly employes of the United hold



THE BOWLING ALLEY

an aggregate of $201,000, it is a simple process of arithmetic to show that the average is over $490. This is not surprising when it is borne in mind that the Beverly Company was almost the first in the United States to inaugurate this form of benefit, that its advantages have been consistently impressed upon those for whom it is intended.

One of the best equipped hospital emergency plants in the country has been set up in one of the buildings, and whenever one of the employes is stricken, he or she is quickly carried to the emergency room, where prompt professional treatment is administered, and where everything is done for comfort and relief. If the injury or illness is of a minor nature, the victim is cared for in the little hospital, but if of a serious character the patient is taken to the Beverly hospital and cared for at the expense of the company. Considering the number of employes and the great quantity of machinery used in the various operations, the casualties are infrequent. The corporation has spent great sums in preventative measures. The dangerous sections are guarded by covers, and powerful fans drive the dust from the grinding machines upward and away from the worker. The State inspectors have frequently congratulated the administrative force because of the measures taken to prevent injuries to employes, the equipment being much more complete and costly than the safeguards



THE LIVING ROOM IN THE CLUB HOUSE

prescribed by statute.

A writer in the "American Machinist," in February, 1909, in an exhaustive article on Machine Shop Accidents, had this to say of conditions in the Beverly factory:

"The structural and equipment conditions are much better than the average of machine-shop conditions as they exist to-day throughout this country. Furthermore, the State of Massachusetts has done as much as, if not more than, any other State in the Union in passing laws regulating factory conditions. These laws cannot be looked upon from any other viewpoint than one of approval. Thus the existing machine-shop conditions are among the best that can be found in this country to-day, both because of the buildings, the attitude of the management and the carrying out of beneficent State laws. These conditions must have a tendency to reduce the number of accidents per unit number of employes, and may produce a ratio of the number of accidents per year to the number of employes that is somewhat less than a similar ratio from all of the machine shops of this country, provided the latter figure could be obtained."

This was written at a time when the officials of the company, dissatisfied even with the record then achieved, had already taken steps to better it. A committee, at the head of which was S. W. Ladd, together with such associates as he might choose in each department, had already begun a minute investigation of the plant, observing every machine, examining every appliance and all the conditions of labor, with a view to ascertaining what additional precautions should be taken for the safety of the force. Within a year after the recommendations of this committee had gone into effect, it was found the number of accidents, in proportion to the number of employes, had been reduced more than 73 per cent.

In conversation with officials of the company, you will find that these kindnesses to employes are considered merely their due and simply a just reward for excellent workmanship. The policy of the company is to make every employe stand on his own ability and rise or fall according to his merit. Men of the highest and most skilled character; men who make exquisitely constructed machinery

and work out adjustments of one-ten-thousandth of an inch, partaking of a weekly pay roll of over $72,000, surely are worthy of their hire, as well as of every safeguard and comfort which can be thrown around them. The company has not thought it sufficient to keep strictly to the letter of legislative enactment in fixing the hours of labor. Although the average time of labor in Massachusetts factories is more than fifty-four hours a week, the weekly hours at Beverly are only fifty, leaving a generous margin for freedom from factory discipline and toil.

These alert brains must be kept brushed up, and realizing fully the meaning of the old adage that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," the company went one step further and last summer constructed a clubhouse for its employes. It was turned over to the men a few hours before the bells of the New Year tolled in 1911, by George W. Brown, vice-president of the corporation, who suggested that "all having learned to work hard, now learn to play hard and with kindness and courtesy toward each other and honesty towards all. Let us bear in mind that the highest zest in sport comes to those to whom it is a relaxation from earnest and self-advancing toil."

In accordance with the firm policy of the corporation not to meddle with the affairs of the employes, the club house, which cost thousands of dollars, and which is as complete in its appointments as any country club house to be found anywhere, was turned over to the use of the United Shoe Machinery Athletic Association without any strings attached. This association now includes more than 1,100 members, and in order to permit the commingling of the employes with the townspeople and their neighbors in the enjoyment of recreation, a rule permits persons not working for the company to become members. As a safeguard against indiscriminate selection, and to prevent non-employes influencing the policy of the organization, a by-law provides that at no time shall more than



Country Club Grounds



The Emergency Hospital in the Rear

25 per cent of the total membership be outsiders.

The clubhouse faces directly upon an ideal stretch of land which has been and, in the future, will be more completely devoted to all sorts of athletic diversions. Inside there is a theatre and auditorium, a library, locker rooms, bowling alleys and cozy little rooms for the women who may congregate with their sewing or other pleasant diversions so dear to the feminine heart.

There are various divisions of the athletic association. The gun club has eighty members and an excellent range for trap and target shooting. This is situated at a more remote section of the grounds than the scene of other diversions, for obvious precautionary reasons. The baseball division has just started with a membership of thirty-five; the motor boating division—as there is excellent opportunity for this pastime—comprises forty members; the Soccer football coterie claims twenty-five or more and the cricket-team, fifty. All of these sports have been participated in for several years past, but from now on they will be better regulated and centralized. Each of the various athletic divisions has its own officers and can do about as it



The Card Room



A Corner in the Girl's Rest Room

pleases, although the main association must pass upon the final action taken by any one of the divisions.

Then there is the band made up of employes of the company which is in demand at all times because of the excellence of its music and its natty appearance in uniform. There is a chorus of excellent voices which joins with the band at times in giving concerts. There are the pretty little gardens where fifty or more employes grow vegetables, the plowing, harrowing and fertilizing being done by the Company, who also provide seeds.

Best of all, there is provision for the future of the boys. For the instruction of the youngsters who will one day be the inventors and trained mechanics at this ideal plant, the Company in conjunction with the State of Massachusetts and the City of Beverly, has established what is said to be the first successful school for mechanics in the United States. Two groups, each containing thirty-five boys, alternate between the factory and the Beverly High School. The Company furnishes all materials and keeps the accounts. The boys are paid one-half the price which would be paid to men performing the same tasks. The other half goes toward the expenses of the school. The Company also makes up the yearly deficit between the earnings of the practice shop, as shown by the accounts, and the cost of the shop's maintenance, which includes the salary of the instructor. Here is industrial education perfected. There is access to the High School laboratories and curriculum. The classes alternate, one week at the factory and one at school. Within the factory the boys get factory discipline, the same as other employes and work the same hours. They usually like the factory work better than the school part of the course, because they work and build something useful and when it passes the expert they sell it to the Company, thus enjoying in early life the gratification that comes from profitable and expert toil.

The Glory of the Glow Worm

By MISS FRANCES SMITH

The Major sat out on the wide porch dozing over his paper. It was verging on five o'clock of a slumberous summer afternoon and behind him through the open window came the mellow voice of Aurelia, the cook, lifted up in song as she bustled about the dining room giving to the table and sideboard those finishing touches which it had been her cherished privilege for over twenty-five years to administer. Her voice droned musically along and the words came clearly to the Major's ears.

"Ebber sence de 'Mancipation Proclumation
"What hab been youah occupation,—
"What yuh gwine tell Saint Peter when he mets yuh at de Gate?—
"Marse Peter's expectation will be great."

The chant came to an abrupt ending as Aurelia caught sight of the Major's white head through the window. Smoothing out her immaculate white apron she presented herself before him with a little cough of embarassment.

The Major looked up affably from his paper.

"Good evening, Aurelia," he said. "What can I do for you this evening?"

Aurelia turned the big gold wedding ring on her hand nervously. "Ef ah isn' obtrudin', Major Blackthorn," she began apologetically, "ah'd lak to consultate about dat boy of mine."

"What, Posey?" inquired the Major in surprise. "Why, I thought Posey was impeccable and never gave you the slightest cause for uneasiness! What has Posey been up to?"

Posey was Aurelia's only off-spring and the Major esteemed so highly his industry and trustworthiness that he had procured for him one of the most coveted positions, from a Negro standpoint, in the city as waiter in the exclusive "Old Dominion Club." His eyes were wide with astonishment as he looked up at the broad face of his old servant.

"Posey ain' been up to nuthin',—leastwise nuthin' dat ad knows anything about,—" replied Aurelia much to the Major's relief. "It's his future ah wants to consultate about."

"His future?" The Major's tone was puzzled. "Posey's future looks all right to me. He's quick and obliging and well-liked already there at the Club. I imagine he doubles his salary in tips."

"Dat he do!" assented Aurelia with maternal pride. "Folks always did take to dat boy. He's livin' on Easy Street, he is. Dey's gwine ruin him wid kindness. Yes *suh,* he's jes' *rakin'* in de money!"

"Then what are you worrying about?" wondered the Major. "Why are you anxious about his future?"

Aurelia rolled up her eyes devoutly. "It's de boy's eberlastin' future I'se studyin' about," she said. "It's what gwine be required ob him on de Las' Great Day."

"Oh," said the Major, covering his mouth with his hand. "Oh, I see! Well of course that is a serious matter, and an uncertain matter, but it seems to me that Posey has as much of a chance as the rest of us. He's a good boy. I wouldn't worry over it if I were you, Aurelia."

Aurelia rubbed her hands together nervously and shifted from one broad foot to the other. It was patent that there were other revelations still to come.

"Major Blackthorn," she announced at length with great impressiveness, "ah wants to concentrate mah son to de ministry."

"Consecrate him to the ministry!" the Major whistled. "Isn't that something new, Aurelia?"

"Not necessaily," she replied, falling back upon her favorite phrase, "not necessaily. "It's been in mah mine for ober a month back. Eber sence ah listened to dem stirrin' discou'ses,—ebber sence de eloquent exhaustions ob Lot Jo jailed brudder, de Revrund Sebastian St. Cloud. ah has felt lak dat boy had been called to preach de Gawspel an' dat it was 'pinted foh me toe get behin' him an' see dat he heeded de call."

The Major took off his glasses and rubbed them perplexedly. There was no doubting Aurelia's sincerity and conviction, but Posey was eighteen years of age, and while he could read and write and do simple arithmetic, his education was most rudimentary, and the Major searched his mind in vain for any evidence that would incline him to believe that he was cut out for a preacher. Aurelia's round black eyes were fixed upon him anxiously. He carefully readjusted his glasses.

"Has Posey heard the call, too, Aurelia?" he asked at last.

"Who? Him?" Aurelia tossed her head derisively. "Dat he ain'! Dat Posey he wouldn't hear *no* call 'ceptin' ob a call to dinner! But he's been raised to do lak his Mammy tells him, an' ah reckon ef ah sets his feet in de paths ob de Mission Field, dem is de paths he's gwine *walk!*" Aurelia's voice was firm. "Yes *suh!* Ef ah perempt'rizes him toe study foh de ministry it's de ministry he's gwine study *foh!*"

The Major was a conscientious man and gave his careful consideration to every subject concerning which his advice was sought, regardless of the seeker's color or station in life. Now he was honestly at a loss to know what to counsel. Posey was a good boy, dutiful and diligent, but it seemed to him that something more than the vicarious enthusiasm of his mother was needed to fit him for so important a vocation.

"From what I know of Posey," he pronounced judiciously, "I should not say that he has the proper qualifications for a minister of the Gospel. You admit that he has not himself heard the call. If I were in your place I should leave him alone. He now holds a good position. One that will yield him a good living as long as he continues to make good: the step you are urging upon him may result in utter failure. Why," he concluded, warmly, "it's like toking the bread right out of his mouth!"

"But don' de Bible say," retorted Aurelia, earnestly, " 'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the coh'n'?"

The application of this passage the Major could not quite see, but rightly surmising that it had bobbed to the surface of Aurelia's mind as a result of his metaphorical allusion to Posey's mouth, he countered nevertheless with another quotation.

"The Scriptures also assure us that there are varying talents," he reminded her. " 'There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars.' Posey can serve the Lord as effectually in an ostensibly humbler calling, you know."

"Yessuh," admitted Aurelia reluctantly, "But ah wants dat boy to *rise* an' shine! He's got toe do lak ah tells him an' be de glory ob de *sun!*"

The Major sighed. "Very well. If you have already settled the question why have you come to me?" he asked.

Aurelia began rolling up the corner of her apron in manifest perturbation. "Alexander's gone," she blurted out at last. Alexander was the latest acquisition in the way of a butler,—the last of a long and transient procession.

"Gone!" ejaculated the Major. "Gone without reporting to me! This is a strange proceeding."

"Yessuh," responded Aurelia, somewhat abashed. "Yessuh, he lef' mighty sudden."

"Why did he leave?" demanded the Major suspiciously.

"Ah don't rightly know, Major Blackthorn," fenced Aurelia. "He made out to be insulted because ah called his attention to some ob his relinquencies. He certainly was de relinquentest nigger ah ebber did see!"

"What was he delinquent about this

time?" pursued the Major. He had long suspected that the impossibility of keeping a butler could be accounted for by Aurelia's constant interference. In her younger days she had herself waited on the table and to give up the privilege had not been easy.

"Wall," confessed Aurelia, "ah called his attention to de silver, an' ah said it was scan'lous de way et had been neglectioned an' ah tole him he was fittener toe take care ob a hawg pen dan a gen'leman's diningroom, an' he up and quit."

There was an awkward silence for several moments which was finally broken by Aurelia.

"Posey's done learned right much 'bout servin' an' waitin' on table sence he's been wukin' at de Club," she hazarded tentatively. "Ah sutt'nly would lak toe get dat boy a situration wha' he could invoke hisself to self eddercatin' hisself, an' go to de Mission night school when it opens up in de fall," out of the corner of her eye she watched the Major warily. He looked up with a searching glance, "Aurelia," he said slowly, "would you take that boy away from a position where his salary is nearly twice what I can afford to pay, to say nothing of tips, and make him come here and work as butler in this dilapidated bachelor abode?"

"It's layin' up treasurers in Heaben," rebuked Aurelia piously. "He ain' nebber gwine get no time to study foh de ministry at that there Old Dominion Club."

The Major detested argument, moreover he saw that he was in the toils and must yield with what grace he might.

"Oh very well," he sighed resignedly; "go ahead and tell Posey he can have the place if he wants it."

"Yessuh, beamed Amelia delightedly. "Yessuh, ah'll go an telephome him to give in his notice right now. Thank yuh, suh. Thank yuh," and she disappeared, still broadly smiling into the house.

Thus it came about that the cheerful Posey was installed in the Major's household, and so far as his service was concerned, gave abundant satisfaction, but as the weeks wore on the Major could not help noting the alteration in the boy's manner and appearance. At the Club he had been merry and light-hearted and full of eager interest in his work. Now he was depressed and silent and went soberly about his work, faithful and painstaking, but so manifestly unhappy that the Major who could not bear the thought of any clouds lurking beneath his roof began looking about for the cause. It was not far to seek. The fact that Aurelia was keeping his nose to the grindstone with unremitting watchfulness soon became apparent. A minister she had made up her mind that he should be, and every moment of his time was to be devoted to that end and as her efforts to fit a square peg into a round hole resulted in reiterated failures she became unwontedly querulous and exacting.

"How cum yuh ain' 'provin' youah mine readin' dese hyeah cultivated literachoor?" the Major overheard one evening, "'stead ob habin' youah head all de time stuck in some cheap newspaper a pickin' out all de scan'lous sensationments and de Police Co'ht news, why ain yuh axed de Major can you borry some ob his cas' off maggizimes?" And thus exhorted Posey timidly approached the Major the next day.

When a generous pile of reading matter had been donated to the cause of African Missions the Major pointed graciously to an old-fashioned bookcase in the corner of the library.

"Your mother tells me that you have joined a culture club at the Mission," he said. "Help yourself to any of those books over there in that case. They are rather shabby and old-timey, but they cover pretty nearly every subject under the sun from Metaphysics to the Rollo Books. Make use of them freely."

"Thank yuh, suh," the young negro bowed respectfully, but the black face did not light up with smiles as it used to do, Posey's whole attitude was one of deep dejection. The Major regarded him with kindly scrutiny; there was a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Posey," he asked, softly, "just between ourselves, now, do you aspire to the ministry?"

Posey started and looked furtively at the closed door before he made answer

with solemn eyes.

"Major Blackthorn, I'd a heap ruther be lynched!"

The Major did not laugh, the earnestness in the young voice was too tragic. His kind heart was touched.

"In that case, Posey, why do you go on?" he asked soberly.

"Ah goes on because ah feels lak ah's natchally compelled toe carry out Mammy's wishes," came the plaintive reply. "Don' de Bible tell us to honor thy father and thy mother?"

"Certainly, Posey, but this is a matter for your own conscience. It is far too solemn a thing to be undertaking at the behest of some one else, even if that some one is your own mother. You should go to her and tell her frankly how you feel about it. I'll have a talk with her myself," he added, as his interest became more thoroughly aroused.

"Oh please don' say nuthin' to her yet awhile," begged Posey in agitation. "Not 'twell de miz'ry has lef' her haid an' neck. Her haid an' neck been achin' her so bad dese las' few weeks she cain't sleep night. Please don' worry her 'bout me jes' yet, suh."

Touched by the boy's solicitude for his parent the Major promised to wait a while, though he resolved to himself that at the first favorable opportunity he would point out to the obstinate Aurelia the error of coercion in spiritual matters. But illness in his brother's family took him out of town for several weeks and when he returned there was so much awainting his attention that not until another sharp-voiced monologue in the library interrupted his reveries did the remembrance of Posey's plight recur to him.

"Put dat 'Spirit in Prison' up dere on de top shelf," he heard, sitting upstairs in his room, in tones so preemptory that he listened to see who might be the offender.

"No, no, you crazy nigger! Dat ain' no place foh de 'Holy Ghos'' right in plain sight where all de dirt an' flies can ruin it,—it goes in behin' dis heah glass door. Tuck dem red 'Dumb Animuls'- away in de cohner along of de green 'Dumb Animuls.' It jes' seems lak ah couldn' beat nuthin' into youah thick head!"

The Major rose and descended the stairs with determination in his tread, but when he reached the library Aurelia had fled and only Posey was standing forlornly before the bookcase.

"Ah hopes we didn' disturb yuh, suh," he apologized.

"Not at all. Not at all," reassured the Major. His eyes took in every detail of the downcast face and dejected figure in its suit of decorous black. There was not a suggestion of the alert, gay-hearted and buoyant little darky of six months ago.

"Posey," he asked suddenly, "don't you think the time has come for me to interview your mother on the subject of your vocation?"

"Ah sutt'nly do," devoutly declared the negro. "Mah life jes' ain' wuth livin'! Ah has to lope aoun'r lak a kangaroo between Night school an Mission school and Culture Clubs and Nature Study an ef ah manages to get a odd minute toe set down and res' up comes Mammy apok in' a ole scientific book into mah hands and nuthin' ah can do or say will make her 'bleve ah ain' fitted foh no sech callin an' nebber will be. Et ain' no use. Ah ain' got de kin' ob brains what takes in book-learning,' and all dis weah, an' teah and assimilatin' ob knowledge is jes makin' me so down-hearted ah doesn cahe whedder ah lives or dies." Posey buried his face in his hands and his shoulders shook.

"Never mind, Posey," counselled the Major, laying a kind hand on his arm. "I'll have a talk with Aurelia this very week. I think this experiment has gone far enough. Why you don't look like the same boy that used to fly around at the Club so cheerfully looking after us all and always in the best of spirits."

"Oh to bring back de pas'!" sighed Posey so tragically that the Major hastily made his exit unless his irrepressible smile should wound the boy's feelings.

"Aurelia is so stubborn when she sets her heart on a thing," he reflected as he mounted the stairs, "I'll have a tussle with her, but this can't go on. Posey is too good a servant to be sacrificed to a life in which he takes no interest and

will certainly fail. All the same I don't relish my job,—arguing with women, white or black—!" the Major's concluding sigh was more eloquent than words.

However he was most unexpectedly spared the ordeal, for the next morning as he was strolling about in the rose garden the portly form of Aurelia bore down down upon him, wrath delineated upon her every feature.

"Well, Aurelia," he greeted her kindly. "Is something troubleing you?"

"Trouble!" exploded the wrathful Aurelia, "Trouble! Ah ain' seen nuthin' *but* trouble dese las' six months! Mah mine is been so tore up an' upset ebber sence dat triflin', no-account nigger been settin hiself up foh a preacher dat et seems lak ah'd go plum crazy!"

"Why Aurelia," expostulated the Major, "it was at your own instigation that Posey began this studying for the ministry, what do you mean?"

"Yessuh," spluttered Aurelia breathlessly, "yessuh, ah knows et was at muh insultation dat he begun dis studyin' and self-eddication,' an' fittenin' ob hisself to preach, but ef ah'd *known,*— ef ah'd once implicated to mahself what ah knows now, wil' hosses wouldn' hab drug me into et! Nawsuh! Ah nebber antissipated no sech foolishness and messin' an' funny business as dat woman at de Mission School wid her Nachur Study, and dem looneyticks at de Culture Club been puttin' him up to! When ah stah'ted him out ah sposed it was de Law an' de Gospel he was gine learn, and how to expoun' de Word to dem as set in de darkness. 'Stead of dat how has dat niggar been foolin' away his time? What kind of poppycock is he been a stuffiin' his head full wid? Ah axes yuh toe tell me?"

"I don't know, Aurelia," answered the Major struggling to maintain his composure. "How has he been spending his time?"

"He's been aspendin' his time in collectin' ole sticks, bringin' home caterpillers what has gone to seed, settin' aroun' watchin' dead leaves, and pullin' mah holly-hocks to pieces. Not 'kase he *wanted* to, or was doin' et jes' foh *meanness,* but 'kase dey wuz higher-eddicatin' him. An' all de time ah has set aroun' and tried to hole mah temper, an' a prayin' for patience hopin' some good would come ob et. But now ah's *done!* Atter las' night ah washes mah hands ob all careers and callin's foh dat doughhead! Et jes' looks lak he had lost de sense he was *bohn* wid, an' let book-learnin' jes' fair paralyze what little mother wit he ebber *did* hab!" She extracted from her apron pocket a long sheet of foolscap. "Ah wants yuh jes' to cas' youah eye ober dat," she finished.

Running his eye over the page the Major saw that it was a set of answers to some sort of examination questions, but in the comprehensive scope of the subjects covered he was at a loss to know just what particular study they were supposed to represent until Aurelia enlightened him.

"Et's his Culture Club," she explained.

The Major held his handkerchief to his lips and read in Posey's childish chirography, the spelling of which was strictly phonetic the following startling items of information:—

1. "Commerse are ships taking exposts from 1 part of the city to another. Their are 2 kines,—commerse and agriculchur. Shipping is a Commerse. Agriculchur is a ralerode."

2.—"A man who wants toe be on a ticket for Mayor or other Polly-tickle orfice muss not smoke or chew. He muss not swear or be anny kine of a bum."

3. "In the Roman Legun each man was arranged so that he stood behine the man in front of him. This formashun has got everything else skinned."

4. Vollkanoes are things comin up out of the groun and goin high up into the air. They is one in the Westerne Coste of Pencilvanier, San Fansisko and manny other places."

5. "Apeses do not have tailes."

6. "The 5 importent domestik animles in this counttry is grizled bare, the LLanos, the white bare the condore. The Poler Bare is at the North Pol, and the donkey is found everywhere."

"Ain' dat de beatenes'?" challenged Aurelia, stormily.

But the Major sneezing violently fled

wildly to the house, leaving her to look after him in alarmed surprise.

As he was leaving the dining room that night, Aurelia was hovering wistfully about in the rear of the hall. At his summons she hurried forward eagerly.

"Major," she began with tremelous voice, "ah oberheard you-all sayin' de odder day dat dey missed Posey roun' at de Club, an' dat he had in him de makin's ob a fus-class waiter. Does you reckon you could had him 'pinted back in de Old Dominion Club rooms?" The faithful black eyes were suspiciously dim. Evidently Aurelia had been eating plenteously of humble pie and was now as zealous in her efforts to retrieve her blunders as previously he had been obstinate.

"Why to be sure we'll find a place for him, Aurelia," comforted the Major. "Posey is going to come out all right. Now that he feels that he can go into it without making you dissatisfied and unhappy he'll be such a success that——" he paused for an appropriate simile. "Why one of these days," he continued, "you'll see him the head waiter of the biggest hotel in the South!"

Aurelia smiled through her tears in grateful acknowledgment.

"Yuh 'members what you done tole me 'bout de diffrunt kin's ob glory,—de glory ob de sun, and de moon and de stars,—Well, suh, ah reckon ah was wrong in mah pronostications,—ah though mah Posey was gwine be a *risin'* sun, but, Major, he ain' nutthin' in de worl but a *glow* worm."

The Forest

By ETTA DRUCILE MORRIS

Immense, and tall the forest stood,
With arms outstretched and fair,
The sound of soughing winds and trees
Seems ceaseless on the air.
By day it stands beneath the sun,
So peaceful, wild and free,
So like a sea to look upon—
A gladsome green, green sea.
At night it weights the darkness down
Like ocean's heavy roar,
Or like a multitude in town,
That surges more and more—
But when the wind dies in the west,
And nature falls on sleep,
Then like grim sentinels, oppressed
With some lone watch to keep,
In solid phalanx, rank on rank,
It stands all dark and stern—
A joy, 'twould be, to hear the clank
Of armor, and we yearn
For sound or motion, breath or sigh
To smite the awful void—
In such a night a soul might die—
Might die *uncalled of God.*

A Smoke Law that Works
How Boston is Succeeding Where Many Cities Have Failed

BOSTON has a smoke law that works.

Speak it softly, for at the words a gentle murmur of disbelief runs round the nation, and scores of begrimed and beshadowed cities shake their sooty heads incredulously. "Show us your smoke law that works" they say in Missourian chorus.

Well it is no wonder that they disbelieve, for American cities have had a plethora of smoke laws that didn't work. When you say that a smoke law *works,* you must mean two things; first, that it abates the smoke emitted by factory and locomotive stacks; second, that it doesn't mean undue hardship for the owners of these stacks. Of course you can prevent smoke if you shut down all your mills, if you drive out your railroads and transport your freight in drays and your people in trolley cars. The real problem is to abate smoke so that it shall not be a nuisance to the city, and at the same time to help rather than to hinder industry. Boston seems at last to have done this, thanks to her Chamber of Commerce.

Nobody loves a smoking chimney. Smoke is, of course, a necessary evil, so long as we burn coal, but it has been in the past an unnecessary exaggerated evil. While absolute elimination seems to be a practical impossibility, it is possible to abate it to the great benefit not only of the public but also of the fuel consumer himself. Statements of the injury resulting from coal smoke have undoubtedly been grossly exaggerated, but it is nevertheless true that the loss resulting from the defacement of buildings and the damage to all kinds of property is exceedingly large. Many a city has built fine marble buildings, only to see them gradually take on an Ethiopian hue, and after a year's time stand forth as grim as slate. Many a business man has found it essential to keep extra linen at his office if he desires to be at all presentable in the afternoon. Many a merchant has bewailed the ruin of a large stock of fine laces or other white goods due to the settling of soot upon them.

Beyond the damage to property, the injurious effect of smoke in a city upon the health of the inhabitants and its interference with their comfort are two factors deserving careful consideration. And even beyond that, the abatement of smoke means money in the pocket of the man who pays the coal bill. Smoke means nothing more nor less than fuel unused. The cinder that drops into your eye might have been converted into a "British thermal unit" (that little god of the engineer) and the soot that settles on your soup might have helped turn great wheels. It just wasn't used right. The less smoke, the greater energy there is being obtained from the fuel.

The importance of these arguments is generally realized. There are few cities anywhere in this country without an ordinance on their statute books for the suppression of the smoke nuisance. But in many of the cities there is little or no effort at enforcement, and conditions are not greatly improved. Even in New York, which is often cited as a city free from smoke, a considerable amount is constantly being emitted from the stacks of the public service corporations and other large users of coal.

In Boston, before the Chamber of Commerce took hold there was a law

providing that "Dark smoke or dense gray smoke shall not be allowed to escape from any building or premises, except locomotive engines, plants furnishing power for public service corporations or plants burning wood exclusively, for more than six minutes in any one hour of the day or night." The defects in this law are obvious—what constitutes dark or dense gray smoke will always be a matter of individual opinion, and the exemption of railroads and public service corporations from the operation of the act left uncontrolled some of the greatest sources of the nuisance. That the law



Dense Black Smoke Indicates Wasted Energy

inadequately met the situation was evidenced by the quantity of black smoke which was constantly being emitted from many of the stacks within the city limits. Lax enforcement of the law was undoubtedly responsible in some measure, but proper enforcement could not be expected with the law framed as it was.

A committee of the Chamber of Commerce put in something like a year's work, and then went to the Legislature with a bill which it got through in spite of considerable opposition.

The law has been in effect for several months. It has only been in actual operation, however, for about ten weeks, that is, since the smoke inspector, for which it provides, was appointed. During that period somewhere near seventy-five cases of offending stacks have been investigated, and the net results have been highly successful. The inspector has not haled engineers or owners into court to pay fines; that is not his job. He has advised firemen and engineers how to fire their boilers scientifically, and when they have done so, the emission of smoke has greatly decreased. One stack in the very heart of the business district, which has been for years known as one of the worst offenders, has entirely ceased being a source of trouble, merely through instructions given to the fireman by the inspector. A hotel on fashionable Beacon Street was belching forth dense black smoke for twenty-five minutes in an hour, and naturally was a source of great annoyance to the residents of the district. The inspector, after taking observation, took the fireman aside and reasoned with him quietly; the smoke has been reduced to two and one-half minutes in an hour. In another case, where the stack was performing 36 minutes an hour, it was found that there was a custom of burning the insulation off copper wire, producing heavy black smoke. An order to desist was effective.

Perhaps the worst offender in the entire city, for years an eye-sore to the citizens, was the central power house of the Boston Elevated Railway Company. After the Chamber of Commerce law



THE INSTALLATION OF MECHANICAL STOKERS HAS WORKED WONDERS IN POWER PLANTS

was passed, the company went to work and installed some thirty mechanical stokers, greatly cutting down the smoke. At another power house, fifteen observations taken in two days showed that the law was being lived up to at all times. In general, the public service corporations, which have been flagrant offenders and which were exempted under the old law, are complying with the new conditions. The railroads, which perhaps present the most difficult problems, have not yet swung into line, but they are taking steps toward it by instruction of their firemen and in other ways. And the best part of the law is, that it gives coal users time and encouragement to adapt their plants thus to meet the new conditions.

It is, in fact, a workable law. In the first place, it allows three years, during

each of which the restrictions become greater, reaching their maximum in 1913. That is, if this year a man can emit a certain density of smoke for say ten minutes in an hour, next year he may be cut down to a lower density and allowed only seven minutes, and the third year he is expected to reach his maximum efficiency—or minimum smoke, as you like—and emit a thinner smoke for only four minutes an hour. During the three years' period of gradual tightening up of the law he will have been putting in better designed furnaces or mechanical stokers or more modern appliances, will be learning to buy his coal more intelligently, instructing his firemen to do their work better, and at the end of the time he will find that not only has he ceased to be a neighborhood nuisance, but is actually saving money on his coal. And this without enduring any hardship; because he didn't have to reach his maximum all at once.

A second feature of the law which shows its practicability is its classification of stacks. From the point of view of the casual observer, there are but two kinds of stacks—those that smoke and those that don't. To treat all stacks alike, however, regardless of size or kind, would be unfair. For instance, a four-foot wide stack may be emitting a certain degree of smoke, and a twelve-foot stack may be emitting smoke of the same degree; yet from visual evidence the twelve-footer would appear to be the greater offender, because being thicker, the smoke looks blacker. Just as in a fog, an object that can be seen ten feet away is invisible at forty, simply because of the thickness of the screen through which you look. Therefore, stacks are classified according to their inside diameter and the small stack is more restricted as to the density of smoke which it may emit.

Another interesting point of sanity is that marine stacks and locomotives have not been placed under the same restrictions as the stationary stacks, because the conditions under which they have to operate make it less easy to prevent smoke. The stationary stack has a lower rate of combustion and ample space for the building of furnaces of sufficient size and proper design to allow complete combustion, and in cases where there is a fluctuating load, reserve boilers can be maintained and brought into service when the occasion demands. Marine stacks, on the other hand, have internally fired boilers, thus making it difficult to secure complete combustion. Owing to the crowded conditions of vessels they cannot have large or reserve boilers. The abatement of smoke produced by locomotives standing in the station or passing through the city is one of the most difficult problems connected with the enforcement of any smoke law. It is impossible to eliminate all smoke from locomotives. In some instances the use of coke on yard and suburban engines has done much to relieve the situation, but on freight and through passenger engines this is not practicable. Much can be done, however, by care on the part of the fireman. It would obviously be useless to fix the number of minutes in an hour period during which a locomotive may emit smoke, as in the case of stationary stacks, inasmuch as that might allow it to belch smoke almost continuously while within the city limits. It was, therefore, provided that locomotives be allowed to emit smoke for a certain number of seconds in a five-minute period, and that locomotives moving heavier trains be allowed ten seconds more than those moving lighter trains. The locomotive consumes almost as much coal per square foot of grate in five minutes as the stationary plant does in one hour, and the locomotive fireman, as a rule, fires oftener in a five-minute period than does the stationary plant in one hour.

The law provides for a paid inspector who occupies the position of a prosecuting attorney where violations of the smoke law occur, and at the same time that of an investigator and instructor. The inspector is appointed as a practical engineer with special experience in the working of various kinds of boilers and furnaces, and acquainted with the problems relating to the burning of coal and other fuel. He engages in no other business.

To detect violation, he uses what is known as the Ringelmann smoke chart, a



THIS STACK WAS AN OLD OFFENDER. CARE IN FIRING WAS THE ONLY REMEDY NECESSARY

simple device originated by Professor Ringelmann of Paris, and first introduced into this country in 1897. The chart is nothing but four checkered squares, the first made up of fine lines wide apart, the second of coarser lines closer together, the third of heavy lines still closer, and the fourth of such wider black lines that only small spots of white show between. The effect to the eye at a little distance is of four different shades, running from light gray to almost black. This gives a standard set of densities which are named in the law.

When the inspector is making observations, the chart is placed at a point about fifty feet from him as nearly as possible in line with the stack. He glances from the smoke coming from the stack to the chart, which is numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, representing the equivalent of 20 per cent., 40 per cent., 60 per cent., 80 per cent., black smoke, respectively, (No. 5 being 100 per cent or jet black smoke). This enables him to determine which chart the smoke most nearly resembles, and then, knowing already the diameter of the stack, he is able to tell whether the law is being broken.

Although it appears complicated, the law throughout is as simple as the chart itself. It is not going to do away with all smoke. But it is already doing away with a lot of smoke, and will do away with more and more as time goes on toward 1913. Boston may then fairly lay claim to being as near a smokeless city as it is possible to get.

SELF-SACRIFICE

BY W. H. BARRETT

Give to this too-sad earth thy cheer;
Invite the smile and dry the tear.
Unveil what hallowed one thou art—
The world is love-sick for thy heart.
But for awhile and then no more
Will plead that love which we ignore:
Like slighted hours that wing the day,
They're wafted, one by one, away,
And leave us lone, at twilight's gray.
Oh, let them not, unloved, depart.
From self's enchanting slumber start—
The world is love-sick for thy heart.

The Strange Adventure of Richard Cartel

(Continued from page 32.)

"This, friend," said I simply, "that I have been following the scoundrelly Knight over half the world, or he me—faith, I scarce know which—and that he lies at this moment secure in yonder block-house, awaiting the gallows."

He started and looked where I pointed. An expression of fierce exultation leaped into his eyes.

"Then I am not too late!" he murmured, almost breathlessly. "The monster still lives, still breathes!—I thank Heaven!" he added fervently.

"What would you now?" I asked, feeling his words were deep with purpose.

"You know my oath, sir," he responded with darkling brows. "Think you I have mastered the sword through nights of toil and come a thousand leagues to be cheated of vengeance in the end?"

"Nay, but the miscreant dies on the morrow. Will not that suffice you?"

"I have sworn his death," he cried fiercely. "Mine is the prior claim, and I shall yield it to no one. I thank you, sir, for your courtesy. Farewell!"

I would have still argued with the youth, but he would hold no further talk and passed quickly down the road.

Feeling still strong, and with the natural gravitation of my body towards the place where my heart lay, I continued my walk to the Dudley's. I reached the house just as they were sitting down to supper, and received a most cordial welcome and invitation.

As soon as the meal was over, I called Mistress Joan to the door—it was a superb moon-lit evening—and told her of my meeting with the youth upon the road and what had passed between us. At my mention of the lad's name, she gave a little start of surprise.

"He here!" she cried. "Master Groves, did you say?"

"Know you aught of him?"

"Ay!" said I, puzzled by her manner.

"No!" she returned, flushing a little, "no, save that—but I cannot tell you, Richard—not now—not yet."

Here was more mystery. What did it mean? But I had sworn in my heart to trust her, to trust her and be patient.

"His threat, Richard, his threat!" she went on, grasping my arm in her excitement. "Think you he will carry it out?"

Her touch thrilled me.

"Nay!" I responded confidently. "Gardiner is locked up safe enough; a soldier guards him."

"A soldier—only one?" she asked. "Suppose—suppose—"

"They could spare no more." I put in, as she hesitated. "You fear that Morton and his fellows might attempt a rescue. There is no danger, my lady. Standish and his men have captured that roystering crew. 'Roaring Tom' and his rascals are prisoners at Merry Mount."

"Yes," she said, only partly relieved, "yes, but there's the youth, there's Master Groves. Oh, Richard, I am anxious, I am worried about it. You have your sword. Come!"

I would have stayed her, or at any rate have informed Dudley of our going, but Joan would not hear of it, so I followed her towards the prison, which was a low, square, log building set some distance apart from the other dwellings.

Hardly had we turned the corner of the road which brought the prison into view, when we saw that something was stirring, something was amiss. We hast-

ened our steps, breaking at length into a run.

We reached the spot out of breath, and paused behind a sheltering bush to reconnoitre. A bright moonlight flooded the large open space in front of the building, rendering every object clear to our view. A low cry of surprise broke from me. What we saw was this:

On the sward near the entrance lay Sir Christopher's guard, bound and gagged, where he had been thrown by his wily assailant. Master Groves had robbed him of his key and flung open the door of Gardiner's prison, and now stood at the threshold with naked sword, staring with vengeful eyes through the blackhole in the wall.

"Coward! Miscreant! Scoundrel!" he cried in a voice of fury. "Come out! Come out till I kill you!"

There was no answer for a moment, yet a pair of fierce burning eyes, like those of a cornered wild cat, seemed to glare out from the darkness inside.

"Dastard! Reptile! Spawn of Satan!" almost screamed the youth. "Come out, I say! Into the light, dog, that I may have your heart's blood!"

The next instant Gardiner appeared in the opening.

"Insolent fool!" he roared, "what do you mean? Who are you?"

"You know me well enough, Sir Fulk de Gorges, or you shall! I am Lawrence Groves, brother to the maid you ruined and abducted. Come out, you hound! Come out, I say!"

Gardiner started, but in an instant recovered himself, and his eyes flashed with rage and scorn.

"Bah! you stripling! you puppy! Had I a weapon you would rue this folly!"

His young opponent stooped quickly, snatched from the prone and helpless soldier his sword, and flung it with a clatter into the room.

"Monster and devil though you are, I would not murder you!" he cried, his tones thick with passion. "Now come on!"

Gardiner stepped back into the darkness a moment, then rushed out, the guard's sword in one hand, the other hand held behind his back.

All this happened quickly, and for the moment, knowing his young accuser's skill with the sword, I was loath to interfere, to deny the lad his proper vengeance. Moreover Joan clung to my arm trembling, and I cared neither to leave her here nor draw her with me into the fight. But now I saw treachery was afoot. What meant Gardiner with his hand hidden? No trick was too contemptible for him. Before I could take a step towards them the mischief was done.

"Curse you!" we heard him roar, and immediately he crossed swords with his antagonist. Then up flew his left hand like lightning and a heavy drinking vessel sped into his young opponent's face, striking him between the eyes and felling him to the earth. In another second Gardiner's sword had pierced the youth's body, and he lay writhing in agony.

Joan uttered a scream and I bounded forward to intercept the scoundrel, coming up with him at the very edge of the open. In another moment he had been lost amongst the foliage.

"Vile, treacherous coward!" I roared, "turn, turn, or by the Heaven above us, I'll stab you through your back!"

He turned and faced me, like a wild beast at bay.

"Oh, damn you!" he snarled. "You! You again!" and he thrust with fury at my heart.

This I parried and lunged as quickly, wounding him in the thigh. He fought like a demon incarnate, fought with the terror of the gallows behind him. Saints! how he fought!—his blade fairly shrieked upon mine, shrieked and writhed and darted like a living, agonized thing.

So swiftly, so suddenly, had this necessity befallen, so impulsively had I plunged to the fray, no thought had struck me concerning my unfitness for so desperate a combat. But I was soon to be awakened to the fact, to realize that my late illness had left me no match for a skilled swordsman and unscrupulous devil fighting for his very life.

A desperate thrust, barely parried in time, roused me to the full extent of my peril.

"Joan! Joan!" I cried, feeling my

strength going fast. "The soldier—the guard—set him free!"

"Oh, Richard, Richard!" she cried in terror, seeing how it was with me. She flew across the open, snatching up the prone youth's sword to sever the soldier's bonds, when at that moment Gardiner's rapier pierced my shoulder, and a little cry of pain flew from my lips.

"Oh God!" she screamed, rushing back, "Richard! Richard! I cannot! I dare not leave you!"

Gardiner, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes, was pressing me to the death. My arm had grown numb, almost useless. My limbs bent and trembling under me. My breath came in quick painful gasps, and a chill sweat broke from my body. I was exhausted, done for. Joan saw my terrible plight, saw with terror-stricken eyes, realized that it was near the end. A sudden thought seized her. She leaped behind Sir Christopher, and raised the sword she held to thrust it into his back. She raised it, but hesitated—nay, she could not do it—despite my peril her heart failed her, and her point dropped to the ground.

"Ha, you dog! You marplot! At last, curse you, at last!" hissed my opponent.

Then did it lie with Joan to do something, and that instanter. She felt it, and her woman's wit failed not. In another moment I had been writhing on the ground with his blade through my heart, but Joan, in a twinkling, had turned the sword she held and using it as a club, brought the heavy hilt down with all her strength and terror upon Sir Christopher's skull. The blow caught him in the nick of time.

With a bound I was upon him, even as his minion Cole had been upon me at the outset of our adventure.

"Now, my lady now!" I cried to Joan, who stood by pale with the excitement of it. "Release the soldier. Hasten!" and she ran swiftly and unfastened the fellow.

Gardiner was not stunned, simply dazed, but in that moment or two new strength came to me. He revived quickly and strove valiantly to throw me off.

"You unspeakable ruffian!" I hissed in his ear. "You monster of iniquity! The gallows shall have you yet."

The most fearful imprecations broke from his lips, and he heaved and writhed under me as though possessed of the strength of seven devils.

"The bonds! Bring the bonds!" I shouted across to Joan, "and hasten!"

My words, some breathlessness and worry in my tone, inspired him with a new and sudden energy. He gave one quick and tremendous lift of his body, upsetting me from my place so that to save myself I must needs loose my grip of his neck.

In a flash he was on his feet, but no sooner than I, and ere he could take a step to escape I had grappled with him again. And so once more we were at it, straining and struggling like maniacs.

Our infuriated struggles could have lasted only a minute or two, yet the time seemed an age. At last I was conscious that my companions were rushing towards us, and I saw the soldier, as he came, snatch up my fallen sword.

With a quick, mighty effort, I flung my opponent from me, when the soldier, with a fierce thrust, plunged his blade full into Sir Christopher's back, the point coming out at his breast. I saw his hands fly up, saw him half turn about, then drop full length upon the sward. A few convulsive movements of his limbs, a sudden sharp tremor, and the Miscreant had ceased forever to fret a patient earth.

We now gave our attention to poor Master Groves, who lay still upon the sward as if in death. But we found that Gardiner's hasty thrust had pierced him in no vital part, and that his worst injury was a bruised and bleeding forehead.

The guard fetched some water from a stream nearby, and soon we had the youth back to consciousness. In twenty minutes he was able to stand and walk a little, and Joan and I supported him.

As for my own hurt, concerning which the maid expressed great anxiety, I found on removing my doublet that it was little more than a scratch.

I noticed that immediately after our arrival at the house, Mistress Forrest despatched a messenger on some errand, and by the time Master Groves was made thoroughly comfortable, the person had

arrived.

"Richard!" said Joan, calling me out into the hall and closing the door behind me. "I have a surprise for you. Look!"

It was the youth Roslin, and oh, what a sight to stir one's soul to pity. If he had looked sad when last I saw him, now seemed he desolate and heart-broken indeed. His eyes were deep sunken and red with hours of weeping, nor had he yet ceased.

Joan stood beside the lad, her arm laid caressingly across his shoulder.

"There, dear, do not weep!" she said in a soothing, infinitely tender voice, and the lad leaned to her and buried his face in her shoulder.

Heaven's mercy! what did it mean? I gazed at the pair in blank dismay. Had I then been mistaken after all? Was this the end of my dreams, my hopes, my desires? Was this fair youth, then, her accepted lover—after his treachery, his half-heartedness—after her sweet words, her hopes held out to me? A thrill of agony shot through me, and in an instant the whole bright world turned in my heart's vision into a grey and dismal thing.

Looking up from comforting the lad, Joan must have seen dismay and suffering stamped upon my face. She started. Gently she put the weeping lad from her and advanced towards me with outstretched hand. "Ah, then," whispered my heart, "it is the end, it is farewell—tender and pitiful, but yet farewell—" and as I dropped a moment before from Heaven to earth, I seemed now to sink from earth into very Hell.

'Twas but a second or two, yet I seemed to remain long enough in that dread place to run the gamut of its torments. Her voice roused me and lifted me from the depths.

"Brave and generous friend!" she said, as her hand closed upon mine. Then saw I a look in her eyes that was not like that she had given the youth, and yet it thrilled me—and heard in her voice, too, something that was different, yet would I not have exchanged it for worlds —"Brave and generous friend," she said, "I have tried you and pained you often and sorely, but never in wantonness. But it is the end, dear—!" Oh, the rapture of that word!—"It is the end! Patience a moment longer, and the mystery is revealed."

With this she threw open the door and disclosed to the youth the occupants of the room.

"Brother! Brother!" was Roslin's happy cry.

"Mary!" gasped the other. "Mary!" —it was almost a scream this time—"Oh God! have I found you! Have I found you at last!" and he clasped close the trembling form and kissed the poor, sad face as if he would never cease.

It was some minutes before my muddled brain could grasp the fulness of this sudden revelation. I stood half dazed. It seemed as if a hundred things had happened at once, all of the deepest meaning and importance.

"Do you think, dear, that all this suspense, this torture, was necessary? Could you not have told me?"

"Nay!" she said, her voice tender with love and sympathy. "Nay! I had promised not to tell it, dear."

"Still," I protested, though very gently. "still, dearest, you should have told me. Did you fear to trust me?"

"But, Dick dear," she returned, looking up with a queer little knitting of her brows, "you were such a backward lover. How could I know that—that anything I did made the slightest difference?"

"And when I did know," she added roguishly, "why don't you see, dear, that —well—your thought of having a rival should only have—have—you know, Dick—" and the rest was lost in a pretty confusion.

There was nothing more to say, nothing. In an ecstacy of love and tenderness I clasped her close, close to my breast, and thus we stood for many minutes, while from our lips flowed the richest words that love can utter, words too sweet, too sacred to be set down upon this common page

It is love in storm and stress that makes the story, and ours having sailed into a smooth sea, there is little more to tell. Six months later, in England, Joan and I embarked upon our second adventure, this time on a figurative sea.



THE DAWN OF A GOLDEN ERA IN GRAND OPERA

By ROBERT GRAU

Herr Andreas Dippel has announced that owing to the public response to the efforts to give Chicago a permanent opera company future seasons are assured. This statement, important as it it, is insignificant when compared with Mr. Dippell's additional promise to the effect that next season grand opera in English would form a *vital part* in *Chicago's operatic scheme.*

If this news were all the ammunition possessed by the prophets of a national opera to justify their predictions, the basis would not be unwarrantable. But the writer has given much thought to this subject and has been greatly impressed with the indications which now so clearly show that a national opera—in the full meaning of the term—is about to come into being.

After all, grand opera in the vernacular is not likely to prove an experiment, one has only to listen to the talk in the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House between the acts of representations of "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Konigskinder" to realize how intense is the public desire to hear these great works in the language which the majority of opera goers alone can understand.

It is not surprising that Chicago is the first announced scene of activity for this most welcome enterprise, and it is altogether likely that the western metropolis will give the greatest possible impetus to the efforts of the impresarios who have the interpidity to tempt fate by presenting grand opera in the language of our nation!

Signor Bonci also is an active factor in this line of endeavor; not only has he expressed himself as willing and able to direct a season of opera in English but he has stated that he believes that the problems of our opera houses can only be permanently solved by a real national operatic institution.

Would that it could be said of the gentlemen who are responsible for our New York opera house that they were favorably inclined to the policy announced by Herr Dippel, but the day may not be so far off when the demand will come from the public in no uncertain manner.

The spectacle of such singers as Melba, Eames, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Mary Garden and others, equally famous, relegated to concert tours or provincial centres is not an inspiring one. It has been stated often that the world's greatest singers were reluctant to identify themselves with English opera, also that they do not regard English as the language of song; but this is not true. All have expressed themselves forcibly to the contrary to the writer, and it is not to be believed that any genuine effort would not be materially aided by them in every way possible.

It must not be forgotten that for nearly two decades opera in English alone was profitable. Carl Rosa, Clara Louise Kellogg and Emma Abbott made fortunes in this field, while the impresarios competing with them, such as Max Strakosch, Max Maretzek and Colonel Mapleson were playing tag with the sheriff in an effort to make both ends meet with the Latin article.

Only once did opera in English fail,

This was when Mrs. Thurber put forth her efforts in such a prodigious manner that despite the large public response losses were inevitable. But such an attempt as Mrs. Thurber made twenty years ago would not fail today! There is nothing to indicate that time and progress have reduced the public interest, besides, such operas, as "The Bohemian Girl," and "Fra Diavolo," would not be the sole asset today!

A national opera in the second decade of the twentieth century means the best, and only the best. Wagner's works, the operas of Puccini, Mascagni, Verdi and Mozart would all be available, while operas by American composers would not be lacking, once the incentive is provided as now seems practically certain!

A CONGRESS OF TECHNOLOGY

What promises to be a very remarkable and striking record of the place of science in modern industry will be presented in the series of papers which will constitute one of the main features of the Congress of Technology to be held in Boston on April 10th-11th, of this year. The first of these dates is the fiftieth anniversary of the chartering of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. While "Tech," as its friends know it, has been a leader in the application of science in the industries, the progress of that institution and of its graduates marks the enormous development that has taken place in all industries the world over. A large number of Technology graduates who have been conspicuously successful in varied lines of engineering will present papers at the Congress, dealing with various aspects of the country's manifold industrial problems and treating of those problems not only as they exist now but as they promise to take different shape in the future. The whole body of papers will therefore constitute a survey of engineering and industrial science as a whole, from a body of men who speak from first-hand experience with industrial problems all over the country.



DALLIN'S INDIAN SCULTURE

IT is a good sign for American art that Boston should now have undertaken to buy for its parks Cyrus Dallin's magnificent Indian group, "The Appeal to the Great Spirit."

Mr. Dallin is in a peculiar sense an "American" sculptor, for he more than any other artist has represented to us the American Indian in his aboriginal dignity and grandeur. It is perhaps because commerce has degraded the Indian into a trade-mark that artists have so comparatively seldom chosen the red man as a theme. It were a thousand pities, however, if so admirable a subject for the sculptor's art were to be neglected because it has been caricatured. One would not wish to see the ideal Shakespeare left only for word pictures to describe, just because his contemporaries modeled the Stratford bust and painted the Droeshout portrait. It is something for which to be grateful that just as the Indian is forsak-



THE PASSING OF THE RED MAN

ing his picturesque tepee for clapboard cabins, and discarding his native costume for ready-made "pants" and factory shoes, American artists are rediscovering his artistic availability. Plug-cut "cannot wither" him, "nor custom stale" his "infinite variety."

If our descendants shall actually know the American Indian before civilization in its leveling processes made him a good common, uninteresting citizen like the rest of us it will be because, in part, at least, our American artists, before it was too late, studied his savage poses and his life in its interesting manifestations. It is safe to say that to no one sculptor is due a larger need of praise for interpreting Indian life than to Dallin, who has received notable recognition for his indisputable success in thus preserving and emphasizing one of the most artistic features of aboriginal America.

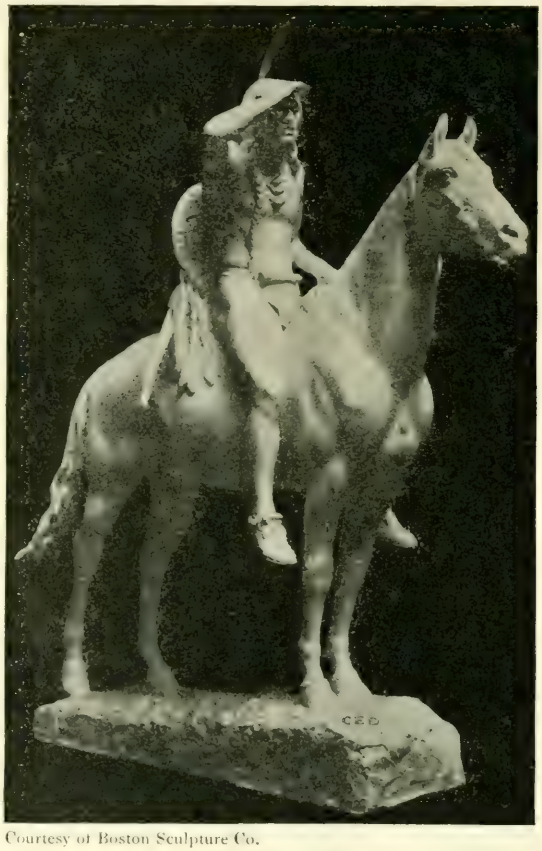
Dallin is a Western man, although he lives and moves and has his artistic being mainly in Boston. He was born in Springville, Utah, November 22, 1861. His father, an Englishman by birth, settled in the West in 1851, choosing the beautiful country where mountain and plain combine to make pictures which could not but influence the eye and mind of a lad so sensitive to beauty in form and color as was the future artist. The first home the boy remembers was that in which he was born, a one-story log cabin. It was a rude affair with a "lean-to," but behind its walls rose a noble hill—perhaps it might be called a mountain. The home was humble, but no artist was ever environed by more inspiring scenes. The majesty and the mystery of the snow-covered mountains, the opalescent haze of the dry, wide-extending plains, these and a thousand pictures which nature annually exhibited, with monuments rising to the sky and impressions of gorgeous color in canon and valley, and upon gay fields and hills, must have made their deep impress.

William H. Downes, once wrote of Mr. Dallin's first studio—for it was a studio, even if the boy knew it not: "In the grim canons, shaded by awful cliffs, the boys of Springville were wont to seek raspberries, to explore caves, and to roll stones. Imaginative natures are vastly impressed by the mystery of mountain scenery; the stern beauty of form may not be seen elsewhere as it is in the ridges, shoulders, couloirs, gorges, buttresses and peaks which form the mighty symphony of the heights. This is Nature's architecture and sculpture, one and inseparable. It may well be that, from the days of the Greek masters, nurtured from Thessaly to Laconia amongst the highlands, and down through the Italian renaissance, cradled amid the towering Apennines, even to our own times, the tendencies, ambitions and ideals of the plastic artist have been shaped in a measure by the indelible associations of his birthplace. That it is so in the case of Mr. Dallin cannot be doubted; for when he speaks of the Wasatch Mountains there is a note in his speech that reminds one of the old tales of the Swiss exiles pining and dying for a sight of their Alps."

But other boys have lived amid the mountains and where nature is inspiring and yet have forever remained unimpressed by the beauty which surrounds them. Most of us can recall interviews with people who have always had such uplifting scenes before their eyes yet can discover therein nothing but mountains, and to whom a sunset means nothing more than indication that the day's work is done. Young Dallin, somehow, must have inherited love of the beautiful, for he was a thousand miles distant from any art school, and yet when still a mere lad he had begun to model with the clay which he found near at hand and had used his jack-knife to carve wood. Once when employed in a mine owned by his father, seeking to earn enough money to enable him to attend the academy in a neighboring town, he utilized some soft white clay which the miners struck, to model two life-size heads, inventing his own modeling tools. The miners thought these crude affairs of the young ore-sorter were marvels of genius, and they were sent to a fair at Salt Lake City together with two drawings which he had produced, doubtless done when he ought to have been busy at study. The absolute *sine qua non* of the successful

American business man appears to be birth upon a farm. The regulation hall-mark of artistic genius seems to be drawing when the school-boy ought to be at his tasks. For proof see Vasari's lives of the artists—and remember Dallin.

When Dallin was a boy, Indians were still numerous in Utah and some of them, at least, gave the lie to that heathenish declaration that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." The sculptor recalls events indicating Indian traits of which any people might be proud, traits which years of misrepresentation of Indian character have not entirely obliterated from the memory of the pioneers. Even in the days of war there were incidents which brought to light the Indian at his best—or at least, not at his worst. One such incident Mr. Dallin has made to live in the enduring bronze of his splendid equestrian group, now in Lincoln Park, Chicago, "The Signal of Peace." It represents a mounted Indian, who, during a feud, drove his pony to the brow of a hill. The figures of man and horse silhouetted against the clear sky so vividly photographed the pose on the plastic mind of the boy that he reproduced it with realistic exactness when later years gave him the opportunity.



Courtesy of Boston Sculpture Co.

THE "SCOUT"

Other recollections of this early Utah life when Piute and Ute wandered over the unirrigated plains, Mr. Dallin has preserved in his "Medicine Man," which now adorns Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The people of Evanston, Ill., are still mourning their loss in that the offer made by a public-spirited citizen of that charming suburb did not secure it for one of their parks. His latest honor, among a long list of public recognitions of Mr. Dallin's achievements, is the gold medal which the French government lately conferred upon him for "The Appeal to the Great Spirit"—which was exhibited at the Paris Salon. The catalogue, evidently confusing the explanatory suggestion that it is the figure of a "medicine man," quaintly names it, "L'Apothicaire" ("The Apothecary"). As one studies the accompanying reproduction of this admirable group, so well modeled, so thoughtfully conceived, one does not wonder at the enthusiastic reception which French sculptors have given to this typical example of Mr. Dallin's art.

Happily it was not the fate of the boy who dreamed of a sculptor's career always to remain in the country where youthful art-dreams may be inspiring, but where, nevertheless, one may not become an artist. "Mute, in glorious Miltons" are all well enough in the descriptions of Stoke Pogis graveyard, but the world prefers the poets who sing and the

sculptors who put their ideas into bronze and marble. In 1880 a couple of rich miners became young Dallins Medici



Courtesy of Boston Sculpture Co.

THE APPEAL OF THE GREAT SPIRIT

family and sent him to Boston. Occupying studios in Boston at first, and sometimes for years studying and exhibiting in Paris, he now works in his own workshop in Arlington.

Aside from his sculpture of Indians, which give him a place of peculiar honor among sculptors, Mr. Dallin has to his credit the great soldier's memorial at Syracuse, N. Y., dedicated last year. This is only one of several worthy monuments has produced, not even to hint at the busts and small bas-reliefs his supple fingers and thoughtful mind have given to the world. The great bronze angel which surmounts the spire of the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City; the equestrian bronze statue of Lafayette which was shown at the Paris Exposition in 1889; the Isaac Newton, one of the worthy company of sculptured famous men which encircles the rotunda of the Congressional Library at Washington, these cannot be omitted, even in a cursory glance at the work of Cyrus Dallin.



The Hollis presents Miss Billie Burke in a double bill, beginning March 6 and lasting two weeks. The plays in which she appears are "Suzanne," and "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard."

"Suzanne" is the comedy in which



MISS BILLIE BURKE

Miss Burke has been appearing at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, since Christmas. It is the work of two Belgian playrights, Frantz Fonson and Fernand Wicheler, adapted into English by C. Haddon Chambers. Under the title of "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," the piece was done first in Brussels last March and in June it was produced in Paris. In both cities it scored big successes.

Its scenes are laid in Brussels and its characters are representative types of the middle class citizens of the Belgian capital. The heroine is the daughter of a prosperous old dealer in bottled beer. She has been betrothed by her parents, according to custom, to a young man of the neighborhood, but she is in love with a handsome young Parisian, a clerk in her father's warehouse. How she breaks her betrothal and persuades her parents to accept the man of her own choice for a son-in-law gives the basis for the plot.

The role of the sweet, self-reliant little Belgian girl suits Miss Burke's winsome personality precisely and gives her

a better opportunity than any she has yet had to exhibit her talent as a comedienne.

In "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," a one act play founded on one of Anthony Hope's familiar stories, which will be presented as a curtain raiser, Miss Burke has an entirely different role and her performance in it has been highly praised by the New York critics.

Mr. Frohman, as usual, has surrounded his charming star with a fine company of accomplished players.

Following Miss Burke, Miss Frances Starr appears in "The Easiest Way" supported by an exceptional company.

At the Colonial Jos. M. Gaites presents his new atmospheric musical play "The Girl of My Dreams," with John Hyams and Leila McIntyre in the leading roles. This new musical play which had its initial presentation in Chicago, enjoying a run there of ten weeks, is said to be one of the most delightful and refined musical productions seen in years and a worthy successor to Gaites' famous "Three Twins."

The book is by Wilbur K. Nesbit of the Chicago Evening Post, Otto Hauerbach is responsible for the lyrics and the music is by Karl Hoschna, composer of "Bright Eyes," "Three Twins," "Katie Did," and "Madame Sherry." The story of the piece tells of a bachelor's downfall before the charms of a demure little Quaker Girl. These roles will be those of the principals, John Hyams and Leila McIntyre. The bachelor is much of a clubman and has the cynical attitude of his class toward the feminine sex. A habit of breaking village speed ordinances leads him into a bad motor accident. He is carried, much injured, into a Quaker household where he is nursed back to health by the Girl. By the time he is able to look about from an armchair, his ideals of bachelorhood are shattered. The Quakeress and her father later go to the city to see the bachelor and the young woman is much shocked by her prospective husband's friends. She doesn't know whether she loves him or not, but the sky is clear in time for a happy ending just before the drop of the final curtain.

The piece introduces many catchy musical numbers.

The Boston Theatre presents Oscar Hammerstein's Grand Opera Company in "Naughty Marietta." Trentini and Orville Harrold appear in leading parts.

The ever-favorite actress, Miss Margaret Anglin, came to the Tremont March 6 in "Green Stockings," a play with which she has met with marked success.

"Madame X" is followed at the Majestic by a musical production, "Marriage a la Carte," featuring Emmy Dehlen and Taylor Holmes.

"The Fourth Estate," remains at the Shubert and the "Commuters" continues its successful run at the Park.

March brings to the Boston theatres a more varied and higher class program than the city has seen this season. The month shows many Boston favorites in new plays and several new faces will be seen in the leading roles.



Edmond Clement, the eminent and artistic French tenor will give a recital of French songs on the afternoon of March sixteenth in Jordan Hall. Mr. Clement was recently heard as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at a Cambridge concert. He also appeared at the recent production of Massenet's "Manon." At both performances his excellent taste, almost perfect diction, and a sense of refinement which is unusual and a rare thing in singers and especially tenors, made him refreshing if nothing more. As a matter of fact it was very much more. It has been many a day since as perfect singing, as genuine art have been heard here.

The usual French artist has temperament and style. But all types of French art possess a sacred few exponents who seem the essence of art. These "sacred few" possess not only "le feu sacré," but a gentility, a poise, a sense of exquisite balance of perception and of ex-

pression which is the culmination of human artistic effort. There is the maudlin Bohemianism of Frènch artistic life which ever bursts forth in exotic subtlety. But that is an excretion which is effected by climatic and social accidents of life. It is merely the marsh growth—a sort of sensationalism pathetically dressing itself in a sort of unique finery. Its breath is nitrogenous and these poor puppets flicker and fade away, leaving a few spots to mark their transient identity. But there is a real French culture which is a quantity unmatched and unattained by any other nationality. It is the element which shows itself in such institutions as the Academic Francaise, in the art of polished and perfected forms of speech, in the critiques of Saint-Beuve, etc., etc. Mr. Clement is an admirable example of what may rightly be called the superiority of the *genuine* French culture, and that means a perfection which is exquisite. It was impossible to hear Mr. Clement and not realize that there was present much that is a blank impossibility for most singers. We find all too little gentility and "blue-blooded" art among artists and when we have an opportunity to witness what it effects as with Mr. Clement, we realize that it "shows." Reflective comparison made Caruso,—and some others seem 'awfully common."

The Cecilia Society with the entire Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the Passion Music (according to St. Matthew), on Good Friday, April fourteenth. The recent concerts by this society show a great improvement under Mr. Fiedler's direction.

The Russian Dancers, Anna Pavlowa and Mikail Mordkin will apear at the Boston Opera House on Friday, March seventeenth. They will then sail for England where they are commanded to dance at the Coronation Ceremonies. The art of these two dancers is wondrous and beautiful and unique, inasmuch as America does not understand and appreciate the dance as does Russia.

For the appearance of these artists and for the appearance of Mr. Clement in Manon, much credit is due the Boston Opera management.



"The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton," by Allen McLane Hamilton, (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is one of the most interesting works concerning this man that has ever appeared. It is not only a work of unusual interest because of the romantic personality of this founder of the Republic, but because of the graphic account of the social and political life and atmosphere of the New York of Hamilton's day. He figures as writer and orator, as soldier and lawyer and in private life as lover and husband. Dr. Hamilton shows the infinite tenderness and deep sensitiveness and vivid imagination which he derived from the French blood in his veins and the obstinate pertinacity and aggressive force which came from the Scotch side of his nature.

The volume is based chiefly upon original family letters and other documents, many of which were never before published. The concluding chapters of this "intimate life," dealing especially with Hamilton and Burr, and the duel are singularly interesting. It is possible that the material of the letters and documents may lead many to believe that Burr had more justification for forcing a meeting upon Hamilton than has been hitherto believed. Dr. Hamilton makes especial note of Burrs brilliancy of mind and magnetic personality, but also has no doubt of Burr's lack of honesty and principle. The account of this famous personal controversy is interesting because of the freshness of treatment which it has received at the author's hands and one cannot but be impressed by the justness of his exposition of Burr's nature.

An especially noteworthy feature of the treatment is that it more than fulfills the promise of the title, for the author brings us really close to the at-

mosphere of the times and of the incidents related.

The illustrations comprise portraits, views, facsimiles, all of which have exceptional personal interest. The work is in every way one of the most interesting volumes of recent publication and by all means the most illuminating work upon this interesting and important historical character which exists.

The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

SHELBURNE ESSAYS

The seventh series of Shelburne Essays by Paul Elmer More have recently been published. These critical essays are among the best things in American literature. Here is an instance of genuine criticism. The breadth of his vision, sanity of his philosopy and excellent style make these essays compete for a place with the best of the world's artists at genuine criticism. Mr. More's equipment has a triple significance. His tyle and philosophy is the product of thorough association with classical, oriental and English literature and philosophy.

This series contains essays on Shelley, Wordsworth, Thomas Hood, Tennyson, William Morris, Louisa Shore, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Francis Thompson, The Socialism of G. Lowes Dickinson, The Pragmatism of William James, Criticism, Victorian Literature, The Philosophy of Change.

The essay on "Criticism" is comprehensive in its searching out of the function of this art. It is an exposition of what criticism has done and also of its realer mission as a philosophic force. Mr. More is always cognizant of the psychological forces which are casual and formative in the mind of a real critic. Because he understands the philosophy of this disposition of mentality, he values and weighs the more keenly and accurately the exact function of each notable instance of criticism. Thus he sets a value upon Matthew Arnold, upon Oscar Wilde, upon Pater, upon Cicero, which is not mere deduction; but rather transcendental synthesis as well as analysis.

"I am inclined to believe for instance that the balancing spirit of Erasmus is really more at work among us today than that of the dogmatic reforming Luther; that Cicero's philosophy, though they would gape to hear it said, is really more in the hearts of the men you will meet in the street than is the theology of St. Paul. This may be in part because the representatives of the critical spirit, by their very lack of warping originality and by their endeavor to separate the true from the false, the complete from the one-sided, stand with the great conservative forces of human nature, having their fame certified by the things that endure amid all the betrayals of time and fashion."

He considers that criticism is in no wise inferior to so-called creative work; furthermore, he recognizes it as, in a degree creative work. "Valuing is creating," said Nietzsche; "to value is the treasure and jewel among all things valued." "The critical spirit is thus akin to that force of design or final cause in the Aristotelian sense, which we are beginning once more to divine as the guiding principle, itself unchanged at work within the evolutionary changes of nature; and in so far as it becomes aware of this high office it introduces into our intellectual life an element outside of alteration and growth and decay, a principle to which time is the minister and not the master."

The style is lucid and clothed in that polish which,—'tis sad but true,—more often bespeaks the English than the American scholar.

The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

A CHARMING BOOK OF POEMS

The Poems of Sophie Jewett; edited by Louise R. Jewett. This volume was compiled by Miss Jewett's literary executors. It includes practically all of her work in this line, with the exception of her translation of "The Pearl." Among the longer pieces are "The Pilgrim," which has previously appeared in book form; a translation of D'Annunzio's "The Daughter of Jorio," and "The Dwarf's Quest." The volume is full of

beauties. Those who had the pleasure of even passing acquaintance with this beautiful, sympathetic nature feel, throughout this memorial volume, the throb of a heart that was womanly and human. Her earnestness and courage were the inspiration even of those who knew her but passingly. Her scholarly attainment and untiring search for knowing the most and best made her valuable as a guiding literary force.

The volume is so full of gems that it is difficult to select. The following is from one of the loveliest, "When Beauty Dies":

"Yet, since I need nor touch, nor sight,
Nor spoken word, however dear,
To read your thought and will aright,
To know your spirit, now and here,
What has our fellowship to fear?

Man's age-long doubt assails in vain
The truth that lightens in your eyes,
Or your still courage, bred of pain:
Beyond the wreck of worlds and skies,
I shall seek these, when beauty dies."

and "Even-Song":

"Come, O Love, while the far stars whiten,
Gathering, growing momently;
Thou, who art star of stars, to lighten
One dim heart that waiteth thee.

Speak, O Love, for the silence presses,
Bowing my spirit like a fear;
Thou, whose words are as caresses,
Sweet, sole voice that I long to hear."

The book contains a portrait of Miss Jewett, Biographical Introduction, The Pilgrim, Fourteen Sonnets, Five Rondeaus, Twenty-two songs, Fifty-seven "Other Lyrics", The Shepherd's, The Dwarf's Quest, The Daughter of Jorio, (from the Italian of D'Annunzio).

The book is published by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, New York.

THE FINER GRAIN

"The Finer Grain," by Henry James should head the list of recent fiction. A volume of rare insight into rare instances, a penetration of the finer feelings of men and women is this book by a master as to literary, artistic excellence. It is really a series of portraits which are as concerned with the motivating and the essence of the features of the sketch as with the facial likeness, for which a public exerts its chief curiosity. It is an instance of perception condensed, of insight that is as rare as it seems complex; in reality it is as simple as it is accurate in its comprehension.

These sketches are not at all examples of labored analysis written in inimitable style, but character studies which are touched with humor and illuminative brilliancy. Some of them are "The Velvet Glove," "Mora Montravers," "A Round of Visits," "Crapy Cornelia," and "The Bench of Desolation."

The book is published by Charles Scribners Sons, New York.

ANOTHER SYSTEM BOOK

"How to Systematize the Day's Work," an invaluable hand-book for the desk-worker, as full of practical hints as an egg is of meat, is the compact and tasteful volume under the above title published by The System Company. It comes to hand in a ninth revised edition, carefully illustrated with explanatory diagrams and illustrations. It is more than a preachment, it is a condensation of the experiences of hundreds and thousands of the most successful office executives in this busy land of ours.

Where time is so intensely significant a word as in this Twentieth Century America of ours, such a book is worthy of the most serious attention. No worker is so efficient but that he may find a new hint in its pages and to many a young beginner it may prove to be a veritable corner stone of success.

Telephone History in the Making

By M. F. FESSENDEN

HERBERT N. CASSON'S "History of the Telephone" is a chronological narrative, but it has the grip of a romance. One follows with breathless interest the story of Professor Bell and his invention through the thirty odd years of its development, but only to be even more enthralled regarding its future possibilities than by its inspiring record of the past.

But when all is said, it appears that Bell merely discovered a new principle. Mr. Casson does not write this as a disparagement; on the contrary, he pays merited tribute to the worth of the idea itself, to the application that brought it into existence, and to the great legal battle that ultimately decided its claim for recognition. But he introduces others of whom the world has heard less, but to whom, nevertheless, the development of telephony owes fully as much, if not more, than it does to Bell. Sanders, Hubbard, Williams, Blake, Berliner, Forbes, Vail, Carty, Lockwood, Barton, Scribner—these are some of the names he conjures with. Two of these, Vail and Carty, are active in the telephone world to-day, the one as the head of the great Bell System, and the other as its Chief Engineer.



Theodore N. Vail

President of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Bell dreamed of a telephone exchange, but he never established one. Even the instrument he discovered was perfected by others. Vail established hundreds and thousands of exchanges. He not only established independent exchanges but he dreamed of connecting them all, so that one might talk to any part of the United States. He is still endeavoring to make that dream come true, and recently succeeded in talking from New York to Denver. J. J. Carty, a Cambridge boy, is his active agent and principal assistant in weaving this dream fabric into a network of glistening wires.

In his early career, however, Mr. Vail never dreamed of over a half million telephones in New England and of a hundred thousand in the city of Boston alone. And yet, here we are, confronted by a commonplace fact. Greater Boston handles over a half million telephone calls a day. Nobody is surprised. Few know how it is done. And yet, that in itself is a marvellous fact, not merely in its relation to the business and social life of the community, but in itself. Its influence is so subtle, so unobtrusive, and yet so all-pervading that only its absolute failure to operate could demonstrate its significant value.

Even the switchboards are absorbing studies in development. Operated first by boys, bawling numbers one to another, we now have the multiple board so quietly operated by girls that in a room where 300 are working there is scarcely a sound. We now find a new profession for women. The bawling and the confusion have gone. The hit-or-miss methods have departed. System has succeeded. It is indeed a profession, with careful schooling as a preliminary, and with the utmost refinement of detail in providing suitable working conditions.

It is not an uncommon notion that operators are trained in the smaller exchanges and then transferred to the larger exchanges as they become competent. This appears to be totally at variance with fact, however. It was not



TOLL ROOM, MAIN EXCHANGE

always thus, to be sure; but, to-day, every operator in the Boston Division, at least, must have her preliminary schooling before she can begin actual switchboard work, and her subsequent assignment is determined largely by the distance of the exchange from her home. In this manner, some of the smaller exchanges actually secure some of the very best operators.

Some of the early switchboard pictures presented by Mr. Casson look quaint and crude beside the perfected switchboard of to-day. The first boards were units of a score or two of wires. Such lines as ran into a particular board could be connected by the operator assigned to that board. But if a subscriber connected to one board wanted to talk to a subscriber connected to another board, even though the two switchboards were in the same room, the intervening manoeuvers were funny, viewed from our present-day perspective.

Perhaps it is this ancient method, and the public's conception of it, that makes it so difficult for telephone users to appreciate the mobility of the modern switchboard. As on the old switchboard, each operator is assigned to answer a certain number of callers. But there is only one switchboard, and each subscriber's line is wired to every other subscriber's line, so that any operator can connect a caller to any other subscriber, and this without leaving her seat. The one switchboard is really a series of replicas, each replica controlled by three operators. Any group of three operators can connect any caller in any exchange. This does not mean that all calls come to every group of three operators. There may be three hundred of them at a switchboard. The telephones connected to that switchboard are so apportioned that the calls from a certain number of telephones come to certain operators assigned to certain positions. Thus the light signal for A's telephone might show at one point on the switchboard, while the light signal to B's operator might show at a point 100 feet away. But A's operator could connect him to B's telephone without leaving her seat, thanks to the multiple switchboard, and neither B's operator nor any other operator in the Exchange would be aware of the fact.

If, while such a connection was in use, any other operator tried to connect a caller with B's telephone, however, she would discover the line to be "busy." The moment she touched the connecting plug to the rim of the "jack," or hole, that marked the multiple terminus of B's line, a click would sound in her ear. This click tells her the line is in use. When he was called or who it was that called, she does not know. The fact that the line is in use, however, is patent to any operator in the exchange who tests B's line under these conditions.

This and hundreds of other similar facts, as well as their controlling reasons, are taught operators in the various schools that have been established. If telephone users could only be educated to them, the task of giving telephone service would be immensely simplified. The

fact is, however, that the public not only has little conception of how telephoning is done, but of what can be done by telephoning. It is a pity it does not know more. It would be immensely helpful to all concerned, if by some kind of a mirror arrangement people who are called to the telephone could see not only those with whom they are talking but also the painstaking celerity of the girl who sets up the connection. Perhaps that is a dream to come true in the future, as other dreams have come true, but, as Mr. Casson truly says:

"No matter how many millions of dollars may be spent upon cables and switchboards, the quality of telephone service depends upon the girl at the exchange end of the wire. It is she who meets the public at every point. More is demanded from her than from any other servant of the public. Her clients refuse to stand in line and quietly wait their turn, as they are quite willing to do in stores and theatres and barber shops and railway stations and everywhere else. They do not see her at work and they do not know what her work is. They do not know that she answers a call in an average time of three and a half seconds. They are in a hurry, or they would not be at the telephone; and each second is a minute long. Any delay is a direct affront that makes a vivid impression upon their minds. And they are not apt to remember that most of the delays and blunders are being made, not by the expert girls, but by careless people who persist in calling wrong numbers and in ignoring the niceties of telephone etiquette."



JOHN J. CARTY

A Cambridge boy who is now chief engineer of the great Bell system.

One branch of knowledge that is becoming widely diffused, however, notwithstanding Mr. Casson's somewhat sweeping statement, is the relation of the telephone users themselves to the question of good service. They are seeing that the instrument planned by Bell and



REST ROOM FOR OPERATORS

perfected by others is only a very small factor in telephone service. Telephone people used to talk of "leasing" or "renting" telephones. This undoubtedly contributed to a mistaken idea. The multiple switchboard and the metallic circuit contributed a thousand times more toward telephone development than did the instrument so familiar to telephone users, and the public is fast coming to a realization of the fact that the clear enunciation of the person calling and the prompt response of the person called make for what we call "good telephone service" quite as much as the efficiency of the operator who connects them.

calling upon subscribers who had not received a current issue to notify the main office so that one might be furnished without delay. It explained that in carrying out a recommendation of the Massachusetts Highway Commission relative to changes in rates it had made 30,000 changes in number between two issues of the Boston Division book, and that unless the corrected numbers were called for the calls would have to be referred to "Information."

This was striking testimony of the need of the subscriber's cooperation and of the company's desire for it. The operator cannot look up numbers. If she



WHAT A TELEPHONE OFFICE INTERIOR LOOKS LIKE

This picture shows a portion of the switchboard of the Haymarket Exchange. The young women shown standing are supervisors, one of whom is detailed over each group of nine operators

For a year or two after telephone exchanges were set up, everyone called by name. The calling by number idea developed when exchanges grew in size so that it was impossible to remember names. Of course this required a record of names and out of this grew the familiar telephone directory. The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company publishes 21 different directories, and considers the directory so important an adjunct to good telephone service that it recently published an advertisement

tried to do so, the current of calls would be hopelessly dammed. If the call is not for a specific number, it must be referred to "Information," who keeps a corrected list of subscribers, not only by name but by cross-indices which locate them by street numbers and otherwise.

And "Information," by the way, is not an encyclopaedia of general information —a repository of all knowledge. The only information she is supposed to keep on tap is telephone information—not railroad schedules, fire alarm reports and

other irrelevant matter regarding which she is frequently questioned. She can tell whether so-and-so has a telephone, or whether there is a telephone at a specific street address. More than that she cannot tell; nor should she be asked to.

But this is a digression, although it emphasizes the perfection of detail in handling this complicated and enormous business which, according to Mr. Casson, employs an army of over a hundred thousand people and handles billions of calls every year. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company now controls the Western Union Telegraph Company and one of Mr. Vail's first moves as president of both was to link them up in the public service. Nowadays any one of five million telephone subscribers can take down his receiver, call the telegraph office, dictate a telegram or a cablegram, and have the cost of a message charged on his telephone bill at the end of the month.

This single development of to-day has an enormous significance. But there are other developments to come, and of even greater importance. The next decade will be as rich in surprises as the one just past. There will be greater speed, greater accuracy, and greater efficiency, but there probably never will be a time when all these factors will not be determined by the two persons at either end of a telephone quite as much by the operating equipment or the operator.



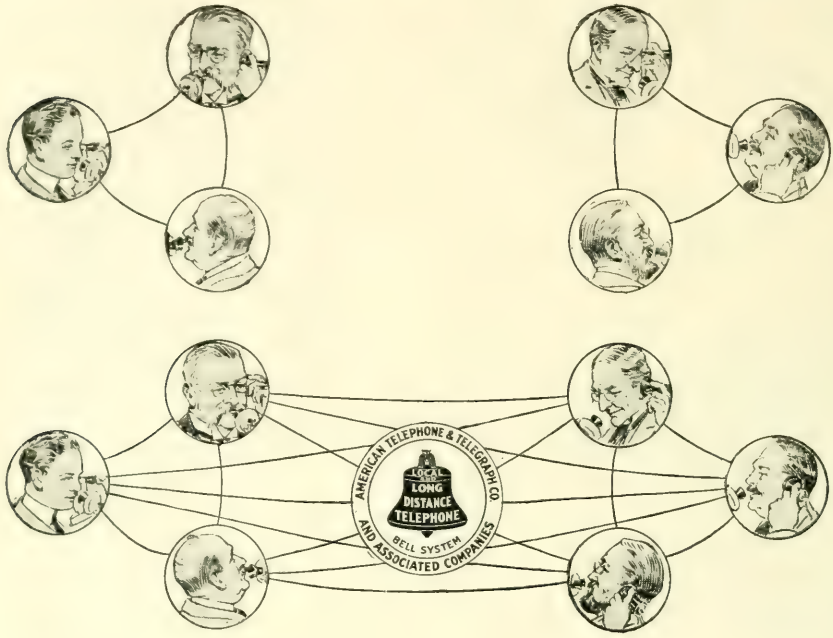
CABLES ENTERING THE MAIN EXCHANGE

Some of these big lead sheaths contain 600 pairs, or 1,200 wires. They run to a "distributing frame," shown on the left, where the wires are "fanned out," or separated and connected to the switchboard.



INFORMATION DESK AT MAIN EXCHANGE

Union Increases Use



When two groups of telephone subscribers are joined together the usefulness of each telephone is increased.

Take the simplest case — two groups, each with three subscribers. As separate groups there are possible only six combinations—only six lines of communication. Unite these same two groups, and instead of only six, there will be fifteen lines of communication.

No matter how the groups are located or how they are connected by exchanges, combination increases the usefulness of each telephone, it multiplies traffic, it expands trade.

The increase is in accordance with the mathematical rule. If two groups of a thousand each are united, there will be a million more lines of communication.

No one subscriber can use all of these increased possibilities, but each subscriber uses some of them.

Many groups of telephone subscribers have been united in the Bell System to increase the usefulness of each telephone, and meet the public demand for universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***



The Mammon of Unrighteousness

By Jane Belfield

Our April novel is from the pen of Jane Belfield, whose work is attracting increasing attention in publishing circles and is certain to gain a strong hold on public favor. The Philadelphia Record prints the following account of the young writer and her work:

Jane Belfield, whose story, "The Woman Who Had No Needs," appeared in a recent issue of Lippincott's Magazine," comes of an old Philadelphia family—an ancestor, one Captain Fowler, having served in the Revolution.

Even before those school days when she was class poet, the young writer suffered from a severe case of scribbles—her first poem, "The Sorrows of Life," having been written at the age of 10. About this time she had access to the old and rare library of Charles N. Mann, and it seemed to this youthful omnivorous reader that nothing new remained to be said. "But, my child," an old man assured her, "nothing has been said in just the way you would say it."

It seems appropriate that her first essay in letters should have been under the auspices of Lippincott's Magazine, since her grandfather, Henry Grambo, was a member of that firm when it was "Lippincott, Grambo & Co."

"The Heart of Paprika," Jane Belfield's first novelette, was published in Lippincott's Magazine for July, 1906, having been originally intended for a book, but abridged with the aid of Mr. J. Berg Esenwein, the editor, to fit the space limit of the magazine. To quote from a current criticism. "'The Heart of Paprika' is an intimate revelation of a young girl's heart. In rich emotionalism it reflects Jane Belfield's own intense temperament and gay spirits while its engaging simplicity of style suggests another 'Jane' whose tales hold readers of to-day even as they did those of her own times."

This novel was written in Cape May, where the author spends her summers, in the store room of a cottage where boards stretched across barrels and soap boxes formed an improvised studio secure from interruption.

Short stories in several magazines followed, until Lippincott's brought out a series of emotional monotones or little fables: "The Great Tangle," "From the Land of Ought" and "The Passing." Michael Monahan also published three of these in The Papyrus. The author hopes to some day bring out a book of monotones on the order of Olive Schreiner's "Dreams."

The Mammon of Unrighteousness

By Jane Belfield

I.

ANNE climbed the mountain and came out upon the edge of the ravine. The long dusty road curved like a horseshoe where she stood a moment watching the huge white car toiling up the opposite slope. Anne had noticed the automobile at the hotel that morning and experienced an insane desire to paint it some other color than white. There was no one in the car but a very young chauffeur who straightened himself nervously as the machine gained the summit and swept towards the curve.

Suddenly the watcher perceived that the boy had lost control of the car. He seized the lever, but it would not grip—he clutched the brake—but the monster refused to obey and lurched from side to side in sickening proximity to the edge of the precipice.

Anne strained forward—the boy's nerve had deserted him—he tried to jump but the wheel grazed the edge, and the chauffeur collapsed helplessly in the seat.

A moment—and the machine would turn the curve—then the down slope—and then! The boy grasped the bulb with both hands, and the monster's warning toot echoed across the ravine!

Anne glanced along the narrow winding road, and with a sudden cry of alarm she had slipped off the rocks and was racing down the mountain. A little further on—in the very path of the runaway—a man in riding togs was lying across the road. Not an instant too soon, the panting woman pulled him aside. A cloud of dust—the smell of gasoline—the warning horn clanging up the ravine—and the car had rushed past, leaving Anne stunned and breathless—the man's head upon her knees!

She glanced around to find a spring—when she perceived that the stranger's eyes were open and regarding her wonderingly.

"You!" he murmured low. "You!"

"I suppose," his rescuer reflected, "that he is out of his head."

"Do you think," she ventured aloud, "that you could manage to crawl to the shade yonder? Your horse has thrown you on the road; and—I can't exactly carry you."

"I am perfectly comfortable, thank you."

"Oh, I don't mind sitting here—but the sun must be bad for your head. Don't you feel any bruises or sprains anywhere? Your back isn't broken—is it?" The woman bent lower, anxiously scanning the upturned face.

"No," he answered gravely. "No bones are broken."

"And aren't you cut anywhere? It seems as though there ought to be blood

matted in your hair or something"—she parted the thick brown locks—"but there isn't."

"No"—with the glint of a smile—"there isn't."

"I could wet my handkerchief in the spring and lay it on your forehead," the other continued anxiously, "there ought to be a spring near by, and that's the proper thing to do—isn't it?"

"It may be—but—don't bother. I am all right."

"Then"—Anne indignantly shifted her knees—"why don't you get up?"

The man reluctantly gathered himself together, "I will tell you after a while. How did I happen to merit—or rather—to come into such good fortune?" He stood before her covered with dust, but seemingly none the worse for his mishap—a well built, vigorous man in middle life.

"You happened to be thrown and knocked senseless; and I—happened along."

"It was good of you, Anne—to happen along. Shall we look for the shade now? I am a little dizzy"—as the woman hesitated at his use of her name—"do I trespass?"

"No"—she walked by his side—"no—I have nothing to do this morning."

"My horse stumbled—I suppose my head struck the rock—but my machine will be along presently. It ought to be here now. Ah, there it comes—but from the opposite direction! I wonder what's gone wrong?"—and slowly up the steep grade the white car came crawling shamefacedly back.

"Oh"—unconsciously Anne drew a deep breath, "was it yours?"

The car halted. Her companion begged her to wait while he spoke to the chauffeur who was looking forlornly dishevelled—"A new boy," the stranger explained, "my man is ill. Usually I drive the car myself."

Suddenly as he turned away, Anne remembered. Yesterday on the mountain train toiling up to the hotel, she had been seated in front of two men, a part of whose conversation she could not avoid overhearing.

"The race of Cleopatra is extinct," this one had remarked to the other, "men have assumed the monopoly of passion now-a-days. There are no longer women who know how to love." And at his words, Anne had turned impulsively and flashed a look of indignation into the speaker's eyes.

There had been an instant's silence—then the man had risen and bent over his companion.

"Wally," he had resumed in even tones that the lady of the indignant eyes might hear, "by the way, Wally, I've changed my mind."

"What about?"

"What I said just now regarding women."

"Oh! Rather sudden—isn't it, old man. Since when?"

"Since this moment. I'm going back to smoke."

And this was the man—and he had discovered her retreat! Anne felt herself slowly crimsoning with mortification. She was old enough to control her impulses. Yet even now she glanced up the rocks half resolved on flight—but the stranger had dismissed the chauffeur and was at her side.

In silence she led the way up the rocky path until they came out upon a grassy knoll that sloped to meet Anne's bungalow. Her companion turned.

"Shall we rest in the arbour a few moments?"

The little summer-house built to look out upon the south mountain—showing distantly gray between the tall trees—was overgrown with vines, cut with initials, noisy with insects and fragrant with wild clematis that grew luxuriantly in these parts. A huge, smooth stone blocked the path, choked with weeds and thick underbrush winding down into the valley.

"Tell me," the stranger seated himself by her side, "are you married, Anne?"

And the woman replied as though the question were the most natural in the world, "I was supposed to be—once."

"You are a widow?"

"Yes—five years ago. My marriage is ancient history. I used to think I was born married but now—I have forgotten."

"Thank God! But it would have made

no difference. Let me tell you all about it, Anne. You have just saved my life—and, don't be startled, forgive my brusqueness; but—that life is yours—has been yours since yesterday. No,—wait—wait a moment"—as the woman rose to her feet in nervous haste—"you will have plenty of time to refuse me in the near future—Paul Andover at your service—Lord Andover, Isle of Wight, England. They have my credentials at the hotel. My family—one invalid uncle, my income—sixty thousand a year. I am forty-four years old. Will you marry me, Anne?"

"No"—she returned shortly, again as though the question were the most natural under the circumstances—"no—I will not."

"I didn't suppose you would—yet."

"Is that why you offered?" The woman lifted her gray eyes wide once more with indignation.

"No—it is not."

"Your gratitude leads you far, Paul Andover, Isle of Wight, England—aged forty-four—one invalid uncle—sixty thousand a year!"

"Thanks! How well you remember! No—this is not gratitude, Anne. Gratitude does not matter now—gratitude is an anæmic sentiment in comparison!"

"I hope," the woman murmured tensely, "you will not profane the only thing that does matter, by calling this—"

"Love!"—the man bent forward—"Now you speak my language—now you will listen, Anne! You do remember—yesterday in the tramway? The moment your eyes flashed into mine, I thought, 'I will have—*her!*' Crude—isn't it? Reminds me of how a friend of mine chose his wife. You don't care if I smoke? Thanks! Well, when my friend saw a line of girls taking their first communion, his eye caught a pair of blue ones peeping over a huge bouquet that almost hid her slim white veiled figure, 'I will have—*her,*' he thought and he did! And so, dear—I stayed on to find you. I inquired—I knew your house here—I know all about you that anyone knows—and more, for I know what no one else knows. Anne"—the man rose and stood over her—"I have lived at high pressure—there is nothing that I have not touched—and yet I have never outgrown the vision. My life has been a search for the woman. There is nothing that I have cared for tremendously but to find the woman! And there is nothing now I have found her, that can turn me back. I will make you love me and then—it shall be as you decree. If you want me to be good, I will be good with you and if you want me to be bad, I will be bad with you—but it must be *with you,* Anne! For you are my very mate!"

"Don't talk to me that way—don't talk to me that way!"—she caught at the vine—"for I have come here to escape just that very thing! I have come here to let *him* escape—because—because—in that same way—I love—a man!"

"Ah—I might have known, I might have known! The look in the eyes! The fruit does not remain so long unripened! Well—it is fate, Anne, *my* fate—and—I accept it with the faith that can remove mountains, or tunnel through them." He leaned against the wooden lattice, "Why then is the man not here—not with you?"

The woman trembled from head to foot, "He does not love me."

"For which mercy — again — thank God! Well then,"—her companion held out his hand—"it appears, we are in the same boat, you and I. Come, Anne, let's pull out together! Invite me to luncheon—as the king puts it—that's a good girl, do!"

II.

"It is the thirteenth of June, Paul."

"Well, Anne—is there anything epoch making about the thirteenth of June?" A fortnight later, the two were alone in Anne's tower.

"Yes, it is—*his* birthday."

"Then couldn't you permit the name of your fair unknown to dawn upon me? It is rather bourgeois to continually designate the gentleman as 'he'—like the wife of a respectable commoner."

"Well then, his name is John."

"Just heaven! How could such a commonplace name ever have been bestowed upon this most extraordinary individual? Couldn't you make it 'Jonathan'—or even—'Jonadab'?"

"Oh, his name is one of the many things about John which do not fit."

"Well since it is his royal birthday, I suppose you wish you were with Jonadab, Anne. It is tremendously good of you not to be. I couldn't have resisted the opportunity myself."

"I wish I could send him the mountain wild flowers or a mass of yellow roses from Jane's garden," she sighed wistfully, "I have always wanted John to see those roses, Paul. Ah, things have been so different with you—you can't possibly understand what beautiful surroundings mean to a man who has been handicapped by their absence from the very beginning. His parents took John from school at thirteen and put him to selling chignons! Fancy! A sensitive boy like that who ought to have been sheltered from all roughness—actually standing behind a counter and selling ladies' hair goods—stealing away when he could be alone to write poetry. Ugh! It fairly makes me sick! The poor child boarded with his employer—his parents lived in a New England village—and John was obliged to tend heater fires and do chores after hours. Many a time he cried himself to sleep. It must have been"—she ended fiercely—"it *was* damnable."

"It was," Paul lazily stretched himself on the circular divan, idly watching the gold fish. "Go on, mademoiselle Anne. This is—the thirteenth of June."

Anne sighed, "Oh, I remembered every anniversary with John — from St. Patrick's Day up. Once to celebrate, I took the green wings out of my spring hat and fastened them to the shoulders of a wax cherub in an automobile filled with green candy. He keeps it now on his dressing table. John enjoys surprises like a child. Last Christmas I filled a stocking for him with all the odds and ends I could find. And when his birthday comes! Oh, Paul—Christmas is only Christmas—but the thirteenth of June is *John's* birthday! Then I send him everything I can think of that might please him."

Paul glanced up from regarding the gold fish, "Yes?" — encouragingly — "Yes?"

"I love flowers myself—but not as John loves them—to him they really live. They suggest strange scenes weird and beautiful. He said the woody smell of violets made him see visions. I asked once, 'What do you see, John?' And he told me, 'I see snow and violets pushing up through the snow and little men and women running about and hiding!' Another man—a plain common man like you would have seen far different visions, Paul."

"Yes, mademoiselle Anne. My visions—if I had any, would be of a plain common woman like you."

"Oh, but—you see, Paul—it is this way. I have no charm for John as a woman—but as a comrade—yes. So I mark the seasons of the year from the time of daffodils. I will not let him miss the fragrant lilacs nor the opening blossoms. He loves the Spring because he says it is the time of promise. I asked him once, 'Promise of what, John? What does the Spring promise that ever comes to pass?'"

"And he answered?"

"He answered, 'The summer is the fulfilment to me.'"

"But you love the winter, Anne."

"I love the life of winter, yes—storms—the bracing atmosphere of accomplishment. Indeed I go to pieces in hot weather. But now I have come to think of everything—to do everything—in relation to John. If the day is beautiful I want him to enjoy it. When it rains, I think—the rain falls between us! When I see anything he likes I am obliged to get it for him. Indeed I warn you, Paul—if you ever give me anything I think he would like—I will send it directly to John. I couldn't keep it."

"Beautiful! Go on, dear girl."

"Oh, Paul—it *is* good of you to listen."

"Yes—I think it is. Go on. You were saying—? Remember this is the thirteenth of June."

"And I am here—and he is there! Yet if I said this to John, he would answer, 'If only you were not so material!' Paul—" desperately—"do I seem to you anything like a disembodied spirit?"

The man raised himself on his elbow. "No," he solemnly addressed the gold fish, "no—you do not."

"Then why," the woman demanded passionately, "should I be expected to act like one? Of course I want to be with John."

"Of course. Do you remember, mademoiselle Anne—how I told you once, 'Everything follows the flag'? You are simply a natural woman—the most natural that it has even been my royal privilege to know—yet so rare is the reversion to first principles—you are also the most unusual. Tell me more, dear girl, about this man and his ideas."

"Although John is so mild," she ignored the rest of Paul's speech, "he feels everything—intensely. Once he wrote to me from the village where he was born: 'I am sitting by an open window and the smell of wild roses comes to my nostrils—their sweetness driving me almost mad because I cannot get enough of it!' Why, John told me when he sold the chignons, he used to stop to look in the florists' windows; and at chrysanthemum time—there was something about the form of the flowers that made him long to possess them. And so, it seems to me, that he must be capable of —other things."

"Other longing—such as you would inspire?"

"Well—"Anne hesitated but her companion continued to diligently regard the gold fish—"wouldn't you think so, Paul?"

"I would," he responded with deliberate slowness, "think so."

Anne sighed—her surroundings forgotten. When she spoke again, her hands were loosely clasped about her knees, her eyes gazed over Paul's head towards the sweep of brilliant sky which the radiant mountain sunset was fast turning crimson.

"I wish John could see that sunset, Paul. He adores red. American beauties are his favorite flowers. They possess all the qualities John has not. They are warm and red and pulsate with life. They stimulate him—and so—"

"You send them to him."

"Yes—I try to give him what he does want. His affections have spread out like a broad river. He will never care intensely for any one person. John said he couldn't hate anybody very much now nor love anybody supremely."

"Didn't he ever?"

"Supremely? No—he never did." She paused again; and the man knowing that Anne was unconscious of his presence, watched her—as the woman would have given untold possession to have been watched by—the other man.

"Didn't any one else ever inspire you with this insane devotion?" he ventured at last.

"No—John alone made my life endurable. He helped me through that dreadful time when I was married. He listened —he was endlessly patient—he understood—he encouraged me to endure—kept me at my post, fed my courage, stimulated my belief in myself—make it possible indeed for me to go on! Then I am an artist too. I paint. Some day I will show you. Through John I found myself—recovered my poise. He turned my emotional despair into a channel for the work that I can do. But for this man, I surely should have gone under!"

"Lucky devil! Why didn't I happen along—why didn't I? So you made love to him, Anne?"

"Oh yes—I made love to him."

"Heavenly powers! What did you want the man to do, dear?"

"I wanted him to love me. That's all—I always wanted just that—for John to love me."

"And then?"

"There wasn't to be any 'then.' He was just to go on loving me."

"'In spirit and in truth'! After all you are still a maiden, Anne. You have never known absolute abandonment—so you don't know what you are talking about. Well, mademoiselle Anne—how did it end?"

"*End*, Paul—*end?* What *are* you saying? There is not—there never is to be any end."

"But where—in what stage of the game—how are things now?"

"He's there—and I'm *here,*" she sighed.

"You darling! Can I come an inch nearer? Anne—will you marry me?"

"Paul! Paul! Don't you understand? I can't marry any man but that man; and he doesn't want me."

"And still—?"

"And still—don't you see, it is this way, Paul? I want him—want him—*want* him!"

A long silence—butterflies, yellow and white flitted through the open lattice—the wild vines sent up their fragrance to the two in the tower. Anne turned miserable eyes to her companion.

"I believe," she murmured, "that I love that man the way men love women. It is incredible—horrible! I read somewhere, 'Woman's love is for the man to desire her, rarely for the man himself.' But mine for him includes all kinds of loving. I feel like his child and his mother—his chum and his wife, oh I *am* his wife! It goes without saying that I want him to love me—but whether he loves me or not, I want the man himself—to be near him—to hold him near!"

"For God's sake, Anne—why don't you kidnap him and carry him off? I'd chloroform that man—I would!"

"Lots of good that would do you," she returned with a sudden grin of appreciation, "as soon as he came to his senses, John would look at me reproachfully as he does when I torment him—*extra*—and then I'd just *have* to let him go!"

"But I wouldn't let him come to," the other persisted solemnly, "I'd keep the sponge at hand."

"Paul, you are an unspeakable idiot!"

"I am—and another week of this will douse my last gleam. I am not John. I represent the 'mammon of unrighteousness,' dear girl, with which we are commanded to make unto ourselves, friends. Tell me more, Anne. Finish me quickly. Be merciful, dear, and tell me the rest about this abnormal creation."

"Why is he abnormal, Paul? A man is not obliged to respond to every woman who loves him."

"No—but if he does not respond, a normal man does not remain in the zone of vibration. You were intimate friends with this man—perhaps his best friend—there was nothing unspoken between you—you are an unusually attractive woman—he must be a magnetic man. In the language of the poet, 'If not—*why* not'? A man does not keep his emotions docked in separate cubby holes. As they say in a certain comic opera, 'Everything follows the flag'! Mentality being his strong point—you appeal to that—why doesn't his heart follow suit?"

"I'm not going to talk to you any more about him, Paul."

"Oh, yes you are! You know you are just yearning to talk about him. Unless—will you marry me, Anne?"

"Paul — that's three times to-day. Stupid! Don't you understand I should always be wishing you were that other man? You might think I never had been married! I like you—oh, tremendously well—but not enough to take you for a steady diet—not enough to 'Forsaking all others cleave ye only unto him so long as ye both shall live!' Oh, that is horrible! It gives me green convulsions just to think of it!" she shivered, closing her eyes.

"But, my dear girl—you don't know how accommodating I am. I could even cease to live, if that were necessary for your happiness. But tell me now—would it be so horrible to promise even that—if it were—this other man?"

"Not for me, oh no—it would be almost unthinkable bliss! But for him—he said marriage would be a nightmare! And I—sympathize."

"So you've discussed that subject also—the—ah—possibility? Is there anything you two have *not* talked about?"

"No," Anne rejoined thoughtfully, "there is not. But he says marriage is not possible for him."

"But it may be. You say he's a poet. Is the man well provided for?"

"No—he is not." She sighed, looking sadly towards the distant mountain lines, blue gray against the sky.

"Ah, there, I might come in! Are *you*, Anne—well provided for? You seem to be?"

"I have just what will enable me to live for some years as you see me now, and I have a number of dependent relatives, including an invalid sister of the man I married. I'm doing it," she smiled at him across the piled up cushions—"I'm eating my pie—all at once."

"And to-morrow?"

"Oh, I am Japanese—'To-morrow is with the gods.' We'll see what happens next. I have learned from John to look forward.

He said this life was only the vestibule to the temple of existence. I asked him how he knew it was not the inner court or even the end. And he said, 'Any man who has ever spent five minutes truly alone with himself—knows.' "

"That was a good answer, Anne."

"Yes—all John's answers are good. But I told him that since so much depended upon a little chance and since life is such a tragedy for most—perhaps, after all, this phase does not amount to anything and nothing matters that happens to us here."

"And what did John answer?"

"That this life is of tremendous importance because we do know from our own observation and experience that it is at least a formative phase. Paul—?"

"Yes."

The woman's eyes met the look of unbounded devotion in the dark eyes fixed upon her—wavered—turned to his again—and for an instant their gray depths mirrored his look. "It *is* good of you—why do you listen, Paul?"

"Purely selfish motive—most dear one. I want you to get rid of it all."

"But I never can get rid of it all. John has sharpened my perceptions. I always was sensitive to the inner side but since I have known him, I seem to live on the verge. He is in my very veins."

Her companion quoted gravely,

"Last year green things were greener,
The blue sky bluer, brambles fewer."

"Is it that way, Anne?"

"Yes—yes—it is just that way, Paul. How *did* you know?"

"I have known, sweetheart—for just a fortnight. Look out from your tower, dear girl. What a sunset, Anne! You can see spires and turrets in the clouds—yes and watch the river flowing down to Camelot. Anne, night is coming—the wonderful mountain night when your beloved stars hover nearer in the bending sky. Will you let me stay and watch the stars with you? Anne—Anne! Will you marry me to-night?"

"Paul"—the woman's voice quivered with suppressed passion—"I never look out into the night—I dare not—it seems to hold all I long for—to hold but never to yield it to me! I dare not face the night—*without him,* Paul!"

III.

"And the great king saw the nymph's daughter in the place of prayers?"

"Yes, dear Jane." They were in Jane's garden, speaking of the plaintive story of Sakuntala, told in music. Anne took the girl's restless hands between her own. Jane dwelt alone in the old, gray mansion on the outskirts of the mountain town, with no friend to visit her save Anne, who had discovered the pale, fragile lady of the decayed garden, waiting every morning by the stone posts for the one mail carrier the village boasted.

Time had lightly touched the blue-veined brow, the great, gray eyes, the aureole of yellow hair that Jane wore in childish fashion in two long braids. Her wide eyes traveled over the little, open court by the fountain, choked now with weeds but once beautiful with marble dolphins.

"Was it a place like this, Anne, where the Indian princess learned to pray?"

"It might have been."

"I think it was a place like this, Anne," the other laid one delicate hand on the ruined sundial. "There have been prayers here, Anne—?"

"Jane?"

"Why did not the king know his wife afterwards—if he had loved her once?"

"It is just a fairy tale, Jane dear. A mighty priest robbed the king of memory, because the nymph Sakuntala had forgotten to pay this priest tribute. The king who loved her, gave the maid a marriage ring; but she lost it while bathing in the sacred river. It is not an especially new story, dear. There was Seigfried who forget Brunhilde—men all the world over who forget."

"But if they could not remember, Anne?"

"More fairy tales—dear—they can remember."

"But, see—I have lost something, Anne Perhaps if I could find it, Ralph might remember.

Anne dropped her eyes, fearful of in-

truding upon the other's secret. Her companion had never spoken of "Ralph" to her. Also she was aware that the strange lady of the ancient garden was considered half-witted by the village folk.

"Anne," Jane persisted, "would he? Would Ralph remember?"

"If you found the ring," her friend answered slowly to humor her fantasy, "and if you had been his wife, the man would remember."

"But, Anne, since I have lost the ring, I can only wonder—I can never know. I am only Jane, the Fool," she paused breathlessly and wrung her beautiful long hands, always so eloquent of her. "Anne—Anne—where is the ring?" Jane flitted around the crumbling fountain, despairingly parted the tangled vines and peered beneath the hanging mosses. "Anne—Anne! Where is the ring?"

Her friend watched in sorrowful silence; but the girl flung her arms around the marble Atalanta, poised as for flight between the green. "You know!" she cried. "You were here then—you saw me lose the ring. Where is it now? I have searched ever since he went away, and yet I cannot find it. Where is the king's ring?" She waited, intently listening. "Anne!" Jane swayed forward, her finger on her lip. "He is coming!"—and in Wally's clear voice, the plaintive eastern music floated over the curves of the boxlined labyrinth.

"Good morning, Sakuntala. Good morning, Madame la princesse Anne!"

Anne rose, vaguely annoyed at the interruption; but Wally was Paul's friend of the mountain tramway, and especially welcomed by Jane.

"Good morning, Walter. How is it that you come alone?"

"May I be forgiven? I am the unfortunate bearer of evil tidings. Will the princess slay me in her wrath?"

"Paul?" Anne rose in quick alarm.

"Oh, Paul is all right; but he was telegraphed for, barely in time to catch the only train to-day. His sole remaining relative, an old uncle, is dying. He bade me tell the princess he would be gone three days at most. I do not presume to offer myself as a substitute—but—I shall endeavor to be as inoffensive as my nature permits. By way of suggestion, shall we three ride this morning?"

"Jane will not leave her garden."

"Yes—she will. Jane!"

Jane glanced timidly at Anne—ere her eyes rested on Wally with the look of intense confidence that she reserved for him alone. In fact, to Anne's wonderment, the friendship of Wally for this strange, unearthly girl whom he declared to be—not half-witted, but one and a half witted, antedated her own acquaintance with either. Sometimes she suspected that Jane was the sole reason of Walter's visit to the village.

"Jane," he began gently, "shall we three go together for a ride across the mountains? I want you to see the beautiful world outside your garden. Anne wants to go and so do I."

"But, you know I have never left the garden—and why, Ralph? Why do you want to go?"

"Perhaps"—with sudden inspiration—"to find the ring."

"Yes, I will go—I will go with you, Ralph!" Jane vanished in the direction of the house.

"I think," Anne began shortly, "that you are cruel to her."

"How cruel, my princess?"

"To use Jane's affliction to further your own wish. She really believes there is a ring."

"Well then—to her—there is. Jane will never be disillusioned. Her ideals remain mercifully unchanged. You are unreasonable, princess. Would I not rather go off alone with you, Anne?"

"No. Why should you?"

"Because you are you—and I am I. Therefore it is my pleasure to be alone with you, now that I am not trespassing upon Paul's privilege. Has it ever occurred to you, Anne—that as a companion for ghosts, I cannot be said to be a howling success?"

"Oh, Walter!"

"Make it 'Wally.'"

"'Wally' then"—she smiled—"how can you call Jane a ghost?"

"Jane and her ghosts—if that please you better. I hope that she won't hurry back. Oh, Madame la princesse Anne—I hope Jane will forget to come back

altogether! This is delicious."

Wally stretched himself at Anne's feet in boyish content and glanced laughingly into her grave eyes. She could not resist the contagion of his good humor.

"You great boy!"—suddenly remorseful for her late suspicions—"Little brother, how much do you love Paul?"

Wally sobered instantly—then his gayety flashing out again, "Big sister! How much do you?"

"Impudent! Wally, what makes you so lazy?"

"Oh, I'm not obliged to be anything else—and so, I drift—I don't hurt anybody and if I get in a scrape now and then by way of variety, Paul pulls me out."

"Have you ever considered that he may not particularly enjoy the tug?"

"I have—yes—oh, I know at times I've been a beastly nightmare to Paul—but—may I inflict a bit of autobiography upon you, princess?"

"Yes—as Paul always says to me—go on. I ought to profit by it, he is such an adept in the gentle art of listening."

"Well, then—quite early in life—things were so—if the princess will pardon her slave—'rotten' at home—I took my holidays in the form of an occasional spree."

"And so you formed the 'spree habit.'?"

"Well—maybe I did—but really, princess—they've been very rare of late!"

"Oh, little brother! You don't appreciate Paul, and how he longs to have you pull yourself together!"

"Am I to have an overdose of Paul this morning, Anne? He has the gift of tongues—he can speak for himself; but I want to put in a word at court for Wally. I know you think unheard of things about me. Well then—it is not true, madame la princesse. I have been in my time also afflicted with a friendship that was an incubus—a sort of necessary evil—but I am not what you suspect—truly I am not, Anne."

"What *are* you saying, Ralph?"

Anne half won by his evident sincerity, glanced in quick surprise, where Jane wrapped in a cloak of fashion long departed, bent over the engrossed man. But Wally, disregarding the interruption, repeated steadily,

"I may not have another opportunity—so listen, my princess. Do you understand, Anne? I am *not.*"

What *is* he saying, Anne—what is he saying—that he is *not* the king? What are you saying, Ralph?"

Jane crouched in a little quivering heap by the stone basin and tremblingly drew the hood of her cloak over her face; but Anne gathered the slim figure in her arms and crooned over her, hushing her wild sobs.

"He would not say he was not the king, Anne—if I could find the ring! You said he would know me again if I could find the ring!"

Wally rose, "Shall I go, Anne?"

"Yes"—sternly.

"But you shall not think this means anything but an old distorted memory. I am confused with one of Jane's ghosts. I am *not* that man, Anne—I am not."

Jane shivered—rocking from side to side in Anne's arms.

"If I could find the ring!"—she moaned—"If I could find the ring!"

"It does not matter what you are *not,*" Anne lifted reproachfully indignant eyes to the man at her side, "but you *are*—a brute! Will you go?"

"As far as the gate. Jane does not want me to go altogether. Oh come, my princess—gather her up and let's try a change of scene!"

But Wally and the white car waited in vain by the twin stone posts. Towards evening, Anne slipped home through the side gate in the shrubbery, and Jane went with her.

A telegram from Paul awaited her at the villa:

"The thirteenth of June is past," she read, "Mademoiselle Anne,—will you marry me?"

IV.

In the morning Jane was delirious. By nightfall they had telegraphed for a nurse. Many days passed and the sick girl, hovering on the border line, seemed destined never to return to her garden for which she incessantly called. Some sudden shock—according to the doctor from the hotel, had precipitated an attack of

brain fever. Jane's frail strength seemed to be going out in flame.

Wally, anxious and remorseful, was unwearied in his attendance at the villa. Each morning, he brought to Anne her letter from Paul. For Paul's relative, likewise lingering upon the border, demanded his constant attendance; and Anne would not allow Paul to be informed of Jane's illness.

"His duty is there," she answered Wally's protests as they sat at breakfast during the second week of Jane's illness. "His uncle has no one else—Paul seems to stand between the old man and the shadow. Besides he cannot help Jane."

"He can help you—and he would want to know," the man objected insistently.

"No—he cannot help me." Anne limp and wan in the morning light, yet retained her air of reserve strength, "I must help myself—and her."

"But I know Paul. He will say I let you kill yourself, Anne—I shall telegraph this morning for a night nurse."

"Yes—for when the crisis is past, Jane will want only me—and the other one who never comes. I must not fail her as he has done."

"Anne—Anne—let me tell you about that other man—I am the only one who knows and I may speak—now. If Jane does not live, she will have Ralph!" Wally drew a step nearer gazing earnestly into Anne's white face. "Let me tell you now, Anne!"

"No—Walter—no, no! I will not hear her story from you—I will not. She moans it over and over again. Some women are all heart—Jane is all heart. The man told her that, Wally. Last night"—Anne's hands nervously toyed with the heavy sash of her kimono—"last night Jane wept till I thought she would dissolve like Undine in tears! And over and over—she whispered as I bent to hear—'Jane, you are all heart—Jane, you are a fool!' Wally—no one but a man could have said that!"

"Anne—dearest Anne"—he bent over the unheeding woman—"Madame la princesse Anne!"

"No one but a man," she repeated fiercely as her eyes met his above the empty tea-cups, "and it is true—yes—*true!* We are fools, we all-heart women! For when we give that, we have nothing left."

Wally gulped, "Here is Paul's letter, my princess. Why, big sister"—reproachfully—"you haven't opened yesterday's."

Anne's absent gaze rested on the little pile at her plate. Idly she lifted the envelope on top in Paul's handwriting, dropped it and impetuously seized the one beneath.

"When did this come?"—with breathless eagerness—"this morning?"

Scarce waiting for her companion's nod, Anne stepped to the window seat and tore open the envelope. Four sides of paper, written in a stiff sprawling hand—so much Wally observed as he waited in the shadow.

"One of you!" the woman remarked bitterly, and returned the paper into its envelope. "I am going up to Jane."

"You have forgotten Paul's letter, Anne," Wally persisted softly, "and the doctor said you must go out to-day if only for a little while. Paul writes to me asking whether I am a faithful guardian. You won't let me be. Come, big sister—come for a walk—just to the post office!"

"Well—yes, perhaps I will—to the post office—" she hesitated—"I want to answer this letter. Oh, you've done your duty by me, Wally! I won't let Paul blame you—and after all, you're not altogether responsible for Jane's illness. I'm unreasonable this morning and—horribly tired." The man glanced at the letter in her hand—"Yes—I know—you think it's this letter that has unstrung me—well, perhaps it is—but, little brother—the letter was written by one of you—and when he threw down his pen, he breathed a long sigh of relief, thinking,—'There! I've done my duty by her!' And his letter shows it! Why—the letter is so purely impersonal, I might read it aloud from the very roof of the hotel! Oh, you needn't think anything in the letter troubles me—it is—what is *not* there!"

"You *are* tired, big sister—but if"—the man suggested deprecatingly,—"you would read Paul's letter, you would find something different, princess."

Anne turned at the foot of the stair,

"Yes, little brother, it is true—I should find something different—but suppose—just suppose that I want to find that something *here?*" She impatiently tapped the letter she held.

Wally closed his eyes a moment, "Anne—big sister—this life is a most infernal mess! Why, in the name of God, can't two people come together who both feel the same way? I wonder—is it ever so—do two people ever love with an equal, overpowering, mighty love—do they, Anne?"

The woman collapsed upon the lowest step and hid her face in her hands. When she glanced up again, Wally stood regarding her—a vast understanding in his eyes.

"Do they?" he repeated gently. "Do they, my princess?"

"Oh—little brother—I am not just born into the world—yet I have never seen this wonder—if they do! Perhaps, that is why so few geniuses are born! Perhaps, oh Wally, Wally—we don't look for the perfect man or perfect woman—we, who have lived! It is all a question of temperament—it is all a question of whose faults fit in best with one's own!"

"Yes—one thanks God for the chance—to accommodate himself to the other—faults and all!"

"Yes—Wally."

"Thank you—Anne. Will you read Paul's letter now?"—with gentle insistence.

She thrust the other envelope into the bosom of her loose gown—held it there for one unconscious moment—then took Paul's daily greeting from the hand of his friend.

Wally stood away from the sunlight and watched her as she read. A quick smile lightened her sad eyes and leapt, by her unseen, to the adoring eyes in the detached shadow.

The woman glanced up from the paper and regarded the silent man—still unseeingly.

"Wally—I have to laugh, little brother. It is all so funny! Paul's letters each end the same way. He hasn't missed a single day, since I've known him."

"To ask you to marry him? Yes, I know how Paul would carry along the thing that means the most to him"—and Wally hummed lightly to a merry nursery tune—"Jane loves Ralph—Paul loves Anne—Anne loves a shadow—I love—thou lovest—he loves! Yes, it is all—*so funny!*"

"Whistle for me, Wally—do! Whistle the lament of Sakuntala!"

"Come out on the porch then, big sister—and I'll sing so softly, Jane will not hear. Come out and we'll celebrate, my princess! Jane is not going to die. Paul will be back very soon. What shall we three be doing this time next year? Yes—it is all—*so funny!*"

V.

"The doctor says if she could sleep, Wally—naturally—I have an idea—would it be safe to try? Now and then Jane struggles to lift herself in bed, and she listens, Wally—oh, so hard! Is it for the music in her garden? Just now she whispered to me, 'Do you hear the eastern princess—do you hear her—anywhere?' Wally—shall we try?"

The man bent before the anxious face, "Madame la princesse—I will sing in the passage. Open her door, big sister."

Anne obeyed, then knelt by the bedside—and softly through the half open door—Sakuntala and her love lived again. At the first low note, Jane opened wide the pitiful eyes that filled the small face—so wasted now it seemed already of the world unseen, and feebly the sick girl turned her head towards the sounds she loved. Very slowly a smile crept about the pale mouth and very slowly the great eyes closed.

The loud ticking of the clock and Wally's voice penetrating through the quiet chamber! Sweetly, insistently the music called, then fell in soothing cadence—searching—feeling for Jane's exhausted sense.

An hour passed—the invalid slept—Anne had not moved.

Another hour—Wally sang his heart's story wooingly from without the door—Anne crouched upon the floor—unknowing. Jane's beautiful hair had been cut close, but upon the sleeper's forehead beads of moisture gathered—her breath no longer came in flurried gasps. The

morning sun crept between the vines shading the lattice—Anne glanced at the slanting shaft of light but dared not rise to close the blind.

Another hour—a step upon the stair! The doctor spoke to the man in the passage, then he bent low above the bed and softly closed the blinds. He whispered reassuringly to the kneeling woman, but Anne glanced up with deep concern—her finger upon her lip.

"Come—dear child," the old man answered low, "we have weathered danger point!"

But Anne would not—could not move her cramped limbs. The doctor tiptoed to the man outside.

"Our patient is sleeping naturally—your work is done."

Wally glanced towards Anne—he had not received his release.

"Carry madame out of the room. She needs you now!" the doctor commanded.

Wally entered, crooning low, stooped and lifted the unresisting Anne in his arms—and still crooning low—but to the face against his breast—he carried her softly down the stair.

They had not heard the white car pulsing before the gate. They did not see the man waiting at the foot of the stair.

Wally unconscious of aught but the face so near his own—bent above the burden he might not bear again.

The man at the foot of the stair stepped aside; and the other turned to meet the stern regard of Paul.

Wally smiled—he took a step forward and laid his burden in the arms of his friend. And Paul met the look and understood the smile and before he laid the unconscious woman on the couch—his free arm encircled the shoulders of his friend and over her closed eyelids—their hands met.

VI.

Anne opened her eyes. "Wally! Paul! It *is* Paul!"

She glanced wonderingly around the room. "Wasn't I upstairs with Jane? How did I come here? How did you come here? Oh, Paul—Paul! She is asleep!"

"Yes—I know all about it, dear heart. I came over with the doctor. Didn't you need me before, little girl?"

"I hadn't time to need you, Paul. Did I faint?"

"Well—you seemed—rather—unconscious."

"But I never fainted in all my healthy life, Paul. It is ridiculous to faint!"

"Don't think about it, Anne—I am with you now for always."

"And your uncle. Is he well, Paul?"

"He is dead."

"I'm sorry, Paul."

"His death was a release. Don't think about that either. How long has it been since you have slept? Never mind, dearest. You are to go up to your tower now and forget the world. You are to sleep until I wake you. I have sent Wally off duty too. The nurses and I will look after Jane. How long will you sleep? A long, long while—to please me, Anne?" She let him pile the cushions upon her couch in the tower; and she lay on the pillows in her loose robe, while Paul spread the sleeping rugs over her. Then since it was noon, he drew the curtains draped before the round windows.

"Good night, Anne. Put everything upon the shelf, little girl. When I come again it will be morning."

"Good night, Paul. Haven't you forgotten something?"

He turned at the door questioningly, "What, dear?"

"Don't they always when they tuck their small children in—kiss them good night?" She smiled wistfully.

He stepped to her side and bent above her, "What a strange mixture you are! I will catch that little wan smile at the corners of your mouth, before it fades into never! There!"—and lightly as she had meant it, he touched her lips.

"Little child who wanted to be kissed—good night! Good night, mademoiselle Anne!"

She closed her eyes.

Outside—upon the threshold of her door—the man fiercely caught his breath.

"Anne!" he cried within himself, "Will you marry me—*soon*—Anne?"

VII.

Jane lay upon the couch drawn to the window. The September sun shone upon her white brow, the short tendrils of new hair—the wide eyes patient yet questioning. Jane loved the sun—she reached out to let it play over her thin arms. She caught the golden ripples in the fine meshes of her shawl and the silken folds of her blue coverlet.

"Wally"—very quietly.

"Yes."

"Did Anne go with Paul for a ride down the mountain?"

"Yes, Jane."

"When?"

"About an hour ago, after you fell asleep."

"Wally"—hesitatingly.

"Yes, Jane."

"How many hours have you played for me to-day?"

"I don't know—perhaps three, Jane."

"Was it the forest symphony you were playing when I fell asleep?"

"Yes—the forest symphony. Do you remember how the stream bubbled and trickled between the mosses near the fountain, and how the trees rustled and murmured as they do in your garden? Did you hear the birds nesting, and all the little people of the woods—frisking beneath the leaves, Jane?"

"Yes, I heard it all, Wally—and I saw the sunrise in the woods waking the flowers and calling all the little people to live and be happy. And I saw the red sunset—and, Wally—"

"Yes, Jane. What else did you see?"

"Oh, Wally—since I have been ill, I see all things differently. I know I am weak yet—but I have no longer the foolish fancies I once had. I scarcely know what those fancies were." She paused and the quick red mounted to the soft down upon her forehead.

"Don't try, Jane. Just think of the present. Let the rest slide from you. Now is all that matters."

"But, Wally, I seem to remember everything that made me once so—foolish. I remember the last time we were together—you and I and Ralph. And oh, Wally—I remember all you did for me—afterwards. When did I lose my wits, Wally? Was it after Ralph died or when he went away? And have I been crazy for years?"

"Not exactly that, Jane. You have confused things a long while and lived in the unreal world of your own fancy—that is all."

"And in that unreal world, I did you an injury, Wally. Yes, I know I did—I saw it in Anne's eyes. I made Anne suspect you. Paul suspected you too. How could they, Wally—since they think they know you? They never lost their wits like 'Jane the Fool.' It all comes back to me as I lie here watching you three. Why didn't you tell Paul my story—in the very beginning. They would have believed you then—Anne and Paul—and understood."

"It was *your* story, Jane."

She turned her face to the window and watched the falling leaves.

"Wally—you are—so good. Ralph always said you were good, but even he did not know how good."

"The goodness is in your own heart, Jane."

"No—no. Listen, Wally. I didn't have a mother; but when I was a child I had a good old nurse. Every evening when I came to say good night to her, I used to add, 'Everything?' That meant, would she forgive me for everything wrong I had done that day. Wally—I want to be in tune with my new world—but most of all—I want to be in harmony with you. Wally, will *you* forgive me?"

"If there is anything to forgive, I forgive you, little one."

"Everything, Wally?"

"Everything, Jane."

"Then play for me—not the forest symphony—but something—something I have never heard—never known—before."

Again she turned her face to the window and watched the falling leaves.

Wally played—a sonata, a nocturne, but Jane was not satisfied. He glanced at the pale profile and very softly his fingers strayed into the andante movement of "The New World Symphony."

Jane's patient eyes turned from regarding the falling leaves and fastened upon

the player, spell-bound.

"Again!" she breathed rapturously as he glanced over her head—Wally also loved the time of falling leaves—"Again! There is nothing hidden! The music brings all things into the light. Play for me, Wally—play more—more—more!"

And as Jane's joyous voice sank into silence, Wally played again the second movement of the symphony. And even as his fingers wrung the heart breaking melody from the white keys, the man began to perceive what he must do.

VIII.

"I have a surprise for you all to-night," Paul announced about three weeks later. "At eight o'clock we are to assemble in the music room. Ask no questions but finish your dinner."

"Never knew you were addicted to mysteries, old man—" Walter drained his claret—but surprises never come single. So look out."

"Are you going to surprise us, Wally—my son?"

"'That may be and that may not be, said the goblin!' It wants an hour to your party. Jane is going to rest—I shall vanish till then—and Anne—?"

"Is coming for a stroll with me."

"Until eight o'clock then!" Wally filled their glasses. "Drink to our next meeting at this table!"

"To-morrow at breakfast!" Anne glanced up laughingly; but Jane regarded the speaker with eyes suddenly grown solemn.

"You are an ideal hostess, Madame la princesse Anne. You let us all so beautifully alone. There is such a sense of freedom. Isn't there, Jane?"

"I don't want to rest," Jane responded irrelevantly. "I want to talk to you, Wally."

Anne laid her hand on Paul's arm. He threw his cigar into the fireplace.

"It's growing cool, Anne—will you take a wrap?"

The two by the fire drew their chairs together.

"Paul"—they sauntered down the walk—"I want to tell you something."

"Beginning, 'You see, Paul—it is this way—"

"Well—anyhow—it is." Anne shut the gate with a decisive click. "Do you notice anything peculiar about Jane?"

"I notice a decided absence of peculiarity at present. Since her illness, our friend is more rational than most people—and her hallucinations seem to have completely vanished."

"Oh, yes, Paul—her *old* hallucinations! It has been an unusual result of the brain fever, the doctor declares—but she's under a new one now—and—I am afraid for Jane."

"What do you mean, little girl? Can Jane have forgotten the absent Ralph?"

"No—Paul—no, we do not forget. But Ralph, whoever he was—*is*—dead. She told me so; and Wally knows all about it. I have misjudged Wally. He never was Ralph. I suspect he unselfishly served them both; and now Jane is in love with him."

"Impossible! If it were anybody but you who suggested this—I should say—nonsense!"

"Oh—but she is, Paul—really. You can't fool me—I know the symptoms."

"But—Anne—what's to follow? Absurd! Wally is not a marrying man."

"Why not? What's the matter with him?"

Paul laughed. "Mademoiselle Anne—you are a rich morsel! Well, my dear girl—Wally has always cultivated the idea that he was born to be a bachelor. At first his home responsibilities were so pressing, he couldn't think of marriage; and now he—wouldn't."

"But Wally is no older than I am," the woman persisted.

"Not in years—perhaps—but then, you know he is a rover by nature and a musician by the grace o' God!"

"Yes—I kow, Paul—" she sighed—all artists are more or less crazy—they have to be intense—unbalanced to make an impression—so of course they must live in an unreal world—or, perhaps—I have thought lately—theirs is the real—the one we are being made ready for. It does not fit us all—yet. Well, you will admit that Jane is unusual too."

The man reflected a moment. "Mademoiselle Anne"—he began with unexpected seriousness, "I ought to say this

to you. Wally is indeed a lovable fellow, as you've admitted before. Now—would it be possible—could *you* ever come to love him, little girl?"

"I? Why Paul. You know I love John. I couldn t love two men at once."

"Hardly. I was merely surmising—clearing the ground as it were—from a sense of friendship to Wally. Well anyhow, Anne—Wally does not love Jane."

"Oh, but he might if he does not love any one else!"

"Ah!"

"Paul—Paul—does he love any one else?"

"Anne—we must not stray too far into Wally's preserves. Sweetheart—a man likes to tell his love—to the woman—himself. The new moon! Wish upon it, Anne. I may not see you later on alone. Will you marry me, Anne?"

"You missed one day, Paul! Yes, you did. The day you came home—the day I fainted."

"The day I came *home!* How sweet it sounds! Thank you, dearest!" He slid his arm through hers and turned back to the house. "Home! But I did not miss that day, mademoiselle Anne. I asked you on the landing outside your door after I left you. I stood and whispered through the panel when you were lying fast asleep—after I had kissed you—Anne—after I had *kissed* you!"

The woman drew her arm quickly from his. "I am like John to-night"—she rejoined nervously—"I am wishing you—wouldn't."

"Well then I won't—to-night—but remember, you are my fate, dearest Anne. Ah, it is time"—as the toot of a machine broke upon the silence. "Now—will you take the others up to the tower until I call?"

The white car landed its occupants at the bungalow—another car stopped by the broad veranda—and still another. The orchestra from the city grouped itself around the piano—and softly the strains of the Dvorak symphony floated up to the tower.

Jane who never had listened to an orchestra, pressed to Wally's side as they hurried down the stair. Paul silently led them to an alcove and remained outside gazing through the open window into the rapt face of Anne.

After the new world symphony, the Mendelssohn concerto that reminded Jane of all the things that ever had died—and then—the overture of Sakuntala that welcomed her now back to life and love.

Wally cast one troubled glance at Anne, ere his eyes rested with gentle understanding upon the gray ones that ever sought his with wistful fervor.

But Anne, dead to the passion by her side—unconscious of the bungalow upon the mountain, was summoned by the music to a little studio far away in the attic of a quaint New England home where she knew a man sat writing—in his sky parlor, he called it, the new book of his poems nearing completion. His eyes were tired and the days were growing short. The man lit the lamp on the table beside him. Anne caught her lip between her teeth and shut her eyes upon the scalding tears:

"John!" she cried in her heart as the man shaded the lamp, "John—John—John!"

IX.

In the morning, Paul appeared alone. Anne glanced up expectantly from the breakfast table, but Jane clasped his arm in unconcealed alarm.

"Wally?" she queried tensely, "Wally?"

"Here is a letter for you, Jane." The girl feverishly tore open the envelope—"And one for you, mademoiselle Anne."

"Is Wally ill?" Anne drew him aside.

"No, dear girl."

"Is he—?"

"I suppose so—our friend has disappeared—taken the mountain train before I was up. The waiter gave me these three notes—one for each of us—at breakfast. May I read you mine?" Anne nodded assent.

" 'You'll understand, old man—perhaps—some day. I need a change of air. Don't wait up for me.' " He folded the note, "That's all—and yours?"

"Is equally brief:

" 'To you, Madame la princesse Anne—my salutations and my obedience! It is all so funny.' "

"I am going upstairs, Anne and Paul" —Jane regarded them quietly, "You two do not understand. You think Wally has gone on—"

"One of his annual outbursts," Paul supplied gently. "Well—where has he gone, Jane?"

"He has gone—he tells me—to wait for the ring that Sakuntala was to return to her lover; and I understand. I shall wait for him, Anne and Paul. I am good at waiting, Anne and Paul."

"But you will not worry, dear Jane. You will not let this cruel freak of Wally's upset you?" Anne took both her hands—pressing them, and gazed anxiously into her great eyes.

"It is not a cruel freak, Anne and Paul. It had to be. Wally needed room—room to think and breathe. I shall send my thoughts to him every moment—until he comes again."

"There!" Anne raised appealing eyes to Paul. "You see. What can we do?"

"I'll go and look for him," the man turned reassuringly to Jane, "I'll bring him back to you, Jane."

"No—no!" Jane slipped one dainty hand over his. "No—no—Anne and Paul —you must not hunt Wally. He will come back when he is sure. You must let him alone. Let this be his way—*his* way, Anne and Paul. I shall not lose my wits again—if you will promise to let Wally alone!"

"One of Jane's vagaries! What do you say, Anne?'

Paul laid his other hand lightly over the one that clasped his as Jane swayed forward, softly kissing Anne's cheek, "She also says—'One of Jane's vagaries!' Go away—you two—and—may I have both your notes to read?"

"Keep them, dear." Anne turned to Paul.

"Shall it be a ride or a walk then, Anne?"

"A walk—a scramble up the mountain. I know a place where you climb up and up until you come out upon an open plateau free of trees! I want to see the wind in the high waving grass—and I want to look down a very long vista, Paul!"

"You shall! Come then, we'll go view hunting! And, Anne—bring that very legal apearing document with you, please."

Anne tucked her mail into the pocket of her sweater and they set out together over the fallen leaves.

"I suppose it's no use worrying about Wally," she began as they reached the big stone that choked the path leading down into the valley, "it's Jane—I'm thinking about. How could he risk making her sick again? It's a glaring instance of Wally's colossal selfishness."

"Jane is delicately balanced, but her perceptions are unusually keen. Perhaps she's right—and I hope her poetical explanation of Wally's sudden flight will be the true one." Paul loitered in the little arbour by the big stone.

"You hope so, Paul—but you *think*—that he's off on a spree."

"Well, we've been three months in Arcadia," the other returned lightly—"and—spreeless! Stay just a moment, Anne. Look at me!" He rested both hands upon her shoulders, "Do you remember how you brought me here on that very first morning? Do you remember, dear girl, how I told you all should be as you chose? I was indeed the mammon of unrighteousness on that day, Anne—and I would have followed in any path your feet led. Well, dear heart—have I kept my word to you? You led—to the heights. Have I 'been *good* with you,' Anne?"

She glanced from his face, grave and tender, to the red leaves dancing from trees clasped by redder vines, "Oh, Paul —it is hard to be serious this bright, windy morning! Yes—yes—you have—you have been good! Are you dizzy with virtue, Paul? Don't you enjoy looking from the heights?"

"Yes—but I want also to descend to the more intimate valleys where men may live, snug and contented. Yes—I enjoy everything that holds you, Anne. Give me one moment more, dear heart. Look down there—where the road winds! It was there you found me—lying unconscious upon the highway. I told you then—the life you saved was yours."

"Oh, Paul—I shudder to think of it!" —she slid from his hands and parted the

underbrush. "Don't speak of it, Paul. I cannot bear to remember—in the sunlight—how near you—oh, let us hurry around the curve. Can you climb, Paul?"

"Like a goat." He followed her down into the valley. They crossed the bridge that spanned the torrent and scrambled up the rocks on the other side of the ravine.

"Now!" Her companion reached down smilingly.

"Oh no—young sir! I wandered around these mountains years before you appeared upon the scene. Why I discovered this very plateau. Oh, Paul!"—breathlessly—"oh, Paul!"

They stood upon an open space—the long grass stretched rippling in the high wind—the waving blue mountain line sloped against the sky. From a distant clump of trees, the pointed roof of Anne's tower showed white above the green; and where the mountain torrent fell into its stone basin, they knew the wicket gate hidden in the box hedge led to Jane's garden.

And it was autumn—Anne's time—autumn red and gold upon the mountain! With a little cry of transport, the woman led the man beneath a tree standing alone in the centre of the plateau—a wide spreading tree, all gold—the broad leaves yet moist freshly fallen upon the ground. She looked up at the low yellow canopy, veined with brown. The drooping boughs arched to enclose just these two in a sombre golden light—a little world all their own.

"Paul," she murmured raptly, "this little tree—alone upon the plateau—it seems to shut out the sky! Gold underfoot—thickly fallen gold! Gold overhead! It is a rare mellow sunshine, Paul—the sunshine of the maples!"

"The sunshine of the maples!" he answered her look. "Let me make you a throne of yellow leaves. You are the spirit of the place. It lacked life, until this moment, Anne."

"There was no lack before we came—there is no lack now"—she smiled—"after all you are a poet—ah!"

"Ah!" he echoed softly. "You are thinking of the absent but very real poet, Anne. Take your throne, dearest girl"—he piled the freshly fallen leaves, "and your happy servitor!"—throwing himself at her feet. "What next, mademoiselle Anne? Let me be for you the genie of the lamp."

"Next—we shall open the mail, most mighty genie. Beginning with this—" she took the long envelope from her pocket—"nothing important—from my lawyers."

"And not important?"

"No—you read it, Paul—there is no business in me."

He read aloud the communication from Anne's lawyers, who begged to inform madam they had made a most profitable investment—certain lands out west having become unexpectedly valuable.

"Lands out west!" Anne interrupted in quick surprise, "I didn't know I had any lands out west, Paul."

"You are beautifully careless in matters of business, my dear girl. It's well for you that your property is in honest hands. I don't believe you know what you do own!"

"So you remarked before—when you asked the name of my lawyer—but honestly, Paul, I don't remember anything about lands out west. What have they yielded, oil, timber, copper or perhaps—gold? Ah, it is not comparable to this!" She ran her fingers through the yellow leaves and scattered great handfuls over his head. "Don't desecrate the spot with money talk. There! I have dubbed you, Sir Knight! Am I really an heiress, Sir Paul? Comtesse de chateau rien!" she laughed—"Like Monsieur Beaucaire, I fancy!"

"The lands are valuable for building sites," Paul scanned the written sheet with assumed eagerness, "and because a railroad is to be run through. Don't you want to read for yourself, Anne?"

"No—I don't. The bark is too brown—the leaves are too yellow! What does it mean, Paul? Tell me that. Does it mean that when the few years I counted upon, are gone, I can continue living in this very comfortable fashion?"

"It means more than that—dear girl. You can live luxuriously—travel if you like—cabine de luxe—bridal apartments en suite! You needn't scoff—for if it

were not for this very commonplace sort of gold, how could you ever be here to enjoy the leaves?"

"How could I? Yes—money is a necessary evil. Well then—I must admit I couldn't have come here without it, but if I had nothing else than the money sense, this mountain top would only produce an agreeable impression upon my retina. It is the combination that counts. And so—I have the means then, Paul?"

"You certainly have, dear girl."

"For always and without worrying?"

"For always," he repeated gladly, "and without worrying."

"Enough for those same invalid relatives I told you of?"

"More than enough."

"Then I'll pension them all off! And oh, Paul! There is something I have wanted to do—it seems all my life! I have wanted—may I tell you, Paul?—it's about John. You know he isn't strong—not like other men—and sensitive as a poet would have to be. Did I tell you his sister is dependent upon him? He has not even enough money to be sure of a comfortable ending—so he just goes on working and she keeps house for him. John said some day he would be a little, quiet old man living alone in the country—raising carnations. Paul—I've always wanted to buy John an annuity. I've always longed and wanted to make it possible for him to go away to some splendid place—full of rich color, such as he loves—beyond the sea—some beautiful spot of everlasting sunshine where he can just live to enjoy and be no longer obliged to think eternally of ways and means, Paul—" solemnly—"could I do that now?"

"You could," the man gravely lifted his eyes to the glowing ones beneath the sunshine of the maples, "do that now."

X.

"His sister does not write to me that John is ill, Paul—but ailing and unable to work and thinking all the time, as I told you, of ways and means. And so I have decided, Paul—"

"Don't say it, Anne."

"Ah, you know?"

"Yes—I know. You are going to him."

"I must—you see, it is this way, Paul—I must—I am glad you do see that I must, Paul."

"Anne—could you—is it too much to ask?" he hesitated, regarding her doubtfully. "Could you trust me—greatly—Anne?"

"Trust you? Trust you to do what, Paul?"

"Listen, dear heart. I know of a certain one-storied, rose-hung villa in the south of France. You can lease it or buy it—for John and his sister. I can run across the pond—to-morrow and arrange with your lawyers for the amount of the annuity you wish to buy for John—a generous one, of course. I can bring you instant word of him—cable for you—if he—if you wish it. Now just consider, dear girl—Jane is here alone and she might—if you go away—suffer a relapse. We have not heard from Wally. Will you not trust me greatly, Anne?"

"I do trust you greatly—yes, you know I do—I would trust you with anything, Paul—but I want to go myself—I want to see John myself."

"Where is she going?" Jane stood in the doorway, trembling with agitation. "Where are you going, Anne?"

"I have a letter from John's sister, dear. I must see how ill he is—he may want—need me."

"No, he doesn't want you—no, nor need you, now!" Jane's voice rose in a frightened cry—"If you go away I shall go back to my garden. Don't go—Anne—oh, not yet—no, no! Not yet! Wait till Wally comes back to us. Don't go, dear Anne—don't—don't leave me!" She clung in terror around Anne's neck, the slight body shaken with sobs. "Anne if you go away now—I shall be just 'Jane the Fool' again! You don't know how hard it is to keep my courage alive till Wally comes. You don't understand what it means—every day to wait and fear and wonder. He may he ill—he may be dead, he may be calling me even now! I fear—I fear! I have not let you see how much I fear! Stay with me, Anne. You don't know how hard it is to keep on being myself. Wally will never come back if you are not here. It is you who are drawing him back! Anne!

Anne! He will come if *you* call!"

"But, Jane, suppose it were Wally who was ill and he needed you?"

"He does need me—he does—and he cannot reach me! John is not ill and you do know where he is, and besides, John has his sister. Suppose you did *not* know. Suppose you did *not* know where John was? And he had—nobody? Could you keep quite sane, Anne?"

Paul rose and stood looking down upon them. "These mountain train leaves tonight. A week to cross the pond—three days to settle matters—a week to return. Will you wait two weeks and three days, Anne? I shall cable each day. Bestow this trust upon me—for Jane's sake—for mine—for yours—I beg it of you, Anne!"

The crucial moment was upon them—and the man knew it! Had he dared too greatly?

Jane hid her tear-stained face upon Anne's breast. "You will! Oh say you will let him go!" she sobbed, "I think—I think something is snapping in my head! John does not want you now. Let Paul go, dear—dear, Anne! Draw Wally back to us—I cannot—I have tried and I cannot!" She dropped exhausted at her friend's feet.

Anne pressed the fainting girl to her side. "I will not leave you, Jane. Paul, I will send a letter to John by you—and, you have my lawyer's address. I will send them word that you are to act for me. Are there any other particulars, Paul?"

"It will not be necessary for you to arrange anything further. I will bring back the papers for you to sign. You can fill in the amount. Write your letters, Anne. I have an hour."

The woman stole sorrowfully up to her tower; but she could not write for tears and longing to be with the man she loved. Had he not first claim upon her service? Why had she promised to remain? Ah, John would wish it to be so! He would say her place was now with Jane! And she was taught of John! The work of his loved hands should not fail him!

A glad smile lifted the corners of Anne's sensitive mouth—the mist no longer blurred her vision. She was giving the man what he wanted; and he would not refuse this new lease of life from her.

Perhaps it was better after all that her presence should not embarrass John. She had scarcely dared hope to give so much. Already he had remonstrated when she forced gifts upon him.

"But John," she once had plead, "I wish I could give you a castle in Spain! I want to make possible the life that you ought to have!"—and he had answered:

"Don't tell me what you would do for me, my friend. It makes me appear like a lay-figure so far as you are concerned."

"But, John"—she smiled at the memory because it held him—"you *are* a lay-figure so far as I am concerned!"

And yet—the man had responded—in his own kind. After all—it must be "every man after his kind." John had given her of his best—no one person held supreme place with John.

"And so"—Anne finished her letter—"I am sending you the man who after you, is my best friend. I want you to know him, John. I want him to know you. And if you will make me happy, let me feel that at last you have what you want—and from me.

"I am very rich—I don't know how rich; but Paul will tell you. And I shall take no joy in my riches—I shall be poor indeed—if you do not for my sake, accept this little corner of my realm—not indeed the castle in Spain, we talked of—but a tiny rose-hung villa in the south of France.

"You once showed me a picture of just such a place—and you said you would like to raise carnations in the garden. Go and do it, dear John—and I shall greet every morning with joy, thinking you have your heart's desire! You know how selfish I am—I want to think also that *I* gave it to you.

"Let me feel I gave it to you, John—the chance to leave that barren new world spot forever behind. It is wistaria time in Japan—and when you are tired of the roses—you can go to that fairy place and seek a rustic arbor jutting out over a round pond that mirrors the very blue sky—an arbor hung with purple wistaria blossoms—the air sweet and balmy with everlasting sunshine—oh, you know.

"When you are there you will know the

joy of resurrection, and I shall share your joy, wherever I may be—only to know you have it—and—I am so selfish!—from Anne.

"John—John—it is wistaria time in Japan!"

Jane was sitting by Paul's side—a contented light in her eyes. She rose and glided silently away as Anne came down the stair.

"Here are the letters, Paul. About a fortnight, you said?"

"No longer than I must. You may be sure of that, mademoiselle Anne. I wear my lady's scarf across my shield. Good night—dear heart—goodbye!"

The white car pulsated up the mountain. Anne listened until she could no longer hear Paul's horn calling across the ravine. She was not conscious of the little cold hand that slipped into hers. She listened now to the silence falling over the mountain—and then—

"Will you not trust me greatly, Anne?"

* * *

"I wear my lady's scarf across my shield. Good night, dear heart, goodbye!" * * *

"Will you not trust me greatly, Anne?"

* * * *

"Good night, dear heart, goodbye!"

XI.

"Will you hear my story to-day, Anne?" Jane ventured kindly.

Anne folded her last message from Paul. A telegram from the seaport had been followed by wireless, then cablegrams—and now a letter written after he had seen John. There was no present cause for alarm—her friend was better—or would be soon—in France. John had enclosed a letter, begging her not to think him insensible to the many kindnesses she had bestowed upon him these past years. He wrote that before Paul came, Anne had already given him a wealth—and he hoped she understood. Yes—the woman understood!

"Will you hear my story to-day, Anne?" the soft voice repeated in her ear."

"Yes—dear—I will listen."

Again—had not John listened? Yes—and Paul? The thought gently insinuated itself—"and Paul!" To-morrow, her lover wrote he would see her lawyers—then back to John—and then—home to Anne.

"Home to Anne," his letter ended—"home to Anne!"

"I want to tell you in the garden," Jane's voice intruded once more upon her reverie. "May I tell you in the garden where it happened, Anne?"

"But, Jane dear—you have not been there since you were ill. If unhappy memories should come back?"

"It has all come back, Anne,—but oh, so differently! Never fear—Jane the Fool died when I was ill. You need not be afraid for me now, dear Anne."

She slipped her arm through her friend's, and they went across the brown fields together, and opened the little gate in the hedge. Jane's garden stripped of leaves showed desolate in the late October sun.

"Oh, Anne—who has repaired the fountain?" In joyful surprise, the girl hung over the stone basin now cleared of debris.

"Wally—before he went away."

"It is all as it was in the long ago. The dolphins poured the water into the basin—just so! Ralph and I sat here very often to watch the water falling. Will you watch with me here to-day, Anne?"

She drew her friend to the seat by the sun-dial at the feet of the Atalanta.

"I told him what the water told me as it fell into the basin—Ralph."

"Are you speaking to me, Jane?"—apprehensively.

"Yes—to you, Anne—but ever since we listened together—Ralph and I—the stream repeats his name. It hurt me dreadfully for a long while—but now I have accepted the pain, dear Anne." She dropped her head over her clasped hands, her eyes upon the wide-mouthed dolphins. "You knew that when I was born here, Anne—my very little, young mother died?"

"Yes—the old carrier told me."

"I used to be so sorry for her—cut off like that and after so fresh an agony. I used to grieve for her here. Many times when my old nurse thought I was asleep or reading fairy tales, I was grieving for

my very little, young mother—so soon dead. Sometimes it provoked my good Hannah. She used to shake me. 'What ails the child? What are you thinking about mooning at the end of your nose? Run and play!' But now, Anne, I never would grieve for anybody who is dead."

"Not even if you felt the person never had a chance to really live, Jane?"

"No"—Jane's solemn eyes lifted a moment from the falling water—"no—it comes or—it waits. Everything that happens to us is all right. We are short-sighted, Anne."

"Not everything, Jane—surely not."

"Not for now perhaps—dear Anne—but viewed at the end—for the whole of life—it will look all right."

"So John said. Jane you ought to know John—perhaps—" she hesitated, "wouldn't that be strange? Perhaps you are his kindred spirit—you are both so—unearthly!"

"No, I am not John's kindred spirit. I am too loving, Anne."

"But isn't John loving?"

"To the whole world and hidden underneath many scars; but I love just a few individuals—intensely as you know, dear Anne." She was silent a moment, "All that remains of John is just—beautiful thinking, Anne. John has become a philosopher—a poet crucified!"

"Why—how did you know him, dear?"

"It is through you, I know him. I have tried to know him, because I love you, Anne."

"But tell me of yourself, dear. You brought me here to listen to your own story. You grew up a dreaming child in this dreaming garden, and before your old nurse died, Ralph came."

"Ralph came. He saw me gathering flowers—he waited for me in the garden; and one warm spring morning when all the air was spicy with sweet smelling things. Ralph fell asleep under the cherry tree. I was hidden in the tree—I showered blossoms down upon him. He was so beautiful lying there—a young sun god asleep! It is not so hard to think of now—for he loved me, Anne. I know he loved me all the summer long. Until the leaves fell. Ralph loved me. And yet—and yet—"

"Are you sure you want to tell me, Jane?"

"Oh yes, I want to tell you—and yet—Ralph could stop loving, Anne—he could go from me. He said, 'I am going back to work—the summer is past, Jane—the dream is ended' "—She was silent again and her gentle gaze wandered around the garden as the summoning witness to her tale—" 'The dream is ended, Jane'—he said. Do you wonder that I can speak of this—which was so very dreadful to me it blotted out the sun? I can speak—because it was not the end for *me*. I told Ralph there could be no end—that to me it meant for always; and he answered, " 'You are a fool, Jane'! How many heart'!"—she paused, repeating softly, " 'You are a fool, Jane!' How many times the water splashed back his words to me—'You are a fool, Jane'! But though I will never forget—I have put it all aside—'on the shelf' as Paul says, for I know the best of Ralph was mine then—the best of Ralph *is* mine always!"

"Oh, my dear—how can you forgive him? The man was monstrously cruel to you! You ought not to forgive him! It is weak to forgive a wrong like that!"

"I loved Ralph, Anne."

"Not—afterwards?"

"Afterwards and always. Nothing that Ralph could do, would make him any other than Ralph. Don't *you* know? Even his faults are dear to me—they are *his* faults. The quality of my love changed to meet them—but the love was always his. Don't *you* know, Anne—how I could forgive him?"

"Ah, Jane!"

"Besides, dear—Ralph meant to be honest with me. I understood that. He said to me when the leaves had all fallen. *'What* do you want, Jane—the truth? Well then, I don't love you now. It *was* in my heart—yes—but it has passed with the summer.' "

"But he ought not to have allowed himself to drift!" Her companion retorted indignantly. "He ought to have been sure of himself in the very beginning."

"Do you—do I,—do everything we ought?" Jane's timid fingers stole into hers. "Oh Anne, you have to forgive

people some time! Oh, Anne, many strange emotions masquerade as love! Ralph went away and then—Wally came."

"Wally came! *Our* Wally?"

"Yes—you never dreamed how I knew him in the long ago! Wally was Ralph's friend. Ralph loved him and talked of him incessantly. It seemed—almost—when Wally came that I had Ralph again. But Wally had only come to tell me—Ralph was dead. Ah, I remember the day he told me! Snow covered the ground—the time when people who have real homes, homes where their hearts are, draw together close to the fire and shut out the cold white world! And so Wally told me."

"That Ralph was dead?"

"Suddenly—an accident traveling—but he had lived long enough to tell his friend about me and to beg him to come to me. He could not send me his love. That had died like flame which has nothing to sustain it—but Ralph said he had given the best of himself into my keeping—and he sent me his last grateful remembrance and his unavailing sorrow that he had hurt me so—that he had hurt me so—his unavailing sorrow"—the gentle voice trailed into silence—the denuded boughs swayed above their heads—"I told Wally that I would live upon the memory of what I once had—but I couldn't, Anne—I couldn't! I had an illness, and then my old nurse died—and then—it seemed the comfort of memory eluded my grasp and only the pain remained. *'Jane you are a fool—Jane you are all heart!'* Yes, the fountain sung it to me, over and over and over again! I remember dimly that Wally arranged for my life here—and for a long, long time I must have lived alone—but I remember nothing distinctly nor separately of that time which belongs to 'Jane the Fool'—until one morning I awoke in your beautiful room, Anne—and you were bending over me—and I thought I ought to know your beautiful face, but I did not. Then Wally explained to me—in his way—so like yet so unlike Ralph—and then I knew that God had sent you, Anne."

"Thank you, dear."

"And I owe to you—and to Wally that I am no longer, 'Jane the Fool'!"

"To Wally, dear Jane—not to me! Wally sang you to sleep—Wally coaxed you back to life—Wally played you well again and kept you in a happy state of mind until you had regained your poise."

"Yes—I know—I know what Wally has done and all our long debt to him—Ralph's and mine. But I know also that but for me, you would be now with John."

"With John!" Anne echoed harshly. "Don't! I can't bear it, Jane."

"Anne—Anne!" Suddenly Jane threw up her hands with a little cry—"Forgive me for being happy when you are sad—but—I feel—I feel that Wally is coming! Anne—you have drawn him back to us!"

"How glad you are, Jane! How glad!"

"Yes, I am glad— I am glad! How could you suspect Wally, Anne? How could you? Wally would not knowingly hurt the littlest thing that breaths."

"But Wally's heart is elusive—you cannot put your finger upon it. And even if you held it, I suspect you could not keep it, Jane. You have suffered enough from hearts like his!"

"Anne, Anne—" reproachfully—"that heart flew at once to you!"

"To *me*—Jane—to me?"

"Ah, dear Anne! You did *not* know? Because you are conscious of but one love! Tell me, dear Anne—why do you suppose Wally left us?"

"To be plain with you, Jane—you know his weakness—I don't like to say it; but Paul supposes he has gone on what Wally calls 'a bat.'"

"No—no!" the other shrank nervously. "No, Anne—Wally has gone to be alone to think—because you are not for him. When he returns, he will know what he is going to do about that poor distracted Sakuntala who lost the ring, her lover's ring."

"Wally know what he is going to do? Not for three minutes together! Wally has the Wabbles. But come, dear—don't stare at me so reproachfully—we are interviewing ghosts. Let us go home. You will be having all the men you know, in love with me next."

"No one could be with you Anne, and look at you and not love you. You are

splendid, Anne! I am a shadow beside you."

"You are fast becoming a very substantial shadow then! What do you hear, dear?"—as the girl rose excitedly to her feet. A moment Jane hung breathlessly poised as for flight, ere her slight figure disappeared in the labyrinth of shrubbery.

Her friend waited in anxious bewilderment. How unfortunate that Jane had returned to this spot! Could she have lost her wits again?

No! The girl's happy laugh floated sanely over the hedge. A man's voice echoed the laugh; and around the turn of the labyrinth, into the open space, the man himself hastened towards Anne—both hands outstretched in greeting.

"Madame la princesse Anne,"—Wally bent to kiss her fingers—"I have come back, big sister, to marry Jane!"

XII.

"For many years I did everything for the same reason that I stroke the cat—because it was expected of me. I am not especially fond of cats, Paul—but—you see!"—The big maltese purred contentedly beneath Anne's fingers.

"Is that why you tolerate my society, dear girl?"

"No"—she smiled—"it is why I indulge in it."

"Thank you, dearest! It is a shame to impose upon your very first concession, Mademoiselle Anne, but are we to go on this way forever, dear girl? Do you intend to remain in the bungalow all winter? To-omorrow is the first of November. Why not marry me and let me take you home for a little time? Wouldn't you like to watch the sea birds dash against the light house at Andover? Can't you make up your mind to marry me, dearest Anne?"

"Paul, you make yourself ridiculous. Consider all the wireless and cablegrams ending that same way!"

"But consider also, Anne, the entertainment I provided for the operators."

"Indeed you must have! Well—I've barely digested your home news without contemplating any added excitement; and I thought you'd be overwhelmed to hear that Wally is to marry Jane."

"Oh, not at all! Marriage is in the air. Your news only urges me to hasten ours. Besides you prepared me long ago for the probable event."

"But are you sure Jane is fully recovered—and that she will be happy with such a vacillating, irresponsible creature as Wally?"

"Mademoiselle Anne"—reproachfully—"does not Wally rise to the occasion? You have proven that he can be depended upon in an emergency."

"But is marriage exactly an emergency, Paul?"

"An entire collection, dear girl—interesting or otherwise as the case may prove. But Wally is keyed up to his star part; and Jane will be an anchor on the side of respectability. Jane will believe in him—he needs unquestioning belief—she will stimulate him—depend upon him—adore him. Happiness will keep the balance sure. After Wally has outgrown a few more hallucinations, he will cultivate her acquaintance and come to love his wife."

Anne sighed. "You are so certain, Paul—of the things you want to believe. Well—so am I—of some things."

"For instance?"

"For instance—I must see John. Oh yes, I know—you have arranged everything beautifully—and yet I can do nothing, think of nothing until I have seen John. I am not satisfied—that's the truth, Paul; and since Jane has Wally, there's no reason why I shouldn't go. You see, it is this way, Paul—as I told you before—every time I look at you, I wish you were John. How does that sound for pure ingratitude? Oh, it makes me fiercely miserable—but—that's the way it is!"

"When shall you go, Anne?" the man leaned quietly towards her.

"You say John and his sister are already on their way to France. I will give them a few weeks to fit into their new life. Then I'm going. I cannot tell you any further than that, Paul—because I don't know any more. I'm going—that's all I do know."

The man stepped to her side, "As you will—sweetheart! May I help you off?"

"Anne and Paul! Anne and Paul!"

"That is Jane!" Anne turned nervously to the door. "She is coming up the stairs!"

Jane—laden with belated golden rod and rosy with her week of happiness, burst into the tower room.

"Anne and Paul!"—she cried gaily, holding out her starry blooms—"You think the flowers are gone—but they are not! See! Wally found these hidden in the ravine."

Paul filled the brass bowl by the gold fish, with the yellow stalks.

"Flowers always blossom somewhere, Jane," he glanced with great kindliness into the delicately shining face. "It may be on the other side of the world even—but you may depend upon it—they are there. What eyes you have, Jane—limpid pools of gray light! I have news for you. Anne is going to seek the roses—across the continent."

"With you?" the girl glanced hopefully at Anne.

"Not now. I shall wait for her here, if you and Wally can put up with me."

"I guess—" Wally sauntered whistling into the room—"we can manage with you and the golden rod—until Madame la princesse returns from her Fata Morgana. Let's trade hallucinations—Anne—mine for yours. No? Then Sir Galahad must go upon his quest? Well, the round tower remains. Behold this great glass eye looking towards the south of France! We three shall watch here every day. 'Sister Anne—sister Anne! Do you see a far off cloud of dust upon the road?'"

"But, Wally—that was Bluebeard's tower!" Jane glanced timidly from his laughing face towards the silent two upon the divan. "Why does he look at her so?" she whispered.

"Sister Anne will not be here to watch from the tower," Wally continued banteringly, "but when we see the far off speck of dust upon the road, we shall know she comes!" He turned from the two unheeding ones to Jane, "He looks at her so—because, he has played his last card!"

XIII.

"Not yet, old man?"

"Not yet, my son. It is just one week since she went away," Paul turned from his post by the round window. It's going to snow."

Wally glanced at the letters piled around the globe of gold fish. "Writing, Dad? Have you heard from Anne?"

"No—some business letters. In particular, my last will and testament." Paul threw a log upon the fire.

"It is cold out," his friend addressed the leaping flames, "I've just been through the old mansion with Jane. She has decided to allow the place to be renovated."

Paul regarded his companion's averted face whimsically. "Why don't you get married, my son—bracing for the leap, eh?"

"Waiting for Anne to come back—of course—" indignantly.

"Ah, waiting for Anne? But you and I cannot haunt this place eternally, dear boy. Jane has only the housekeeper and the servants for chaperon."

"Well—the hotel is open all winter."

"All winter." The two men smoked in silence, each communing with the fire. Then Wally volunteered slowly, "If Anne does not return earlier, we'll be married New Year's eve. I have a sort of fellow feeling for that special anniversary. It seems"—he glanced at his friend with the glint of a smile, "as though old Pa Time were leaning on his scythe cluckling at us. Oh, yes—I'll be married on New Year's eve. Will that suit you Daddy?"

"You're a cheerful bridegroom! Tomorrow is the thirteenth of December. About two weeks more of happy bachelorhood and then—no more excursions out of yourself, eh—Wally, my boy!"

"Oh, I'll bury the spree habit with other precious relics of freedom!" Wally frowned into the blaze. "But come, old man! Can't I do something for you? I'm fairly itching for a trip to the south of France—my health demands a warmer climate—watch me cough! Besides it's my turn to pull you out. Solitary confinement isn't in your line—and I'm wearying for a chance to prove my filial devotion."

"Don't make an officious ass of your-

self, Wally. You know very well what I am waiting for."

"A little dust upon the road?"

"A little dust upon the road. Don't you understand, dear boy?" Paul stepped to the window. "There is nothing that you can do—nothing that I can do. The last card is to wait—and then—the hand is played."

XIV.

In the morning, the snow flurry cleared. Paul tramped over the mountain, seeking the spot where once Anne had led him into the sunshine of the maples.

On the windy height the leaves had long been scattered. Bare boughs frost-laden, crackled in the breeze where once the golden canopy arched overhead. The man's gaze swept the barren plateau, searching — compelling by the very strength of his longing, the vanished sweetness to return. Across the ravine, the last train crawled up the side of the mountain. For him, the spot held no interest—empty now of the eyes that once had flashed into his.

Empty of Anne! Empty of Anne!

Insistently the thought returned to assail his heart—empty of Anne! Had he not power to hold her to him—this woman who was his mate? What would the rest of his life mean—empty of Anne?

And yet—was he not endowing the woman he loved, with his own thought—even as she expected the intensity of her emotion to inspire the man she loved?

The man Anne loved! How easily, as she had said—he—Paul—believed what he wanted to believe! And he had always wanted to believe he could make her turn from John to him. Selfish that he was—selfish egoist to rob this woman of her long love! He—to pose as the dispenser of her happiness!

The calm of the place mocked at him—the glowing eyes of Anne questioned his, as once beneath the golden canopy, when she had told him her long wish:

"Could I do that now, Paul?"—and he had answered the woman's sweet outcry—

"You could do that now."

Was it for his own sake then that he had bestowed independence upon her—given the man she loved a chance to live? No—but for her sake—*for hers!*

No matter what the outcome, he rejoiced that the lady of the indignant eyes had vouchsafed to appear. Even if she remained among the roses his hand had planted, she could not leave his heart. He had taken the last step—made possible her union with John. Nevertheless his life could never more be empty of Anne.

And he, Paul, would be glad for Anne that she was near her heart's desire—even if she returned to him no more! He loved her—he loved her! That love for her would ever be—all his very own! No man and no possible marriage of hers could take it from him.

Paul went down from the place where he had made her a little throne of leaves—the tabernacle that held her memory—her happy servitor always. He climbed through the woods—no longer empty of Anne—and tramped across the ravine, swinging as he walked, a staff cut from a young birch. Down the road where she had saved his life, seven short months ago, he strode resolutely—for Anne was with him. As seven moments, those months passed in a flash before his vision—yet they held all he had been living towards, before that first moment he had glimpsed her on the mountain train. They held all he wanted now or could want ever. He climbed up the narrow path to her arbour—and then—he saw her waiting by the great stone.

"Anne! Anne!" The man sprang to greet her—his face aflame. "Anne!" He caught her hands—his voice shook. "You do not look like a spirit! And yet, are you really here, Anne? Why did you stay away so long—come back so soon?"

"Flatterer! I stayed one day and one night. Are you really glad to see me, Paul?" She was laughing now, through a mist of tears.

"Tell me quickly! Tell me—all," he urged in unreasoning gladness.

"Well then, everything was as it should be—just right. John and his sister have been in the villa a month. John is perfectly contented—he has a different look.

He will grow old quietly—and, what do you think, Paul—John is actually growing fat. He seemed to be a different man—somehow. I thought I'd come away before I was accustomed to the change,"—she pulled her hands from his, rubbing them vigorously. "The mountain train was cold. I'm almost frozen, Paul."

But the man remained motionless, staring unbelievingly into her face.

"I'm almost frozen, Paul," she repeated—her eyes dancing—her lip quivering.

"Shall we walk to the bungalow?" Anne started off briskly. The other followed—still in dazed silence—desperately trying to realize her present attitude.

"Don't you understand, Paul? John is going to be well—quite well. He doesn't appeal to me in the same way as he did. John told me all you have done—and—I suspect you, Paul! That wonderful villa on the outskirts of Limoux—the people all know you—was yours—my Eldorado out west—yours. It is you who have made John well." She shut her eyes to blink away the tears.

"If I have—" he paused beside her in the path unheeding that they had taken the road to Jane's garden—"I made him well for you—the man you love—for you, Anne. Would you not have done as much for John?"

"Yes, I would—Paul—I would."

"Well then?" He had recovered from his bewilderment, "Well then—Anne?"

"But if I had nothing to give you, big man—could I accept—so much?"

"You have already given me the most a man can ask—you have filled all my illusions, Anne—there is not a nook nor cranny empty of you!"

"There shall not be! Did I not say, dear Paul—did I not tell you there might be a way to me if the man should come who would find and take it? That man has come, Paul." She paused at the wicket gate, lifted her earnest face to his, and laid both her hands as in salutation upon his shoulders. "The love which I bore in my heart, recognizes—*yours*, Paul!"

"It is not possible, dearest Anne! Not possible, dearest Anne! You should have stayed with John. Why didn't you stay? The one long desire of your heart was at last within your reach! Why did you not take it?" He hesitated—his bewilderment returning with tenfold force. "I could not have left you, had the chance been mine, Anne—I would have reached out and grasped you!"

"Why don't you then—why don't you? Stupid! You think this is but my gratitude?"

He bent forward, peering beseechingly into her eyes. "Isn't it, Anne—isn't it? In a moment I shall topple over the precipice. Help me, Anne!"

"I'm trying to—oh, I'm trying to! Didn't I tell you—you see, it is this way, Paul—" she smiled tremulously, and mechanically the face bending over hers, mirrored the smile—"the old idea I held of John is dear to me now and ever will be dear—but I have put it, as you say, on the shelf. The love I gave him was not bartered for any return. I do not ask the sacrifice of himself nor any of his ideas. Yes—John would marry me—in time—if I mesmerized him into it, but that would be like transporting him into the zone of cyclones. John is happier as he is. Without me to disturb the even tenor of his way, he will 'go softly' all his days—but you are happier with me—even when I make you miserable.

"Mademoiselle Anne," he answered breathlessly, "it is not possible that you mean—oh, Anne, *you do not mean—?*" A globe of light burst before the man's vision.

"But—I do!"

"Anne—Anne—belovedest—*not me?*"

"*You*—Paul—*you!*"

* * * * *

Over the hedge, in Wally's voice, the rapture of Sakuntala restored to her lover! Jane, her hand upon the king's shoulder, flitted a few steps behind.

* * * * *

In the south of France, the scent of roses stole in at the open window. Upon a quiet man reading to his sister the completed book of his poems, a peaceful night looked down. Before the man closed the volume, his companion bent over his shoulder to read the dedication.

"'To Anne,'" the woman murmured. "She will like that, John—" 'To Anne'!"



Beautiful New England.





Photograph by Clifton Johnson

WALDEN POND WHERE THOREAU WATCHED FOR THE FIRST TOUCH OF SPRING



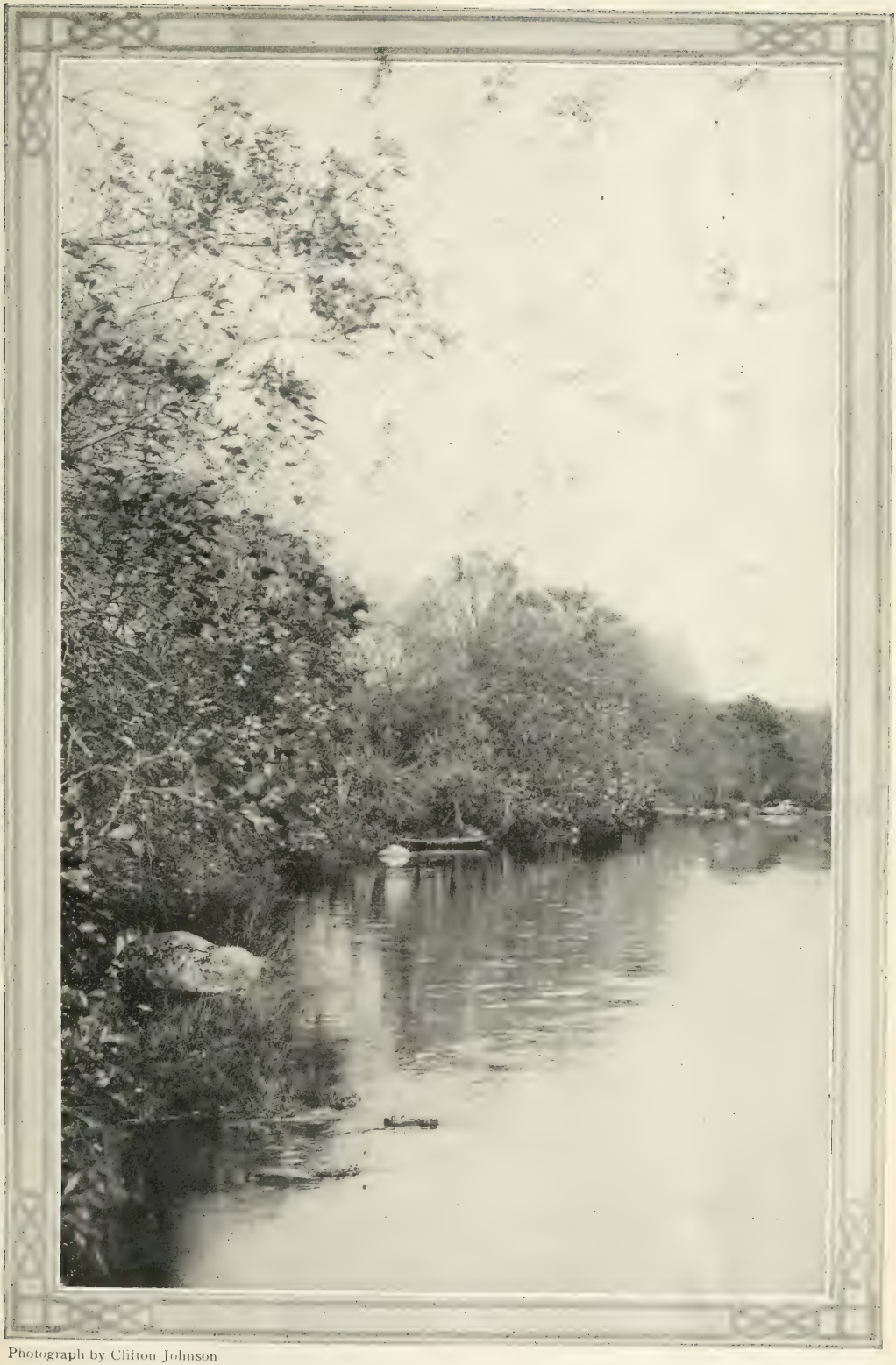
Photograph by courtesy of Warren H. Manning, Landscape Architect

WILD IRIS, THE HERALD OF SPRING



Photograph by Clifton Johnson

A Winter Fastness



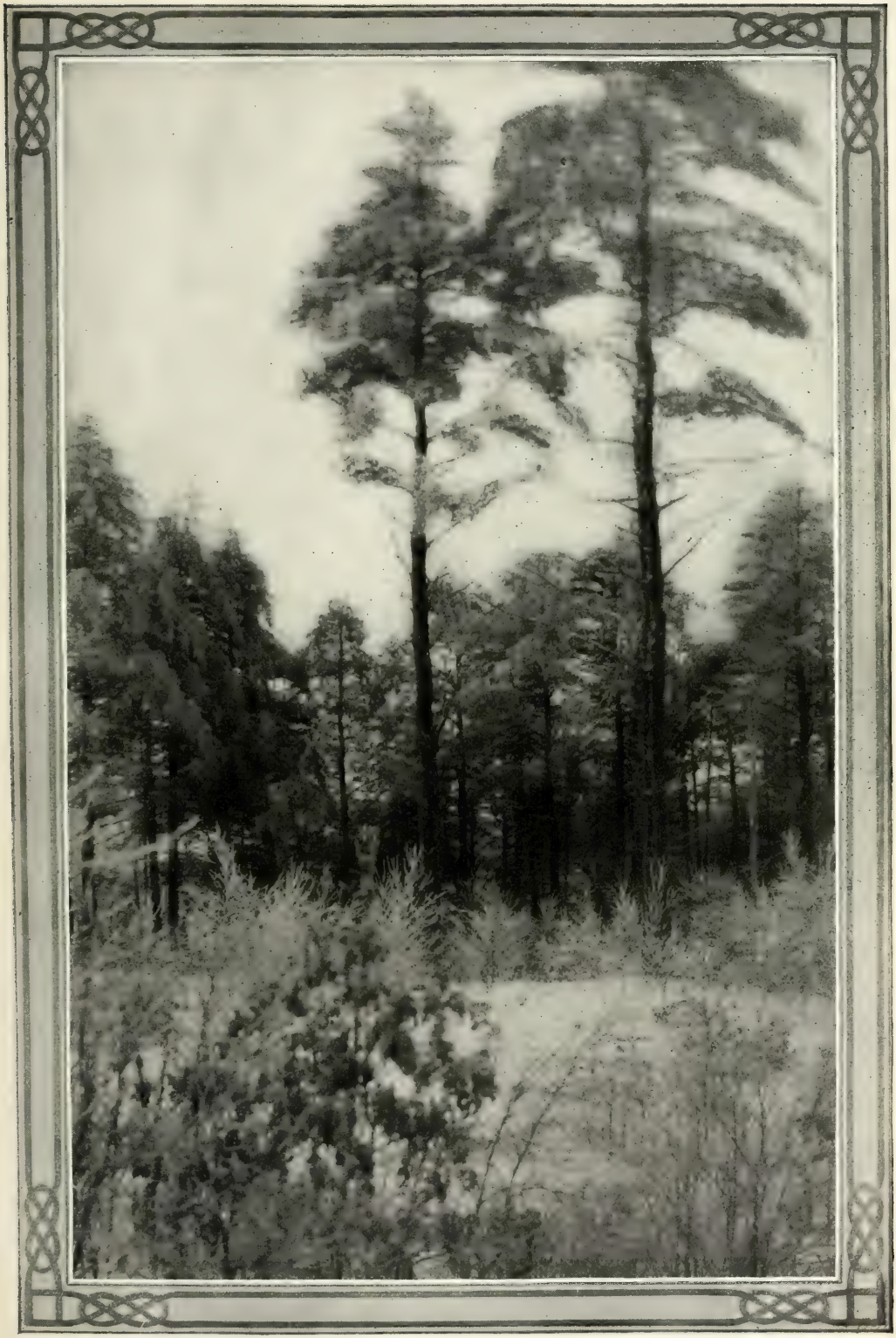
Photograph by Clifton Johnson

When the Streams are Full and the Foliage Young and Green



Photograph by courtesy of Warren H. Manning, Landscape Architect

A New England Coppice with Spring at Full Bloom



Photograph by Clifton Johnson

EARLY BUDS APPEARING UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE PINES



EDWARD TUCK

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EDWARD TUCK, DARTMOUTH'S BENEFACTOR

By MRS. SARAH B. LAWRENCE

THE recent gift of half a million dollars for the enlargement and strengthening of the teaching force of Dartmouth College, from Edward Tuck of Paris, makes a total of over one million dollars which Mr. Tuck has given to the college in the last ten years, the principal monument to his generosity at Hanover, New Hampshire, being the building of the "Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance," named in honor of his father, and the first School of Administration established in connection with an American College.



HONORABLE AMOS TUCK, WHO NAMED THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

This is the largest single gift which Dartmouth has ever received. The Amos Tuck Endowment fund was established in memory of Hon. Amos Tuck of the class of 1835 who was for many years a trustee of the college. The sum of $300,000 was given at the time of the foundation and a later gift of $200,000 from Mr. Tuck made possible the building of Tuck Hall. Among Mr. Tuck's other gifts to the college were the sum of $10,000 for the rebuilding of Dartmouth Hall after it was burned, and $5,000 towards the erection of the new gymnasium now nearing completion. It is the wish of the generous donor that the income of this fund be used solely for the purpose of adding to the impulse and inspiration to higher scholarship among students by strengthening the the teaching staff both in numbers and efficiency. In the language of the donor: "I present these securities to the college to be added



Boyhood Home of Edward Tuck, Exeter, N. H.

to the present Amos Tuck Endowment fund. I desire the income from these to be applied as was the purpose of my original foundation of the fund of 1899, to the improvement of the existing scale of salaries of the faculty of the college in all its departments as now constituted, and as increased later by the addition of the new professors and instructors, including a librarian. I wish the trustees of the college to apportion the additional income received from the gift according to the relative importance and value, in their best judgment, of the services rendered in the different chairs, with due regard to length of service and to personal distinction."

Mr. Edward Tuck, the only son of Honorable Amos Tuck, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1858, and from Dartmouth College in 1862. Soon after leaving college he entered the diplomatic service and was for the year 1865-66, United States Vice Consul in Paris. John Monroe and Company, bankers in New York, persuaded Mr. Tuck to leave the diplomatic service and enter the employ of that firm in which he became a partner in 1881. After a successful career, Mr. Tuck retired from active business and has since resided in Paris, France. He married an American lady in Paris, who is in perfect sympathy with her husband's philanthropic work.

Mr. Tuck's residence in Paris on the Champs Elysees is one of the most magnificent of the few great private residences in the city. Its decorations and works of art are like that of a royal palace. Besides the residence in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Tuck own a beautiful summer home, an hour's ride from Paris, built by Mr. Tuck on a part of the estate of Malmaison, the famous home in which the Empress Josephine lived after her divorce from Napoleon. The rare trees and shrubs which Napoleon brought from other lands are still there. A short distance from this picturesque chateau is the Stell hospital, built and supported by Mrs. Tuck and named "Stell" for her family.

The name of Edward Tuck, L. L. D., and his noble philanthropy is well known on two continents. President Loubet of France conferred upon Mr. Tuck the "Cross of the Legion of Honor" in recognition of his great philanthropic work in the city of Paris. His love for his native land and Alma Mater has been shown in his magnificent gifts to Dartmouth College to build the Tuck School in memory of his father, and the gift also of a valuable library collected by Mr. E. Koschwhitz—the well known Romanist privy

counsellor and professor at the University of Konigsberg—who was also an editor and author. This library was purchased by Mr. Tuck at Leipzig. It comprises about eight hundred volumes in French philology and over five hundred volumes in Provencal, Italian, Spanish, and neu-Latin. The remaining part is composed of works on philology in general, including Celtic, English, Swedish, Latin, and German. The library will be of great value to students contemplating special graduate work in linguistics leading to the degree of A. M. Mr. Tuck's generous contribution of $10,000 towards the completion of the hospital in Exeter, N. H., in addition to past substantial remembrances, testify as to his interest in his native town. Another generous act of Mr. Tuck's was the purchase of Stratham Hill, a suburb of Exeter, and its presentation to the town of Stratham to be used as a public park. On Mr. Tuck's short visits to this country—all too rare—he spends a few days at his boyhood home in Exeter and calls upon his father's old friends. He does not forget the aged, the poor, and the sick, and many there are who have reason to bless this noble son of a noble father.

Rev. John Tuck, A. M., a graduate of Harvard College A. D., 1723, whose grave may be seen at Star Island at The Isles of Shoals—and near by the church where he preached, constructed in 1685—was one of Mr. Tuck's ancestors. The name of *Amos Tuck* brings up memories of a gentleman of noble dignified presence and courtly manners, whose creed was to love justice; to make others happy; to see the calm beyond the storm; and finally, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts. As a great leader he conferred lasting distinction on the state of New Hampshire, in the history of the nation, by being the earliest champion in the cause of human freedom, and by giving the name "republican" to the forces gathering to resist slavery.

In September, 1853, Mr. Tuck wrote the following letter to Dr. Batchelder of Londonderry:

Dr. Batchelder,

Dear Sir:—

We deem it advisable to hold an informal meeting composed of some of the principal members of the parties of this place (Exeter) on the 12th of October at Major Blake's Hotel. (Now called The Squamscott House.)

One of the principal objects of this



Chateau de Vert-Mont, Lea Malmaisen Rueil, Summer Home of Mr. Edward Tuck

informal meeting is to fix on a plan of harmonizing the different party organizations, whereby a more united cooperation can be secured, and the four parties may pull together under one title of organization. Hale, McFarland, and Fogg will be present.

Yours respectfully,

AMOS TUCK.

The informal meeting was held and there it was that Mr. Tuck suggested the comprehensive name "Republican" to be given to the elements that were to constitute the new party. This was several months before the mass meeting at Ripon, Wisconsin, where the same name was adopted. Therefore the honor of giving a name to the great Republican party is claimed for *Amos Tuck*. Personally Mr. Tuck was acquainted with Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Bates and other candidates prominently mentioned for the Presidency. Mr. Tuck ably represented New Hampshire in Congress for six years and was recognized as one of the leaders of the republican party which he had so appropriately named. Mr. Tuck's name was suggested by the president as Secretary of the Navy and consequently a member of his cabinet, but, as Mr. Lincoln had extended to Mr. Hamlin the unprecedented courtesy of asking him to name the New England representative, Mr. Hamlin—who at that time was Vice-President—selected Mr. Wells instead of Mr. Tuck, the selection being based on the fact of Mr. Wells' prominence as an editor. Soon after, however, Mr. Tuck received at the hands of his friend, President Lincoln, the appointment as Naval Officer of the Port of Boston. This office was considered next to the best government gift in New England.

Graduating from Dartmouth College in the class of 1835, Mr. Amos Tuck became principal of a seminary; a member of the Rockingham Bar in 1838; a Politician with the highest sense of honor; a member of Congress for six years; Naval Officer at the Port of Boston; Land Commissioner of the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, residing in St. Louis two years; a trustee of the Phillips Exeter Academy for nearly thirty years; President of the board of trustees for Robinson Female Seminary in Exeter for several years; and finally served as a trustee of Dartmouth College for ten years.

Mr. Tuck travelled quite extensively abroad. In 1872, he accompanied his son Edward, at that time a member of the banking house of John Monroe and Company of New York, to Paris, to be present at his marriage to Miss Julia Stell, an American lady who resided in Paris. Mr. Tuck's declining years were passed at the home he loved so well in Exeter, N. H., cheered by the presence of his admiring townsmen and neighbors, and when the end came on December 11, 1879, it found him in full possession of all his faculties. He left a place "majestic and unfilled."

The Player

By ETHEL SYFORD

The flames quivered into an ashen mound
The incense faintened, faded, was gone
The player moaned,—no song he sung
For his harp was strung with broken threads
He snapped them,—they were tarnished
With the touch of a woman's hand.

Winds wafted a dear face back to him
The ashes breathed flame, the harp was re-strung
The glow of the morning was warm once again
A soul, all-hungered, breathed near its own.

Some Humble Flowers in Nature's Garden

By MARGARET WENTWORTH LEIGHTON

"O H, thou magic world of flowers,
Fairy ministers of grace
Soothing all our weary hours,
Decking every lonely place."

What would the gloomy corners, the dark swampy spots, the rough ledges which abound in Nature's Garden be, were it not for their crowns of blossom? They last a day, a week perhaps, and then give place to others, which in turn die down to make room for still a third series, and so on till winter tucks the last ones beneath his snowy coverlet.

When all the ground is brown and bare nature is wont to send forth her frail, pale blossoms; the wind flower nodding on its slender stem and blushing faintly, the starry rue anemone, arbutus trailing over the dead pine needles, filling the air with sweetest perfume.

The earliest spring visitor will find the rocky heights abloom with saxifrage, the stone breaker: a lowly, inconspicuous



Photograph by Louise Birt Baynes

Saxifrage, the Stone Breaker

flower, yet one which we could ill spare from our first bouquets. Like many of the plants which blossom early, or grow in bleak situations, the foliage and stems of the saxifrage are furry. Its roots strong and penetrating, make their way into the rock crevices, deeper and deeper as the years go on, assisting not a little in the disintegration of the ledge they inhabit. The lowly saxifrage is widely distributed over the world, blossoming with equal vigor on Spanish highlands, in the cottage gardens of the Emerald Isle, on the bleak New England hill-tops, even to the line of perpetual snow.

Near the stone-breaker, high on the ledge tips, the early crowfoot, a small hairy-leaved buttercup flourishes. Its Latin name, a little frog, applies more appropriately to its water loving sisters in the wet lands below. From the same rich, moist mould springs *Sanguinaria*, the bloodroot, possibly the most beautiful among our early flowers. These tiny wild poppies are extremely delicate and nature has taken especial pains to guard them. Each starry blossom is enfolded in a silvery, green leaf cloak, which in turn is encased in a papery sheath. 'Tis strange that this exquisite spring beauty should be most intimately connected with the fierce Indian raids of the early days of our settlements.

It was from its root that many a red man procured the war paint, with which the master artist of his tribe decked his face, and often his body as well, with screaming panthers, howling wolves and savage bears, all in brilliant vermilion.

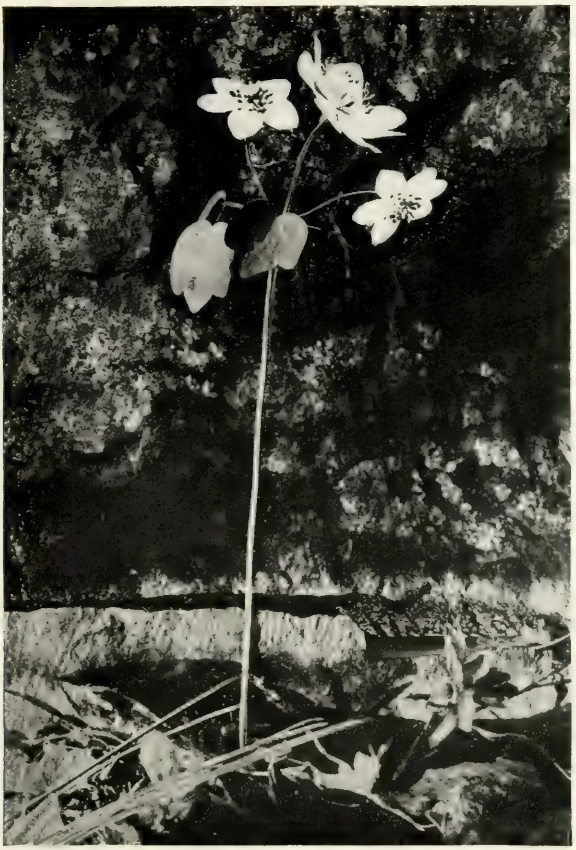
Companion to the bloodroot, but growing on a little higher ground, we find clusters of hepaticas, their soft purple and pink blossoms peeping shyly from among the brown leaves.

Both hepaticas and bloodroot well repay one for the trouble of transplanting and take kindly to cultivation. For many years they have flourished in the wild corner of my garden, where each season they increase both in size and numbers.



Photograph by Louise Birt Baynes

BLOODROOT



Photogaph by Louise Birt Baynes

RUE ANEMONE

Next in the floral procession come the violets; purple, white and yellow, and the meadows are snowy with blossoming innocents, those tiny, unpretentious yet most beloved of spring flowers.

An old and very learned botanist once said: "Generally there is no month in the year in which I cannot find some wild flower in blossom," and that in the bitter-wintered New England. He must have depended at least for three months upon the hardiest, most cheerful plant, the dandelion, for his blossoms. Certain it is that that brave little immigrant sends forth its shining suns when any other plant would be too much discouraged even to show a green leaf.

The dandelion's strongest characteristic is its power of adapting itself, with equal grace, to the gentleman's well-mowed lawn, or to the hard-baked roadside where it smiles at the passers-by as cheerfully as from the velvety lawn. Its strong perennial tap-root draws from the surface and subsoil all available nourishment and moisture during the winter. Then the plant is ready, far ahead of all its companions, to burst into blossom with the encouragement of a few even half warm days.

On the eighth of last December many lawns, though brown and sere as to grass, were aglow with gay dandelion suns. More etherial than the golden flowers are the feathery seed globes, those clusters of tiny winged couriers who will bear the seeds far and near, as the wind may dictate. The seed balls are weather prophets, more reliable sometimes than the weather bureau at Washington, with all its scientific apparatus. On fair days the fluffy balls expand to the full, but if rain ap-

proach they close like an umbrella.
Here's to the
" * * * dandy litle fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow,
In yellow with an overcoat of green,
With his hair all crisp and curly
In the spring-time bright and early
A-tripping o'er the meadow so serene."

A Choir-Boy

By ARTHUR L. SALMON

Lo, here is Cupid as a singing-lad,
His wings compress'd within his surplice fold,
In dainty cassock clad,
Catching the stain from casements red and gold;
While the pure marvel of his boyish face
Blooms as a glory in this ancient place,
With sweet suggestiveness and eager grace.

Clear to the roof his liquid notes aspire
In song unhesitant and passionless—
A song of such desire
As hath no secret and no bitterness:
Clear to the roof, as when a sudden lark
Springs to the upward dawning from the dark,
Thoughtless of eye to see or ear to hark.

O joy of all thi ngs lovely, in their light!
Magic of perfect beauty, that to see
Is dimness to the sight—
Wonder and miracle and mystery.
He hath no conscious meaning as he sings:
Mine is the keen delight, the pang that stings,
Knowing the secret of his hidden wings.

The Ingenue

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

THE Major threw down the letter he had just finished, leaned back in his chair and gazed gloomily across the table at his nephew.

"Anne asks to bring Sylvia with her," he announced lugubriously. Then in answer to Keith's questioning glance: "Sylvia, be advised, is my late brother-in-law's orphaned niece and Anne conceives it her duty to 'be a mother to her.' She's evidently cast me for the opposite role, but I don't quite 'see my part' in the domestic drama. I fancy the paternal instinct, along with the other fireside virtues, was omitted from my make-up."

"Then you hadn't anticipated—?" Keith suggested.

"Most certainly not," answered the Major rather testily pushing aside his plate. "Of course I knew of Sylvia in a general way, but I supposed her father's people would claim her when Edward died. I was aware of Anne's devotion to the girl, but that she should make her coming to us conditional upon our acceptance of Sylvia is a d—"—the Major's inherent chivalry intervened—"a distinct surprise."

Keith sipped his chartreuse reflectively. The prospective invasion of one's bachelor freedom by a damsel (presumably young and fair) does not carry quite the calamitous import to five-and-twenty which it holds for forty-five. To Major Waldron the easy comfort of his well-regulated establishment under the mild autocracy of faithful black Dilsey, a family relic of ante bellum days, meant much; and it had been something of a sacrifice for him to surrender his bachelor freedom and invite his widowed sister to share his home. Naturally, therefore, he did not contemplate with enthusiasm the addition to his family circle of his sister's niece by marriage. But to Keith's romantic fancy, the situation was pregnant with interesting possibilities.

"Just how old is Sylvia, Major?" he queried. He had adopted the title as preferable to a more formal mode of address for the uncle who was like a brother to him.

The Major consulted his sister's letter.

"Anne doesn't mention," he replied, "but as she refers repeatedly to Sylvia's youth and beauty, I presume she hasn't passed the gush and giggle period."

Keith sat up. Sylvia began to appeal, not unpleasingly, to his imagination.

"I'm afraid we're up against it!" he sighed hypocritically.

"I'm afraid we are." The major echoed the sigh in all sincerity.

He sighed yet more profoundly when he first beheld Miss Sherrill. He promptly acquitted his sister of any slightest degree of exaggeration, for Sylvia was indeed very young and, even in the eyes of such a connoisseur as Keith, very beautiful. That she was as foolish as fair, Major Waldron, after the first day or two during which he was able to maintain a critical attitude, would have been the first to deny. She giggled a good deal (if so harsh a term might be applied to the silvery sound that constantly rippled from Sylvia's lovely lips) and an unbiased critic (had there been one at hand) might have complained that she chattered. Keith openly hung upon her words (seldom remarkable for erudition); while a curious ablation of the critical faculty seemed to have befallen the Major.

To the latter, as to every man who elects to live his life alone, his feminine acquaintance unanimously ascribed the possession of a shattered romance or secret sorrow, but for the nonce, they had gone wide of the mark. Ambition

thus far had been Mark Waldron's sole divinity. Finding himself at eighteen the possessor of a proud old name (and very little else!) he had set himself a goal toward which he strained with little pause for side issues or rosy dalliance; and now that this goal had been attained; now that he found himself a power in state politics and possessed of abundant wealth, with ample leisure for any number of *affaires du coeur,* he had no inclination therefor. Such indeed were the prosaic facts in regard to this handsome, soldierly cynic, whom his feminine friends had poetically invested with a halo of romance. He cherished neither tokens, memories nor regrets, and the sole feminine portrait in his possession was that of his late mother.

But with the advent of Sylvia Sherrill the world took on a new and lovelier aspect. The spring that followed was like no other Mark Waldron had ever known. The skies seemed bluer than ever before; the breezes blew with more ethereal mildness; the flowers bourgeoned with richer promise, the very birds lilted their love songs more wooingly—and all the while the unconscious lover went his way, serenely unaware that the path his feet were treading led to Arcady. Sylvia, though he did not yet suspect it, had bewitched him quite. Shallow she may have been, but many a man, made sadder and wiser by experience, could have testified that she was immeasurably deep in all those winning ways and wiles which, as Keith expressed it "lead a chap into making an ass of himself."

She had already established cousinly relations with Keith, who was prompt to take advantage of his blessings. The girl had a confiding little air which at once defied convention and disarmed criticism. Had she been older or bolder, her manner might even have been construed as something free; but she was so innocent, so naive, so entirely trustful and childlike, that it was impossible to apply ordinary standards to anything she said or did. She had the nestling habit of an affectionate kitten, a pretty little fashion of rubbing her cheek confidingly against a masculine sleeve or leaning lightly upon a masculine shoulder, which was of such evident innocent intent that gentle Aunt Anne could not find it in her heart to dignify the impulsive action into something deserving of rebuke. She was so innocently unconscious of self, that Aunt Anne felt it unwise to superinduce a conventional self-consciousness. The girl's manner to the Major, except for a flattering touch of added deference to his distinction, differed little from her treatment of Keith. She never seemed to take into account the disparity of their relative ages; and, so far from regarding him as a "grave and reverend seigneur," the Major was delighted to find that she looked upon him, apparently, as a friend and contemporary.

Major Waldron was a man of distinguished presence; his service throughout the Spanish-American war had given him a fine soldierly carriage; his tailor was an artist and his valet a treasure, hence he was always well-dressed and well-groomed; his mirror told him that he was neither patriarchal nor unprepossessing, and though as yet he scarcely realized why, he found a certain comfort in the knowledge of these things. He was still in the early emotional stages which preceded the analytical, when Sylvia herself wrought a revelation.

The Major had been absent from home on legal business for several days, which had somehow seemed unconscionably long to him, and he experienced an unwonted thrill of joy in returning to his Lares and Penates. As he spun up the long avenue at Marchmont in Keith's touring car, the Major's heart stirred strangely at sight of Sylvia beside Aunt Anne on the piazza. His sister welcomed him with a hearty embrace and he was holding out a hand to Sylvia, when, as simply as a child, she lifted her face for his kiss. The Major felt—and looked—foolish; he was aware that he grew very red under Keith's sardonic scrutiny—which had the effect of making him redder still. He managed, after an instant, to pull himself together and make rational reply to his sister's queries as to his journey. But the mischief was done. The scales had fallen from Mark Waldron's eyes; he realized the true inwardness of his recent raptures, and though

old enough to know better, he lived for the next few days in a species of fool's paradise, from which a very trivial incident served to sunder him. He was sitting with his sister on the piazza one afternoon, when Keith and Sylvia came strolling slowly up the avenue together. The gaze Keith bent upon her was in itself an avowal, though Sylvia's unconscious manner proved it a yet unspoken one.

"Do you know, Mark," Aunt Anne murmured delightedly, "I begin to believe that will be a match in time. Keith is evidently in earnest this time, and while one cannot tell much about Sylvia —she's such a mere child—I somehow fancy she cares for Keith. They seem made for each other, don't they?"

The Major, muttering something which was at once an assent and an apology, rose and went to his room. Behind closed doors, he turned on a blaze of electrics and looked himself over carefully and critically. To his own uncompromising gaze he stood revealed somewhat stout, a trifle florid, and distinctly middle-aged. His temples were liberally "dashed with gray"; his strong, smooth-shaven face showed palpable lines; and his figure, though straight and imposing, was scarcely youthful. He surveyed himself for a moment in silence; then turning aside with the candid apostrophe: "Mark Waldron you're a (qualified) fool!" he seated himself by the window, lighted a cigar and proceeded to have it out with himself. When, an hour later, he came downstairs, he had succeeded in putting himself wholly out of the running and was prepared to utter the proverbial "Bless you, my children," with automatic precision at any given moment.

That night, a chance (which a few hours earlier he would have welcomed) left him alone with Sylvia. Keith had motored to a neighboring town to spend the night with a college friend, and Aunt Anne had run across the street to see a sick neighbor, leaving Sylvia and the Major in possession of the shadowy piazza. Sylvia, who was seated on the top step of the porch (such lowly attitudes suited well with her childish naiveté), leaned her head confidingly against the Major's knee. He felt a bit uncomfortable—she was making it difficult for him to sustain the paternal role for which he had cast himself. He struggled to introduce some inpersonal conversational topic, but he could think of nothing except his feeling for the girl, of which he must not speak. After a little, Sylvia rose and came to nestle on the arm of the Major's chair, so naturally as to rob the action of any significance. Her slender figure leaned ever so lightly against him, her breath stirred his heavy hair, one little hand fell involuntarily upon his shoulder.

"Dear Major Waldron," the soft voice murmured, "I can't at all realize that I've been here just three months! It seems to me as if I'd known you always. I can't tell you what your kindness has meant to me, or how grateful I am to you for letting me come—"

"You are very welcome to my home, Sylvia," the major conscientiously used the present tense.

"How good of you, and what a dear, dear old home it is! You can't know how I love it already. I'm almost selfish enough to envy Keith the prospect of living here always." Had she been less a child, the Major might have regarded that last as a leading remark, but she was so innocent and infantile that he instantly acquitted her of ulterior motives. However, he felt it but fair that the girl should be enlightened as to the exact position of her presumptive fiance, which Keith had probably neglected, in the disinterestedness of youthful affection, to do.

"Not always, perhaps," he said. "Marchmont is willed to Anne for her lifetime, with sufficient income to keep it up. Of course Keith will come in for a portion of my estate, but he will have to share with the children of my elder brother. Still, he is a full partner in our firm, and with such aid as I can give him, he will not fail to make his way. No women need fear to trust her future to him, I am sure." The Major was a just, even a generous rival, "But the old home place will be Anne's always—"

"Unless,"—Sylvia's playful voice was scarcely more than a whisper, "unless you

should decide—to—take unto yourself—a wife." The Major felt his face flush, but he forced a smile.

"Nonsense, child," he said with an effort at lightness, "I'm far too ancient and unattractive to think of marriage."

The natural little laugh that rippled from Sylvia's lips seemed to Mark Waldron the sweetest music he had ever heard.

"Too old!" she echoed gaily, "what an absurd idea! Why you're just in your prime." Sylvia's flatteries were seldom of the subtlest. "And as for attractiveness—do you never consult your mirror? I shan't let you slander yourself. You're not old; you're the handsomest man I know; and there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't marry if you wish to. Any woman might be—but I forget. Mrs. Chatworth was saying the other day that you don't care for women; that you were a—a misogynist—I know what that means for I looked it up in your Unabridged—and that no one need hope to win your heart—"

"Mrs. Chatworth is a—a—"—again the Major's chivalry came to the rescue—"a most estimable woman. But she isn't a mind reader. Sylvia, if I for a moment thought, if I could believe, if I dared hope—" the Major was looking earnestly into the fair face so near his own, "that a woman, a young and beautiful woman, could learn to care for a stupid old fellow like me—" Sylvia suddenly rose.

"I think, I'm quite sure—I hear Aunt Anne's footstep," she breathed. But the Major had risen too and was looking eagerly down upon her.

"Sylvia," the tone was half command, half entreaty, "kiss me Sylvia. Sylvia, dear—"

"I can't, I mustn't," came the whispered answer, though she made no perceptible effort to withdraw herself.

"But why, Sylvia? The day I returned—"

"That's why. I learned then that I oughtn't, that I mustn't ever again—because I—don't you see? Oh, let me go!" Yet realizing, perhaps, that the odds were too many for her, she made no attempt to free herself. Closer, closer, she let herself be drawn until his lips just touched hers. Then she tore herself away and flitted up the stair, leaving the Major to blissful meditations.

Though Sylvia, with maiden coyness, avoided him next morning the Major's equanimity was not disturbed. Throughout the day he dwelt in Arcady. But when that night Keith came home and the elder man noted how the boy's eyes clung to Sylvia's face and hung upon her movements, a sudden disquieting thought oppressed him. He began to question his own right to a happiness which must inevitably mean another's pain. That was the beginning of the end. That night, for the second time, the Major fought his battle—to a finish. Keith was young, he reflected, with the best of life before him. Such a disappointment at the outset of his career might forever embitter him—might even turn him to the downward way his father before him had trod. Sylvia was but a child, she would forget in a little while any foolish fancy she might have felt for a man old enough to have been her father and turn to Keith as naturally as the vine, reft of one support, twines its tendrils about another. For some weeks past the Major had been debating as to whether he or Keith should go abroad on a matter of business for the firm, he had practically decided that Ledyard, his confidential clerk, should make the journey, but in the light of his new resolve, the inspiration came to the Major to go himself. This would leave the field open to Keith and Sylvia would soon—forget.

Meanwhile, in the chamber just above, Keith was fighting a similar battle. He had not been blind to the Major's very palpable infatuation for Sylvia, and while she had, perhaps unconsciously, on more than one occasion given Keith ample reason to fancy that she was not indifferent to him, he was sure (it will be observed that neither gave the girl credit for great stability) that if he were away, she would soon forget him and turn to his senior, who, after all, was far worthier of her. All that he had and was, Keith Waldron knew he owed the Major, who, when the boy's father (the black sheep of the Waldron flock) had

left him alone and destitute in a great city, had sought him out and taken him into his own home. Since then the Major had been father, brother and comrade alike to the lad, who could not now find it in his soul to balk him of his least desire. Keith realized that he was young; he knew from experience that one survives such fancies; and so, with a sigh for what might not be, he told himself "the dear old chap should have her and be happy."

Accordingly when, the next morning at breakfast, the Major rather consciously announced (to Sylvia's visible dismay) his intention of going abroad in the interest of the Hazlitt's heirs, Keith guessing his motive on the instant was prompt to urge that he might go instead. Decision in the matter was deferred and in the interim both men felt themselves, as it were, on parole and steeled themselves against Sylvia's sweet blandishments.

It was just at this juncture that the venerable Senator Comstock of Montana, long recognized as one of the wealthiest members of the upper House at Washington and at one time a power in that august body, appeared upon the scene. He was passing through Wilmington, it appeared, and had ventured to stop over to see Miss Sherrill whose father had been his lifelong friend. The Major accepted the explanation as given; but Keith, recognizing in the elderly politician a widower of no very long standing and noting the youthful jauntiness of his attire, suspected him of designs upon Aunt Anne. However, he was forced to concede that "the old guy was foxy," for he devoted himself assiduously to Sylvia, whose manner to him was the prettiest possible. The Major was touched by her consideration for her father's old friend, but the Senator with his aggressively new teeth, his very palpable toupee, and his general appearance of being held together by a system of invisible braces and supports, utterly failed to win Keith's favor, despite the fact that he was overwhelmingly affable during the three days of his visit. Sylvia sweetly devoted herself to his entertainment—to the Major's entire approval and Keith's intense disgust.

"He's an odious, grimacing old imbecile!" he confided to Aunt Anne anent their illustrious guest, "he makes me positively ill with his leer and his senile chuckle. Sylvia must be long on filial devotion to put up with the grinning old ape just because he happened to have known her father. I'd like to punch his head!"

But Sylvia's sweet thoughtfulness for the doddering old man did not fail. She gave him her whole time and attention during his stay, and urged him with the sincerest cordiality to come soon again—all of which the Major accepted as evidence of the sweetness of her nature.

It had been definitely decided that Keith should go to England in the Major's stead—a decision to which the latter had been influenced by the reflection that a few months could make no real difference if Keith and Sylvia really cared for each other and might even help them to a better knowledge of their own hearts. For his own part, the Major felt himself sufficiently master of his own emotions to remain on parole indefinitely.

It wanted but two days until the date of Keith's sailing and both men, conscious of a secret sense of strain in their relations, were, for the first time in their lives, anxious for a separation. They were standing before the grate in the library, discussing some final details, while they waited the announcement of dinner, when the Major, glancing up, chanced to catch between the parted portieres a vision of Sylvia coming slowly down the stair. (Sylvia, who had an eye to effect, always came down stairs slowly, in imagination she could quite see her own slender, white-robed figure against its dark background—"a jewel set in an oaken gloom"). Keith's glance followed the Major's and both men stood gazing up at the exquisite picture before them, too absorbed to note that the butler was admitting some one who inquired for Miss Sherrill—until they saw Sylvia's face light up and Sylvia herself, forgetting her studied grace, clear the remaining steps at a bound and fling herself rapturously upon the visitor, while the butler discreetly effaced himself.

"Oh Gus, you dear boy!" they heard

her cry ecstatically, "I thought you'd never come! I began to fear you'd quite forgotten me!"

Followed ardent protestations and inanities, interspersed with a familiar chuckle which the involuntary listeners heard and, hearing, paled. Unable to escape they looked at each other in helpless dismay, until Sylvia, sweeping the object of her raptures into the opposite room, caught sight of the parted portieres and two conscious-looking backs beyond. She stopped short with a giggle, then with a sudden resolve, she seized upon her collaborator in the impromptu idyl just enacted and dragged him, with reluctant feet, into the library. The Major and his junior, turning automatically at her approach found themselves face to face with Senator Augustus Ballingwood Comstock, who had the grace to look distinctly sheepish.

"Major Waldron," Sylvia began, with another embarrassed giggle, echoed by a senile cackle from her blushing swain, "we hadn't expected to announce it just yet—but we—Gus and I—are to be married in December. May we hope for your approval?"

The Waldrons, junior and senior, met the situation with an *aplomb* worthy the traditions of their house. They made all haste to offer their best wishes to the bride-to-be and to offer congratulations to the elderly bridegroom-elect, who stood blinking and chuckling in embarrassed delight.

Then Sylvia, radiant with triumph at the capture of millions, as against paltry thousands or potential poverty, swept majestically across the hallway into the drawing room, with the "anthropoid ape" as Keith irreverently dubbed him, grimacing and mincing in her wake.

For a long moment the two men in the library faced each other in utter silence. Then a gradually widening smile crept over the countenance of each as moved by a common impulse, they clasped hands.

Her Reverie

By HERBERT HERON

O winds that sweep the ocean!
O storms that ride the sea!
Why keep your futile motion,
That brings no love to me?

I dreamed that wild sea-waters
Gave all my need of joy—
A life with Neptune's daughters,
My soul in their employ!

O thoughts and dreams of ocean,
That filled my heart and me,
I gave you all devotion:
And now—you leave me free.

To wait and wait forever
One sail upon the shore—
One little sail that never
Comes homeward any more.

Why hold you not my sorrows,
O winds that once were mine?
I search the dark to-morrows,
And brood on Fate's design;

And dream again of blending
My love with breezes blown;
But all the dreams have ending:
I wake—and am alone!

New York Studios of Some New England Artists

By ELIZABETH ANNA SEMPLE

IT is an interesting and, furthermore, a somewhat significant fact that in two representative European countries, France and England, the majority of the art interests, as well as the studios of the leading artists themselves are, almost entirely, situated in or immediately adjacent to the metropolitan city. Thus in England, London and in France, Paris, are, as it were, the country's art centre.

Here in America the case is radically changed, as we perceive the moment we come to consider that, what might very fairly be called "art centres," are to be found scattered throughout the whole country; in fact, almost every city of prominence might, in a small way, be said to be one. The truth of such a statement at once becomes apparent when we give even casual thought to the cities themselves and reflect on how wide is the sphere of art influence radiating from Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago



MACDOUGAL ALLEY



STUDIO OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

and Boston. In each and every one of these is a group of artists—perchance, several groups—all forming the nucleus of a greater or less amount of artistic activity.

What is true of these smaller cities is also true in an enhanced degree of New York, the metropolis; a fact which probably had not a little to do with leading many of New England's artists, painters, sculptors and illustrators, to make their permanent headquarters here,—for it is an indisputable fact that they do. In proof of this statement, let us take that organization, "The Ten American Painters," familiarly designated as "The Ten." Of these, Thos. W. Dewing, Childe Hassam, Willard Leroy Metcalf, Robert Reid and Edward E. Simmons—half of the whole number—regard New York, if not as "home," at least as the place where the greater part of their work is done.

One curious difference between what many vaguely term "the Latin Quarter of New York" (meaning the section where artists live and work) and that of some other American cities—for instance, Boston, is that there, the artists' studios are, to a certain extent, concentrated and limited almost entirely to the locality immediately about Copley Square; while in New York, conditions are absolutely dissimilar.

True, it is in the section about Washington Square that a great part of this city's artistic traditions are, and always have been, centered; and not without reason, since, in the past as well as the present, it has been most distinctly allied with art's interests. In the old University Building (alas! now no more!) on the corner of Waverly and University Places—a nest which sheltered many a famous man in his youth—the late Winslow Homer had his first New York Studio in the days when he studied the beginnings of his art with Frederick Rondel; those days of which F. Hopkinson Smith writes so delightfully in his book, "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn." Across the beautiful park is Washington Square South, where the dignified old mansions find themselves transformed into studio-buildings. Many of them are occupied by men whose names are known to all exhibition visitors; or (ah! "what a fall was there"!) relegated to lodging-

houses, where dwell humbler members of the artistic fraternity who have not, as the saying goes, "arrived."

Over to the north is a row of dwellings, untouched by time's ravages, bespeaking as plainly as words, the aristocracy of their inhabitants. There they stand, solid and superior, in their unimpeachable red-brick respectability; relics, almost, of a generation passing, if not already past. Just behind them is a short half block of what, perhaps, once formed their stables—a "mews" as they say in London—but which now, by a curious process of transformation common to many parts of Manhattan Island, have been converted into studios. "Macdougal Alley" (see illustration!) they call it, meaning by "they" the public and outsiders generally.

For, incidentally, your own designation of this spot will show, clearly, whether you "belong" or whether you don't. If, for example, you should say, "*Macdougal* Alley" then you are, without doubt an utter Philistine and, as such, utterly without the pale. On the contrary, should you term it, simply, "The Alley," you are, very likely, all right; at all events, you have the right idea.

Curiously enough, perhaps from the faculty many persons possess in interesting themselves in other peoples' affairs, "the Alley"—much to its own surprise, discovered it was coming to be quite a centre of attraction and, as it were, verily leaping into a most extraordinary and to its residents, inexplicable prominence. (You will note I am careful not to say "enjoying it" because, to be candid, the artists who live there didn't enjoy it at all). In fact, it was only saved from almost vulgar notoriety by one very simple thing—very few of the people who chattered so glibly of what they generally called, "that charming little glimpse into *real* Bohemia" had anything more than the vaguest notion where it was located.

New England has made fairly gener-



Studio of Thomas Wilmer Dewing



STUDIO OF HARRY DENNISON THRASHER

ous contribution to "the Alley's" necessarily limited population. Daniel Chester French, born in Exeter, New Hampshire, has a studio here, where he works on large commissions, though he does not, by any means, neglect his other atelier—the one built under his own personal supervision in the yard back of his charming home on West Eleventh street, shown in our illustration (see illustration 2).

The entrance to the studio of another sculptor, Henry Hudson Kitson, is shown in the view of "the Alley" itself (see illustration 1), where it is the second studio on the left. Mr. Kitson, though by birth an Englishman, may yet be said to be so closely affiliated with Boston as to almost class himself as a Bostonian, since it was there he made his home for many years, working and teaching.

Diagonally across the court—really, "the Alley" is scarcely more—is the remodelled stable housing another son of New England, Harry Dennison Thrasher, a native of the little town of Plainfield, New Hampshire, which is but three miles distant from Cornish, for many years the favorite home of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens. It was, indeed, in the studio of this famous sculptor that Mr. Thrasher's initial art apprenticeship was gained and where he worked, prior to coming to New York in 1905. Here he entered the studio of the sculptor, Herbert Adams (himself a Vermont man) while, at the same time, he received the admirable instruction furnished by the Art Students' League and, in 1908, won the Saint-Gaudens Prize there. At present Mr. Thrasher is engaged on a commission he calls, "The Fighter," as well as several bust portraits, all of which appear in our illustration 3.

It would seem as if "the Alley's" artistic population were all sculptors, but they are not—not by any means. Painters live and work there, too, as we realize when, down near the end, we reach the studio of Douglas Volk, the admirable portrait and figure painter, who came to New York, via Paris and Europe generally, from Pittsfield, Mass.

On the north side of West Tenth street, a little east of Sixth Avenue, there stands what, in these sky-scraping days, seems a very low, rambling building of red brick, known, simply, as, "The Tenth Street Studios." This it is interesting to observe, was the first building to be erected in New York City for the distinctly expressed purpose of housing artists only. To mention the names of the men who have at one time or another, had their studios there would be to give a fairly comprehensive list of all those who have contributed to our country's art. We find here the studio of Thos. Wilmer Dewing, where are executed those notable oil paintings and exquisite

pastels, so highly valued by discerning collectors of the works of American artists (see illustration 4).

As we go further uptown, we soon come to districts so wholly given over to trade of one sort or another that an artist's studio is the last thing to be expected. Yet, one is here—almost hidden away on the top-floor of a business building—that of the veteran painter, Roswell W. Shurtleff, whose delightful wood-interiors always prove as attractive to all true nature lovers as they do to picture fanciers, pure and simple (see illustration 5).

Still keeping to the north but veering slightly to the east, we will, in due course, reach the Beaux Arts Studio Building, at Fortieth Street and Sixth Avenue, overlooking Bryant Park and the new Public Library, the location chosen by the portrait painter, Dana Pond, for his *atelier* (see illustration 6). A Boston man is Mr. Pond, a son of the late Handal Pond, founder of the Ivers & Pond Piano Company; thus, as is most natural, the foundations of his art were laid at the School of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; a fact the artist himself recalled with evident pride and pleasure, when he told the writer, "I am a pupil of Tarbell."

During the winter months, Mr. Pond spends his time in New York, working busily on the portrait commissions which crowd upon him, more and more, with each succeeding season. But, in the spring, he seeks some chosen haunt, in Spain, mayhap, or, as last year, a remote corner of France, where he paints, according to his own account, "For my own pleasure"; a pleasure, it may be added, that is shared by all who view the results of this labor of love, in exhibitions or, if they be extra-fortunate, in the painter's own studio.

Another New England man who makes New York his permanent headquarters is Ben Foster, the landscape painter and, during the autumn and winter months, he may be found working in his studio at 253 West 42nd Street.

In point of age, the Sherwood, 58



R. M. Shurtleff's Studio

West 57th Street, is second only to the Tenth Street Studios. It, likewise, is of red brick, harking back to the time of its erection, when red brick was as much "the thing" as 57th Street was "'way up town." Miss Martha Wheeler Baxter, miniaturist, portrait and landscape painter works in the Sherwood. Miss Baxter is a native of Vermont but, as she told me laughingly, "I've lived in New York till I've come to feel almost as if I were a native." Scattered about her studio (see illustration 7) may be found many charming examples of this artist's work, particularly some sketches made during a sojourn in Capri.

"He probably knows more about John Paul Jones than any man in America," someone told me, not long since, in speaking of the marine painter, Carleton T. Chapman, whose studio is also in the Sherwood; or rather, his "workshop" as he, like many of his brother artists, prefers to call it, in these days when the term "studio" has come to have a significance scarcely less varied and remote than that bestowed on the much-abused phrase "Bohemian."

Though many of Mr. Chapman's notable and most successful effects have been obtained in depicting scenes where the "Founder of the American Navy" bore a part, none the less is he thoroughly familiar with battle ships of the present day, as will be readily credited when I state that, during the Spanish War, Mr. Chapman acted as Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly," supplying not only admirable and characteristic illustrations, but all the letter-press as well.



Atelier of Dana Pond

In the Sherwood, too, there is Franck A. Bicknell who will, perchance, smile a little as he says, "I always think of myself as a Bostonian though, as a matter of fact, I was born in Augusta, Maine"; as well as another Massachusetts man, Milton Bancroft, the illustrator.

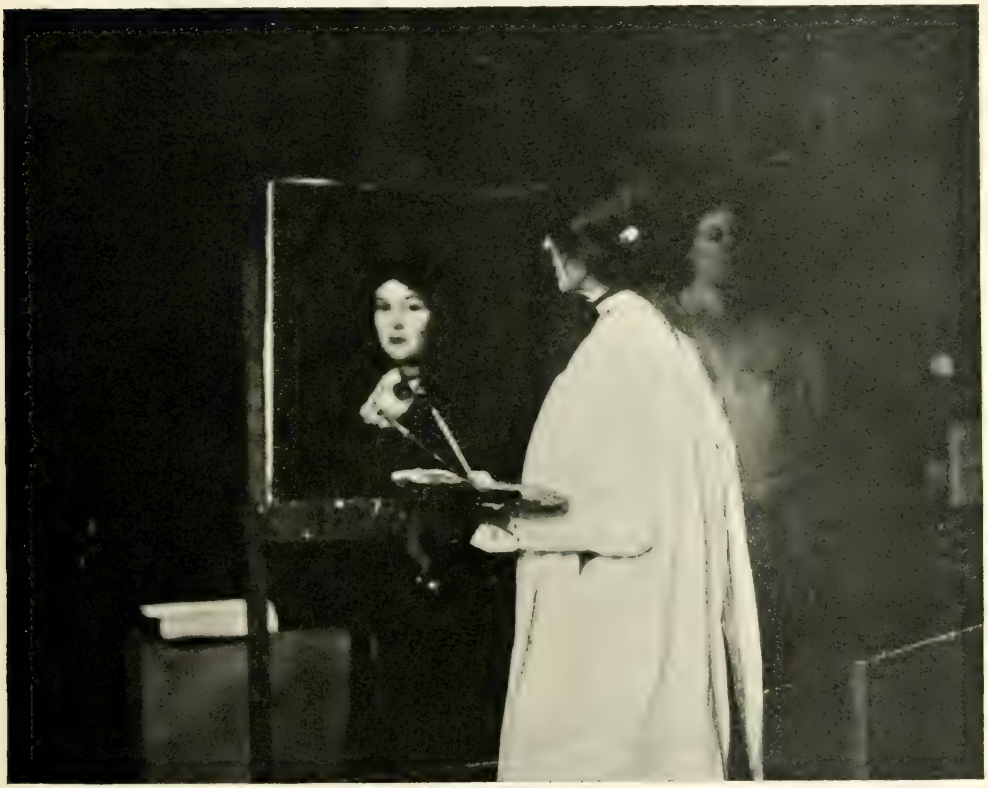
The fame of Charles Dana Gibson has become so cosmopolitan that few people stop to consider whether the creator of

the "Gibson Girl" belongs to any special locality or section. But, by birth, he does, since Massachusetts in general and the town of Roxbury in particular can, and does, proudly claim him as a son. For years, when at home, Mr. Gibson has worked in one of the studios forming part and parcel of the huge structure erected by Andrew Carnegie and going under the general title of, "Carnegie Hall," at West 57th Street and Seventh Avenue.

Also situated on West 57th Street is the workshop—that's what he calls it—of Childe Hassam, in one of the most recently erected, as well as modern and complete of all the co-operative studio buildings.

The first of these, by the way, was built on West 67th Street, just off Central Park several years ago. It proved an entire success from a pecuniary point of view, speedily becoming so popular as to necessitate the immediate erection of others of the same sort, till now almost the whole of the north side of the block between Central Park and Columbus Avenue is occupied by these attractive and commodious buildings, all of a similar type, and all of them veritable hives of artistic industry.

Gifford Beal, the landscapist, a Worcester (Mass.) man, lives at No. 27; Willard Leroy Metcalf (one of the "Ten") a native of Boston, and Robert W. Vonnoh, the portrait painter, who



STUDIO OF MARY L. MACOMBER

originally hailed from Hartford, Conn., are in No. 33. Here, too, Mary L. Macomber occupies a studio for three months of every winter (see illustration 8). But, though Miss Macomber admits that she finds New York, as she says, "interesting and fascinating" the label on her door makes you certain she regards herself merely as a visitor to the metropolis, for it reads: "Studio St. Botolph Street"—and surely, but one city has its "St. Botolph Street"!



STUDIO OF MISS MARTHA WHEELER BAXTER

Very few of our artists, men or women, can be looked upon as so thoroughly a native American product—in all senses of the word—as Miss Macomber; because this notable painter of religious, ideal and allegorical subjects gained all her technique right in her own country. It was in Fall River—her native place—that she studied first, later coming to Boston, where she worked intermittently (as her fragile health has always proved a sad handicap) mainly under that inspiring instructor, Frank Duveneck.

One of her best-known works, "Memory Comforting Sorrow" has, for the painter herself, curiously mingled associations. The original of this painting was destroyed in the fire at the Harcourt Studios, Boston, in 1903, shortly after its purchase by the Forthnightly Club of Fall River, to adorn the Public Library there.

"Was I insured? Indeed I was not," Miss Macomber said to me, in speaking of the losses this fire brought on her; "though I never thought of insurance *then*—or even of saving my pictures, for I was only too glad to get out alive—and small wonder, since when I escaped from the building, I had to go clad as I was—in a nightdress and wildly grabbing one slipper! What did I do about 'Memory Comforting Sorrow'? Just painted it over again—and endeavored to feel as if I, myself were 'Sorrow,' so that I could feel comforted; no difficult task," she added, with a little whimsical smile, "if I let my mind dwell on my losses for any length of time."

Within the past three years, Miss Macomber has added not a little to her reputation by becoming a portrait painter, her sitters including many persons of wealth and distinction in New York, as well as Boston, the home of her adoption.

"The painter of the 'Square-Riggers'" is what many of his admirers call William E. Norton. And truly, his paintings of these fast-disappearing craft are, in their way, no less truthful and characteristic presentations than are Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's word pictures of the women who live in New England coast villages. Indeed few artists are better equipped with a knowledge of the ocean itself as well as all things pertaining to "those who go down to the sea in ships" than he and small wonder; for, when only a lad, he shipped "before the mast" on a whaler. If you should visit his studio at West 65th Street and Broadway, perhaps he might show you some pencil sketches, made during that first voyage, clearly proving that the acute sense of observation, enabling him to

depict so accurately the minutest details of the ships it is his greatest joy to paint is no acquired knowledge but an inborn gift.

Just a little further up Broadway, in the building called the "Lincoln Arcade" is the studio of Robert Reid, another of "the Ten," as well as one of those painters who began their artistic career at the School of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Henry Brown Fuller, (whose artistic talent might be called hereditary, he being a son of George Fuller, the painter) and his wife, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, the miniature painter, have their studios on the "East Side" as New Yorkers say, on East 55th Street. Mrs. Fuller is one of the daughters of Charles Fairchild, formerly of the banking firm of Lee Higgenson and Company, while her mother's name will be readily recalled by those who love the "Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," since it was to Mrs. Fairchild that some of the most delightful of these were addressed. Mrs. Fuller is also one of the charter members of the New York Miniature Society and examples of her work shown at its annual exhibitions are always the subjects of enthusiastic admiration.

The Chat's A-wing

By H. F. PAGE

The chat's a-wing; the chat's a-wing.
Misgivings are past, 'tis verily spring;
Hark to the note, hark to the note
Poured from that soul-enrapturing throat,
Down where the pines and the willows meet,
  Greeting the sunrise
  Wildly sweet, wildly sweet!

The sun is up, the sun is up,
And a honey drop brims each buttercup;
Aloft with me, aloft with me,—
O the vales and the hills are fair to see,
Falter and tumble through the odorous air,
  Hang over bush-tufts,
  Anywhere, anywhere!

The sky deep blue, the sky deep blue
Has lost its stars to the emerald dew—
Adown with me, adown with me
To the jasmines clinging in the tulip tree,—
'Tis joy to feel dew-mist in your wings,
  And vie with the brook,
  As it sings, as it snigs!

Up, up again, up, up again!
My heart is a-leap with a wild sweet pain
For the flower-tinted vales and the cool green wood
O the world is fair and life is good—
Up, falter and tumble through the odorous air,
  Hang over bush-tufts
  Anywhere, anywhere!

Elsie Venner in Red

By KATE L. McLAURIN

IT was October and we were camping up in the Adirondacks—a still, inspiring sort of a place that was doing much to restore the nerves of worn-out city people. The cool nights had come and as a rule the huge log fire was the center of interest until far into the night—where, considering the calibre of the party, much was discussed that might be worth recording. But to-night for some reason the fire was not popular—the mountain air or undue exercise had sent most of the campers to an early sleep, so that by eleven o'clock there were only three of us seated before the fire—three women; one a novelist of distinction, another who painted successfully and then there was I—a poor newspaper woman, but a good listener.

We began talking as people so often do under such conditions about "things unseen." It's curious why this should happen, but I have scarcely ever known it to fail especially when two or three women are gathered together. Maybe it's because women, of late years, have ceased talking seriously of love affairs. I offer this explanation with due apologies to all of the debutantes in the world.

The woman who wrote, told stories that have been told her, and I of several things that in my newspaper rounds I had come across, but neither of us could give an authentic account of a single supernatural experience.

The artist who had listened to us attentively broke in, "Well, here is an experience of mine that may have been just a coincidence, or a case of diseased nerves or something else. You can take it for what it's worth. It happened shortly after I became engaged to Ted. I waked up one morning, looked at the clock and exclaimed, 'Goodness, I'm late!'

"I dressed in a great hurry, swallowed a glass of milk and dashed downstairs and across the Park with the Museum as an objective point. It was a perfectly glorious autumn day—and to this hour I can see how the foliage in the Park looked—the wonderful gold and bronze tints and how the leaves sighed and rustled before they dropped to the ground. I tell you this to show how every event of the day is stamped on my memory.

"As I started up the steps of the Museum, there stood Ted; he was looking up and down the avenue and when he saw me he gave a start of surprise so that for a moment I had a jealous suspicion that he was expecting some one else. But he ran down the steps and exclaimed:

" 'Beth, I'm glad you've come.'

" 'What do you want with me, Ted?'

" 'What do you want with me, Elsie Venner?' he mocked—'You aren't snaky but you are uncanny, Beth, at times.'

"I pouted. We had gone over this before and I had taken up a strong dislike to 'Elsie Venner'—Ted couldn't persuade me to read the book. I put it down as one of his unfortunate New Englandisms that he liked the genial Doctor's problems.

" 'No, Ted, what is it?'

" 'A ripping new picture for you to see, Beth. It's a loan—called "Interruption." Was talking to some fellows last night and one of them said, 'Don't miss it if you want to see a stunner.' "

"We were hurrying towards the picture and as we turned a corner, there it was facing us.

"A woman seated in a low chair facing a fireplace over which a large mirror hung. At her side was a table, with a shaded lamp on it. She had been reading—a book lay on her lap, but something from behind had interrupted her and caused her to look up. The body was

rigid with attention and she was staring at her own face reflected in the mirror. You looked first at the picture and you were interested, you looked again and little chills began to creep up and down your spine and soon your brain began to torture itself with—'What startled her and made her look up and what in Heaven's name is she waiting for?'

"I was beginning to feel all this and to fidget, when Ted, who had been standing gazing at it, with his hands in his pockets, whistled softly and said:

" 'I should call it the picture of a naked soul—but, Beth, look at those hands, aren't they wonders?'

"Then the painting of the face in the mirror—the general composition and the wonderful handling of the details of the picture aroused my artist's instinct and it became a lesson in painting.

"In those days Ted and I were struggling artists—very struggling—but terribly happy and in earnest. I always feel sorry for people who haven't struggled; they have missed so much of life—especially if there is a Ted struggling with you.

"On our way out, Ted said, 'I'm so glad you got my letter—I mailed it so late I was afraid you wouldn't get it.'

" 'What letter, Ted?' I asked.

" 'Why the one I wrote last night, asking you to meet me here this morning.'

" 'I didn't get a letter from you,' I answered.

" 'You've just forgotten, Beth.'

" 'No,' I insisted, 'I didn't get a letter from you this morning.'

" 'Then how did you happen to come over here?'

" 'Why—why—' I stammered—then it rushed over me that we had made no appointment to meet. I had come simply by mistake. Yet all along I was sure of having an engagement with him. The hasty breakfast, the hurrying to the Museum proved that—and yet when I saw Ted standing at the door, my first feeling had been one of surprise. I remembered that now. I tried to explain to him, but it all seemed confused and I found myself wanting to cry. He thought awhile—you know that slow, serious way he has, then said,

" 'I've never had much faith in this kind of thing, Beth, but this looks like a real case. I wrote you last night to meet me here at nine-thirty. It was after twelve when I wrote and I was afraid you wouldn't get it. You didn't, and yet you came. I guess it means that we are the right people for each other.'

" 'Yes, Ted,' I answered, 'but how strange.'

" 'Don't let's talk about it, Beth—we may kill it if we analyze it. Let's talk about "Interruption."' Which we did.

"We discussed the pros and cons of it—next, Art in general and finally our own prospects which at that time were none too bright. But oh, the blessed hopefulness of youth.

"We had lunch together and Ted left me to go downtown to submit some of his illustrations to a possible patron. I was restless and instead of going straight home I stopped by Nat's. Nat was the second-hand book dealer and a great friend of ours.

"He was a queer, bent little man with sharp eyes that looked through black-rimmed glasses. He had a way of prefacing nearly every remark with, 'Ches, ches,' and we had grown to call him, to ourselves, 'Old Ches.' For some reason he had taken a great fancy to Ted and me and his queer little basement store was a small heaven to us. We bought what we could and he lent us the rest, so that some of the best reading I have ever done was in the days when we haunted Nat's little shop.

" 'Good afternoon, Nat,' I greeted him

" 'Ah, Miss—what is it I can do for you to-day?'

" 'Just going to look around and see what wonderful bargains I can find. I have fifty cents to squander recklessly.'

" 'Ches, ches,' he cried, rubbing his hands together, 'you can buy heaps with that to-day. Look, a little book of modern love poems—twenty cents—beautiful—great bargain.'

"Nat was always wanting to sell me love poems—he may have thought Ted couldn't write me any. I looked at the book and bought it—a little pamphlet—took a dime. Then I remembered and asked Nat if he had a cheap copy of 'Elsie Venner.'

"'Ches, ches,' he answered readily, 'for a wonder I have—just got it yesterday—good book—let you have it for twenty cents—cost anybody else a quarter.'

"He reached up and pulled down a book in a bright red cover.

"'Elsie has on a very gay dress,' I said, pointing to the red binding.

"'Ches, ches. I do them up for you.' Nat had a fondness for color and the parcel he handed me was lavendar paper tied with a red string!

"When I got home there was Ted's letter waiting for me. I kept it to show him. There were many small things to be done and it was five o'clock before I was through. Then being sillily nervous, I made a strong cup of tea, pulled the chair up to the window, untied the books and opened 'Elsie Venner.'

"I had a sudden insane wish to throw it out of the window. I forced myself to turn over the leaves but I couldn't suppress the wave of disgust that swept over me. I have always hated to handle unclean things and this book was abominably dirty. It looked as if it had lain open where dust and dirt were flying, then been closed imprisoning all of the impurities. The pages were rough and unpleasant to the touch. I couldn't read a book in such a condition and I resolved to scold Nat for selling it to me. Evidently I wasn't to read 'Elsie Venner' and Ted could just go on teasing me.

"I placed the book on the table, and leaned back trying to enjoy my tea—but it didn't suit so I put it by.

"When reality gave way to dream I shall never know—but I found myself all at once in a perfectly strange room and yet in one that I seemed thoroughly at home. I had that all-pervading sense that one has in a dream—that is, I saw and understood everything and yet took no part.

"As I said, it was a strange room to me. Low ceiling, two windows with tawdry lace curtains and cheap furniture about. At one side, an old-fashioned fireplace and over the mantel a mirror. Before the fireplace was a table with a reading lamp on it, and by the table in a low chair sat a woman. She held in her hands a bright red book and was reading eagerly.

"She was altogether unconscious of my presence and for some time I stood looking over her shoulder, reading along with her. Page after page she turned, I following with absorbed attention. Occasionally the blonde head would get in my way and full of impatience I peered around. Never once did I speak to her and never once did I see her face. Even now all that I remember of her is the blonde hair and the beautifully molded hand holding the red book.

"We were rushing through the book at a furious speed and just when her interest and mine were intensest, there was a sound behind us. It was the turning of the door knob and presently some one entered the room. Neither of us glanced around but she paused, looked up and for a fleeting second I saw something in the mirror that caused me to repeat, 'a naked soul.' If I saw her face, I've forgotten it—but I had a vivid feeling of her terror. She laid the book on the table and I seemed to lose form and become a mere sense of sight.

"A man came into view and my only recollection of him is of his body—he was of medium stature and quite stout—his hands made the greatest impression on me; the palm was broad, the fingers short and stubby—it was a brownish hand and he gesticulated freely so that I got the idea that he was an Italian. He was excited—evidently jealous for he began at once to upbraid the woman. She tried for some time to pacify him, but he only waved his arms more violently. Then she became infuriated and the scene was stormy. I shrank into a corner utterly fascinated by this picture of violence—though what they said had no meaning for me. I could feel that we were waxing towards some terrific climax—when all of a sudden the man with a sweep of his arm sent the lamp, the red book and everything on the table smashing to the floor. There was darkness and the woman screamed.

"Then I waked up—or rather I was awakened by a knock at the door, and Ted burst in and cried, 'Beth!'

"'What is it?' I asked, trying to collect my wits.

"'You screamed,' he answered.

"'It was a bad dream, Ted,' but my heart was beating wildly and I felt cold and clammy as after a bad fright.

"'Well, wake up, Beth, and come on out to dinner.'

"I turned to get my hat and there on the table was the soiled red book lying open, just as I had seen it in the dream. I couldn't repress a shudder.

"I did then, what Ted called 'a crazy thing,' I insisted on stopping by Nat's before we dined.

"'You were just there, Beth.'

"'I know,' I answered, 'but I want to see him—to ask him something.'

"Ted always was a dear, so we went and I made him stay out front while I went back to see Nat.

"He was bending over a pile of books, sorting them for to-morrow's bargain sale and my breathless 'Nat' made him start with surprise.

"'What is it, Miss?'

"'Nat, you know that copy of 'Elsie Venner' you sold me?'

"'Ches, ches, Miss, you like it?'

"'No, I didn't. It is so dirty I can't handle it.'

"'That is too bad—you bring it to me, I clean it for you.'

"'No,' I said impatiently, 'that isn't it. I want to know where you got it.'

"'I bought it second-hand, Miss—I don't remember where.'

"'Try to remember, Nat—'

"'Ches, I try but I can't keep all those things in my mind.'

"Now I knew that Nat did keep everything connected with his little shop in his mind and I felt he wasn't telling me the truth.

"'You do know, Nat—tell me.'

"'Why you want to know, Miss?'

"'A good reason—maybe I found money in it,' I answered.

"'Ches,' he smiled. 'I bought that book from Mrs. Jenks, who keeps a cheap rooming house round the corner."

"'Was it her book?' I asked.

"'No, she took it with other things for back rent. That book belonged to a poor young lady what lived with Mrs. Jenks and got in trouble.'

"'In trouble—how?' I asked.

"'Your nerves good, Miss?'

"I nodded. My nerves were like steel at that moment.

"'That young woman was killed in Mrs. Jenks' house and that book was on the floor near her when she was found dead.'

"'Who killed her?'

"'A lover, they think, but he has not been caught—they think he has escaped to Italy.'

"'He is an Italian?' I asked.

"Nat nodded, and I got up my courage to ask if the woman was a blonde.

"'I don' know, Miss, she was a German girl, and fond of books of mystery, judging by the lot I bought. Here is one—'

"I didn't wait to see—but stumbled out to Ted and poured out the whole story to him. He said the dream was simply my brain trying to solve the mystery of the picture we had seen that morning—the picture called 'Interruption'; that 'the poor young woman at Mrs. Jenks' was just a coincidence.

"He said all of this but he didn't quite believe it as I could tell by his eyes and when I handed him the unopened letter he had written me, he was quite upset.

"The end is that I married Ted the next day and have never had a startling dream since."

How the Insane are Cared For

By CHARLES GIBSON McGAFFIN, Ph. B., M. D.

THE work done in the various states for the care of their insane population is very little understood by the public at large. Superstitions and fear still govern the ideas concerning insanity, and the belief in witchcraft and the evil spirit is much in vogue even to-day. The term *"hospital"* should be applied to an institution for the care of acutely insane patients, just as it is to the large general hospitals in our cities. The patient in the insane hospital is as sick in mind as his brother sufferer is in body, in the purely medical and surgical institution. The insane hospital goes farther, and combines all the advantages of the one with the tactful care of its inmates' diseased brains. I say tactful care, and this is the essence of the situation. Patience and tact on the part of physicians and nurses go a long way toward obtaining beneficial results for the patient.

The fact that they are considered sick and in need of care, and not the object of ridicule and fear, helps them to take a hand in their own fight for mental health. Often physical defects and loss of vitality, due to overwork and worry, are the important causative factors in the mental condition, and these are to be remedied by rest and nutritious food.

It is a fact shown by statistics that the insane population in our states is increasing every year. What is being done for their care? What is the condition of their surroundings in public and private institutions? These should be questions of importance to all lovers of mankind.

A study of the abstract will be more comprehensive perhaps, and to this end let us consider one of the large hospitals for the insane, in New England. It is situated in one of the smaller cities not far from more thickly populated districts. The buildings are in the centre of a park covering one hundred and thirty-eight acres, about a quarter of which is thickly wooded. A picturesque river flows along one side of the grounds. The driveway to the administration building runs along the river bank, through thick trees. The road is wide and in summer the foliage meets overhead, making a perfect canopy of green. For nearly a half mile one would have the impression of a most restful recreation spot, and such it is. Then we come into a large open space with the buildings on a slight rise of ground, and we realize them to be the centre of work and kindly care. The main building stands out sharply from the rest with its great dome, and radiating from it north and south, a hundred yards each way, the hospital wards. Staid old structures of brick and stone which for years have been a mute testimonial of man's humanity to man. The centre building contains the administrative offices in front, the chapel for religious worship and entertainments, and the kitchens and storerooms, in the rear.

The hospital accommodates about one thousand patients. They are cared for on different wards as their condition indicates; the quiet patients being separated from the more disturbed. The wards are light and airy, and kept scrupulously clean. Cleanliness is here thought to be truly next to godliness, and both conducive of best health.

The walls are decorated with quiet, restful pictures, well framed in dark stained wood. Drop lights on the tables, pianos, and bright rugs on the floors, give a homelike air to the better wards. There is always some one who can play the piano, and in the evening the sound of singing floats out upon the air, and the

readers around the table lamp give one the impression of comfort and content. Needless to say some of the wards do not present this appearance, as the more violent of the inmates cannot enjoy such privileges, but as soon as their condition improves they are removed to more pleasant surroundings.

Three wards on either side constitute the so-called infirmary. Here the physically sick are treated. Often the mental condition of a patient conceals the true physical trouble, and diagnosis and treatment are frequently very difficult—treatment especially.

Occupation is considered one of the most efficient modes of treatment, and all patients, who are able, are encouraged to do some work. One of the most important signs of improvement in some cases is the interest shown in some employment. To this end the upper floor of a large separate building is occupied by a shoe shop and a tailor shop, where all of the shoes and clothes are made that the patients, supported by the state, wear. The tailor shop employs twenty-five men, and the shoe shop fifteen. The lower floor is given up to the mattress shop, where all the mattresses are made and repaired, and the paint shop. Others are employed in the laundry and become most efficient workers—others about the farm and grounds, and in the stables. The men work outside more than the women, but many of those who are obliged to stay on the ward do tailoring if they are in any way capable in that line. On the female wards shirts for the men, all clothing for the women, and all the mending is done. The hair used in making the mattresses is picked, bandages made, and looms for weaving rugs have recently been installed.

Perhaps a brief pen picture of one of the female working wards would be of interest. The centre of industry is the large open spot on the ward, or bay. Here there are two sewing machines humming; at the large centre table a patient is cutting out shirts; three are working on a rug, the design of which was executed by one of them. Fifteen or twenty are seated around in small rocking chairs, sewing or mending. A great palm occupies the whole of one of the corners. The piano stool is occupied and familiar tunes are softly played. Two or three nurses in neat uniforms are here and there, giving assistance when needed, and balancing the whole.

Several of the wards have verandas, which have many uses. Here the patients get the cool breeze in summer, the men smoke, and at night they are used as sleeping quarters by as many as can be accommodated on cots. In the autumn, when the weather begins to cool, canvas curtains are put up to break the wind. There are few complaints, and the cots are never unoccupied.

Every pleasant day all the patients who are able, go out to walk down the path along the river. Fresh air is the tonic that everyone of them needs.

Notwithstanding the much attention given to occupation for the patient, work is mixed with play. The hospital is proud of its baseball team, made up of physicians, employees and patients, and at least one game is played each week during the season, and with teams from the city whenever possible. All the patients who can, get out to see them, all the workshops are idle, and with the crowds who come up from the city, the playing field is well surrounded when the game begins. The hospital orchestra is seated in the adjoining grove and admonishes to "put on your old gray bonnet."

After the ball-game about one hundred and twenty-five of the inmates, selected by wards and in rotation, stay out and have a picnic in the grove. They are seated around on benches and the physicians and head nurses, with assistants, pass sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake—in season watermelon changes the menu. Once during the summer a clambake, with all the "fixins," is served.

Besides, there are tennis courts, a golf course and numerous croquet grounds, and they are all occupied during the afternoons.

Beginning in October there is a dance or entertainment in the chapel every Monday night, and on Wednesday evenings those of the patients who wish come to the chapel, and led by the choir sing

hymns, and there is always some extra feature on the program, such as a vocal or instrumental solo, or a reading. The dances are especially for the patients and are of the good old fashioned kind—the Caledonia, Portland Fancy, Tempest and Quadrilles. Much enjoyment is obtained, and another break in the monotony of their hospital existence is afforded. Much money and time are spent, and care given, in the arranging of these different forms of entertainment, but it pays—of course it pays! A smile on a sad face is sufficient reward.

Christmas is a happy time at this great hospital. Weeks before parties of the men go in the woods outside of town and gather evergreens. These are strung together in long chains and the whole hospital takes on a festive air. On Christmas night a big evergreen tree is set up on the chapel stage, and decorated with all the gilt and tinsel of the season. The various patients, who can come to it, are remembered with a small gift. One of the employees dresses up as Santa Claus and comes in upon the stage in a sleigh to which splendid *papier-maché* reindeer are hitched. The cotton snow glistens on his shoulders and on his noble steeds. The particular and important button is pressed and the tree is aglow with little varicolored lights, and an "Oh!" of surprise and delight is heard throughout the big room.

The nursing force consists of sixty-five men and sixty women. The female nurses wear the conventional nurses' dress with white cap, and the men have uniforms of cadet gray with black buttons. The hospital conducts a training school for nurses, and all attendants are required to take the course. This extends over two years and affords excellent instruction in all phases of nursing. The medical staff give the lectures and a Superintendent of Nurses has direct charge of the school and gives instruction by recitations and clinical demonstrations. Text books are also used in each subject considered. The graduation exercises each year, in June, are looked forward to by the class, and a diploma as graduate nurse is the reward for work well done. Following are the courses:

Junior Year:—

Physiology and Anatomy.
Bandaging.
Urinalysis.
Artificial Respiration and Emergencies.
Medicines and their Administration.

Senior Year:—

Mental Diseases.
Surgery.
General Medicine.
Obstetrics and Gynecology (female).
Genito-urinary and Venereal Diseases (male).
Massage.
Dietetics and Cooking.

The nurses work ten hours a day and occupy, as living quarters, two fine, well equipped new buildings. One houses the female nurses, and the other the men and married couples. The buildings accommodate about seventy-five each, mostly in single rooms. There is a large assembly room on the lower floor of each, with a piano, and books and papers. The basement is laid out for a bowling alley and gymnasium. The nurses have to be in their rooms at nine forty-five P. M. and lights out at ten. Women begin work at $20.00 a month and men at $25.00—there is an increase of $2.00 after six months service, and $3.00 after the first year. Nurses in charge of wards receive more. These figures, of course, include board, room and laundry.

The business side of such an institution is a study in itself. The steward is the head of the supply department. He buys all the commodities in use from iron beds to medicinal supplies and butter. He makes out the menus for all the different tables and has general supervision of the kitchens. The feeding of the total population of nearly thirteen hundred is a big undertaking, with the varied diets required in a hospital. The kitchens are supervised directly by the Chef and Assistant Chef, and numerous patients work under them. Eight big kettles, the coffee percolators and many small set basins, cook with steam from the central heating plant.

The bake shop uses five barrels of flour every day for the bread alone, to

say nothing of hundreds of pies and other pastries. The bread is mixed in a large electric mixer which holds two barrels of flour to a mixing. The big ovens in the bake shop, besides doing the work of that department, roast the meats and bake potatoes and puddings.

The cellars under the buildings are all connected and the food is sent to the cellar and from there is carried to the various wards on cars which run on a system of tracks. Dumb waiters for each ward carry the food up to the dining rooms. There the nurse in charge arranges the tables and, with the assistance of two or three patients, sets the meals and clears the dishes away afterwards. The china and crockery is kept on each ward in closets for that purpose.

The menu prepared for the hospital for a day is interesting in that it shows while the food is not elaborate, it is wholesome and nourishing, and there is a great abundance of it.

Breakfast:—

Cereal and milk, hash, bread and butter, coffee.

Dinner:—

Roast lamb, squash, potatoes, bread and butter, rice pudding and tea.

Supper:—

Baked beans and pork, apple sauce, bread and butter, and cocoa.

Besides this regular diet there are specials for such patients as need them and the following is a list for a day as sent out from the kitchen:

123 dry toast.
30 milk toast.
495 milk.
178 gruel.
162 raw eggs.
30 boiled eggs.
33 egg on toast.
4 steak.
73 custards.
16 cocoa.
6 fruit.

Of course the constant requirements of such a large family necessitate keeping a large stock of food stuffs, crockery, glassware, etc., on hand. The storeroom of the institution corresponds to the general store of our rural towns, only on a larger scale. Articles are given out from here to the heads of departments through requisitions, signed by the Superintendent or Steward.

The staple food stuffs and meats are bought in carload lots, thus securing much better prices, and further, many articles are purchased after competition through bids. The steward, or purchasing agent, must keep his finger on the pulse of the market and so know when to buy. He is the watchdog of the treasury department and the appropriation granted by the legislature must suffice for all the expenses during the year, or else there will be a deficit and that would be a bad symptom of his ability as a business man.

A system of cold storage rooms contain the meats, butter, eggs, milk and fruit. Heat, light and power are furnished from the engine room. A battery of seven boilers is in charge of three firemen, and eats up 2,735 tons of soft coal in a year. They are 72 inches in diameter, 18 feet long and generate 125 horse power each. The engine room contains three lighting engines, 100 horse power each, directly connected with three dynamos of 75 kilowatt capacity each. These dynamos furnish all the light and power. There is also a 30 horse power refrigerator engine to supply the cold storage, and a compressor for a fifteen ton ice machine.

The chief engineer has three assistants, besides the electrician and assistant electrician. The engineer has charge of all the heating system and the plumbing, and also has general supervision of all the buildings. The community requires the services of four carpenters, three painters and one mason, and there is plenty for them to do. Repairs are constantly necessary and there is always space to be freshened with new paint.

A part of the grounds are under cultivation and constitute the "farm." From here fresh vegetables are supplied in season, some potatoes are grown, as are carrots, parsnips, pumpkin, squash and

rutabagas. Three acres are given over to the production of corn to be used as ensilage for the cows.

The horses and live stock are housed in well built barns. There are ten horses for driving and working, and three of the patients care for, and drive, three yoke of oxen, and in their slow, easy going way they do a lot of heavy hauling in a year. The sight of the oxen is primitive in these days, and always have they a staid, wholesome look. The setting of greensward and virgin wood fits them perfectly.

Most of the milk used in the hospital is supplied by the home herd, consisting of 115 head of cattle of which between 80 and 90 are milch cows. The cow barn is clean and well ventilated, and the cattle are groomed every morning. Tuberculosis, the scourge of the milk giving cow, is almost unknown. The herd is tested with tuberculin twice a year, which seems, by experience, to give a certain immunity. Some tuberculin vaccination has been tried with calves at the age of six weeks. The cows are divided into two herds—one of Jerseys and one of Holsteins. There are many registered cows in the herds and many ribbons are won with them at neighboring fairs and cattle shows.

The piggery contains 175 hogs. They are of the Yorkshire variety and are full bloods, having blue ribbon winners among them. From a business point of view they are a paying proposition. The styes remain full, and besides 30,000 pounds of dressed pork were furnished for hospital consumption.

The hennery boasts 1,200 laying hens and pullets. Single comb and rose comb, white Leghorns, and white Plymouth Rocks are kept exclusively, and many of them are show birds. An incubator house is being built to accommodate a 3,000 egg incubator. 1,147 pounds of chicken and fowl have also helped the steward in making his menus. With a dozen as a start a flock of geese is to be seen in the future, with female patients as the goose girls. There is a nucleus of a half dozen turkeys as a beginning of a flock.

The grounds are full of gray squirrels, slick, plump fellows, and they get so tame that many of them will come to your knee for nuts. In the summer the trees are filled with a great variety of birds that find a leafy haven here in the heart of a city.

The flower gardens and greenhouses are in charge of a florist who devotes his whole time to plant culture. The garden is a spot of gorgeous color when the blooms are at their height. In the houses are carnations, roses, chrysanthemums and a wealth of green and flowering plants. Cut flowers are sent to each ward weekly and various plants are set about the wards here and there.

The sun parlor on one of the infirmary wards is used as an aviary and here breeding cages for canaries are placed. Many little birds are hatched every year to supply the different wards with yellow singers. The patients take great interest in caring for them and their presence tends toward a cheerful atmosphere.

Much has been written with regard to the treatment of the insane, and there is still as much and more to be learned about it. Perhaps the three most important curative factors are rest, nourishing food and removal from home surroundings. When these three have started the patient on the road to physical and mental health, then some form of light occupation aids them and makes the going easier.

Besides these, much may be accomplished by sympathy and a show of interest in each case. An insane individual is very impressionable oftentimes, and their knowledge that they are considered mentally ill, and in need of treatment, rather than a human being to be shunned and an outcast from society, makes their part of the fight easier in many cases. Many are incurable, but care along these lines will make them more comfortable and of some value in their surroundings.

The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Deborah walked into the candle-lighted meeting-house and ascended the steps at the side leading to the pulpit. Ruth sat down in one of the front pews, near which was the side door by which they had entered. Deborah, untrammeled by any of the Friends' customs, had devised a service of her own. She led in the chanting of a psalm, a sort of music especially adapted to her rich, vibrant voice. Then she led in a powerful prayer, then another psalm was chanted and then she gave out the text and preached her sermon. Instead of her store of words or her imagination becoming exhausted in her years of sermons, her gift of speech seemed to have increased in power, and this was a better sermon than the unknown Deborah Stebbins had ever preached.

She spoke from the verse, "My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill." Here she enlarged upon the glories of Beulah. "What could the Lord have done more to this fruitful place? To have set it about in a rich soil that kisses with blessing the seed that is planted, that imparts its own richness to the grass of the fields so that cattle wax fatter as they partake; with a river that by its very music singeth of richness and benefits; by a forest illimitable where the trees rejoice to be of service in a holy cause. When the streets of yonder wicked city were black with the dark and festering bodies of the dead, and the corpses, unwashed and unprayed for, did line hasty trenches of earth, when from the afflicted place did go up the cry of the righteous mingled with the curses of the wicked, still did Beulah rejoice in safety and health."

Then with a solemn warning against sin in Beulah, she ended with these words, "But see that ye bring forth grapes and not wild grapes, else will the Lord lay it waste and break down the walls thereof and it shall be trodden down."

Ruth, sitting at the side of the pulpit, with the poke-bonnet hiding all but her profile in front and her knot of golden hair behind, with a candle just beyond that set off her sweet face as if in a halo, was the one object on which James Foster feasted his eyes with utter indifference to the food offered to his soul. Most of the young men of the settlement, and they were few in number, were afraid of Ruth Williams; she was scarcely more accessible than the Sister herself, who guarded her sedulously. Ruth held her head high, she smiled with a far-away light, she never joked with the timid swains and she spoke most eloquently in meeting. Therefore it had happened that, without speaking a word of love to the most beautiful girl in Beulah, the young men, when they dared to marry, chose more earthly maidens, who did not bask in the reflected glory of the great Sister.

After the sermon, the congregation, rising, waited until the Sister had passed out of her side door. Ruth also rose, but followed after as her special attendant. When without the door, the Sister usually turned and spoke to her; otherwise, Ruth never approached nearer, but walked in her shadow.

To-night Deborah said, after a pace or two, turning her head toward Ruth, "Thou knowest if thou wouldst be a follower after me, thou must never marry."

There was a quick, upward movement of Ruth's head. "Thou needest not say that to me. If there was naught else to

do in the world, I would not marry. It seemeth to me the lowest work for a woman. Hast thou not taught me?"

A satisfied smile lit up Deborah's face. "Yea, I have taught thee well. But I would that James Foster would keep his eyes to the front and meditate on spiritual things. I must rebuke him."

Ruth frowned. "I will speak to him myself," she said. "And then if he will not heed, perhaps thou wouldst better talk with him. He is doubtless angered with me; that is why he gazes so."

The smile on Deborah's face broadened, a little sound shook the soft air. "Nay, Ruth, it is not wholly with anger that he looks."

They were at the door of the house now and Deborah entered; but Ruth stood on the step a moment looking across out into the spring night, as if she dreaded to see its beauty go, though she felt, as do all young things, that the opening scroll of years was to spread before her many star-hung skies and dark wood fringes, with foregrounds of field and home. An owl hooted from the black woods behind the house. Ruth smiled in sympathy with his note of melancholy exultation in the starry stillness.

Then the smile died, there was a figure at the corner of the meeting-house. Was it watching her? She gave a little ominous shiver and turned to go in, when a voice broke in upon her.

"Thy mother is not well, Ruth," said Mary Bennett. "She lieth on her bed and muttereth to herself."

Ruth flew up the stairs to her mother's room. Sarah lay on the bed with eyes that glittered unseeing out of her white face.

"Oh, mother," cried Ruth, casting aside her cloak and kneeling by the bed. "What is it? Art thou ill?"

"Ruth," whispered Sarah, fixing her with too bright eyes, "I—I see him, he is coming for thee, Ruth, he is coming for thee."

Then there was a step at the door, and the quiet, steady footsteps of the Sister sounded through the room.

"Leave her with me, I will quiet her," said Deborah, and Ruth, wholly trusting, withdrew. When next she looked in at the door, before undressing, Sarah seemed sleeping, and the Sister sat by the bed with an open Bible on her lap.

CHAPTER II.

A Puzzling Encounter.

Ruth's mother recovered from her strange attack and in a day or two was about her work as ever, with only an added eeriness in her eyes and a weariness in her movements.

"Alas, Ruth, I am fearful to have thee go," she said one afternoon, as Ruth was fastening her long brown cloak about her for an errand outside of the limits of Beulah.

"Wherefore, Sarah?" asked Deborah, turning about from the window near which she was sitting.

"I know not, but I have a foreboding that danger lurketh near. There are Indians."

"They are friendly and as peaceful as we."

"Nay, mother, be not fearful," said Ruth. She spoke with a touch of impatience. "I have no fear and naught could harm me."

"'Tis a long walk to the Allen's farm."

"But I love the walking," protested Ruth.

"Fright not the child with thy portents," said Deborah in final command. "She must be ready and brave to do her work in the world," and she flashed a smile of sweet understanding on Ruth above the troubled little mother's head, and Ruth, catching her meaning, smiled back on her.

"I am thinking who she is like, Deborah," said Sarah, as the house-door closed after Ruth. The mother came to Deborah's shoulder and looked down the road which Ruth was taking. A smile lit up her face as Ruth turned and waved to the women at the window; Sarah did not know that Ruth, from the road, could see only Deborah's face.

"She has my thoughts," said Deborah, "but too much of thy gentle disposition, and in other ways she is like—"

"Her father," finished Sarah. Then, after a moment, "I fear, Deborah, she will not succeed thee, as thou dost hope."

Deborah's glance was reproachful. "Who told thee of my plan? Did Ruth?" Her black eyes scanned Sarah's face.

"Nay, none told me. But I know thy heart, Deborah, and what thou wouldst have, and I also know Ruth's heart, though sometimes it seems afar off from me—" she hesitated a moment. "I fear she will never succeed thee."

"Wherefore not? She is a most apt pupil. Hast thou not heard her speak in meeting?"

"Yea," answered Ruth's mother. "But she has lived too short a time to know her own heart."

"When I was at her age I knew all of life." Then Deborah fell into musing silence, with her fixed gaze on the road Ruth had traveled, though she saw no rood of it.

Meantime, Ruth went on her errand, and after its accomplishment came slowly homeward, loitering because she loved to watch the sunset spreading its thick glowing colors behind the tracery of delicate dark twigs thickening and multiplying in the breath of spring. She walked so lingeringly that the sun had set, leaving its tenderest pink thrown far to the eastern sky, its deepening purple of dusk just overhead where night shakes out his curtain, with a circle of glowing white in the west, where the fires had burned the brightest and left only ashes behind. It was now darkening and she had not yet reached the spot where the river curved to the road and brightened it by its treeless bank. Then, in a spot where the shadows were deepest, as she lowered her gaze from the alluring sky, she saw that a figure stood just in front of her in the path. It might have sprung from the ground for all she saw with her color-dazzled eyes. It was the man of whom she had spoken to her mother a day or two before. He was still ragged and unkempt and now, as he stood facing her, with his reddish beard and strange eyes and long hair he looked like a wild man.

Ruth gave way before him with a little cry; she could not control her emotions like the Sister.

"What is it?" she demanded, straightening her slender figure and wishing for the height of Deborah.

"I have come to my own," said the man in a low voice, regarding her intently with strange, brown eyes.

"What is it thou wouldst have?" Ruth's sweet voice shook.

"It is thee." He put out a rough hand and actually laid it on one of her smooth, soft ones. She shook it off.

"Do not touch me!" She raised her voice suddenly. "Tell me thy errand and begone."

"More courage than her mother," said the man, still fixing her with intentness. "Does she take that from her father or from Deborah Stebbins? Tell me, Ruth Williams, how is thy mother?"

"Quite well." Ruth shrank a little.

"And how is Deborah Stebbins?"

"Mean you the Sister? She is well and doing the work of the Lord. If thou wouldst become one of her disciples, come to the village and learn of her; she will teach thee."

The man's lips curled in scorn; it gave him a look like a wild animal beneath his beard. "Yes, she will teach me, will Deborah. Perhaps she has taught thee."

"Yea, she has." Ruth drew herself up and her sweet lips closed for a moment. Then she spoke with decision. "This is idle talk, between us who are strangers. If thou hast business in Beulah, come to me at the Sister's house. I must hasten on now."

"No, Ruth, do not go yet;" again he put out his hand.

Ruth still held her head high. Through all Beulah she was known, and her word was the next law to the Sister's.

"Thou knowest my name well," she said haughtily. "Know as well that I am not used to be held back from my errands. Let me pass, I say."

"But one moment. I think thee has a good heart. Does thee not know me? Thee and I should be no strangers—"

"Let me pass," cried Ruth, but something in his tone held her in her place.

"I am thy father, Ruth Williams, though—"

This time Ruth's voice rang out wildly. "'Tis a lie; my father died long since." And then it came to her that perhaps this man had heard of her mother's property and hoped to claim some of it in this way.

"My father died long since, when I was a child. Think you he would come from the forest in such garb?" She still spoke loudly, this time triumphantly.

"I am thy father, Ruth Williams. Is this all the greeting thou canst give me?" He moved still nearer her, the horrible red beard and wild eyes were almost in her face. Again her voice rang out, this time with real fear.

There was a rush along the road behind and the next moment the troublesome man was pushed backward and catching his foot in the root of a tree he fell, with one arm up across his face as if it with fear.

"A good push, with but one arm at your service," cried a merry voice, and Ruth turned to see a young man standing by her side, with one hand on the bridle of his horse.

"Get up, man! No, no, I do not strike a man that is down. What's to be done with him? Did he hurt you?" This to Ruth.

But Ruth did not answer; she stood gazing at the fallen man. He stared up at her, so helpless, so pitiable, that it set something tugging at her heart strings.

Oh, nay, nay!" she cried, her voice breaking with a choke. "Perhaps he didn't mean it, but it was a lie—a lie!"

"Please take my bridle a moment," said the man by her side, and Ruth mechanically took the bridle in one hand, looking through tears at the fallen figure, which had not moved from where it lay.

"Here, can't you get to your feet alone?" The younger man bent over and helped him to rise. "What ails you? Are you sick?" The man stumbled as he was helped to his feet. He did not look again at Ruth, but stared up into his destroyer and rescuer's face.

"I believe you are hungry and sick," said the young man, not unkindly. "Here, get on my horse! Can you ride? Let the reins hang free and he will take you to my home, where you can get food and rest. I will follow on foot. The bridle, please."

He helped the older man to the saddle, struck the horse's flank and in a moment the animal was down the road with his useless driver leaning limply forward in the saddle.

"Perhaps I should have led the horse. He looks as if he might fall off any moment," said the young man, looking up the road. Ruth turned her eyes away from the pitiful sight. "But he may spruce up when he gets beyond the curve, and I may never see my horse again." The man laughed over at Ruth, and she, feeling called upon for a response, murmured: "Thou art very kind."

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed again. "Not at all. Could not do less for a man so easily knocked down. I think it was only his hunger that made him trouble you."

Again the tears came into Ruth's eyes. The young man murmured, in so fatherly a way for so young a man, "There, there! There is nothing to fear. He will not trouble you again," that Ruth could not help a smile.

"You are not afraid any longer, are you?"

"Art sure thou didst not hurt him?" she asked.

Did he always laugh, this young man? Ruth looked up at the familiar sound, and for the first time met his eyes, large and black, and now dancing with merriment. Their gaze disconcerted her, she bit her lips and tried to look above his curling black hair. She lifted her eyes to an unexpected height; he was indeed a fine figure of a man.

"No, no, I did not hurt him, though I thought that was what you wanted. But whatever ails him, I'll heal him when I reach home."

Ruth spoke with dignity. "Perchance thou wouldst best hurry; he will get home long before thee."

He smiled mischievously and Ruth felt her cheeks grow hot.

"You need not fear all men you meet. I am quite safe and will not hurt you. I am neither hungry nor—"

"Nor what?" she asked innocently.

"Rude," he finished. "Shall we walk on?"

"Whither?" Ruth opened wider her brown eyes.

"To your home. Do you think I have met you so frightened in the woods, and

am going to leave you to find your way home alone? Who knows how many more men there are about here, hungry and—"

"Rude," finished Ruth, and then they both laughed, and immediately after she was ashamed.

"Indeed, there is no need that thou shouldst walk home with me," she began again with earnestness. "There is no danger further and I am no more fearful."

"If you say I must not, I will not come with you; but I hope you will let me see you safely along this lonely road."

"I suppose I should not be rude," said Ruth, with a quick little lift of her eyes —and again she was ashamed, and flushed with the sense of guilt.

"I hope thou wilt treat the poor man well," she began again in her most sermon-like voice, but when she looked up as if to finish her timely advice, there was something in his bright eyes, half amusement, half admiration, that confused what should have been sober thoughts.

"I do not know that he would have harmed me," she went on, lamely.

"No, probably not; but his appearance would frighten most women. It seems to me it is not safe for you to walk often in these woods alone."

What an air of protection to the successor of the dauntless Sister!

"His eyes were wild-looking," Ruth weakly excused herself.

"I did not notice," said the young man, "but then of course it takes a woman to notice a man's eyes."

Ruth drew herself up. "And who is it that seems rude now?"

"Pardon, pardon," cried the young man with a laugh. Then, more seriously, "But, indeed, your mother or guardian should not let you walk alone here. The Indians are about and I am sure it is not safe for a woman, especially if she be young and fair; and it is most unselfish of me to suggest this, too."

"Wherefore?" asked Ruth, lifting her innocent eyes; then she drew in her breath quickly.

"Because a pleasant walk and talk with a—" he looked at her strange garb and then finished deliberately—"lady like you does not chance so often as one might wish. It is a quiet spot I find here after coming from New York."

They had reached the spot where the road opened into the general thoroughfare of Beulah. Ruth stopped now and turned about, facing him.

"But it is better not to meet a maid than to find her frightened and see her weep. Is not that so?" He smiled on Ruth and confused her sadly.

"Ah—of course—" then, with sudden daring,—"that is for thy deciding."

"Not so, the maid must decide that."

"I cannot promise thee," said Ruth, shaking her head solemnly, "that I shall not often walk alone through this road;" then she added quickly, "but not for walking and talking with a stranger."

"Then we are still strangers? Shall we part so? Is it your wish?"

"But not without my thanking thee," said Ruth quickly. "I am most grateful to thee."

But he bowed coldly. "No," he said, "there be no thanks or talk of gratitude between strangers. Good-bye." He turned quickly on his heel, and Ruth stood a moment in doubt. No teaching of the Sister was fitted to this emergency.

Then suddenly, without moving, she called out, "Prithee, wait a moment." Her cheeks were scarlet, but her voice carried far enough for him to hear and stop. He came back to her, but his bright smile again embarrassed her.

"Oh," she began, lamely, "I would ask thee—will it not weary thee walking so far to thy home since thou didst give the man thy horse?"

"Do not trouble yourself, fair lady," he said, gravely—she did not dare look up, so caught not the gleam in his eyes— "over a stranger's weariness."

Then Ruth laughed out, a lovely, quivering laugh. "Nay, good friend," she said, "thank thee for thy kindness," and she held out her hand.

"You have more than repaid me for my small service," he said, bowing over it. Then he lifted his bright black eyes to her soft brown ones, and turning, walked quickly away. Ruth stepped toward Beulah.

But once she cast a half-glance over her shoulder, then looked quickly back again and the ghost of her former smile trembled to her lips; for the young man had stopped in his progress and was standing in the road looking straight after her.

But the Sister's house was still looming a little away when there were quick steps behind her and as she turned her head half guiltily she saw James Foster.

"Didst thou find a new convert in the woods, Sister Ruth?" he asked abruptly.

Ruth drew herself up, the angry color flamed into her cheeks and her eyes felt hot and fiery. She looked at him squarely; somehow it was easier to meet his angry face than the stranger's pleasant one.

" 'Tis not to thee, James Foster, I give an account of those I walk and talk with."

"To the Sister, perhaps?" James Foster smiled blandly. He was a light-skinned young fellow, whose color was now crimson with purple blotches in places. "If I did not misjudge, thy new friend was one George Trowbridge, who has his home down the road near the town. A place, they say, that his uncle—"

"James Foster"—Ruth still gazed into his eyes—"look up all thou canst of the world's folks, herald their names far and wide, but trouble me not with thy foolishness. I have higher work to do." She was the preacher all over.

"Thou needst not get so angry, Ruth. I—I did not mean to anger thee, but—it seemed so strange—that thou shouldst walk and talk with an unknown man who art so loth to walk and talk with those thou knowest. But doubtless that is the reason—thou knowest us too well."

"Thou dost talk in parables, James Foster, that I do not understand. But, remember this, whoever I may walk and talk with, it is naught to thee." And she swept past him and with the stately bearing of the Sister herself, which she had well nigh forgotten a little before, she went up the path and into the Sister's house.

CHAPTER III.

A Startling Discovery

As Ruth opened the front door of the Sister's house somebody gave way suddenly before her, and behold, old Caleb Brown was sitting on the hall floor, with his back against the lowest stair and on his wrinkled old face an expression of mingled chagrin and pleasure.

"Thou didst open the door too quickly, Sister Ruth. Praise the Lord!" he said blinking up at her with a frown on his wrinkled forehead, and a sly smile on his sunken lips.

"Why, what wert thou doing, Caleb," a left-over expression of her anger of a moment before still held Ruth's face.

"I was just thinking what a fine figure thee and James Foster cut together. It is eighteen years, Ruth, since we have had a wedding in the family, that of Marthy Lawton's."

"And 'twill be eighteen more if thou dost wait for me." Ruth stepped inside now and closed the door, standing in the space which Caleb's generous feet had vacated, though he did not rise from the floor.

He wagged his head at her. "Speak not so foolishly, Ruth, thou knowest not what awaits thee."

"I know my mother is awaiting me up stairs, and I must pass Caleb."

"Caleb," a voice rang from above and Caleb scrambled shamefacedly to his feet. "What is it?"

"Naught," said Caleb, brushing himself sedulously, although the carpet and stairs held not a speck of dust. "I was but thinking how well Ruth doth follow thy doctrine who says she will not be married for eighteen years. Praise the Lord!"

"But I meant never, Caleb," said Ruth over her shoulder as she went up stairs. Deborah passed her half-way up.

She laid her hand on Ruth's shoulder, as if in a caress and whispered softly, "thou art my own disciple, Ruth, and fitted to follow after me."

Ruth went into her mother's room. Here by the window bending over a small table, sat her mother. Ruth came straight across the room to her, loosening the fastenings of her brown cloak.

"Oh, Ruth, thou art returned safe, I am so glad," the mother looked up with a pleased smile of welcome on her changeful face.

"Mother," said Ruth suddenly, standing before her, and as Sarah looked at her lovely daughter she gave a gasp of foreboding. "Mother, is not my father dead?"

Sarah started and clasped her quivering hands. "I—I—think—yea, Ruth—thy father is dead."

"Thou art sure mother?" Ruth's brows met in a frown.

"Why, yea, Ruth, I am sure—quite sure—'tis—but yet—Ruth, what is it ails thee?"

Ruth made an impatient movement of her head—"Never mind me, mother, tell me the rest. Why are you sure?"

"Because they said—he was killed by the Indians in Pennsylvania many years ago—and he has never been heard of since—and why should he not be dead?" Sarah twisted her fingers so tightly that the knuckles stood out white.

"What manner of man was he, mother?" Ruth's voice was sharply anxious. "Did you not tell me he had a fair, smooth face?"

"Why, yea, when I last saw him—but oh, Ruth, what is it? Oh, I know, I know." Sarah's voice fell to a whisper; she leaned forward against the table staring into her daughter's face. Ruth's eyes widened and widened with a look of horror, the color left her cheeks and sweet lips, the two women looked at one another for some moments without speaking; then Ruth, only moving to bend toward her mother, whispered:

"It was my father, he did not lie, and I turned away from him—and he—oh, poor father—poor father." She put her hand to her throat as if choking and the unfastened cloak slid to the floor behind her; she pushed her hat suddenly up from her forehead and it slipped back from her head, hanging around her neck by the ribbons. "Oh, mother, why didst thou not tell me. Why—"

"Where is he Ruth?" Sarah's white lips moved with scarce a sound. "Where didst thou meet him? What did he say?"

"He said he was my father." Ruth's voice broke, she turned quickly and leaving her cloak in a brown heap on the floor, went to the window. "He was weak and ill—and thou and I are well-fed and prosperous—" Ruth's words came muffled, but the sharpened ear of the mother would have heard if they had been much lower. "I told him he lied—and he was struck down—and I will go to him, mother, I will go to him, now!"

Ruth made a sweep from the window toward her cloak, but her mother rose now, leaning across the table to speak to her:

"Ruth, didst thou strike him—thy father?"

"Nay, nay, but a young man, who thought I was frightened. What will he think, let me go and tell them—both."

But her mother came around from behind the table as Ruth would have lifted her cloak from the floor.

"Nay, nay, Ruth, not to-night, 'tis late—"

Then there was heard in the hall, the elastic tread of the Sister. Ruth wheeled against the window, the mother slipped into her chair by the table.

"Do not speak of it, Ruth, now, remember." Then Sarah's whisper was broken by a surer voice:

"Well Ruth, thou didst return safely as I told thy fearful mother thou wouldst. But wherefore is thy cloak lying on the floor?"

There was reproof in the even tones, and Ruth swooped from the window toward the cloak and caught it up. She threw it across the back of a near chair and seated herself, leaning against the brown folds.

"And thy bonnet—at the back of thy neck. Why, Ruth!" Ruth tried to push her bonnet up on her head, but it caught at her knot of hair, and she untied the ribbon with trembling fingers. The Sister still gazed at her curiously. "What ails thee? Thou art pale! I am surprised that one of thy spirit, should look so downcast; even thy lips are white."

Ruth moistened her lips and bit them as she did so. "I am tired," she said, leaning her head against the cloak behind her. "It was a long walk."

"Not for one of thy young strength," said the Sister still reprovingly. "Thou must be strong and brave, Ruth, for the work that is before thee. And see, thou art creasing thy new cloak by leaning so against it."

Ruth rose now, and gathering her cloak over her arm, walked slowly away with it. "I will hang it up," she said going out of the door.

"Sarah, what ails Ruth?" asked the Sister peremptorily as the door closed behind Ruth. "Dost thou know?"

Then Sarah Williams lifted her bowed head from the account book whose study had been a mere pretense. "I—I—oh, Deborah,—there is so much sorrow in the world—and she is young—do not expect too much from her youth."

"But she is young for her years, and we have kept her sheltered here.

"She has had training in thoughtful things and she is quicker in speech and more serious than most maids I have known."

"But in the knowledge of the world she is young," persisted Sarah; the settled color gleamed deeper in her cheeks, she rolled her quill between her fingers. "When she doth speak I feel she is older than I, but when I think of her in the world without, I know she is full young."

"But when she hath learnt all that I will teach her, she will be wise in wisdom beyond her years."

"Perhaps she may have other teachers, Deborah."

"Other teachers?" Deborah's voice was filled with displeasure. "What dost thou mean, Sarah?"

"May not her mother teach her some things?" demanded Sarah with unaccustomed fire.

Deborah gazed at her with a condescending smile. "There are times when thou dost say strange things, Sarah," she said calmly.

Sarah's wandering eyes had gone to the window and were peering out into the soft dusk. "There are the elders coming hither," she said.

"Oh, yea," Deborah rose and shook her long black robe about her. "The civil meeting is now to be held, wilt thou not come below also, Sarah?"

"Soon," said Sarah, looking after Deborah as she went from the room, then she spoke aloud, a long habit with Sarah. "The power of houses and lands, of life and death, of right and wrong are thine."

She followed Deborah out of her room, but not down the hall: she went to the door of her daughter's room and knocked.

Ruth was sitting in the same place as when she first entered her room, her cloak was still on her arm, her bonnet dangled from her hand.

"Ruth," said her mother pleadingly, she could not make out Ruth's face in the dusk. "Thou wilt wait till morning, wilt thou not? 'Tis already dark and the civil meeting is held and I must talk with thee. Thou wilt wait?"

"Sit down mother," said Ruth not moving her head to look at her mother. "Let us talk about my—father."

"I cannot, Ruth, the Sister has summoned me, but if thou couldst help me with those accounts to-morrow morning I should have the time to talk with thee." She touched her daughter on the shoulder with an uncertain finger. "Do not blame me Ruth, till I can tell thee—I am much to blame, but—"

"Nay, mother, I blame none, but myself, for my unkindness." Ruth rose from under her touch and her mother withdrew her hand and went down the stairs to the long assembly room.

This took up one entire side of the house, with a window at the front, one at the back and two at the side. All around the room were rows of straight-backed chairs in which the elders sat. At the far end, next the window, was Deborah's large arm-chair on a raised platform and draped with a dark cloth. At the inner wall was a fireplace and over it hung a large life sized picture of the sister, painted by a devout and artistic follower. This, while not flattering Deborah, did by no means dim the real beauty of the living subject, as to-night she sat in the candle light on her throne at the end of the room, dispensing justice and scattering wisdom.

She was an admirable dictator of men's affairs and held her followers up to an unflinching standard of industry, religion and health. Sarah sat below her, at the side, by a small table. She was supplied with paper and pen for she was always the scribe or clerk of the meeting. If to-night she spent most of her time remarking her letters with nervous zeal, or retracing the lines on the paper before

her, no one noticed and the candle flaming irregularly on her face did not reveal its uncertain color, the pitifully drawn lips and troubled eyes.

It was the next morning while the Sister was in her room engaged in meditations, and Ruth and her mother were spreading up the great bed in Sarah's room, that Ruth said, with an effort of naturalness:

"I am going to see my father this morning."

"Oh, Ruth," gasped Sarah, she paused in the work. "He—he doth not love the Sister—"

"Mother, tell me," Ruth looked away as she spoke, "was—was he not a good man."

"Yea, yea, Ruth, he was good and kind —he meant to be—but he did not love the Sister. Then only was he cruel—I—oh, Ruth—I did love the Sister."

"But thou didst not love him. Does it not say to leave all else and cleave unto him?" She sat down now and looked across at her mother with eyes that seemed searching for light.

"It is true, Ruth—that thing I did not do—I—oh, Ruth—thou hast been taught how much higher is this than married life. Thou dost understand how one could scarce return to the life of the flesh after living this life—of the spirit." The little anxious face of the mother was filled with eager excuse.

"But if one is married," Ruth spoke slowly—"if one is married, it is different. He—oh, mother, he looked sad and lonely and tired, and there was nobody to—to—go, I must go to him, let us make haste and finish." She spread up the counterpane with a nervous motion.

"But thou wilt not go far? I must not lose thee!"

"I—do not think he is far away," said Ruth, and the first smile that had come to her lips, curled the corners of her mouth as if unbidden.

"Perhaps we would best not tell the Sister—she does not love thy father."

"Nay, I did not think of telling her, unless I must," answered Ruth.

"It was a little before noon that Ruth was passing the door of Deborah's room with her long, brown cloak about her and her bonnet on her head. Deborah called to her, as she came across the line of her vision; they sat as on that other day, Ruth's mother and the Sister, Deborah facing the door.

"Where wilt thou go, Ruth?"

Sarah started nervously, but Ruth's voice sounded tranquilly from the doorway. "I would go to Nehemiah Beekham, he was in sore suffering yesterday and I told him I would come soon."

"I shall go to him myself. He is past physical help, but spiritual aid will ever be welcome to him. Thou needst not go Ruth."

The little spots burned brighter in Sarah's cheek and the lovely pink wave swept across Ruth's fairness.

"But I have an errand of mine own I would do also."

A quick smile flashed over Deborah's countenance, she lifted her black eyebrows until her eyes seemed larger and blacker. "Why didst thou not say so? And what is thy errand?"

But Ruth looked away from Deborah's face to the bent head of her mother, where the shrunk neck showed pinkly between the white collar and brown hair. "My mother will tell thee why I wish to go," she said distinctly.

But Sarah turned about crying, "Nay, nay, Ruth. Tell the Sister thyself—I cannot, if—if thou thinkest best."

"I am going—" said Ruth slowly, her eyes still fixed on her mother's crimson face where the red spots had spread over its entire surface, "to see my father."

Then suddenly she looked squarely at Deborah, but saw no change in the everlastingly composed face. "Thy father is dead, Ruth," said Deborah sweetly.

"Nay he is not dead, he has returned and he came to me and I did not know him, and now I will go and tell him that I thought he was dead."

"Ruth," said Deborah, in her most caressing tone, "thou knowest how I love thee and thy highest good. When I forbid thee to go to thy father it is because I know such a meeting can bring naught but sadness to thee, if not much trouble—if indeed this man be thy father which I myself much question."

"Oh, he is," cried Ruth locking her

fingers in front of her.

"What dost thou think, Sarah?"

Sarah shivered before she answered, "I fear John Williams has indeed returned from the dead."

"Thou art full of fancies, Sarah," said Deborah, still with that sweet tenderness in her tones. "Go now, Ruth, lay aside thy cloak and rest at home. I have work for thee. If indeed it be thy father I will inquire later. Go now to thy room," she dismissed her smilingly, and Ruth, without another word, turned back to her room, throwing aside her cloak and bonnet.

That afternoon, after the mid-day meal, as Ruth stood at the window, watching Deborah drive away from the house in the new coach Paul Lawton had lately sent from New York, her mother came up behind.

"How beautiful and wonderful, she is," said Ruth.

"Beautiful and wonderful," repeated Sarah under her breath.

"I love her," said Ruth softly.

"Yea!" said her mother, "thou lovest her. Thou wouldst stay from thy father at her request and wouldst not go for me; it was ever so." She sighed.

Ruth whirled about from the window. "Thou didst not ask me to go. But I should not have stayed for her, mother, I am sure, I should not. I should go to see him. I know I should—but how can I disobey her?"

"None can disobey her," said Sarah softly. Ruth walked to the door of her room, then came back to her window which was in the front of the house, and peered after the Sister as she swept down the road. Then she went again to the door, and into her mother's room. She went toward the window looking on the woods that lay at one side of the town.

Then she began to walk restlessly across the room.

"Mother!" she cried out suddenly, and her mother who had trotted behind her from place to place, started violently. "I am going to my father. I did never disobey her before, but now I must and I will." She cried out the last and her mother shrank at the sound.

"Oh, nay nay, nay, thou must not disobey the Sister," but Ruth was past her mother, into her own room and the door clicked behind. Having satisfied her conscience with feeble protest, Sarah did not follow; she only sank into her chair by the window and looked steadily out toward the wood.

Presently across the pleasant fields behind the meeting-house she saw Ruth's brown cloak flying, she watched it with straining eyes until it was swallowed up in the browner shadows of the wood.

(To be continued)

The Part Boston Plays in Musical Progress

By ROBERT GRAU

HOW few times has Boston been credited for its share in the progress of artistic achievement?

This was the exclamatory query put to this writer in the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House between the acts of a representation of "The Girl of the Golden West."

The words haunted me a little later on, and I began to indulge in retrospective thoughts to bear out their moment. I began to recall the days of the Boston Ideals, and the Bostonians, when a galaxy of grand opera stars all Americans—and the great majority Bostonians in reality, under the encouragement of Boston capital were wont to go about the country presenting the dear old works of American musicians.

To this Boston enterprise is due the vogue of such gifted composers as Reginald De Koven and Victor Herbert and who can deny that when the day really did come that this notable band of singers and artists were forced through age limitations to bring their long and unexampled careers to a close, the death knell of comic opera was sounded—not for all time—for it is now born again, through the great success of works by the very same composers now running in New York.

Moreover I recalled the Castle Square Theatre and the part it has played in history—yet to be perpetuated for the generations to come. It was the little "cheap" opera company at this establishment that brought into the amusement world Henry W. Savage—to-day one of the world's greatest providers for the stage, and who is now about to invest the profits of recent years in a glorious revival of grand opera in English.

A book could be written of the many unknown players and singers who rose to fame and starhood in that playhouse, and no greater compliment can be paid to those who labored there, than the statement that The New Theatre in New York modeled its policy from what was there achieved—and selected Mr. Winthrop Ames as the artistic head—in preference to several of the world's most famous stage directors.

How often do we hear the name of Edward E. Rice to-day? If the theatrical and musical profession owe a debt to any man—to whom can it be greater than the Boston manager who through his "Evangeline" (the purest and best American comic opera of its day) brought over a hundred of to-day's stars to their potency.

We hear every day now much of the phenomenal prospective of modern vaudeville, yet outside of Boston how many people know that the present era of refined vaudeville was born in the hub—and created by a Bostonian, B. F. Keith.

But—and I fear I can't make that B Big Enough. It was the Boston Symphony Orchestra that Blazed the trail for musical achievement,—more than all other forces combined. It is fair, too, to state that in this instance perhaps because of the title of the great body of musicians the whole world credits the New England metropolis with having influenced a patronage for classical music throughout the United States.

Men like Henry M. Higginson and Eben D. Jordan have operated with such unselfishness and yet with such intelligence that the scope of their labors has been necessarily national.

It is an amazing fact, though not well known that all of the gentlemen now planning a campaign of grand opera in English hail from Boston. The Messrs. Aborn are quite as extensively preparing for the welcome revival as is Mr. Savage and it is not too much of a hazard to prophesy that Boston will give the greatest impetus to the undertaking.

The Boston Opera House in its second season has shown that the Hub can maintain permanent grand opera, and it is the only city in the United States where a season in excess of ten weeks is possible—New York alone excepted.

The directors of this undertaking, that is to say Mr. Russell and his colleagues, who have charge of the business side of the opera, may feel that they were justified in passing the prices to the New York schedule, but the writer does not believe that Boston will permanently respond to the scale adopted unless they receive a corresponding increase in the artistic offering.

Let it not be said that Boston will not pay $5.00 a seat for opera—for it is recalled that Maurice Grau always charged that price (and often even higher) but he presented opera with really great casts. It was customary to hear Melba, Calvé and the two De Reszkes in one programme.

Mr. Russell is an intelligent impresario, but he greatly errs in measuring the public desire, when he fails to bring to Boston the most potent and compelling stars of the opera. It is not that the prices were too high but that the offerings are not always upon a plane where $5.00 for seats is justified, but let Boston have a galaxy of famous singers, and there will be no complaint as to the admission scale.



City Hall, Cambridge



HARVARD SQUARE

THE REAL CAMBRIDGE OF TO-DAY

By FORRIS W. NORRIS

Chairman of the Publicity Committee of the Cambridge Board of Trade

AS a rule we know astonishingly little of well-known places. It would be difficult to find many English-speaking persons on either side of the Atlantic who could not tell you all about Longfellow and Lowell, and advance a militant theory of the annual failure of the crimson to bring about the promised defeat of the blue on the gridiron. But very few of these same persons could answer correctly the simplest and most fundamental questions about the city of Cambridge itself. It is by no manner of means our intention in this article to recount the school-history glories of old Cambridge, but just to answer a few of those simple questions in as simple and direct a way as possible.

Cambridge is a great manufacturing city situated almost in the heart of Boston. A loop in the Charles river and the intense local feeling characteristic of New England are responsible for the continued civic independence of a population that is in reality an integral part of the larger metropolis. Cambridge might almost be called a ward of Boston with a city government of its own. On the completion of the new subway, Harvard Square, which is the geographical centre of Cambridge, will be but eight minutes from the corner of Park and Tremont streets, Boston, while many parts of the city proper are nearer to an hour's ride from that central location. The Charles River is neither as wide nor as deep as the Atlantic ocean, but, insignificant as it is to our own bridgebuilding and tunnelling generation, it supplied quite a sufficient boundary to our forefathers. Something between thirty and fourty millions of dollars have been spent in the last few years bridging, tunnelling and beautifying that bit of water, and for every dollar thus expended five or ten will be added to the taxable value of the six and one-half square miles that bear the name of Cambridge. What wonder that the real estate interests of that city are in a ferment of activity and that improvements on a gigantic scale are either under way or projected. It may safely be said that three-fourths of the city will be rebuilt in the next ten years, for the real estate values are increasing with such



CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY

rapidity and are already so far in excess of its present improvement as to both invite and necessitate economic readjustment in the shape of more costly buildings. It is no idle vision that sees Harvard yard surrounded with dignified commercial structures of metropolitan proportions. The site is admirable for a well-built and well-managed hotel, a convenience for which Cambridge has too long depended upon the Boston houses. The present population of Cambridge is one hundred and five thousand, or sixteen thousand to the square mile. New factories are continually building, and as there is still available some of the finest manufacturing property in the world, growth from this source will be rapid. Anticipating a great tidal wave of population, one great, real estate trust is contemplating the investment of twenty millions of dollars in apartment houses alone, and that in only one district of the city. A doubling of the present number of inhabitants will make the density of population in Cambridge exceed that of London's average.

These facts, however, relate primarily to certain districts of the city. Cambridge always has been and always will be a residence community. The presence of Harvard University alone would be quite sufficient to keep it so. There are sections of Cambridge that are almost rural in their quiet. The city covers six and one-half square miles of area and has five and one-half miles of frontage on the Charles River. And there is no more beautiful water front in the world. A large section of this attractive property, particularly in the neighborhood of Riverbank Court, is certain to be held under rigid residential restrictions, ensuring the highest class of development. And farther up the river in the district known as the Coolidge estate, residential property is certain to develop, while Brattle Street, Garden Street and other famous resi-

dential streets of old Cambridge will hold their own for many, many years, or, as far as one can see, permanently, against the tides of commercialism. Out about Fresh Pond is another very attractive district for homes. The social as well as the educational advantages of Cambridge are such as to give to very considerable sections of its limited area a residential character. Here are located some of the most historic homesteads of New England, and they confer a distinction and create an atmosphere that time rather enhances than destroys. For once enshrined in popular affection, time but adds to the reverence of the hallowed associations. No community in our land is more highly favoured in this respect than Cambridge, and those who dwell within its borders are very conscious of it and speak the name of their city with unction and pride. And that which so amply justifies them in that feeling, will lead others to desire to live there. Oh, yes—Cambridge, as far as we can see, will always be a much favored residential community. Those who are urging its present development are not forgetful of that fact, and, as we have indicated, along the Charles at Riverbank, on the Upper Charles, and in the neighborhood of Fresh Pond, home-building of the very best type is planned and in progress. A very interesting development along this line is the plan of Harvard University to erect in the river-front district, a great system of Freshman dormitories. The idea of surrounding the younger classmen with closer supervision than the freedom of the university life supplies for its older members, has been growing, and now nears fruition. Another intensely interesting development in the educational line is the possible location of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on that part of the river front just east of Harvard Bridge. The removal of this famous institution to Cambridge will redouble its honors and set the final seal upon its pre-eminence as the University City of America.

The recent removal of Andover Theological Seminary to Cambridge brings another ample educational endowment there and adorns the city with a beautiful building.



A Glimpse of Cambridge's Unspoiled Water Front

So vital to all this growth and expenditure of millions is the new subway, that its plan and construction should receive a more detailed description than we have yet given it.

This great work now rapidly nearing completion was begun August 12th, 1909. It has cost a round twelve millions of dollars—an enormous expenditure even in this age of big undertakings and six cipher figures. Faith in the future and broad, far-sighted planning are needful for such an undertaking. The selection of the route was of the utmost importance and that chosen is believed to offer the largest possible accommodation to the greatest number. Harvard Square is to be the Cambridge terminal. Such a choice was inevitable. From this point, as at present surface cars will diverge running to North Cambridge, Arlington, Belmont, Waverly, Watertown and Newton. Cars from North Cambridge and Arlington, instead of reversing will run to the terminal and then continue to Belmont, Waverly, Newton and Watertown, and in the same manner the cars from these points will be handled without reversing at the Harvard Square Terminal. Free transfers without checks will be established at this latter point—a very great convenience to the travelling public. The inward bound route from Harvard Square to Boston is by subway to the beautiful new Cambridge bridge, a large part of the cost of which was defrayed by the Boston Elevated Company. The delightful ride over the bridge, one of the pleasures of the trip to Cambridge, will not be sacrificed by this arrangement. From the bridge over a viaduct to the Beacon Hill tunnel, and by this tunnel to Park Street, where the Boston Terminal is established. Here again the choice of a terminal is ideal and the company is to be congratulated on the courage with which they have met the very great difficulties involved instead of avoiding them



Divinity Avenue

and establishing new and less desirable terminals. The Park Street Station will be an additional one under the present station, thus greatly relieving the congestion at that important point. It is to be noted that this subway route to Cambridge is in addition to all surface lines and also in addition to the East Cambridge extension now building. It is natural that the placing of so great an improvement should awaken the keenest anxiety on the part of the business interests of Cambridge, particularly at such vital points as Central Square. Unquestionably the completion of the work will result in a great increase of traffic at all points, and the result will be an uplift to all interests and a loss to none.

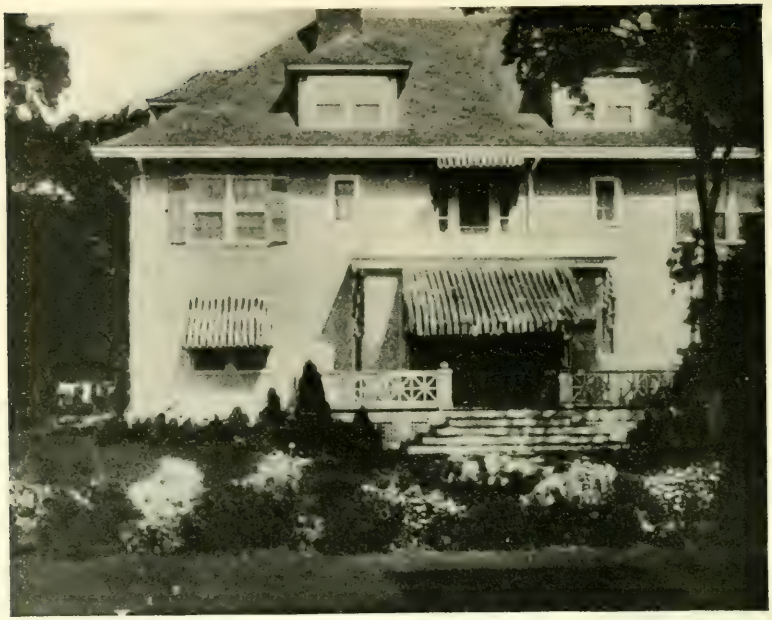
That Cambridge is a great manufacturing centre as well as a delightful and accessible residential community may require to many minds, more proof than the mere statement. It would not be possible in this place even to list the great factories that create this enviable industrial leadership. The following facts summarize the present situation.

The capital invested in manufacturing in Cambridge is $35,000,000.00, and an annual pay roll of $8,000,000.00 gives a fair idea of the extent of the operations conducted. About $45,000,000.00 is the valuation put on the annual product, the market for which is world-wide and the diversity truly astonishing.

They include founderies and machine shops, food preparatory establishments with an annual output of sixteen million dollars, (the largest industry and in this respect leading the cities of Massachusetts), meat packing, printing and publishing, the manufacture of confectionery, furniture, soap, structural iron work, pianos, organs and other musical instruments, marble and stone, carriages, men's clothing, lumber, brick, undertakers'



A Brattle Street Residence



A Garden Street Residence

goods, druggists' preparations, etc. The annual product of musical instruments aggregates two and a half millions ($2,500,000.00), machinery four millions ($4,000,000.00), and printing and publishing two and a half millions ($2,500,000.00).

Of course there are reasons. The biggest reason of all, as always, is the character of the men engaged in the work: but advantages of location are not to be despised.

No city in this country offers superior and very few equal attractions for manufacturers. Where else can be found in combination so many advantages? Large areas of available level dry land, accessible to the Charles River water-front, including two canals, with 18 feet of water at all tides; direct switch connection with the Grand Junction railroad, the Boston & Albany belt line; which on the one hand gives first-class direct switching service to the Boston & Albany piers at a nominal cost, while in the other direction "Boston rates" apply on carload lots without any additional cost from the side tracks of industries to every point on or reached by that great railway system, the New York Central; at the East Cambridge freight station of this road, centrally located in this great industrial district, will be received less than carload shipments for all points reached by this system, covering practically all North America.

The Boston & Maine division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford likewise runs through this manufacturing section, and as is the case with the Boston and Albany the spurs and switches from this road already reach many of the factories in Cambridge and can make connections with those that may be erected on the unoccupied sites. Two large new freight houses have recently been built on the land of the Boston and Lowell division in East Cambridge, where freight may be received for all points on or reached by that division, which includes points in New Hampshire and Canada.

The advantages of a location at Cambridge for distribution of products in New England need no comment, while to the great market of New York harbor, with its six millions of people, the transportation rates are fair and service excellent.

The business men of the city are not

slow in pushing these advantages, a large and enthusiastic organization expressing their local spirit and enterprise.

The Cambridge Board of Trade, until recently known as the Citizens' Trade Association of Cambridge, was incorporated in the year 1892. The objects of this organization as set forth in its by-laws are to establish and maintain a place for friendly and social meetings of the business men of Cambridge for their mutual benefit and protection, and to promote the welfare and best interests of the city. Its headquarters are conveniently located in Central Square, where are maintained an attractive and commodious suite of offices and rooms for the convenience and use of the members. Regular meetings of the Board are held on the fourth Wednesday of each month except during the summer season, at which matters of interest to the manufacturers and business men of Cambridge are discussed and acted upon. With its representative membership of over three hundred of the leading manufacturers and business men of Cambridge, the Cambridge Board of Trade has exerted a strong influence in the building up of Cambridge as an industrial and manufacturing center. It has taken a foremost part in securing the admirable and comprehensive system of rapid transit now almost completed, in securing the development of the vacant land in the eastern part of the city for manufacturing purposes by the construction of spur tracks, and by advertising the advantages of the city for manufacturing throughout the country.

The President of the Board is Hon. Frederick W. Dallinger, a lifelong resident of the city and for many years prominently identified with its leading organizations. The Vice-President, Mr. John F. Crocker, is a business man of wide experience, having been at one time the managing director of John P. Squire and Company, and for two years President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. The Secretary, Mr. Charles P. Keith, has been long identified with the real estate and insurance interests of the city, and the Treasurer, Mr. Walter G. Davis, is Treasurer of the Central Trust Company, one of the leading banking institutions of the city.



THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

The three most important committees of the Association are the Committee on Manufactures and Mercantile Affairs, of which Mr. Crocker, the Vice-President, is chairman; the Committee on Public Affairs, of which Mr. John H. Corcoran, the leading retail merchant of the city, is chairman; and the Committee on Publicity, of which Mr. Forris W. Norris, one of the leading real estate men of the city, is chairman. These committees are all actively at work, and the chairman of each is always ready to furnish any information relative to the particular activity of his committee.

There has recently been organized a Board of Retail Merchants in connection with the Cambridge Board of Trade for the purpose of co-operation and mutual helpfulness. The creation of a Manufacturers' Board and a Real Estate Ex-

creating conditions to its own advantage, but the disadvantage of the city. It is a sympathetic and active force in all that pertains to the city's welfare, industrially as well as in more ornamental activities. The University opens its splendid facilities to the city as widely as is practical and is, in every sense, the strongest individual contributor to its prosperity. Indeed, the presence of Harvard University is not without its direct advantages to the individual Cambridge manufacturer. The spirit in which the University seeks to meet its obligations toward the city of which, so to speak, it is the most prominent citizen, is well stated in a recent communication from the corporation to an unofficial, but influential body. Omitting its amenities and preambles, the principal points in this very significant letter are as follows:



ELMWOOD

change as valuable auxiliaries to the work of the Board is being urged by President Dallinger, and will undoubtedly be an accomplished fact in the near future.

If there ever was a time when Cambridge desired to keep itself "small and select," that day has long since passed. Among Cambridge citizens there is no discontent over the industrial development of their city. The social spirit of the community is democratic in the best sense of the word. Harvard University is not simply an isolated phenomenon, occupying so much territory and removing from the tax-lists so much real estate valuation. Nor is it a meddlesome power

"Free tuition for Cambridge boys during their freshman year at Harvard appealed to the members of each committee It is believed that this offer will attract to Harvard many graduates of the high schools who have hitherto been unable to obtain funds for their first year in College. Many scholarships will be open to these boys in the subsequent years of their College course. The chief troubles of students who have little money come in their freshman year; after that, if they attain good standing, they can usually get on without serious difficulty. It is felt also that this step will help the University by rousing the interest of people who



CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE

have hitherto been indifferent or perhaps unfriendly.

It is believed that a reduction in the fees for Summer School courses will attract many of the teachers in the Cambridge public schools and thus increase the efficiency of the schools. The intention is to make the reduction a substantial one.

Several portions of the College grounds might be used by Cambridge children during the summer when the University is closed. Holmes Field, it is suggested, might be turned over to the older boys. Soldiers Field is in Boston, but some arrangement can perhaps be made so that it can be used by the high school boys. The tennis courts on Holmes and Jarvis fields might be thrown open to residents of the city.

It is thought that the members of the different faculties of the University, particularly the members of the division of engineering, can greatly help the city with advice on general engineering and other administrative problems. It is believed that an arrangement can be made without unduly burdening the members of the Faculty, by some adjustment of work in the division or department concerned, and, if necessary, by means of additional assistants. In such matters as this, of course, the University would not feel free to act unless a formal request was made from the proper official of the city. It is suggested that the laboratories of the University might be used for testing city material and other similar purposes.

These arguments appealed to the members of the Harvard Corporation and they assented to the plan as it has been outlined above. The formal arrangements have not yet been made.

Additional tentative suggestions are that citizens of Cambridge might under certain conditions be allowed to use the Harvard University Library, and that members of the different Faculties might give lectures on practical subjects in various parts of the city."



HARVARD BRIDGE



WELD BOAT CLUB

A similar spirit animates another very important line of activity—the organized work of women. This in Cambridge is principally represented by the Cantabrigian Club, a serious and earnest organization, as democratic as possible, and having at present a membership of some five hundred. It is a social organization, of course, but not in the usual sense of the term. "Literary," according to its articles of constitution, but not in its predominant interest. That is rather philanthropic than academic. To do that part of the world's necessary work which they are fitted to perform, to help not to meddle, has always been the club's ideal. It meets regularly in Brattle Hall, and is not at all ambitious for the possession of a club house of its own, nor for public fame or conspicuous leadership in new movements. The club recently secured the placing of a woman on the School Board, not as a piece of militant feminism, but because they believed that the actual situation could be improved thereby. And the attitude of Cambridge was, "Well, ladies, if you really want it, you can have it." One reason for the peculiarly practical turn of their activities is that Cambridge is so liberally supplied from other sources with the advantages which women's clubs usually seek to secure. There is no need of additional lecture courses, opportunities for study, etc. But there is a need for downright work for the good of Cambridge, and in that field they find their opportunity for usefulness. The officers of the club are: President, Mrs. Charles H. Bonney, Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Henry H. Saunderson and Mrs. William P. Richards, Clerk, Mrs. Frank B. Hawley, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Harry J. Arnold, and Treasurer, Mrs. William B. Hovey.

Something less than a score of years ago, Cambridge began the purchase of her entire river bank for a park, and has now acquired almost an unbroken stretch from the Charles River Dam to the Metropolitan Park Reservation. This magnificent park way has cost Cambridge $1,250,000, but every dollar of that sum is multiplied many times in the increased values that have and will result from the

improvement. Park property has also been acquired in other parts of the city. The largest of these is in East Cambridge, and is known as Cambridge Field. Rindge Field in North Cambridge is a gift to the city from Mr. Rindge. Cambridge Common was set apart from the earliest settlement of the city as a public park. It is historic ground, associated with the encampment in Cambridge of the Colonial Army in the Revolutionary War, and other stirring scenes.

The water system of Cambridge supplies the city with another beautiful park, as well as with an exceptionally pure and abundant water supply. Fresh Pond Reservoir is situated in a beautiful park of 324 acres. It lies in a hollow sursounded by sightly hills, and is a favorite resort of Cambridge people during the heated seasons. Cambridge citizens take just pride in their park system, and in the fact that its broad and far-seeing plan gave the initial impulse to the establishment of the Metropolitan Park system. The establishment of playgrounds creates a park system in itself, and Cambridge has been very forward in this beneficent form of public service.

There are in Cambridge at the present time four large or general playgrounds and eight school playgrounds. The large general playgrounds are at Cambridge Field, Captain's Island, Rindge Field and at the mill pond. Under the plan now advocated by the playground commission of Cambridge it is proposed to increase the general playgrounds to six, adding playgrounds at Fresh Pond and Broadway Park, and to increase the number of school playgrounds to fourteen.

Harvard yard, Radcliffe College grounds, the Botanical Gardens and other university property adds materially to the acreage and to the beauty and distinction of the park lands of Cambridge. These open and beautified public grounds so surround the manufacturing districts as to be of the greatest possible benefit to the wage-earning population of the city. At the same time the arrangement separates the noise and other inevitable accompaniments of the industrial sections from the quiet of the many beautiful residential streets.

In spite of its nearness to Boston, which might naturally be supposed to take care of its banking interests Cambridge has thirteen banking institutions whose resources total more than $27,000,000. The books show that more than 50,000 individuals, that is nearly one-half of the entire population, carry deposits in savings banks or are members of co-operative banking institutions. And there are other facts indicative of great prosperity.

The valuation of Cambridge, for purposes of taxation, in 1908, was $107,000,000. But one other Massachusetts city, besides Boston, reached this figure. The increase in valuation in ten years has been more than $21,000,000. The valuation per capita of the population is larger than that of any other large city in the state excepting Boston. More than 35 per cent of all the Cambridge taxpayers are taxed for property. Cambridge is one of the richest cities in the United States in the per capita valuation



CAPTAIN'S ISLAND BEACH



Class Day

of its municipal property.

It has its own water works, costing nearly $6,500,000; its parks are valued at $4,300,000. Its city buildings, land and equipment, are valued at $4,000,000. Gas and electricity for lighting, heating, and power are supplied by two large and enterprising companies. The price made to large consumers of electricity, making it of gas is 90 cents per thousand. Special rates are available for power as well as for lighting.

Labor of all grades is always available. This is so on account of the diversity in the manufacturing interests of the city, which precludes the possibility of labor trouble such as the cities of one line of manufacturing have had to contend with in past few years. Then, too, the manufacturing district is in the center of the metropolitan district, with a five-cent fare, within which there seems to be an inexhaustible labor supply. Labor strikes and disagreements are practically unknown in Cambridge.

Some facts relating to population in the immediate environs of the manufacturing center of Cambridge may be interesting. Within a radius of 2½ miles there is a resident population of 1,054,000, according to the 1910 census, which is an increase of 32 per cent, compared with the count of 1900. This of course includes Boston's 670,000, but is nevertheless a striking example of dense settlement. In this mass of people are to be found some of the most skilled artisans and mechanics in the world. Within a fifty-mile radius of this point are more than 3,000,000 people, practically one-half of the population of the New England states and a population greater than the great state of Indiana and almost equal to that of the state of Illinois.

In all forms of social service Cambridge is very active. The Y. M. C. A. has been open for more than thirty years. The present building has been found inadequate to meet the demands upon them. Moreover the expenses are quite heavy. Citizens of Cambridge within a year have given $150,000 to double the size of the building, install a swimming tank and increase the number of bedrooms to one hundred and twenty-five. The added revenue from these it is expected will take care of the running expenses of the building. The Cambridge Y. M. C. A. is doing a unique work among the foreigners in the factories, teaching them English and other subjects—in fact the Cambridge work is carried on as well, if not better, than any similar work outside the regular schools. In addition to this, evening classes are held for preparation for civil service examinations.

The young women in Cambridge have their association with a large membership. They have a gymnasium and various rooms in connection with their clubhouse. Classes are carried on by the Y. W. C. A. in domestic science, stenography and typewriting. There is a home in connection with the association next to

the clubhouse, where a few women may board. A branch is carried on in the Margaret Fuller house in Cherry street, where many classes in domestic science are held. The Y. W. C. A. establishment is rapidly being made over and rebuilt with the $50,000 which was collected last year to add to the building.

There are several settlement houses in Cambridge. The Moore street neighborhood house has a day nursery industrial classes, mothers' club, boys' and girls' club, reading rooms, kindergarten and domestic science classes. The Riverside Alliance is carried on by the First church in Cambridge, Congregational, which has boys' and girls' clubs, domestic science classes, reading rooms and Sunday school classes. In summer a group of the boys go camping. The East End Christian Union in Cambridgeport has classes in gymnasium work, sloyd, educational classes, reading rooms and several clubs.

The Prospect Union is an educational and social club for men conducted by wage earners, and students and teachers from Harvard College. They have reading rooms, lectures and entertainments, many of which are open to the public. Classes are held in a great variety of subjects especially in preparation for civil service examinations.

The Cambridge Social Union is an organization similar to the Prospect Union, established for the social and intellectual improvement of its members. It is open to men and women over sixteen and contains a library, reading rooms and many classes conducted by Harvard students for the men. Classes in matters of interest to women are also conducted.

Plans are under way at present to form in East Cambridge the East Cambridge Improvement Association. This organization, although not yet thoroughly organized, has already taken active interest in some matters of local importance.

This article has not discussed the city government of Cambridge. Interesting as that subject might be made, it is particularly at the present moment, with new charter agitation in the air, a



Austin Hall, Harvard Law School

theme that calls for a separate article when its many-sided problems and applications may be discussed at length. Suffice it to say, that the present city government is keenly alive to the present opportunity for the development of Cambridge and ready to lend its aid in all worthy and suitable enterprises. Cambridge is an American city run on American principles, and whether a new charter founded on the principal of government by a Board of Commission be adopted, or the old charter, which is along the usual lines of Massachusetts city government, be retained with or without amendment, the actual government of the city will be by the voice of its people, and in few communities is there so large a proportion of men thoroughly alive to their civic responsibilities. Politically, Cambridge is alive.

Is it not as significant as it is remarkable, that one of the very oldest communities in old New England, one that more than any other has been identified in the popular imagination with the supposed extreme conservatism of New Englanders and "decline" of New England, should furnish, along so many varied lines, a present day story of prosperity, and progress, that it would not be easy to parallel at the present moment anywhere in our land?



Gates Presented to the City of Cambridge by the D. A. R.

The better day for New England is no longer awaited with longing eyes, but some communities among us have learned how to pull themselves together and create it.

Opportunity and the Young Man

By HON. F. W. ROLLINS

THE future development of the city as well as the country depends upon the quality, integrity and enterprise of the rising generation. It is more important to have good men, able men and energetic men than to have handsome buildings, broad streets or museums, for without the right kind of men to carry out the work already under way the city would be doomed.

Within the last four years attention has been drawn very strongly to new standards in business and especially in

politics. This movement was inaugurated by President Roosevelt and it had a most marked effect upon the whole country. I think it is a fact, from one end of the country to the other, that business is transacted upon a sounder and more honorable basis, and many things that business men winked at in the past are now carefully avoided. The future of Boston will depend largely upon the training of its young men; upon the standard of integrity and the code of business morals which they are endowed with. It is true, I believe, that as a general proposition we are improving physically, intellectually and morally, but it seems to me that very little attention has been given to the proper training of men for politics and I know of no better field nor any better opportunity than the field of politics for the right kind of young men. A large proportion of the young men of to-day feel that they have no time to study politics or interest themselves in matters of a political nature. Just why they avoid this field it is not quite clear, because it is one of the brightest and best and one of the most promising. There is never any difficulty in getting all the recruits necessary for our commercial and manufacturing interests, but our politics are apt to be left to a very indifferent strata of society, men who are not at all trained for the work.

Politics have always been on a somewhat higher plane in England than in America; that is to say, better educated men have made it the profession of their lives. This was natural, as for generations the ruling class has been aristocracy and hence a political life has been looked upon as highly honorable.

In this country, with rare exceptions, the conduct of our politics has been left to the professional politician, who has generally been a man of meager education and, while often a man of shrewdness, has not always been over scrupulous. To win has been the thing, without too much regard for the means of winning, and once the battle was won, it was scramble for the spoils. There has not been that feeling of responsibility to the state, that ettacement of self for the public good which one frequently sees in English political life.

But a better day is dawning. A better class of men is entering public life. Preparation for public service is more thorough. The eyes of the people are opened to the unscrupulousness of some of their representatives, who are being called more strictly to account. A more altruistic spirt pervades public service. The doing away with the spoils system, and the establishing of civil service and the merit system, are in a great degree relieving our representatives from the most unpleasant, time-taxing, degrading part of their work, and giving them liberty to do really good work for the public welfare. All these conditions make the service attractive to a better class of men. Some effort is being made to train men systematically for politics by means of post graduate courses in several of our colleges and universities, and in a few years the results will be very noticeable.

I know of no better opening for a young man than the field of politics, provided he has the right qualifications and trains himself for the service. Unlike most callings, there is as yet little competition (I mean among really qualified men), and the rewards are large and immediate. There is a growing tendency to keep good men in office, and it will not be impossible for a man to spend his entire life in the public service. This is the day of the young man, and a glance over the field of our public service to-day will reveal a good many men under fifty, holding the highest public offices.

The broadest and most thorough education obtainable is none too much as a fitting for public life. A first class knowledge of geography, ancient and modern history, political economy, and international law is necessary. Modern languages are almost a necessity and the classics are a great help. A knowledge of the principles of finance and taxation is essential and the ability to speak and write good English is a matter of course. The study of law is as it has always been, an excellent preparation for public life, though not sufficient in itself. A prime requisite is the ability to think and speak easily and readily while on one's feet, and it is in this that most men fail.

The Penal Settlement in the Philippines

By ISABEL ANDERSON

ON the Island of Palawan, in the southern Philippines, is a new and unique Penal Colony, established by Governor General Forbes. A visit to this place was one of the most interesting features of our trip through the Philippines, in August, 1910.

Leaving the steamer at Puerta Princessa, a quaint little town with attractive old Spanish gardens, we were met by a launch, which took us up the river Iwahig to the Colony. This launch, prettily decorated with flags, was manned by convicts, the engineer himself being under a sentence of nineteen years for murder. After an hour's sail up the tropical river we reached our destination. At the wharf we were greeted by Mr. Lamb, Superintendent of the colony, the Dominican priest, and a crowd of prisoners, who were enjoying a holiday.

We were driven to headquarters, a pretty plaza with hedges and flowers, surrounded by several two-story barracks, built of bamboo and nipa, in which the prisoners live. As we walked about the plaza we visited the hospital and the chapel, as well as the main office and the superintendent's house.

The Penal Settlement is located on a reservation of two hundred and seventy square miles. At the time of our visit there were, in all, eleven hundred convicts, Filipinos for the most part, with a few Moros and only three white men. They had all come from Bilibid Prison in Manila, where they had earned the privilege of joining this colony by good conduct for two years.

In its management, the colony is somewhat like the George Junior Republic for boys, in America. The prisoners elect their own judges and make their own laws. A majority verdict will convict, but Mr. Lamb has the right to veto any measures. Men who break the laws are flogged or locked up, but can be released on bail.

The police force is composed of convicts; the Chief of Police was a murderer, who had earned his pardon but wished to remain in the settlement. If a prisoner tries to escape, he is followed and often shot. The attempt is seldom made, however, for it is difficult to get away, and moreover, the men are quite contented to live here. Thirty-five convicts once made a break for liberty, but beyond the confines of the settlement they found themselves in the midst of the savage Manyans, by whom some were killed. Of the rest, those who were not captured alive returned to the colony of their own free will, and all were consigned again to Bilibid, the greatest possible punishment they could have received.

For good behavior convicts may earn the right to farms, or barrios, of which there are already one hundred and forty-nine, where they raise crops on shares, the government getting half. The farmers must report to headquarters by telephone every two days, and undergo a weekly inspection as well. They are obliged to plant cocoanuts every year, and it has been estimated that in ten years the nuts should bring in large returns. Already great quantities of yams, or sweet potatoes, are shipped to Bilibid, and in a short time enough cattle will be delivered there to supply, at least in part, the meat demand of that prison. The colony suggests the possible solution of the meat question for the American army in the Philippines, as they are successfully raising calves by native cows and Indian bulls.



VIEW ON PALAWAN

Although the majority of the prisoners are engaged in farming, they are often given the privilege of selecting the kind of work that they prefer, and are divided accordingly, their hats and the signs on the sleeves of their prison clothes showing what grade of convict they belong to and what work they do. They are paid in the money of the colony, which is good nowhere else.

There are about forty women on the reservation. The men may marry if they earn the privilege, or, if already married, they may have their wives and children come to live with them. There were six marriages during the past year. After receiving their pardons, they may remain on the island if they wish, their work being credited toward the purchase of their farms, but they must continue under the laws of the colony.

At the main office there were four prisoners to be pardoned. One, a bandarelismo, or brigand, was small and wizened. The second man, who looked much like the first, when asked what crime he had committed, laughed and answered, "Bigamy!" The third was a stolid, thick-set fellow, who, although he had the best face of them all, showed no emotion whatever when given his pardon; he had been a brigand, too.

The convicts gave an exhibition fire drill for us at the barracks. The natives are born climbers and scramble down the poles with the agility of monkeys. They are remarkably musical and have a good band, and they play baseball.

We had luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Lamb in their pretty bamboo and nipa cottage. Mrs. Lamb was a frail little woman, but strong in spirit, for she did not seem at all afraid to live in this land of evil men. She told us that the three murderers whom she had as servants were very efficient, and were devoted and kind to her little four-year-old son.

When our visit was ended, we were driven in a wagon to the river, accompanied by a troop of prisoners, who ran alongside shouting good-byes. At the wharf they lined up while the Dominican priest and Mr. Lamb bowed us politely aboard the launch.



A Penal Settlement Gala Reception

Not only the Penal Settlement on Palawan but also Bilibid Prison in Manila shows interesting features. The prison yard, covering four or five acres and enclosed by a high wall with towers, has a main, central tower where watchmen are always stationed. The large, one-storied barracks are cool and airy, but have barred windows. There are also smaller houses with walled yards about them. Through the gate in one of these we saw five murderers, who were to be hanged. In another enclosed yard were many women, the majority of whom had also committed murder.

As a rule, the men are compelled to work in the workshops, if they are in good health, but they can choose their own occupation. Some make silverware, some furniture, others canework, etc. They do the cooking and washing of the prison, make all their own clothes, and run a laundry for people outside. Some are employed in road-building, and a number of them are at work in the gardens about Government House at Baguio, and on fortifications. The convicts are taught English in a school that has been established for them, and they also have their own band, a very good one.

As they have learned a trade during their imprisonment, they can often support themselves better after leaving than before they were sentenced.

The prison hospital is in charge of an American doctor and a head nurse who came from Washington. The nurses in the men's ward are mostly Spanish men in for life sentences, many of whom make very good attendants. Women with small children are sent to the Spanish convent, where they are cared for by the nuns. A part of the hospital is devoted to consumptives, of whom there are so many in the Philippines, and they receive treatment here according to the best and latest methods.

Although some state prisons in America are managed better than others, there is no doubt room for improvement in many of them; and as the George Junior Republic has resulted in so much good here, and the Penal Settlement is an undoubted success in the Philippines, why should not something of the kind be tried in the United States?

Down Ole Home

By CHARLOTTE COMPTON BRAY

YES marm, I is knittin', but dat don' signify dat I is busy, yo' jes "Some days it 'pears like yo' got set down.
so much to do, dat de work piles up so high yo' can' see over de top 'fore night: an' yuther days yo' search an' search an' yo' can' fin' nuthin'.

"My ole Miss used to say dat knittin' wan' nuthin' but play, an' dat is so, lessen yo' go back to de foundation on de sheeps back, an' count up frum de time I used to see men down ole home drive de whole flock up in a pen, an' spread um out on boards ('scusin' de lambs), to shear de wool off. Dem patient critters never open dyah mouf to make no complaint, but let demselves be robbed uv all dyah cloze an' turned out in de field bedout a struggle. Dat natchrally made um so shame-faced dat da run 'way down in de medder an' hide daselves.

"After dat all de wool had to be washed an' dried, an' carried to de cardin' house, an' carded, an' rolled, an' spinned, an' hanked, an' winded into balls.

"All dat cert'ny 'cludes work, but I ain' gwine to scandalize my ole Miss no longer, used to set out in de yard, an' gone to glory: kaze what she sade wuz true, when yo' look at de yuther side uv de argument.

"All de ole 'omen who couldn't work no longer, used to set out in de yard, an' knit stockin's fur de plantation han's; smokin' dyah corncob pipes an' watchin' de chillun, while dyah younger ones wuz off pickin' leaves in de 'backer fiel', or hoein' corn. All de sizable colored girls who didn't have nothin' to do, had to knit too: dat 'cluded me an' Tilly, an' yuthers dat wuz sometimes waitin' 'roun' de house. In de mornin' we would go to de cardin' house, an' we'd go off uner de trees to knit. De white chillen would go wid us, an' gran'-mammy would caution us to take keer uv um, an' 'muse um, an' not let um get in no trouble."

"Who was grand-mammy?" inquired the interested lady. "I have heard of mammies like you, but not grand-mammies. What position did she hold?"

"Bless yo' soul, honey, gran'mammy didn't hol' nuthin' not even her tongue if she didn't wan' to. She wuz 'way up yonder at de hade uv de lis', where she been risin' up fur generations, right 'long side uv ole Miss, an' she stood over de house population, de same as de overseer did over de fields. She never did nothin' but rove 'round an' see dat things wuz goin' right. She wuz de same thing to ole Miss as de chaperons yo' heahs 'bout dese days. She knowed zackly what ole Miss wanted done, an' she done it. Her 'tention wuz to please ole Miss, an' she took all de burdens she could on her own shoulders,—dat wuz gran'mammy."

Mammy paused now in uncertainty. "Yo is jes' like de chillun," she said. "When I is tellin' um a story an' da up an' disinterup's me, I gits off de track, an' when I comes back again, I don' know where I are. Where wuz I?"

"You were under the trees knitting," the lady replied. "I am sorry I interrupted you, I will try and not do it again."

"Under de trees knittin'," slowly repeated mammy, "yes, but we didn't stay dyah long. Some uv de white chillun say, 'Don' knit no mo', let us git some 'simmons', an' all uv us would run to de 'simmon tree. Den presently 'Les us go to de branch,' an' way we'd go to de branch, an' leave our knittin' on de bank, an' wade up an' down in de water. If Aunt Henny would give us de knittin' an'

nuthin' didn't scare us like de big snappin' turtle, or de black water snakes, we'd stay dyah clean till de big horn blow fur de people to come frum de fields to dinner. Den we'd knit hard fur a little while 'fore we'd go home, an' while mammy Riah wuz takin' de wet close off uv Miss 'Lizabeth an' Miss Virginia me an' Tilly wuz gittin' ready too, an' puttin' on our long white apons dat reached clean down to our feets an' wrisses. Me an' Tilly had to stan' 'hine dyah cheirs at de table, an' all de time de waiters wuz pilin' de good things on de plates we wuz pushin' um in de back an' sayin' 'Don' forgit me! don' forgit me!' an' de answer come back 'No, I won' forgit yo'.' Bime by, mos every thing done gone off de plate an' I give one hard push an' say, 'Miss 'Lizabeth' you' is forgittin' me.' 'No I ain't.' When one uv de grown waiters come round' da tell him to put some more uv every thing on dyah plates; an' den while da watch de company, an' we watch de waiters, da push de plates on one side an' say easy, 'Take it now an' be sure to give some to Betsy, an' Charlotte, an' Becky an' all uv um.' But we ain't got no time to answer, me an' Tilly done gone out de do', an' we hide ourselves. Sometimes we give de yuthers some, but we mostly disremembered all about it, it wuz so good."

Mammy had laid her knitting on her lap with as little concern as she might have done when she left it on the bank of the stream.

She looked at it tenderly, as the cherished past rose before her.

"Yes," she said, "dem wuz play-days, scusin' de times when mammy would abuse us fur lettin' de white chillun get wet, an' wouldn't let us have nuthin' to eat but ash cake an' bonny clabber. She did dis kaze she 'low it took mos' all her time to pick up de drapped stitches. But we didn't mine nuthin' in dem days. We allers push all de vexatious things 'hin' us. An' now when I goes down ole home, me an' Miss 'Lizabeth jes' 'members de good times: sich as de fox hunts, in which she used to jine. I ken see her now jes' 'fore da start, in her long green ridin' habit, surrounded by all dem young hunters an' packs uv houn's barkin' an' jumpin' 'roun' her. She sot up dyah on her horse, Rowdy, an' he a snortin' an' pawin' de groun' kaze he knowed dat da wan' no yuther man, nor horse, (not 'scusin' de dogs nuther) dat could make de fiel's, an' clear de fences an' ditches like him, an' gain de victorious bush.

"Den dyah wuz de tournaments, when de house wuz jam full uv company in de ole days 'fore de war. Da ain' done 'sposed uv um yit nuther; da has 'um jes de same to dis day. Miss Car'line wuz down dyah las' summer, an' she sade da had de bigges' tournament dat ever 'curred in Prince George County, an' Miss 'Lizabeth's daughter wuz crowned de Qween uv Love an' Beauty. An' Mars John's son—de one dat is named after Mars John, likewise after my brother John who wuz killed jurin' de war when he wuz fightin' side an' side wid Mars John,—dis son wuz counted de bes' rider dyah, an' he capsized three rings de fus' charge. She sade too, dat de big ball wuz at Mars John's which is de ole homestead yit, an' de same place wher da had de las' one dat me an' Tilly wus at, soon after de war fus' broke out."

"Please tell me about the tournament," the lady said in a hesitating tone, not wishing to interrupt."

"Cer'n'y I gwine tell yo' all 'bout it. An' it gwine charm yo' so, dat yo'll wan' to go right off dyah. We use' to go to all uv um, me an' Tilly; kaze we wuz de ladies' maids; an' I mout have gone to de one Miss Car'line went to las' summer, but me an' her allers has to go down ole home intermediate, fus' one, an' den de yuther, on recont uv de chillun. When Miss Car'line goes 'way, she casts all her burdens on me, an' ain' never 'sturbed in her mine no mo' dan if she wuz a' 'tire stranger.

"Las' summer when she wuz gone an' dyah father wuz takin' a two weeks' vacation, huntin' up in de mountains, I sade to de chillun, 'Ever since yo' wuz infants, yo' been livin' out heah on de overskirts uv Boston, wid hedges uv houses 'stead uv woods, an' ain' had no chance to run wile an' 'joy yo'selves in yo' ole cloze an' bare foots. Now we's goin' to be wile Injuns, an' build a tent, an' hang a pot on a tree, an' roas' 'taters in de groun', an'

eat on a board, an' every thing' 'cordin' to dat. An' we goin' to live out in de gardin 'scusin de nights.

"Dem chillun wuz so charmed dat da didn't never wan' to go to bed. An' in de mornin' da would jump up 'fore de robin give de fus' signal. I done 'clude long ago dat de Lord never 'tended fur little chillun to keep on dyah bes' close an' set up in de parlor wid dyah feet on de flo; kaze we wuz all put in de garden when we wuz fus' made wid nuthing much on, an' dyah comes a time when all uv us wants to put on a loose garment an' go back to our wildness. Miss Car'line tole me herself dat de rich people wuz leavin' dyah houses an' gwine up in de mountains.

"De chillun ain't never gwine forgit dem days; an' when night come I fotch my bade in de nursery, an' sleept on de flo' wid de hatchet under my hade."

"Hatchet!" exclaimed the horrified listener.

"Yes, a hatchet!" Mammy answered with decision. "De chillun made out da wuz skeared too, an' clime up in de bade on de yuther side, an' whisper, but when yo' knows de whole significence uv dat hatchet, yo' gwine 'gree wid me dat de Lord put it dyah an' not me. If he hadn't uv done it, dis minute yo' might never hev been heah to see me an' de chillun livin', kaze I thinks a theif an' a robber stan's side an' side no a murderer. I done tole Miss Car'line de 'portance uv lockin up de house at night, leastwise she gwine wake up in de mornin' an' fine every thing gone, an' Miss Car'line laugh like she wan' 'spectin' him; but I been lookin' fur him all de time, an' dats why I took de hatchet up stairs an' stayed wake all night watchin' fur him. One night when I wuz sound asleep, da comed a big noise like a cheir or suthin' done fall down, but I mostly thought it were suthin' shakin' me an' sayin' easy, 'Git up! git up!' While I wuz cultivatin' my mine to fine out what it mout be, a little light come a dancin' on de wall, an' I knowd suthin' wuz wrong, so I riz up an went down stairs, an' dyah wuz a man standin' in de dinin' room wid his back to me. I crep' up to him an' ax,—'Who is yo'? an' where does yo' come frum?' He turn' 'roun' mos' scared to death, an' look at de ax an' tremble all over. 'Who is yo'?' I ax agin, 'comin' in de dade hour uv de night to clim' up an' break in peoples' houses?'

"'I didn't clim' up nowhere,' he say, 'de do' wuz wide open, an' I jes' walk in to get suthin' to eat.' 'If de do' wuz open, nobody but ole Satan done open it: an' if yo' is jes' hongry, what is de chillun's father's new over coat doin' in dat cheir? An' what is all dem spoons piled up on it for?' He 'low, 'I wuz jes' lookin' at um, I don' wan' none uv dem.'

"'I don' wan' to know nuthin' 'bout 'yo wants, I knows yo' from de crown uv yo' hade to de soles uv yo' foots. Yo' is wuss dan a sinner.'

"'If I hadn't uv kotched yo', tomorrow yo' would have been wearin' a new coat, an' de res' uv us would have been eatin' our oatmeal an' milk bedout a spoon, an' stirrin' our coffee wid nuthin'. What yo' s'pose yo' fambly gwine to think uv yo' when da know dyah is a warrant out aginst yo'?'

"'I ain' got nobody,' he say. I look at him cross eyed den, when I say,—'Don' yo' 'rup' me! Not a word! Didn't yo' know yo' wuz in a Christian home, an' a prayin' fambly? Wid innocent sleepin' chillun an' me all by myself? Yo' is a miserable critter, an' somebody mus' do something fur yo', an' I 'spec's I am de one pinted to do it.' He say he b'lieve so too, an' will I please gin him suthin' to eat.

"'Taint only yo' body,' I say, 'yo' soul is starvin' too, an' dat comes fus'. Kneel down an' say yo' prayer.' 'I don' know how,' he 'clare. 'Deed I don',' but he see me liftin' de ax, an' down he went. 'What yo' gwine do wid dat hatchet?' he say. 'Please put it down, it mout fall on my hade.' 'If it did, it wouldn't be no mo' dan yo' 'serves. I is goin' to show yo' how to pray, an' if yo' don' say zackly what I say, den we gwine se 'bout de hatchet. Put yo' han's together: now shet yo' eyes, an' look out de winder up at de firmament, an' pray.'

"'Lord, I is a sinner uv de deepes' dye,'—I stop' right heah kaze I head him jes' mumblin', an' I speak sharp an' lif' de hatchet. 'Nobody don' know what yo' is talkin' 'bout! An' me and de Lord

aint gwine let you 'pose on us dat away, —open yo' mouf an' 'nounce yo' words fore yo' speaks. I ain' gwine to be 'sponsible fur yo' or dis ax nuther. It is gettin' mighty loose jinted now.'

"'I gwine do anything yo' say,' he 'clare, 'deed I will.'

"'Well den we gwine 'gin over ag'in, an' don' yo' 'rupt me nor stop no mo'— 'Lord I is a sinner uv de deepes' dye, I is a thief an' a robber, climin' in through de open do' at de midnight hour in dis Christian house, which wuz unbeknown'st to me, an' all dyah parents scattered way off yonder. If I had uv knowd dat it sheltered innocent sleepin' chillun, likewise dat de responsibility rested on one converted god fearin' oman, I never would hev entered dis home wherein she dwells but would hev turned my sinful steps somewhare else. An' so I begs to pray dat dis unlowable ac' dat I done committed, may not be sot down aginst me by de recordin' angel, but dat I may, through mercy, be blotted out uv de book uv life immortal.'

"Den I ax him, 'Don' yo' feel dat a change done come over yo'?' 'Deed I does,' he answer, 'but I is yit hongry.'

"'Come 'long,' I tole him, 'I gwine give yo' some brade an' butter, don' yo' pint at dat pie, I ain't gwine tech it, nor nuthin' else. Go long home now, an' tell yo' wife an' fren's what de Lord, an' me, has done fur yo', an' dat yo' is another man.'

"He didn't say nuthin', but when I shet an' lock de do' 'hine him, I hyrd him mutter to hisself jest like he wuz prayin' under conviction. Now yo' ken see fur yo'self dat it is allurs bes' to hev things ready in case uv 'mergency. Miss Car'line 'gree so herself, fur in a case like dis what yo' gwine do if yo' didn't hev no man nor yuther implement to defend yo' self wid, specially when all dyah parents, as I done already testify, wuz way off yonder 'joyin' da-selves wid de beasts uv de forrest, or sich things as tournaments. Dem tournaments is carried on now jes' de same as da wuz 'fore de war, sometimes in Prince George County, sometimes in Anne Rundel or Calvert, leastwise way down to Prince Frederic or St. Mary's, no matter where it were it wan' never too fur for all we to go; sometimes it took days fur us to reach our destitution, drivin' through de country an' stoppin' as we went 'long at de houses uv our mos' intermittent fren's. Da wuz allurs 'spectin' uv us an' had de big feas' an' de dance all repared ready fur us. I tell yo' dem wuz joyous times; I don' veject to know zackly whah dis las' one wuz dat Miss Car'line went to, but dat ain't nuther heah nor dyah, what I is gwine to testify 'bout now, is de las' one dat all we had jurin' de war.

"Mars John an' John Henry had done gone when de fus note wuz given an' de enemy wuz marchin' through de country. Dis news scared every body so dat da wuz in de greatest consideration, an' Miss 'Lizabeth sade dat every las' young man dat wuz lef' behine' wuz gwine to run de blockade right off, but fo' da go, da done 'cide to hev one mo' gran' Tournament; an' 'mediately every body wuz gettin' ready fur it. De house wuz crouded wid young men comin' to 'cide on dyah titles, an' what customs da gwine wear. Den da took names dat wuz indifferent to dyah natural ones, sich as de Knight uv de Oriole—an' uv de Chesapeake, de Knight uv Queen Ann, an' Prince Charles, way back to dyah royal antecedents who fus started it. Miss 'Lizabeth aint laugh so much nor seem so happy fur many a day, I knowed de reason but I didn't say nuthin'. It had been mos' a year now since she done see Mr. Jemes Carter, an' he used to actually live at our house. Every body sade she wuz 'gaged to marry him, da sade da knowd it by de dazlin' ring on her finger, but she 'clared it wan' so.

"One time when dyah wuz a big party at de house, a great thunder storm riz, an' it roared an' flashed all night, so nobody couldn't go home. When de ladies had all gone up stairs, we could heah de young men laughin' an' talkin' down in de parlor an' Miss 'Lizabeth sade —'less lean over de banisters an' heah what da talkin' 'bout.' Da didn't 'pear to think nobody could heah what da say, an' speak out free, an' 'spress daselves 'bout de ladies. Presently somebody say he knows one dat had things pretty well settled, den da all call out 'Carter! Carter!'

an' all de girls look at Miss 'Lizabeth an' laugh. Den 'nuther young man low he wish he wuz in Carter's boots, an' Mr. Carter say—'All right I gwine take un off now, jump in!' Den da all laugh an' somebody sade—'Nobody wouldn't never stan' in his shoes if he wuz 'gaged to dat lovely lady.' Den Mr. Carter speak out like he was mad, 'I aint 'gaged to her an' never wuz.' Miss 'Lizabeth stan' up right straight an' her face wuz as white as de light dat shined on it. She called me to her an' tole me to git my waiter, an' den she laid de ring on it an' sade, 'Take dis down stairs an' present it to Mr. Carter wid my compliments.' In an instant every body wuz struck dumb wid silence. Mr. Carter took it wid his face as white as hern wuz when he say—'Please tell yo' mistress dat I 'cepts it with many thanks.' When I went back up stairs wan' nobody nowhere, an' Miss 'Lizabeth open her do' little way an' say—'Yo' ken go down to de quarter to night, kaze I don' wan' nuthin' mo'. I gwine to bed.' Nex' mornin' Mr. Carter ordered his horse early an' rode away before breakfast an' Miss 'Lizabeth didn't come down kaze she had de headache.

"Since dat time da hadn't never meet one anothers—kase when anything wuz goin' on an' one uv un wuz gwine be dyah de yuther one wouldn't go. But now, I knowd dat Miss 'Lizabeth 'spected to meet Mr. Carter at de Tournament, kaze I hyrd one uv de young gentlemen givin' her de names uv de forty knights who wuz gwine to ride, an' hisen wuz mungst um. One night when me an' Tilly had jes' tucked de young ladies in bed, an' brought our pallets an' laid down on de flo' to sleep, we heahed some body speakin' like da wuz whisperin'. De night wuz warm an' de winders open. Miss 'Liz'beth jumped up an' sade,—'Keep still an' listen.' Den we heahed it again, an' Miss 'Liz'beth went to the window an' all we stood 'hine her, while she ax low, —'Who is dat?' Somebody answer, 'Open de do' quick an' let me in.' We all knowed it wuz Mars John, who' done runed de blockade an' come home. Ev'ry body woke up an' went down stairs an' sot in de dark an' talked. We wuz 'fraid to have a light; Ole Marster wuz skeered any how, kaze we didn't know how near de army wuz, an' he sade if da should fine out Mars John done come home, we all would be liable to confuscation. He tole Mars John he ought not to have come back an' dat he couldn't stay in de house nohow, but mus' go out in de woods an' stay, till he got a chance to cross de river. We couldn't see one another, but ev'ry body sot there till de moon 'gin to rise. Den ole marster an' Mars John took some blankets an' went to do woods, an' ole Miss cried, an' de res' uv us sot down an' helped her, kaze we didn't know which wuz gwine get Mars John fuss, de sojers, or some other wile beas' uv de fores'. Ev'ry day when me an' Tilly went to walk wid de ladies we took Mars John suthin' to eat, an' books an' papers, to read. When he heard 'bout de tournament, Mars John 'clare he wan' gwine back til it were over, an' dat he wuz boun' to ride dat day. He sade dat he wuz gwine wear a mas' on his face, an' call hisself de Black Prince. At fuss his sisters wouldn't heah uv sich a risky thing, den da sade nobody wouldn't know him, an' at las' da 'greed to it.

"De gittin' ready fur dat Tournament wuz suthin' sure nuff. When de day come roun' at las', de boxes an' baskets uv fried chicken, an' beaten Maryland biscuit, an' spiced ham, sliced thin as a wafer, an' fried oysters, an' fruit cake an' jumbles, (not excusin' jes a few bottles uv ole wine frum de cellar to keep yo' frum bein' sick, tucked 'roun' de corners uv de baskets) an' yuther good things dat Gran'mammy been day an' night in preperation fur; da wuz all packed in de boxes under de seats. Our kerriges wuz 'tirely indifferent from dese heah, da wuz suthin' like hacks wid big winders an' steps folded up, an' da all had a seat 'tached to um behin' fur de little colored boy to set on, an' jump down to open de gates which waz at de en' uv every field. Dyah wan' no public roads nowhere, every plantation had dyah own, an' when de big rains sweep down in 'mense sheets, an' tear down de steep hills, an' dig out deep hollows so yo' couldn't git 'long bedout riskin' all uv yo' necks, da would make another road somewhare else, so dat when yo' would be drivin' 'long de way

dat wuz natural to yo' befo', yo' wuz liable to see a fence runnin' cross de road, an' yo' wouldn't know whah yo' wuz, til yo' fine out de yuther way. De boy dat sot up behin' de kerridge allers jumped down an' open de do', an' unfol' de steps. I ken heah dem steps comin' down now all carpeted fur de ladies to step down on, jes' like da wuz comin' down stairs.

"We mostly driv two horses, but sometimes four 'tached 'hine one another wid gol' mounted harness, an' double reins, an' dyah wan' nobody in de whole lan' dat could handle dem horses like uncle Moses, scusin' William Henry Harrison, who 'clare uncle Moses wan' nowhere side uv him when yo' come to managing horses. Uncle Moses 'spute his word, an' say dat nobody couldn't know much 'bout horses dat been standin' all dyah life hine de dinin' room table like William Henry Harrison waitin' on tea cups; but uncle Moses didn't know dat half his time William Henry Harrison done lock de cupboard do's which conceiled de silver, an' all dat gol' plate, dat wuz sponsible to him, an' put de key in his pocket an' wuz intezcedin' wid de horses in de stable. An' he done study dat animal til I do believe he knowd as much 'bout him as de horse hisself.

"Dis heah day I gwine tell yo' 'bout de sun riz early an' likewise de res' uv us, an' it wan't long fore we wuz on de road, kaze in dat hilly country you'd hev to drive a good many miles 'fore yo' come to a level fiel'. Me an' Tilly sot outside uv de kerrige on boff sides uv William Henry Harrison. Uncle Moses couldn't go dat time kaze in de mornin' he wuz tacked sudden, all at oncet, wid a hurtin' dat ole marster sade comed frum suthin' he done eat, dat had disinfected his stomach. We driv through fields whah hundreds uv acres uv wheat wuz wavin' like de ocean. All de hill sides wuz covered wid terbacker; an' cross de meadows whah de water in de branches comed mos' up in de kerrige an' yo' 'gin' to think de horses certainly got to swim. Down in dem swamps de magnolias grow so thick dat de sweetness smothers de air an' makes yo' giddy, jes like dat cologne da makes frum de essence uv de musk rat, mostly overpowers yo'! Bime by, we reached dyah in due season, an' driv up 'mongst de crowd uv people an' horses an' took our stan' 'long de line uv kerriges dat wuz drawn up on boff sides uv de list dat wuz roped off, leavin' it clear fur de racin'. De three arches wuz covered wid laural an' ceder, an' every one uv um had a little ring hangin' frum it covered wid red silk, so dat de knight could see it when he come ridin' under it at full speed, an' den is de time fur him to take it off on his lance. William Henry Harrison driv right up behin' Colonel Harrington's kerrige; me an' Tilly knowd he done it on purpose kaze Miss Lucy Harrington's maid, Rhoda, wuz in dyah. De knights in dyah plumes an' sashes, an' fine clothes wuz surroundin' de kerriges laughin' an' talkin' an' gittin' ribbons an' han'kerchiefs frum dyah sweethearts to tie on de lance fur good luck. De Black Prince wuz at de winder uv Colonel Harrington's kerrige, an' William Henry Harrison had his eye on dat kerrige too, but me an' Tilly didn't keer, we jes turn 'roun' de yuther way. Den de bugle sounded, an' de knights rushed to dyah horses, an' de chief marshal an' de pages took dyah stan'. It wuz a gran' sight when dem forty knights glistenin' in de sun drew rein 'roun' de platform to listen to de great speaker uv de day. He stood up dyah an' tole um how venturesome dyah pas' antecedents wuz who didn't mine risking' nuthin' an' didn' know what it were to be feared; but put on dyah armors uv steel an' took dyah brass shields to hide behin', an' shot down every heathen da could fin' to qualify de lady who wouldn't 'gree to marry him lessen he had been 'gaged in some great conflict an' got disposed uv his limbs, or been killed, or suthin.

"Dis heah case befo' 'um now, he clare, wuz de same as if it were den, an' no distinguish; an' it wan' axin' nor expectin' too much fur dese knights to risk all dyah lives fur de cause today. Den he cry, 'Farewell! Every las' one uv yo' is a chivalier, an' may victory or death be yourn.' Da all bow acceptance to his words, an' wheel 'roun' an' take dyah stan at de hade uv de lis', an' ev'ry body cheer, an' we all clap our han's. De pages is standin' at de hade uv de lis' to carry

de news, an' de Marshal rides up an' down dressed like a king, an' his horse is jes' de same, wid fringe on his saddle, an' tossles on his hade.

"De jedges has all done took dyah place on de platform wid de boxes uv crowns, an' de forty knights wuz gallopin' up an' down in black velvich an' lace, an' blue an' yeller an' all dem colors, wid sashes 'broidered in goll. Yo' couldn't shet yo' eyes if yo' wuz sleepy, an' as to de ridin'! Yo' ain' never seed no ridin' 'less yo' have seen a southern ge'mman ride,—bofe white an' colored. Da don' sit up on dyah horse stiff like a ramrod, an' bob up an' down like a scare-crow in de win', 'kaze da been ridin' a horse ever since dyah infancy, an' don' move no mo' dan if da had growed dyah. It don' make no difference whether de horse stan' on his hin' feet or his fore feet, which is liable to um all, dyah ain' nuthin' he kin do to git him shet uv de rider, an' it would have charmed yo' soul to see dem young men dashin' down de track to git dyah horses use to it, an' to try dyah lance wid de rings.

"All de colored people wuz standin' outside, an' William Henry Harrison was dyah wid um, an' me an' Tilly could heah dem talkin', an' ev'ry one uv dem 'clare dat his young marster gwine crown de queen. Den William Henry Harrison say,—'I don' keer what de res' uv yo' does, I gwine bet on dat one da calls de Black Prince.' One uv de yuthers spoke up, 'Dat mare looks mighty like yo' mars' John's, an' de rider looks zackly like his twin.'

"William Henry Harrison laugh when he answer, 'De horse an' man bof may be twins fur all I keer, an' it mout be bofe uv dyah ghost, but howsomever I done made up my min' to bet on dat stranger.'

"Now de bugle soun', an' de herald call out, 'Knight uv St. Mary, prepare to charge.' Dat knight come in front uv de yuthers an' set steady, an' lif' up his lance wid de ribbon tied on it, an' look straight befo' him. When he heah de nex' call, 'Charge Sir Knight!' He come like a flash down de track, so fas', yo' couldn't see what he were. If he didn't take no ring he got to ride outside an' jine de yuthers till his nex' turn come 'roun'. But if he done took even one, de Herald shouts, an' de music playes, an, de chiefs an' pages goes to meet him an' 'scorts him to de jedge, who marks him down.

"When 'bout half uv um done ride, da has an intercession, when da all has da lunch—settin' in da kerriges, or stan in 'roun', an' den de colored people takes what is lef', an' has a teas to daselves.

"When da all gets quieted, an' ready to begin once mo', de fuss call come,—fur de Black Prince to charge, an' to yo know it dat knight done pass by an got all three rings on his lance. Every body cheer but yo can't be sure whose gwine win til da all ride, an' de sun wuz sinkin in a red bank when da all got through an' de judges testify dat eight uv um got to ride an da keep on til de number wuz dwindled down to de Chesapeake an' de Black Prince. De fus call wuz fur de Knight uv de Chesapeake, he wuz in blue velvich, an' jes as han'some as a picture, but his horse done got 'cited, an' shy, an' plunged, an' wouldn't be 'swaded to start. Den de Black Prince jumped off his horse an' ax him to try hisen. I hyrd William Henry Harrison groan, but he shet his teeth together an' sade—'Yo' jes wait.' De horse come so straight dat de knight took off two rings an' every body cheer—but de Black Prince done already jump in de saddle an' took his stan'. Dis is now de las' one an' every body hol' dyah breath an' strike silence. Yo' could heah de bees in de clover an' de mockin' bird whistlin' in de poplars. Den de Herald call, 'Charge! sir Knight!' an' dyah he come dashin' down de lis', an' whirl 'roun' an' come back wid all three rings glistenin' on his lance. Tilly say, 'Bless de Lord, Miss Virginia, Mars John done took um all'—but de people wuz shoutin' so loud dat didn't none uv um heah Tilly nor see Miss Virginia shakin' her. De forty knights an' all de chiefs, an' pages an' heralds gallop to meet him an' 'scort him to de judges stan' an' file 'roun' while da puts de queen's crown uv roses on his lance, an' den all follow him to de kerrige uv de queen. De Black Prince settin' up dyah on dat horse dat is prancin' like he is glad sure 'nough, lookin' so gran' lead um all straight to Colonel Harrington's kerrige, an' Miss

Lucy put out her han' an' take it in de winder, de Prince bow lowly an' den da all rides to de yuther kerriges an' presents de crowns uv ivy to de yuther maids uv honor.

"Ev'ry body wuz 'vited to our house, an' when we got dyah, ole Miss, an' gran'mammy, an' Sally Ann had de house in a perfect blaze. Me an' Tilly help de ladies to dress an' comb dyah hair, an' den de qween an' maids uv honor put on dyah crowns an' went down stairs to de fus' dance, which wuz private fur dem, an' nobody but de 'cessful knights could jine in. De knights wuz in dyah uniform, an' Mars John wuz laughin' bol' as a lion wid his face uncovered. Da danced an' danced, an' changed partners an' danced again, while ole uncle Julius Caesar sot up on a box in de corner playin' 'Dandy Jim' an' 'O Suzanna.' It wuz de grandest sight yo' ever seed,—all dem long trains, an' silk, an' lace, an' diamon's glitterin', an' me an' Tilly standin' 'hine de ladies to hol' dyah fans an' han'kerchers an' scarfs.

"Bime by, when da wuz pausin' fur an intercession uv res', two young men come walkin' up on bofe sides uv Mr. Jemes Carter, an' when da git near Miss Liz'beth, da bow an ax—' 'low me to present to yo' Mr. Jemes Carter.' Mr. Jemes Carter look straight at Miss Liz'beth, an' she looked at him. I wuz 'fraid she mout faint, an' I held out my arms to ketch her, but 'stead uv dat da bofe laugh, an' ever body jined in. De dancin' had stopped, an' ev'ry body wuz movin' onward to de dinin' hall where a great feas' wuz repaired. Uncle Julius an' his fiddle had dismounted frum de box, an' Mr. Carter presented his arm to Miss Liz'beth. I walk' 'long 'hine her, an' I see him slip de dimon' ring back on her finger, an' give her dat look uv recognition which da wan' no mistakin'. Den I thought bes' to shet my eyes, an' when I open um 'gin dyah wuz de table weighted down wid roas' lamb, an' fried chicken, an' ham baked wid champaign poured over it, an' fried oysters heaped up on 'mense dishes, an' so much else dat yo' couldn't count, an' de table fairly groaned. 'Side dat, dyah wuz piles, an' piles uv roses mixed in wid all kin's uv fruit an' cakes, an' pies. Dat cert'n'y wuz a sumptuous repas' sich as I aint never seed since. Da ate, an' drank, an' laughed an' never thought uv leavin' dat table, an' mought hev been dyah to dis day, if Dick who wuz one uv de stable boys, hadn't uv rushed in, an' sade de army wuz mos' at de house. I tell yo' what, everybody moved quick, an' in a instunt Uncle Caesar done hoist hisself up on de box an' wuz strikin' de bow, an' every body wuz in dyah places dancin', scusing' Mars John, he an' Dick boff done vanquish. When Mr. Carter turn his partner Miss 'Lizabeth whisper to me—'Go an' help Mars John yo' knows how.' When I got out to de back hall, dyah stood Mars John in Dicks ole close an' his shoes, an' his hat drawd down over his black curly hair.

"I is feared it ain't no use Dinah,' he sade, 'da done surroun' de house, but I gwine try,' an' he tole me what to do. I runned out an' down to de garden gate—De bugles wuz soundin' an' de captains wuz racin' dyah horses roun' de house an' callin' to de solgers, an' hollowd loud as I could—'Dick, oh! Dick! He comed out de house walkin' easy like, an' stop right 'mongst de solgers an' call, 'What yo' wan' long uv me?' 'Come quick!' I say, 'somebody done lef' de garden gate open an' de pigs done got in an' is rootin' everything up.' He come grumblin' 'long like he mad. One uv de soldiers laugh an' say, 'I don' 'spec' dem pigs gwine trouble yo' much longer.'

"When we got 'hin' de trees Mars John say, 'I's all right now,' an' he run like lightnin', an' I follow an' seed him jump over de fence an' go 'cross de fields to de woods. Den I knowed he wuz safe. When I got back, a soldier wuz standin' at de do', an' he arsk me,'Where is yo' gwine?' I answer, 'In de house.' Den he speak sharp, 'Where is de young man?' 'What young man? My Marster is in de house.' 'We don' wan' him, we wants de young rebel. We heahed he wuz home, an' it ain' no use to try an' hide him, kase every do' is guarded an' he can't get away.' I say, 'He ain' heah, but if he is yo' can git him.' Den I push by him an' walk in. De whole place wuz crowded wid officers, but Uncle Julius hadn't

slackened de fiddle, an' de dancin' wuz still goin' on. Da walk 'roun', an' when da look in de dinin' room da 'sclaim,—'What is dis! We is jes' in luck! He can't git out de house, so les us ten' to dis matter fus'.' Da all set down, an' didn't no body notice um til da got up an' say, 'Dat feas' wuz fit fur a king.' Den da follow Ole Miss all over de house, an' search every place, an' when da didn't fine nuthin' de hade one spoke, 'Madam, we has only done our juty; we fine dat we has been misrepresented, an' we begs pardon fur 'sposing' on yo' time, an' 'rupting' yo' pleasure.'

Da all bowed low, wid dyah hats in dyah han's. Ole Miss holl her hade up high an' never say a word, an' den she bow too, an' da all went out an' rode away."

Mammy was silent a moment, and then went on,—"Dat is de las' tournament I has been to, an' things done change some since den, but down ole home is natchral to me now. I ain' been dyah fur a right smart while now, but I is goin' soon, kaze if I don' I won' know none uv de chillun; jes' like Mars John's son dat come las' yeah to see all we.

"It were early in de mornin', an' when I went to de do' he look at me like he gwine laugh, an' den he ax, 'Is de lady uv de house in?' 'She are,' I answer. 'Den I wants to see her,' an' he walk right in bedoubt bein' 'vited, an' sot down like he wuz home. I didn't know what to do, but 'cluded I better tell Miss Car'line what he sade an' how he ac'.

"'Dats de way wid all dem book agents!' she answer. I tole her I didn't see no book under his arm, but he mout have sneaked it 'hin' him. 'Den if he ain' a book agent,' Miss Car'line 'clare, 'he mus' be sellin' polish, or suthin' else!'"

"'I gwine back,' I say, 'an' fine out.' Den I tole him de lady wuz quite disposed, an' can't be presentable, but I is jes' de same as she is, an' if he is a book agent I mout as well tell him at once—he 'gin to shake his hade—den I ax, 'Is yo' a polish man?'

"'I hope so," he say, 'but dat ain' fur me to say.' 'Den yo' mus' be a life interference man like de one dat wuz heah de yuther day, an' spent de enjurin' mornin' tryin' to make Miss Car'line 'blieve dat she, an' de chillun, an' me, 'cludin' de whole fambly, an' not even 'scusin' de father (whose presence at de time wuz absent) mout all drop off sudden some day, bedout even a peice uv paper wid de statement to show dat we did it unbeknowns to ourselves. Now if yo' is him, it ain't no use fur yo' to take yo' pencil out uv yo' pocket, kaze we is all joyin' good health, an' no complaint 'mong us. An' we ain't gwine pay fur nuthin' like sickness an' death befo' we gits it. Den he laugh an' say—

"'Yo' mus' be mammy!'

"'Deed I is,' I sade, 'every body knows me frum de governor to de police men; none uv um ever 'fuses to shake hands wid me, an' when da does I jes leaves um to de mercy uv de Lord an' passes over on de yuther side.' Den he jump up an' hole out his han' an' say—

"'Howdy, Mammy! don' yo' know me? I is John?'

"When he talked dat a way, I knowd him mediate, an' I run to him an' hug him 'roun his knees an' de tears would come while I ax: 'Is yo' Mars John's son? an' done come frum down ole home?'

"Miss Car'line hyrd de 'fusion an' she come runnin' in. Den I went out, kaze I couldn't pose myself to see um meet, but I tole Miss Car'line afterwards dat I knowd him frum de fus' when he 'gin to speak, an' frum his zack likeness to his father which wuz jes' de same as two peas is."

The lady knew that mammy had finished telling stories for that day when she saw her pick up the knitting which had been lying neglected on her lap since she began. She knew it too, by the low hum of a wierd old song which did not cease when she arose to go; and she went out noiselessly because she saw by mammy's face that she had gone on one of her imaginary journeys down ole home.



RUINS OF OLD CASAS GRANDES

A LETTER FROM CHIHUAHUA

By MARY B. RAMSEY

DIAZ has earned the right to spend the last years of his life as the chosen president of a nation whose policies he has wisely controlled for more than thirty years. But it now seems that the last years of his rule may be as stormy as the first.

We, his neighbors, are taking a new interest in the state of Chihuahua, until now best known as a paradise for hunters, a foreign state easily accessible to tourists, and a place for the investment of surplus American capital.

The day the insurrectos and federals met near Juarez, many Americans were watching developments from the hills north of the Rio Grande. They looked from El Paso and the twentieth century over to what might have been mistaken for a city of the Holy Land and the Year of Our Lord.

The two cities have the same perfect climate, the same strong winds bringing constant supplies of unbreathed air from the mountains, the sunshine that rarely fails for a day and the bluest of skies. Both have brilliant sunsets, ever-changing mountain colors and starry nights. Here the likeness ends.

The dividing line is sometimes a river, too swift to be safely crossed in a boat, sometimes a shallow stream over which the traveller may ride on the back of a Mexican for a centavo, and sometimes an expanse of sand, narrowed daily by the mud huts of the peons which crowd nearer and nearer to the channel, until the river rises in its wrath and melts them in a night.

The sights of El Paso are the business places, homes, gardens and drives of rich and well to do Americans, and the smells are those of a clean American city. The sights of Juarez are of places and customs centuries old, and the smells are not to be described.

El Paso owes much of her prosperity to a newspaper which has striven successfully for all that is good. It is a gathering place for mining, cattle and railroad men, and a city which they are proud to call home. The ruling interest of Juarez is the lust of getting something

for nothing, and real prosperity is yet to come.

The race tracks, gambling tables, cock fights and lotteries of this Mexican border city draw their daily crowds from their own country and ours. The shops are filled with tourists who buy a few curios in happy ignorance of where and why they were made, and who buy much drawnwork and many cigars in the hope of carrying them duty-free into the United States.

A walk through the streets of Juarez leaves an impression of long lines of grayish walls with here and there a heavily barred window, and doorways showing glimpses of the gayest of gardens, each with its cages of singing birds, giving unexpected flashes of pleasing color and sound. The walls, which are those of the low flat-roofed adobe houses, are too a perfect background for the women, often carrying their babies partly supported by the blue rebosa which covers the mother's head and shoulders, and for the gaily blanketed drivers of panniered burros.



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE

The market place is an enclosed square in which are booths displaying on shelves, counters, hooks, lines and the ground,



RECONNOITERING

every conceivable kind of merchandise. Wearing apparel, baskets, pottery for use and ornament, and furnishings of many sorts, crowd the little piles of fruit and vegetables, and bottles of pulque and tequila, the native beer and whiskey.

At the end of the main street, above the formal little plaza, rises the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. It shows white against the deep blue sky, and has its own tales to tell of stirring times in Mexico. Much of its beauty has been improved away, and floors and pews add to the comfort of the worshippers and take from their picturesqueness. To enter it in the days when the black-robed figures knelt on the bare ground through long services, was to worship with them, so much does the feeling that we belong for a moment to time long past add to our reverence.

Once a year fires burn all night on the mountain-tops west of the city to light the way of the spirit of this same Lady of Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico, as she goes on her journey of blessing.

On Sunday afternoons, a few steps from where the church bells clang their hourly reminders, the band may be heard striking up a certain refrain which means, "Bravo" to the toreador who is at his weekly task in the bull ring.

The audience of sight-seers, over from the United States for the day, should blush at the thought that they are the main support of this degrading sport.

At the old "wishing church," south of the city, where the bells are hung on a frame in the yard for the lack of a tower, the visitor may, for a small sum, know that his wish will be granted if his faith is strong enough.

Past this church runs the railroad, up and down and near which most of the fighting is being done.

Miguel Ahumada was for many years governor of Chihuahua, and it was always a fiesta time when he visited Juarez. Now, in time of need, he is governor of that state again, and he, if anyone, can drive rebellion from the hearts of the insurrectos. Sixteen years ago he drove the silver spike that inaugurated the building of the Ferrocarril Rio Grande Sierra Madre y Pacifico,



MEXICAN SOLDIERS

now called the Nor-Oeste de Mexico. It was built in haste, under an agreement to finish it before a certain date. The army of men engaged in construction know something of the perils of such a flight as the insurrectos made from Bouche to Ojo de la Punta. They too went thirsty many a day, and thirst is more than hunger. There is no natural deposit of water along this part of the line for seventy-five miles. One night the wind blew away eighteen miles of the sand embankment, and so damaged the railway as to render it impassable. Men and animals must wait until the track could be repaired and water brought from a point forty miles away.

Sand storms and burning heat add to the discomforts of a march through the sand-hills of Chihuahua. Mesquite bushes change the level desert to a succession of tiny hills, as the thorny branches catch and hold the drifting sand, but the bushes cast no shade.

Farther down the road is a wind swept stretch with not even a bush to mark the distance or rest the eyes, full of alkali dust and weary of watching the retreat of the lake which the heartless mirage keeps before the traveller.

One hundred and fifty miles from Juarez is Casas Grandes, another fighting point. The new town, on the railroad, is the gateway to the Mormon colonies of Chihuahua. A pretty adobe station serves also as hotel.

The old town of Casas Grandes is a few miles west of the railroad, and between it and the new town are the partly excavated ruins of an Indian village, and the Casas Grandes River.

This is the beginning of the more fertile country. There are occasional rivers and game is plentiful.

Some of the cattle ranches in this state owned by Mexicans of great wealth and some by foreigners, contain hundreds of thousands of acres apiece. The large tracts of thinly populated country, the endless mountain ranges and the enormous wealth of the leaders of the rebellion, combine to hinder its suppression, while it is assuming unexpected proportions. That it is serious, everyone must admit. That Diaz may live to see his country at peace every American should hope.

MAETERLINCK

By HENRY DECLASSANT

THE artistic revival of Belgium, starting thirty years ago with the youthful manifestos of an exclusive magazine, is chiefly due to the enthusiasm of Camille Lemonnier. The future historian of its art and literature must be aware of his beneficial influence, entirely free from personal glory, and praise his name for the great intellectual movement that made possible the eclosion of individualities like Eekhoud, Rodenback, Verhaeren, and Maeterlinck, the four corners of a literary square, with Camille Lemonnier for its nucleous. Strange to say, the latter is hardly known in this country and our national libraries are lacking of his works. But we must bear in mind that he is recognized abroad as the creator of realism in literature. Consequently, he is of a suspicious influence, as much so as the writer of the "Rougon Macquart" has been until the Dreyfus affair gave him fame. Camille Lemonnier is justly named "the glory of French letters in Belgium." One will find in his masterpieces an opulent richness of expression entirely new in form and character, and peculiar moods of nature described with so strong a suggestive vitality that they are bound to call for a further endeavor and spread a lyrical spirit all over the land.

Maeterlinck alone appears to possess a style strictly of his own. The fact remains that it is from the literary impulse and spirit of the ambient surroundings that his genius gained full force and spiritual magnitude. Its superiority is not of a kind which astonishes, excites or exalts to an exaggerated lyrism; it compels us to listen silently in quest of moral knowledge, with eyes open before the unlimited opening of our own vagaries. He is always in sympathetic touch with those who can feel and hope; and no matter what our destiny may be, consolation is at hand if our soul awakes, if we have patience to wait for the coming revelation. Silence and love for beauty are the indispensable revelators. "In thy own mean perplexities, do thou, thyself, but hold thy tongue for one day; on the morrow how much clearer are thy purposes and duties." Even our greater actions will not give us the supreme satisfaction we are seeking. Our happiness is contingent upon spiritual phenomena beyond material proof. "Facts are nothing but the laggards, the spies and campfollowers of the great forces we cannot see." He beholds the mysterious truth as real and as clear as the water of the sea. Gerard Hardy, who calls him "the Edison of the immaterial world" should have in mind that the self-contemplation and spiritual analysis exposed in his essays do not show the efforts of an investigator,—they are only the conditional outcome of universal feelings eternally existing in human nature and condensed in the sensitive genius of a single soul. It is the human side of his delectable dreams, the tempting problems of our destiny, which attract our wearying thoughts; and the more our individuality recognizes itself, the more the lesson of wisdom is serenely felt. "Indeed," said Maeterlinck in the "Tragical in Daily Life," "it is not in the actions but in the words that are found the beauty and greatness of tragedies that are beautiful and great." It is also in the words that we must find the beauty and greatness of his genius. Already his first plays were lacking in action, and he wondered "whether it be true that a static theatre is possible." His inclination toward symbolism could be suspected here, even if the strange pages of "Les

Serres Chaudes" had not been written. There is a meaning in all things pertaining to life, revealed in particular expressions—sometimes with the help of neologism, sometimes with the "word-forces" of the romanticist school. After all, he may be the representative character of symbolic philosophy; and taking into consideration his Germanic affinities and choice, his whole being subdued to his early surroundings propitious to aloofness and spiritual speculation, we could assert without offence that he is a Novalis reincarnated, who has not gone so far as to sacrifice his human feelings for the mirage of a selfish and artificial enjoyment. "As much as ordinary mathematics are the exceptional proof of the ideality of space, so much there must be a superior mathematic, a sort of 'mathetis' transcendent, foreseen by the neoplatonicians who reveal now, not the eternal relations, but the inner qualities of beings." This assertion of Novalis is the apostleship of the contemporary symbolism and the possible explanation of Maeterlinck's genius. When the French literary symbolism arose as a reaction



MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND HIS WIFE, GEORGETTE LE BLANC MAETERLINCK

against the romanticism of Hugo and the naturalism of Zola, we heard of a poetic art advocating the duty of language to express human feelings with their plastic or musical values. Already Baudelaire and Leconte de Lisle had begun the reaction, and Maeterlinck, with "Les Serres Chaudes," inclined toward that proceeding. Those pages gave us an impression of Novalis' theory—that a landscape must be felt as an animated body, each landscape being an ideal form which adapts itself to a particular disposition of the mind. But the German philosopher failed for he would see the world differently from all of us, seeking the help of the senses always, advocating sensualism, —"a painter in reality paints with his eyes." But Maeterlinck is a neoplatonician regenerated, issued from a vigorous and healthy race, and sanely equipped to express the realities of the soul with perfect clearness.

Maeterlinck, the man, is hardly known on this side of the Atlantic although his plays and books have been successfully heralded all over the world of literature. But when Paris awards the seal of celebrity to an artist, he is at least surely launched upon the sea of public admiration for awhile, and it is left for time alone to determine his chance of passing to posterity.

As for the writer of "Wisdom and Destiny," I feel safe to advance that the advertising efforts of editors and theatrical managers did not increase the value of his genius, neither did it change the orientation of his thought toward less independency.

Beside the age, few white hairs, more body, more physical health, and an original look expressing at the same time his inner field of serene vision and the outlook into the mysteries of untold truth, his appearance reveals the burgher of Ghent, prosperous and in radiant health, with no peculiarities of his own in the material make-up of the man.

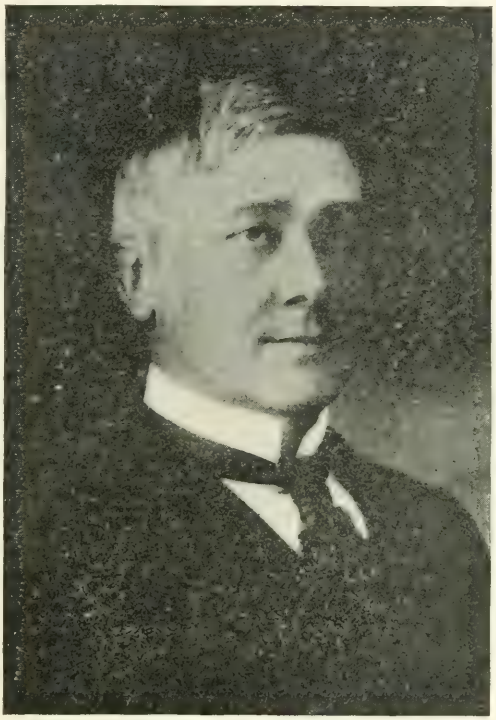
He is the real specimen of intellectual Flemish type: thick-set, broad shouldered, carried with the indolent ease of a man of Flanders in spite of a mark of strong activity when it is required. He dresses well, without extravagance; talks little, much as Tennyson or Carlyle. At the



Court of Abbey Saint Wandrille

time of his first battle in literature, he had the reputation of being as silent as a sphinx, and very timid. It is said that reporters who travelled thousands of miles to secure from him an interview, came back without a word other than a "yes" or a "no." He would even confess sometimes to his ignorance of certain facts, instead of committing himself with certainty. This tendency is still visible in his essays dealing with the mystery surrounding the problem of life.

"You are mistaken, my dear sir," he wrote in answer to a general inquiry about the opinion of men of letters on anarchy. "I am very ignorant in sociology, and indeed I am not proud of that ignorance. But what we learn depends upon so many instinctive chances that we are often less guilty than we appear to be. All I know, or near it, of the scientific anarchism is that which has been written by men like William Morris, Elisee Reclus, Krapot Kine, and a certain Herbert Spencer. It may be useful that we study it, for it may have many beautiful elements of life. But you see, after all, I have no other right but to say nothing."



MAURICE MAETERLINCK

We venture that his impassiveness has been due to an intuitive impulse in him to remain independent from surroundings, and to feel the maximum of human freedom, which is the shield of gold for original thinking.

He was born in Ghent, the capital of oriental Flanders, on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1862. Up to his twenty-fifth year, he had the occasion to write to a friend that the most important event of his life had been so far, his nativity. For the rest, he had passed his young days as children of the "bourgeois" generally do, with all the care of a good home; and a great future would naturally be expected from him. The dream of his family to see him wearing the ermine of the magistrate did not last long, however, for he reached only the stage of a disgusted barrister, a position entirely incongenial and for which he found himself physically unfitted because of his poor voice and elocution. His standing at the College of the Jesuits on the bank of the Lys had been fair; and there his association with young literary enthusiasts, who became famous in Belgium later on, had been of real service in opening to him at once an opportunity to think freely with the few of his choice.

The Bar was the wrong place. Had he devoted all his life to the pursuit of law studies, it is not proved that he might not be more than equal to the task. But his destiny inclined toward a higher object. Tired of harassing cares and also of the insignificance of a life in which his ideals had no chance to develop, he gave up law. He had tried unsuccessfully to obtain a position in a city or government office, but this favor had been refused to him on account of his literary tendencies, for during that time anything pertaining to literature and art would be a hindrance to anyone seeking an official favor. We were indeed in the forsaken land of the "rond de cuir," dogged with the same spirit which had chased Victor Hugo from Belgium forever, twenty years be-

fore, on account of his vehement appeal for freedom of the press.

With a small literary baggage, a local reputation left behind, and the vision of success in a foreign land, he went to Paris, the great centre of recognition, where others like him,—Wagner, Poe, Whistler, and many more—had been received without scorn.

The literary crisis of Maeterlinck did not last long, for he kept on working and forcing more and more the attention of the thinking world. The development of his dramatic genius is nothing but legitimate, considering the peculiar nature of the man, and his instinctive reaching for "new sensations" as shown in the "Princesse Malcine" and "l'Intruse." But that later development might have been arrested, giving us only the analysis and the critic, were it not for his wife, Georgette Leblanc, who at least has proved to be the greatest exponent of his thoughts on the stage, and his best interpreter.



HENRY DE CLASSANT

The home life and quiet life they lead attest to the serenity of their happiness. During the summer, they live in the old Norman abbey of Saint Wandrille, situated upon an estate of fourteen acres, abandoned by a Benedictine congregation after the passing of the law of segregation between the church and the state. There he can be at turn, the gentleman farmer or the sportsman, for all sides of life have an interest of their own to him, as well as the problem of our destiny. With the help of Georgette Leblanc his plays have been staged there, with nature, or the old manor, for scenery; and it reminds us of the enchanting nights in which Wagner and the Bavarian king and princesses were living the dreams of the Wahalla and the Walkure.

Maeterlinck loves silence. A complexity of causes may explain this. For instance, his educational training in a religious college, his Flemish ancestry, and an inherent desire for deep thinking. He is not a methodic writer like Zola, but has hours of inspiration propitious for the development of his genius.

The genesis of his genius is better understood if we have an idea of The Flanders, that part of Belgium along the North Sea where he was born and where he lived until his intrusion into the literary field. I use the word "intrusion" with purpose, for while it has been rendered popular and "a la mode" on account of one of the first plays of the writer it explains exceedingly well the manner in which he came under the literary light, dimly shining at the time around his brothers in arms. With "Les Serres Chaudes" or "Hot Houses," his earlier effort, he displayed very independently his peculiar nature eager for strange and new sensations. He appeared to be only a sensitive painter of suggestive images, with forms so immaterial sometimes that they seemed meaningless and odd. Still, they constitute the genesis of his particular genius and crystallize his propensities toward the unknown. They show a first impulse of creative activity, a desire to rove in a

sensible sphere undisturbed by others and reachable only to few.

The Flanders has been very flourishing in the past, holding for a time the mercantile supremacy of Europe as well as being a center of artistic achievement and freedom. One of its cities, Bruges—called often the Metropolis of Death—was known as "the Venice of the North." It is there that the Brothers Van Eyck introduced oil colors into artcraft; there, also, that Hans Memlinck painted his



The Abbey Saint Wandrille

beautiful Madonnas. Ghent, another of its great cities, had fought glorious battles against the English autocracy; and gave birth to the great commoners Van Artevelds, known in history with Van der Noot as apostles of popular liberty and justice. Since that time, The Flanders, with all the rest of Belgium, has had an interesting history full of tragic events, losing their independence and regaining it many times; passing through French, Spanish and Holland domination, until 1830 when the homogeneity of the country was at last secured.

The mental energies of a nation are bound to bring forth, at a certain hour following the opportunity for its eclosion, a representative type called genius, which generally embodies the qualities and aspirations of the race. Shakespeare is the English genius of Elizabeth's time; Voltaire is the French soul of the encyclopedic period; Emerson is the Yankee soul of New England free-thinking; Maeterlinck is the Belgian soul of a glorious land smothered during long years of intellectual oppression.

You may realize what your impression would be in living in a quiet and doleful city which has seen a splendor of activity in the past, while now the grass grows between the pavements of the silent streets; the mansions are there, with their great porticoes and large halls; still the uniform canals flow their clear waters to the sea, and the loaded barges are pulled by sickly horses; also the majestic frescoes upon the walls of the vast churches, and the artistic decorations of the streets herald of the age gone by of a peoples' taste. The alarm bells ring as ever in the belfry, but their sounds are like the invocation to the departed, for the glorious time is dead and the townsmen speak low and never rush. Life is calm and reposed; it is the serenity of vain efforts, a compromise between resignation, suffering and wisdom. Noises would hurt. The voice you may hear is the everlasting psalm of an old religious

practicant of the faith, or the love song of a young lacemaker killing time with the hook and thread at the window sill. Is not such an atmosphere propitious to the elevation of the soul? the tendency to mysticism which calls for artificial surroundings in order to make place for higher thoughts and inner knowledge, is here at home. If a poet sings, he will be the chanter of silence and regrets like Georges Rodenback; if a wise man interrogates his inner consciousness, he will be the writer of wisdom and destiny, for the soul aghast and unquiet will turn toward the vistas of emotional redemption and crave for the mysterious secrets of nature which rule the fate of his fellowmen. Maeterlinck has analyzed at length and with persevering hope the evolution of justice and its mysteries, as if penetrated with the desire to console those who lament and suffer. And had not his enchanting thoughts been universally heard, they would have had at least a comforting influence for those who have struggled with him upon the ruins of a glorious past. But the result of his moral inquiry was bound to reach a universal destination, for they are akin to our eagerness to know and to be consoled. It is the buried temple with all hopes resurrected, the implicit faith in mysterious justice. "Let each one try by all means, to become the strongest, most skilful, the best adapted to the necessities of the life that he cannot transform; but so far the qualities shall enable him to conquer.... these qualities are precisely the ones that are the most human, the most honorable, and the most just."

We are apt to find in Belgian literary genius, all atavism, heredity and ambient sphere considered, the characteristic elements of the clear imaginative power of the North; also the analytic aptitude and the serenity of self control of the soul which enable man to command his own thoughts. In that case, poetry may lose of its expressive values, its intensity and lack of lyrism; the plastic or musical form may be drowned in the suggestive meaning, having in its richness enough spiritual qualities for complete expression. The solitary dreamer of the castle of Acoz, Octave Pirmez, who was an enthusiastic lover of nature, drifted toward contemplation and mysticism and showed at once the Marcus Avrelius qualities of wisdom. Emile Verhaeren is a mystic poet as much as Georges Rodenback, but his extraordinary power for color and form eclipse an ardent spirituality, well tasted in his early poems. The very fact that Maeterlinck translated philosophical fragments of the Monk of Groenedael Ruysbrook attests his instinctive inclination for developing the field offered to him, as soon as he was able to gain the independence of his thoughts. Still, the orientation of genius cannot be foretold; and it is to be wondered, for instance, if Henry Amiel, the sad *incognito* celebrity of Switzerland, would have been always the strict analyser of his own sensations if his first pages had been known before, and generally appreciated The poet who enclosed himself in the ivory tower was another Timon of Shakespeare, who had failed to believe in the recognition of his good feelings. As for Maeterlinck, his world-wide celebrity might have been postponed if the Parisian public had not waked up one morning with great enthusiasm, to raise him on the literary palfrey on account of his little plays. An editorial writer, Octave Mirbeau, went so far as to call him the "Belgian Shakespeare." At that time his literary works consisted of attempts, and it has been repeated that the three little dramas were intentionally written for a theatre of marionets. We remember the apparition of the booklet containing them, in the show window of his editor, Lacomblez in Brussels, among a dozen of other attempts of the young school of literature, fading from exposure to the sunlight. Is Mirbeau responsible for the evolution of Maeterlinck's genius? Why is it that Camille Lemonnier is still waiting for the same opportunity of recognition after forty years of hard toil in which he has shown the real qualities of a great writer? Surely, the success of Maeterlinck's plays upon the European stage and their natural adaption to the music of Debussy proves vehemently that he is the creator of a new drama, whatever may be said of his competency to take advantage of

a certain Shakespearian manner of form appealing to the imagination of the listener. If you read "La Princesse Maleine" you may feel the suggestion of certain passages of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth"; but it would be unfair to accuse the writer of any attempt at plagiarism in disguise, for the similarity results from an identical disposition and feeling, in a same atmosphere.

In the United States, Maeterlinck is best known as a playwright. That popularity is due to the lasting impression of his essays dealing with the familiar struggles of man and his destiny. Taking Monna Vanna and later plays as the definitive orientation of the writer, we are here in presence of formulae answering to the completeness of the Scandinavian drama, which is the representation of exceptional beings in struggles for intellectual enfranchisement, or victims of hereditary influence and surroundings. The plays of Maeterlinck have everything in common with human effort toward serenity. They show that heroism is the real asset of human happiness, meaning that heroism which is necessary to possess in order to reach wisdom and spiritual satisfaction. Mary Magdalene to him is the woman of any country or any time. She becomes beautiful before the transfiguration of duty and goodness,—happy in sorrow because she is free from a past forced upon her. She sees a new life as an object to enjoy even if it is on account of its sadness and sacrifice. Let us watch the ascension of Maeterlinck's drama from the point at which the soul in virginal simplicity assumes the mysterious and typical attitude and believes itself the plaything of fatality and incommensurable forces instinctively felt, and thus gravitates slowly toward new surroundings where silence has more significance, where the mental action is already liberated. It is plainly seen that it is merely the evolution of his dramatic effort. The production of "Macbeth" in Saint Wandrille is by itself historical data in theatrical achievement. The "Blue Bird" shows that his dramatic genius has expanded in a higher direction; but it is as a seer and a perspicuous exponent of thought and reflection upon life, that he will be remembered in the future with Emerson and Carlyle.

Acclimating English Wild Flowers in New England

OF far greater amenity than the introduction of foreign insects to our rock-bound shores is the transplanting of the wild-flowers of other climes to add to the beauty of our roadsides and other waste lands.

That this can be readily and successfully accomplished is witnessed in our very midst by two examples that have developed a sturdy stock in the vicinity of Boston.

The most widely known of these, of course, is the Forget-me-not which blooms in the marshes of Hingham. A French artist is credited, traditionally, with having introduced this hardy little perennial to its Yankee home. If the story is true he deserves to have a tablet erected to his memory on the shores of the swamps which he has thus beautified. Whoever introduced the flower, which is the common or true Forget-me-not, the water Myosote, Myosotis Palustris, it has taken hold with a vigour that furnishes another witness to the truth of the old saying that transplanting often adds virility to an old and languishing stock. A little care would greatly extend its habitat. There is no reason why the lowlands along the Neponset reservation, the Charles, Concord, Merrimac and other rivers should not glow with the summer azure of the friendly little flower. It not only loves otherwise flowerless swamps, but it has the further advantage of being an all-summer bloomer.

Known, probably, to only a few individuals is the fact that another popular and beautiful English wild flower has flourished without the slightest cultivation since the year 1790 on Penn's Hill in Quincy. That is the English Cowslip, the Primula veris. This particular stock was introduced by an Englishman named Veazie, so it is said, an early settler on Penn's Hill. Possibly he loved its fragrance and beauty, or, quite as likely had a well-developed taste for Cowslip wine. The flower is one of the most celebrated in English verse. Its delicate canary yellow (wholly lost under cultivation), the pale green of its leaves, the early appearance of its blossoms in Spring and its exquisite fragrance recommend it fully as highly to our regard as its economic value, although it is not wanting in that respect. The plant is a great honey-maker for the bees. It furnishes a very succulent and wholesome salad, besides its afore-mentioned use for the brewing of a fine medicinal wine. The fact that since the close of the eighteenth century it has flourished unattended and uncared for on an exposed hillside on the South Shore, is abundant proof that every pasture-verge in the southern parts of New England could be rendered doubly beautiful by its wide dissemination as a wild-flower.

Scientifically, also, it is one of the most interesting of plants. Darwin devoted much time to the study of it.

The Penn's Hill stock is insufficient for the spread of the flower, but the pastures of England are full of it, and any tourist, with a little pains, could readily make another start with it.

Another useful, pretty and easily transplanted English wild flower which has proven its adaptibility to New England climatic conditions is the Bittercress, Cardamine Pradensis. This is sometimes known in England as the Cuckoo-flower, but more commonly as Lady-smock. It is by this name that Shakespeare speaks of it, "Lady-smocks all silver-white," and they are abundant on the banks of the Avon. Isaac Walton also calls them by that, which must have been the old English name,—"there in

that meadow chequered with water-lillies and lady-smocks." While too bitter for the taste of most people as a salad, it is an excellent condiment with fish, and of well-proven medicinal value. Old English tradition went so far as to credit it with the power to cure epilepsy. However that may be, as a wild-flower it is a great adornment to low-lying grounds. The blossoms are abundant and exceedingly pretty, being cruciform and either of a very clear white or delicately shaded with a pink blush or with purple. It has often been accidentally planted in North America and always flourishes when given the least opportunity to do so.

Isolated examples exist also to prove that on many a waste hill-side in New England the hardier varieties of heather would flourish to their great adornment. Indeed it seems remarkable, considering the widespread love of these hardy little shrubs, that their introduction has never been seriously undertaken. That the climate is not too severe for them is proven by the fact that individual specimens have been found, self-sown from stray seeds as far north as Newfoundland, of the common heather or Ling (Calluna Vulgaris). Its purple stems, bright green leaves and sprays of bright pink flowers would be a great adornment of many an otherwise barren waste. Nor has it alone its beauty to recommend it. Its roots have a tendency to form peat with great rapidity and hold much water to the great benefit of the soil and of neighbouring waterways. It also affords splendid pasturage for bees. Its stalks make good brooms and baskets. But most useful of all, perhaps, it produces a fruity seed that is the chief course of food to many birds, notably of the Grouse which is in Scotland almost entirely fed by the heather berries. There can be no question but that many of the larger game birds would rapidly increase among us were such an abundant and nourishing food-supply within reach. It has the further advantage of a fondness for locations where nothing else will grow. The peculiarly fine flavour of the mutton of the Welsh and Highland sheep is asserted by many to be due to the cropping of the tender shoots of heather.

Here is a tourists opportunity. The hot-house and garden culture of such plants is often undertaken; but this is a different and more selfish matter—and usually changes the character of the plant as well as making it too tender for wild growth. It is their development as wild-flowers that would be a special boon to our hills and fields and which requires a more disinterested activity, one which tourists and especially the owners of country estates can readily perform to the great benefit of their own property as well as to the public good.

There is another side of the subject which ought not to be passed over. Transplanting not only benefits the enriched flora of the fields, it also often saves many a waning and weakening stock. This is a well-known horticultural truth, and we have many beautiful native wild flowers that might very easily be made far more abundant than they are. Such is the fringed Gentian, the most beautiful of native New England blossoms. This beautiful plant is becoming more and more scarce each year, but it is easily introduced in proper locations and there is scarcely a country estate in New England but that has some spot where it may be made to flourish. As it especially loves moist spots in high-lying open meadows, the hay-maker's scythe is its greatest enemy. The yellow Gentian of Switzerland is an extremely brilliant flower which could be made to grow on elevated ground, for it is a very hardy as well as very beautiful plant. It may not be generally known that the wild rose is capable of greatly extending its blossoming period by cutting back. Of the Golden-rod there are many varieties, and some are far more beautiful than others, and there is no reason why any owners of country home should not, with a little care yield the more beautiful specimens.

Many people have become discouraged in this work from attempting to transplant wild-flowers to gardens. This is rarely successful. It is too difficult to imitate the natural conditions. But there is sure to be a plant adapted to every location, and once introduced in such a place, it needs no care to cause it to flourish.

The Discharged Prisoner

By JOSEPH M. SULLIVAN, L.L. B.

THE man coming out. What to do with him is one of the most perplexing problems of society. The jail cradle has rocked him, and the boycott of humanity retards his reformation. He leaves his prison home with a manly determination to retrieve his unfortunate past, and to be no longer a menace to society. The waves of memory have engulfed his past, and during the period of incarceration the busy world has forgotten his existence. Overjoyed at the prospect of release he has graduated from the school of misery, and with the opening of the prison door he has left behind him only the cells of memory, and in a few moments he finds himself launched upon "destiny's sea."

"Heaped upon memory's shelves lie innumerable records of the past." The keys to the cells of memory have been lost to the prisoner, and he is condemned to a social solitary confinement. Society, cruel and merciless, has demanded vengeance, and has been satisfied with a Shylock strictness and punctuality. His temporal welfare is now one of deep concern: friends are tested to find out whether they are true or false; he racks his troubled brain to think of friends; alas, what a misnomer is contained in that word. The mocking world calls him a nondescript, little thinking that the social boycott and distrust serves to keep a prisoner in the slough of despondency and despair, and effectually retards his reclamation.

BETTER TIMES AND GOOD RESOLUTIONS

The gray and sombre walls of a prison do not suggest merriment or happiness. Once in a while a ray of sunshine descends upon desolate lives, and the hospital for sick souls loses a patient, a prisoner has received a pardon. Was he guilty or innocent? God alone knows the number of manly forms that have been compelled to wear the convict gray, and the great Searcher of all hearts will some day right all worldly injustice. The arrival of a "life boat" (a pardon) while welcome news to the recipient, only tends to make the lot of the remaining prisoners more desolate especially if they happen to be without friends or money. However, he determined upon his release to keep sober, avoid bad company, and thieves' joints, and if he can manage to exist for the first month after his discharge from prison his future welfare is an established fact.

Alas—the indeterminate sentence (not less than five years nor more than seven years) cuts off a good many days (the reward for good behavior) from a prisoner's sentence which he enjoyed as a matter of strict statute right before that act was passed. The indeterminate sentence act applies only to state prison sentences, but to sentences in houses of correction and jails up to and including five years in duration the good behavior time is still in force in the state of Massachusetts. In every penal institution a certain number of days are allowed to be deducted from every sentence as commutation time for good behavior. This is done in the interest of prison discipline, and as an incentive to reward the well-behaved prisoner.

PRISONERS' COMMUTATION TABLE

The following table shows the time subtracted for uniformly good conduct from the terms to which prisoners are

sentenced under the regulations in force in the State prisons of New York:

Sentence	Commutation			Remaining Short Term		
Years	Years	Months	Days	Years	Months	Days
1	..	2	..	..	10	..
1½ ..	..	3	..	1	3	..
2	..	4	..	1	8	..
2½ ..	..	6	..	2	..	..
3	..	8	..	2	4	..
3½ ..	..	10	..	2	8	..
4	1	..	..	3	..	..
4½ ..	1	2	15	3	3	15
5	1	5	..	3	7	..
5½ ..	1	7	15	3	10	15
6	1	10	..	4	2	..
6½ ..	2	..	15	4	5	15
7	2	3	..	4	9	..
7½ ..	2	5	15	5	..	15
8	2	8	..	5	4	..
8½ ..	2	10	15	5	7	15
9	3	1	..	5	11	..
9½ ..	3	3	15	6	2	15
10 ...	3	6	..	6	6	..
10½..	3	8	15	6	9	15
11 ...	3	11	..	7	1	..
11½..	4	1	15	7	4	15
12 ...	4	4	..	7	8	..
12½..	4	6	15	7	11	15
13 ...	4	9	..	8	3	..
13½..	4	11	15	8	6	15
14 ...	5	2	..	8	10	..
14½..	5	4	15	9	1	15
15 ...	5	7	..	9	5	..
15½..	5	9	15	9	8	15
16 ...	6	..	..	10	..	..
16½..	6	2	15	10	3	15
17 ...	6	5	..	10	7	..
17½..	6	7	15	10	10	15
18 ...	6	10	..	11	2	..
18½..	7	..	15	11	5	15
19 ...	7	3	..	11	9	..
19½..	7	5	15	12	..	15
20 ...	7	8	..	12	4	..
30 ...	11	10	..	18	2	..

THE SHUT-INS

News from the outside world penetrates the prison walls in snatches. Visitors to prisoners convey most of the interesting gossip outside concerning men and affairs; gossip which never finds its way into public print. All daily newspapers are barred, and a carefully selected list of magazines are at an inmate's disposal after they have run the gauntlet of prison censorship. There are times when the prison library loses its charm and fascination because in the course of a long-term man's experience he has read the books over and over again. Prison magazines give but little information as to what is going on in the outside world, and then it is only of such a character as to make one thirst for more. The same old bill-of-fare, the steamed grub, and the dull monotony of prison life as the days lengthen into weeks and weeks into years would drive a prisoner crazy were it not for the fact that some day all would end at the expiration of the sentence. When a man is first committed everything is strange and new to him, the first day in the prison shops, the encouragement given by every old jailbird to a newcomer, all these things bewilder the first offender until time releases him from his trance, and he becomes accustomed to the usual dull monotony of prison routine.

THE NONDESCRIPT

Who is he? What is he? Nobody knows, nobody cares. It is clear that anyone who has been reasonably punished, and who is willing and anxious to do better, ought to be given the opportunity. It is the duty of society to extend a helping hand to the prisoner especially if the offender is repentant and willing to make the most of himself. The world is filled with thousands of honest, law-abiding unemployed men, and the discharged prisoner competing with them is seriously handicapped especially if he locates upon his discharge at the place of his crime. The prisoner if he can obtain transportation, will do better at a distance from the scenes and memories of his past. There he will have no one to taunt him, and he can honestly try to make amends for the past, and become a useful, law-abiding citizen. Employment is hard to obtain because very few firms care to hire a man who has once fallen. The prisoner has to encounter the natural prejudice against people who have served time, and if a man is fortunate enough to obtain employment he will have to encounter the malice and ill-will of former prison companions in addition to police

persecution. There is always the constant dread that some one will tell his employer about his past life, and then immediate discharge follows, and another relapse into crime.

THE STATE AND THE DISCHARGED PRISONER

Every man is released from prison upon certain conditions which are set forth in detail upon his discharge paper. He must rigidly observe and obey each and every condition because a violation of any terms means a revocation of parole, and an immediate return to prison of the offending convict. The state has an exceedingly difficult task on its hands to stem the ever increasing waves of crime and to rehabilitate ticket of leave men back to decency and self respect. The following report of the Massachusetts agent for discharged convicts (a wholesouled sympathetic man, and invaluable in his own field) speaks for itself and tells the convict's own story of the arduous task of self-reclamation.

REPORT OF AGENT FOR AIDING DISCHARGED PRISONERS

To the Board of Prison Commissioners:

During the year ending November 30, 1910, 2,114 unfortunate male offenders who had served terms of imprisonment, varying from eight days to twelve years, in the prisons of Massachusetts, were aided in their efforts to regain a place in the busy world that would provide for their future support.

One thousand and thirty-one of these men, who were at liberty from the Massachusetts Reformatory and 457 from the Prison Camp and Hospital at Rutland, were assisted as follows:—

Railroad fares to homes or places of employment	$1,996 67
Board while seeking work	2 420 34
Clothing	1,284 01
Tools	194 65
Miscellaneous purposes	32 75
	$5,928 42

One hundred and sixty-three men who had served sentences in the State Prison, 129 of whom came out this year, were aided as follows:—

Railroad fares	$352 34
Board and family stores	1,021 20
Clothing	353 31
Tools	100 21
Miscellaneous (spectacles, medicine, etc.	33 50
	$1,860 56

In addition to the above men who were aided from the State appropriation, 463 others, released from the jails, houses of correction, State Farm, and in two cases United States prisoners, have been helped from the funds of the Massachusetts Society for Aiding Discharged Convicts, at an expense to that society of $1,690.12.

It will be noticed that fewer men were released from the State Prison this year than for several years past. This is not because of any lack of leniency on the part of the authorities, but is simply owing to the sentences imposed not having run the limit required by law to entitle the prisoner to his release. Next year this condition will be reversed, and a larger number of men than usual will become eligible to return to the outside world.

Of the 129 men released from the State Prison this year, 5 have been returned for other offences. It may be interesting to note that 4 out of the 5 are known to be intemperate.

Fortunately, but a small percentage of the men released from State Prison or the Massachusetts Reformatory are addicted to the use of liquor to an extent that interferes with their ability to earn a living, and most of them are soon at work. There is, however, a very large number constantly coming out of the jails and houses of correction and from the State Farm who by their habits of intemperance are deprived of employment and are ever shifting from place to place. They are objects of pity, but when it comes to helping them to a new start in life, how to go about it is a perplexing problem. They often form good resolutions, and deceive themselves and

others with the belief that they are going to give up drunkenness; but the number who really conquer the habit is very small.

During the year the appeals for aid from this class of offenders have been more numerous than usual. They all tell practically the same story. Most of them have neither homes nor work. Relatives do not want them. They are a burden to themselves and the community. If a permanent home could be established for these unfortunate human derelicts, where they could not obtain liquor, and where they would be obliged to live indefinitely, doing such work as might be provided by intelligent overseers, I believe it would tend much to purify our cities. The money that is expended for their repeated arrests and conviction, under the present plan of dealing with them, would be saved; and this, with what labor they might learn to do, would contribute towards their support. Furthermore, the existence of such a resort might tend to keep away some of the undesirable population who now gather in the cities in constantly increasing numbers.

The more one is brought into contact with these unfortunate men, the more clearly is it made evident that liquor as a beverage is too easy to obtain, and is the cause of much misery, poverty and crime.

Over 12,000 men, nearly all of whom were imprisoned for causes brought about by intemperance, were released from the Deer Island House of Correction and the Suffolk Jail during the year. Probably one-half of them were repeaters. Added to these, over 4,000 more were released from the State Farm. At a fair estimate, there are about 3,000 of these men in and around Boston all the time. Is it surprising that all sources of public and private charity are overworked in trying to meet the problem of keeping them from distress?

The same conditions prevail in all the larger cities, notwithstanding the constant crusade being carried on against poverty and crime.

The total population in all the prisons October 1, 1910, was 213 less than a year ago, which does not indicate that we are losing ground in our struggle against crime and its attendant evils.

Very respectfully,

George E. Cornwall, Agent.

CONCLUSION

Life is a screaming farce and every one seems to be taking part in the burlesque. The mad race for riches has destroyed in many of our natures that beautiful quality of true Christian charity. Christ was a prisoner in the days of Scripture, and so was the noble John the Baptist, and scoffers and revilers were plentiful in those days. On the whole we may safely say that human nature is softening towards the discharged prisoner, and while his road is a difficult one to travel the silver lining of happiness in his future clouds appears to be on the increase.

A Midnight Visitor

By E. E. HALL

OUR ship was anchored in the harbor of Havana. It was about one in the morning and my watch on deck. The night was one of those so common in the tropics, calm with an occasional stir of air from seaward. The sky was overcast, with here and there a star penetrating the clouds. The moon at long intervals broke through, revealing the wharves lined with store houses: the clustered roofs and citadel walls above; the silent harbor with its many sailing vessels and steam craft at anchor, dotting the water with their shimmering lights. Farther away were the dark fortifications of Moro Castle, and beyond that grim fortress, the mysterious sea. So still was the night that the swash of the waves against the side of the ship could be heard. I had been patrolling the deck on the starboard side, in the beat from the forecastle to the after cabin. As I stood for a moment, wiping the perspiration from my face, and longing for a whiff of sea breeze, there broke on the quiet of the tropical night, a loud splash in the water on the port side. In a few seconds there was a repeated clank as of something ascending the ship by the bow chain. I listened intently. There followed a sound as of heavy, but stealthily approaching footsteps on the top-gallant-forecastle and the forward deck; then silence. In the semi-darkness, for the moon was again obscure, I made my way around the hatch, upon which one of the long row boats had been hauled; stepped cautiously down the port side, and investigated the length of the ship. No sound was heard. No form was discernible.

Looking in the direction of the forecastle, I was assured that in that dark quarter all was quiet. The crew had gone to their bunks three hours ago. They were asleep when I went in for my pipe [illegible] tobacco but ten minutes before. In the after cabin, a lamp burned dimly and sent through a small window a faint stream of light into the surrounding obscurity. There, too, silence reigned. The captain and mates had hours ago stowed themselves away under their mosquito-bars for a long night. Even Bob, the canine mascot, I had seen curled in slumber on the cabin floor. I stood some seconds in perplexity, trying to find a solution for this mystery. There was no possibility that I was mistaken. The sounds had been distinct and in close succession.

Suddenly the stillness about me was broken by groans from the forward part of the ship. There was a commotion in the forecastle, oaths, demands for a light. I groped my way through the blackness, felt the passage down the open companion-way, and stumbled into the forecastle. Striking a match, I lighted the lantern that was hanging on the wall. By the dim, flickering light emitted through the smoked chimney, I saw wild-eyed men in disorderly attire. Four of the number sat bolt upright in their berths, completely dazed by the sudden disturbance. Two had jumped to the floor and were staring about them, bewildered. I peered about the dingy compartment and into the farthest dim corner. I began an investigation of the nearest bunk, but I was instantly interrupted. "Where's Rudolph? Where's old Rud?" excitedly demanded one and another, as they gazed appalled into a disheveled, but empty berth. There was every indication of a struggle. The mattress had been hurled from this bunk into the middle of the

floor. A few steps nearer the door, was a pillow, its dark covering stained and torn, as if by violent hands. On the floor were dark spots. We held the lantern close to them and discovered that they were drops of blood. "Where is Rudolph?" I echoed. They knew only of groans, smothered shrieks, the thud as of heavy forms falling in locked combat; and a general confusion in the darkness.

We began our hunt. We thoroughly inspected the sailors' quarters. We searched the galley, opening and investigating each locker. We searched the deck, lantern in hand, from the stern davits to the bowsprit. As we stood before the top-gallant-forecastle, the lantern rays hardly penetrated the thick blackness of that suffocatingly hot, weird place beneath. The leader's courage wavered As he hesitated, the moon broke through a dense cloud and shone full under the top-gallant-forecastle. There, thrust downward into a coil of cable, was a mass of dirty canvas and dark flannel. We took hold of it and shook it violently. So tightly was it lodged in the ropes, that it was only by much hauling and tugging that we succeeded in dislodging it. We pulled it out upon deck, a limp, apparently lifeless form. It was a human being. The clothes were torn; the face was swollen and disfigured; but we recognized Rudolph. We bore him to the forward hatch, and, after applying various restoratives, brought him to consciousness. All that he could tell, was that some huge form, more animal than human, had suddenly seized him in his berth, and, in spite of all resistance, dragged him from the forecastle. Then he had lost consciousness.

The next morning as the men were washing down the decks their talk was of the previous night.

"Seems like a close call or a warning," said one sailor, dashing the contents of a bucket of water down the deck.

"The old boy looks pale around the gills," remarked his mate, as he hauled a bucket up the side of the ship and at the same time motioned to Rudolph, the veteran of the crew, who, broom in hand, was endeavoring, though feebly, to perform his morning task. "Rud! What did ye think had got ye?" he asked, "and what do you s'pose made them noises that the watch heard in the water and on the chains last night?"

Rudolph turned slowly about, drew a few steps nearer, and leaning heavily on his broom, in an ominous whisper, replied, "The Devil."

The following day we weighed anchor, and with a stiff easterly breeze filling the canvas, started on our return voyage to Spain. A heavy squall struck at midnight. "Watch on deck!" was the gruff command that awakened us. Several were ordered aloft to shorten sail. We sprang up the rigging, gained a footing on the topsail yards, and in the teeth of the gale, and with the ship lurching and rolling beneath us, we began our task. The darkness was engulfing. An occasional flash of lightning showed the flapping canvas; the men gripping and hauling it; and the dark hull of the ship below, now plunging, and now shivering in the pounding sea. The rushing of the sea, the roaring of the wind, the beating of the the canvas made communication impossible.

An unusually heavy gust struck us. It seized the sail we were furling, and, with the grip of a howling demon, flung it far out to leeward. We who were reefing the sail, were thrown off our feet and carried with it. I had hold of the edge of the canvas, and when the tempest took the sail, I kept my grasp. The next lurch of the ship brought me back to firm footing. As I felt the yards beneath my feet, I turned to my companion, hoping that he had been as fortunate. I could not find him. He had been furling the main part of the sail. When the wind seized the canvas and straightened it, he had nothing to cling to. He was flung into the wild sea below. Above the roar of the tempest, the flapping of the sails, and the banging of the booms, I heard an agonized shriek. "Man overboard!" I shouted. It was useless in the ferocity of the gale and the impenetrable blackness of the night, to tack ship. The dark waves, with their phosphorescent flashes of fury, sent us no message from the lost sailor. The man was Rudolph.

The Congress of Technology in Boston

THE Congress of Technology which met in Boston on April 10 and 11 in celebration of the semi-centennial of the signing of the charter of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was a pronounced success on the two main lines laid down by its projectors.

These two chief purposes were, first, to show in the papers read at the public sessions, what applied science means to the life and prosperity of the public to-day. The second purpose was to make clear the fact that in the great changes, social and industrial, which have followed the development of applied science since the Institute of Technology was founded, the men trained at the Institute have taken a leading part in this great advance. This was made more evident by the circumstance that all the papers, to the number of over seventy, were prepared by alumni or members of the faculty of the Institute, and were in a very real sense, news reports from the advance lines of applied science, presenting the most important successes of the recent past, and some of the chief problems of the immediate future.

President Maclaurin, of the Institute, formerly opened the proceedings of the Congress with an address on "Some Factors in the Institute's Success," given Monday afternoon in Huntington Hall. Following this came two papers of special interest: "The Spirit of Alchemy in Modern Industry," by Wm. H. Walker, Professor of Industrial Chemistry in the Institute Faculty; and "Technology and the Public Health," by C. E. A. Winslow, Tech '98, Associate Professor of Biology in the College of the City of New York, and Curator of Public Health, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

Monday evening, that of the first day, was devoted to a great "Alumni Smoker" in Symphony Hall, and to dinners held by most of the past classes.

The daylight hours of the second day were given over to the presentation of papers on various aspects of applied science. These papers were grouped in six divisions, and the times of reading were so arranged that the general public, a large number of whom had received personal invitations, were enabled to hear papers in several divisions on topics in which they were particularly interested. The result of these sessions amply justified the plan. Every session was very largely attended, and as the papers dealt not with educational or technical abstractions but were on the contrary striking and vital reports from the actual field of industrial work, the large audiences gained a better conception than would otherwise have been possible of the fashion in which applied science has remade the life and habits of the world within the last half century. While it is a commonplace that the scientific man must be called in to plan each new undertaking, and often continues as the supervisor of its operation, the public in general probably has an inadequate idea of how pervading is the activity and the accomplishment of applied science to-day. In this direction the public sessions of the Congress were of the highest educational value, not so much from the facts that were reported as by the broad and more adequate conception they gave of what applied science means to the modern world.

A feature of great importance is that the Congress set clearly before the public the needs and the possibilities of what the speakers on Tuesday evening called the "New Technology." The high standard of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and its well deserved fame as one of the very foremost technical schools in the world, hardly need reiteration. But the very success of the Institute has brought it to a point where insufficient endowment and cramped quarters

threaten seriously to interfere with its future usefulness unless the obstacles are very soon removed. The banquet in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, April 11th, provided a significant sign of keen appreciation of this need both by the alumni of the Institute and by many others outside of its immediate ranks. The enthusiasm of the thousand alumni and guests who filled the floor of the hall was reflected in the words of the speakers, who included two such notable figures in Institute affairs as President Lowell of Harvard, long a member of the Corporation of Technology; and President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, who was professor of chemistry in the original Institute faculty. The temper of this great meeting was significant in showing a sharp consciousness of a new era created by applied science; of the important part that has already been taken by graduates of the Massachusetts Institute; and of the pressing need, especially from the point of view of the interest of Massachusetts, that the Institute should be immediately equipped with the additional means for enabling it to continue in the future as it has been in the past, a leader in technical education.

The practical earnestness of the alumni in doing their full share toward making possible the "New Technology" was shown in three announcements made by President Maclaurin from the platform after the banquet. One alumnus, who wished his name withheld, has offered to the Institute a tract of one thousand acres of land in Maine, well suited to the uses of a summer school in civil engineering. Another alumni have definitely pledged themselves to give a very large part of the price necessary for buying a new site for the Institute. Still another graduate, who is the head of a large cement company in Chicago, has promised as a gift all the cement needed for erecting the new buildings in reinforced concrete. Meanwhile, the question of the site itself, Dr. Maclaurin said, has been narrowed to a choice between three sites, all of which are within a short distance of the present buildings. It is expected that this question of a new site, upon which everything else in the development of the Institute depends, will very soon be settled.

One interesting bit of the history of the Institute and of applied science that Congress is worth setting down here as an example of how far applied science has moved in fifty years and of how much the Institute itself has had to do with moving it. The office of State Inspector of gas meters and gas in Massachusetts was created by an act of the Legislature in the spring of 1861, and the first person to serve in this new position was Professor William Barton Rogers, the first president of the Institute. The details of this bit of history, especially when they are read in the light of modern tantalum bulb, serve very curiously to show how much better able the world is to use science for its own comfort and convenience than it was fifty years ago. At that time illuminating gas was a wonderful scientific advance but its quality as produced by various gas works was very far from being standardized. Moreover, in the light of accurate meters, the gas business lacked the primary feature of modern applied science in having no exact and reliable measurement.

Professor Rogers took the office because his own friends as well as the governor, saw that the place needed to be in the hands of an engineer, of a man of science and practice combined. So Rogers took the place and settled down in his office as he himself locates it, "in apartments behind Ritchie's shop, which you remember is very conveniently placed near Temple Place on Washington Street." Gas meters at that day were actually as inaccurate as most people still believe them to be to-day, and Professor Rogers' new and exact standards gave the gas companies and the manufacturers many a bad hour. A little more detail would be worth citing because Rogers' experience at that time is a capital illustration of how state control ought to be worked and what kind of results it produced for the benefit of the public in that early day.



A DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP?

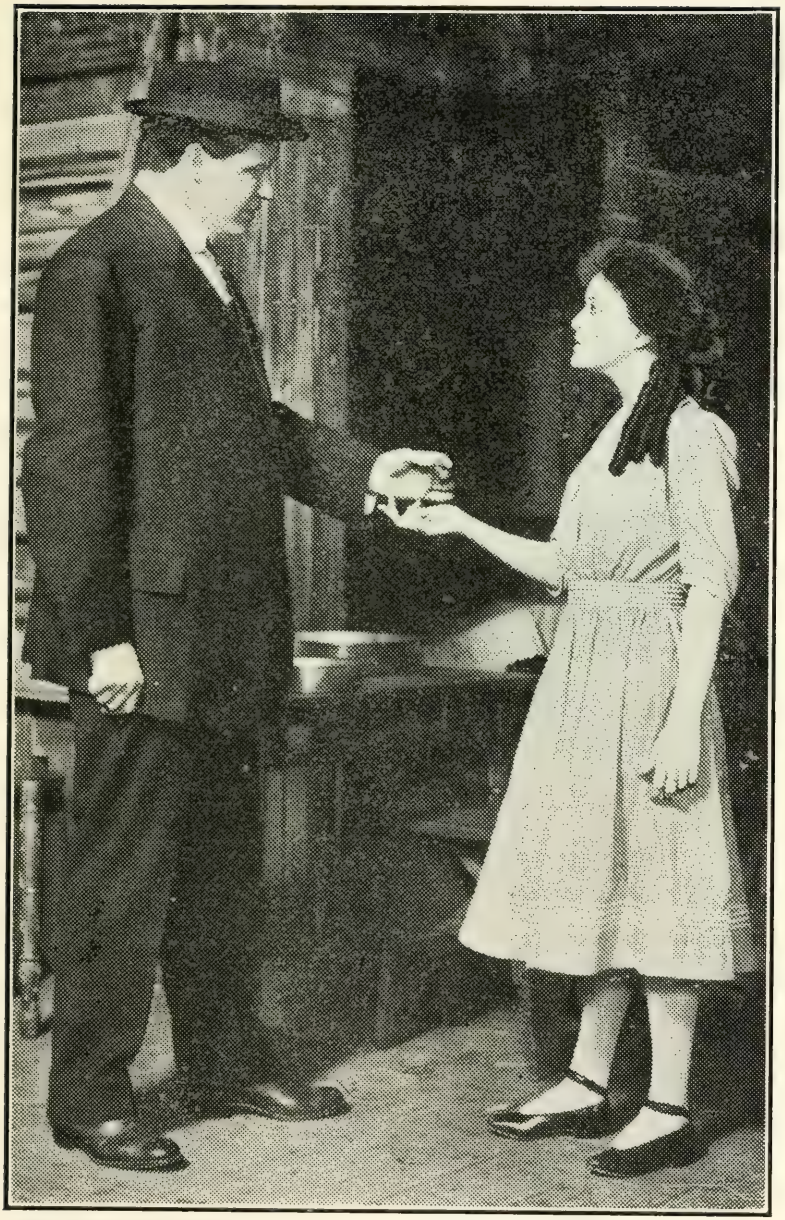
Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, has succeeded in creating a very laughable situation by his action in forbidding the production in Boston of the "Easiest Way," which was engaged for an indefinite stand at the Hollis Street Theatre. Very few people seem to know very much about the play, or the real merits of the case. There is considerable irritation among those who consider themselves quite capable of judging what is and what is not fit to be seen that His Honor should have forestalled their judgment and taken to himself the role of censorship. There appears to be very little disposition to take the Mayor very seriously either as an art critic, or a moral reformer. Unquestionably he has succeeded with his usual adroitness in leaving his opponents in a very uncomfortable dilemma.

Some of us do not appreciate this kind of political acumen, or enjoy seeing political capital made of actions that should be taken only with the utmost sincerity. We may see the humor of the thing and join in the laugh at the situation that has added its moiety to the gaiety of the nations, but the whole question of theatrical censorship is as difficult as it is serious. It would seem to be beyond question, however, that enlightened public opinion is the only final arbiter and that police action is only justifiable at the instigation of public opinion, or in the instances of flagrant indecency. The day will never come when the stage will cease to present themes that would not be discussed openly in polite society, and incidents and plots based on phases of life that in the real world can only be characterized as intolerable depravity.

The footlights present a very real barrier that separates the mimic world of the stage from the real life of the observer. The world of imagination has a law of its own and the work of art must choose its theme according to the requirements that are dictated rather by its own inner necessities than by any moral code. The actions presented in nine out of ten of our greatest dramas and operas are totally untranslatable into real life, and to judge them from such a standpoint is to be lost in a maze of hopeless absurdity.

It would seem almost impossible to formulate a rule for the judgment of what is and what is not fit for presentation, that would not exclude the best that we have and paradoxical as it may seem that best is uplifting in its influence not in spite of but often because of that in it which is open to censure of the moralist. It seems hypocritical to say to a playwright, "These things you may do, if you have sufficient art, if you have not they are forbidden ground," and yet that seems to be precisely the fact in the case. No artist has yet appeared with sufficient temerity to undertake to clothe in forms of artistic beauty the common respectabilities of life. A good woman in real life is infinitely more interesting than a bad one, but her daily actions presented on the stage do not often offer dramatic material.

On the other hand, there is a business of pleasure mongering, and those who are engaged in it have too often shown themselves willing to reap the dollars that are only too sure to follow the presentation



MISS EDITH TALIAFERRO AND MR. HAYWARD GINN IN "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM, NOW RUNNING AT THE HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

of that which appeals directly to depravity. On the whole there seems to be no possible conclusion other than to leave the whole matter to the rather slow moving, but very effective censorship of public opinion with police authority to meet aggravated emergencies.

Whether or not the "Easiest Way" was a play calling for emergency action only those who have seen its production are in a position to judge. The general opinion seems to be that Mayor Fitzgerald has exceeded his rightful authority and rather injured than helped the cause of dramatic uplift. The idea of a fixed and freely exercised authoritative censorship of the stage is as intolerable as that of a censored public press.



MISS JULIA SANDERSON IN 'THE ARCADIANS,' NOW RUNNING AT THE COLONIAL THEATRE

HONORABLE CURTIS GUILD, JR., APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA

The appointment of Hon. Curtis Guild ambassador to Russia, puts in that important position a man as tactful and resourceful, as he is independent and strong. Gov. Guild has every qualification which is naturally associated with a diplomatic office. He is genial, cautious and firm, at the same time he is a typical American in the best and most modern sense. He is of the "scholaring politics" type, and has always studied to cast his weighty influence on the right side of every good cause. As a Republican he is both loyal and progressive. New England is proud to be represented in St. Petersburg by one who stands for so much that is distinctively New England in character and spirit.

THE HARVARD MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION

Reprinted from the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin.

The great creative period of Egyptian culture, in all its phases, culminated in the fourth and fifth dynasties (about 2800-2600 B. C.). A thousand years before, the Egyptian race was just emerging from the stone age—half savage tribes wielding spears and maces tipped with flint and other stones. In this thousand years they had invented copper working and the weighted stone borer, the first of all human machines; they had built up a strong centralized monarchy; they had developed the agricultural and

other resources of the land to a point of great national prosperity; they had invented hieroglyphic writing to satisfy the needs of the civil and military administration; and in the service of the Oriental ostentation of their kings they had created an art,—architecture, painting, sculpture,—now, in the twenty-eighth century before Christ, approaching its most perfect expression.

At this time, during the very greatest period of Egyptian art, there came in succession to the throne of Egypt the great kings who built the pyramids of Gizeh. Cheops, or, as the Egyptians called him, *Khnum-Khufu*, built the First Pyramid at that place and called it *Ikhet-Khufu*, "The Glory of Cheops." His son, Chephren, or *Khaf-Ra*, built the Second Pyramid, called *Wer-Khafra*, "Great is Chephren." The successor of Chephren, *Dedef-Ra*, built his pyramid some miles away to the north at Abu-Roash. But after him Mycerinus, or *Men-kau-Ra*, who was perhaps a grandson of Cheops, built the Third Pyramid at Gizeh and called it *Men-kau-Ra netery*, "Mycerinus is divine." The last of these rulers of the fourth dynasty was Shepses-kaf, who only lived long enough to finish his father's tomb and begin a pyramid for himself.

The pyramids were merely the tombs of the kings greater and more splendid than any which their fathers had ever built. They were intended to reflect through all time the power and wealth of the builders. The very names given to the pyramids, "The Glory of Cheops," "Great is Chephren," "Mycerinus is divine," give us clearly the thoughts of those who chose these names.

Now every Egyptian grave serves two purposes and consists of two essential parts. In a chamber under ground lies the body walled up and secured against decay and spoliation. Above ground a mound of brick or masonry marks the grave and presents a place where the living may meet the dead with offerings and magic words which will secure to the spirit of the dead its daily bread and protection from all evil. For it must be remembered that an esesntial part of Egyptian religion was the belief in another life after death. In some unseen way the personality of the dead man continued after death as a spirit, but with the same necessities, the same fear of the frightful evil demons, the same work and the same pleasures as on earth. With the body was buried all those pots and pans weapons and implements, adornments and garments which he had needed on earth. Food and drinks were also placed in the grave, but these were not lasting, and it was the duty of the relations to renew them from time to time. The kings and great men established endowments to provide for their necessities after death. Farms and estates were granted to certain men, who thus became funerary priests and were enjoined to bring offerings of food and drink to the graves of the founder every day and every feast day.

This custom is perhaps the oldest which we can trace in Egypt. It is so deep-rooted in the Egyptian mind that it prevails to-day among both the Copts and the Moslems. The great tombs of the Khaliphs at Cairo are in all essentials ancient Egyptian graves, even though the words used in them are the words of the prophet and not the old magical formulas and even the meanest grave of the poorest peasant shows the same essential parts.

Thus it is that each pyramid not only contained the burial place of a king, but also presented on the side nearest the valley a chapel for the presentation of offerings and the performance of the necessary rites. The pyramids with their temples stand high upon the rock plateau. For convenience, or some other reason which we do not know, a second chapel was built below on the edge of the valley and connected with the upper temple by a causeway.

Sixty years ago the existence of valley temples was unknown. In 1853 Mariette, at that time Director-General of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, found a wonderful granite temple close beside the Sphinx and called it the Temple of the Sphinx. The causeway leading to the upper temple was clear, but as the custom of valley temples was unknown, the connection of the granite temple with the pyramid was not understood.

In a shaft in the so-called Sphinx temple Mariette found nine statues of Chephren and some fragments of other statues. Among these was the famous diorite statue of Chephren now in the Cairo Museum, which has ever since occupied the great place in all works which treat of Egyptian sculpture. From that time on the pyramid field was apparently regarded by the Egyptian Department of Antiquities as exhausted ground. The site was reserved by the government, but the Museum authorities did not consider it advisable to conduct excavations. So for fifty years the great pyramid field lay untouched, except for the almost public plundering of the Pyramid Arabs.

In 1901 the Director of the Department of Antiquities unexpectedly granted two concessions in this field to private individuals, thus breaking the reservation of the site. He was in despair of protecting the place against the marauding Arabs. On the expiration of these private concessions in 1903 applications were handed in by Professor Steindorff of Leipzig, Professor Schiaparelli of Turin, and myself, at that time Director of the Hearst Egyptian Expedition. Our applications were granted with the request to divide the field amicably among ourselves. The division of the pyramids was easily arranged, as the Italians wanted the First Pyramid, the Germans wanted the Second, and I was willing to accept the Third. But we all wanted the great cemetery west of the First Pyramid. So that was divided into three strips running east and west, for which we drew lots. Professor Schiaparelli drew the southern strip, Professor Borchardt (acting for Professor Steindorff) drew the middle strip, and I drew the northern strip.

As it turned out, the American or northern strip proved the most important. Here we found the great royal cemetery laid out on a regular plan, like a new town in our West, by Cheops and his architects, when the First Pyramid was being built. In this royal city of the dead, nearly five thousand years ago, Prince *Wep-em-nofrit*, Prince *Ka-em-aha*, Prince *Mer-ib*, other sons and daughters of Cheops and his great courtiers, built their tombs. The most beautiful object found in this cemetery was the funerary stele of *Wep-em-nofrit* in delicate low relief, pleasantly colored in shaded tones, not with the usual glaring contrasts of Egyptian paintings.

In the streets and open places of the royal Cheops cemetery we found a maze of later tombs. On examination these proved to be the burial places of the priests and officials who lived in "The City of the Pyramid: Glory of Cheops," and were entrusted with the great endowments of the pyramid and with the performance of the offering rites in its temples.

Having thus identified the royal cemetery of Cheops with its intrusive priestly cemetery, it was easy for us to identify the great royal cemetery of Chephren with its intrusive priestly cemetery, although this lay nearer the Second Pyramid in the concessions of the Germans and the Italians. We were able to show also that both these great cemeteries had fallen into decay and had been covered with sand by the end of the sixth dynasty. That is, the first lines for the royal cemetery were laid out about 2900 B. C., and by 2500 B. C., four hundred years later, the last offering had been made, the last priest had gone away, and the great cemetery lay a silent waste, much as it was the day we gave the word to our gangs to begin the excavation.

Having recovered in three campaigns the history of the cemetery of the pyramids and enriched the Museums in California and Boston with many stelæ statues and other objects of the Old Empire, in 1906 we turned to the Third Pyramid.

In 1906-07 the Pyramid Temple of Mycerinus was excavated. One of the first events was the discovery, just south of the Temple, of the quarry of the Third Pyramid, bearing on its northern and western terraces the tombs of the funerary priests of Mycerinus. Then we found that the Arabs of the thirteenth century A. D. had destroyed most of the granite casing of the Third Pyramid for making mill-stones, and had left the holy of holies of the Temple covered with a wilderness of granite blocks. Thirty

trained workmen, having only iron bars and rollers, wooden beams, ropes and two improvised railway trucks, carried out in a few weeks over four hundred granite blocks ranging from one to seven tons in weight, and were so proud of their achievement that they boasted, "We will build a pyramid if there is an order."

In this temple we found among other things the pieces of the beautiful alabaster statue of Mycerinus. The head of this statue was found outside the temple only a few inches under the surface, near the path formerly used by travellers visiting the pyramid, and might have been discovered at any time in the last thousand years by some stroller casually prodding the sand with stick or parasol.

In the meantime the Germans, excavating at Abusir, had found a valley temple connected by a causeway with a pyramid of the fifth dynasty. The conclusion was immediately obvious to everyone that the Sphinx Temple was the valley temple of the Second Pyramid, and that all pyramids of this period probably had valley temples. We therefore resolved to find the valley temple of the Third Pyramid. The causeway could be traced for two hundred yards down the desert to a point where it disappeared under the level surface of the sand which filled the mouth of a great ravine opening into the Nile valley. In the eastern part of this ravine lay a modern Moslem cemetery, and our only fear was that the valley temple lay under this cemetery.

In the summer of 1908, with Mr. Oric Bates as field director, we began the search for the valley temple. Following the line of the causeway down the level floor of the sand-filled ravine, we marked out five points where we proceeded to sink pits each about forty yards nearer the Arab cemetery. As the sand grew deeper toward the cemetery, pit No. 1 struck the causeway first, then pits No. 2 and No. 3 in order. In pit No. 4 we found a mud-brick corridor on the causeway; but pit No. 5 descended through four yards of drift sand to an uneven mud surface. All hands were brought into the space between pits No. 4 and No. 5, and in a week we had uncovered the ruins of a mud-brick building. It was unpromising enough in appearance—a hill of mud scarred by the pits and trenches of Arab treasure seekers, with only a line of wall here and there. But fragments of stone vessels and of statues even were found on the surface and in the thieves' holes; and the second room excavated brought to light the four exquisite slate triads, one of which is now in the Museum.

As room after room was cleared, almost every one contained priceless antiquities. In the portico of the offering room there were the bases of four life-size alabaster statues still in place, and scattered on the floor, as they had been smashed by ancient vandals, lay hundreds of fragments of the bodies of these statues. Among them were the body and head of a statue (now in Cairo), the beautiful alabaster head of Prince Shepseskaf, and another large alabaster head (now in Cairo). In other rooms were unfinished statuettes, copper implements and weapons, magic wands of flint, and a multitude of vessels of alabaster, porphyry, diorite, crystal, slate, basalt, and other stones.

But the temple could not be finished the first year. The value of the finds had been so great that the payment of the bakshish to the workmen exhausted our resources. At that time the winter work of the expedition was devoted to the Nubian Archæological Survey. The next summer (1909) the expedition was obliged to go to Samaria; so the excavations of the Valley Temple of Mycerinus were not resumed until the winter of 1909-10. Mr. Firth and Mr. Bates were then on the Nubian Survey, and the work was carried out under the field direction of Mr. Fisher. By April, 1910, the Valley Temple was finished, and we had come on the edge of a town which lies in front of it and runs out under the Arab cemetery.

Again we found stone vessels, unfinished statuettes, fragments of slate triads, and other objects as before; but the greatest of all our finds was a beautiful pair of statue portraits of the king and queen in hard dark slate. Curiously enough, this was under the floor of the temple in a great hole dug by the Arab

treasure hunter of the thirteenth century A. D. These gentry had dug two holes side by side. In digging the second one they had found our statue in their way, had dragged it out from the room in which it stood, cast it uninjured down the first hole, and covered it with the sand and debris from the second hole. Thus it was almost miraculously preserved until the hour when one of our men, lifting a stone from its bed in the debris, saw the sand fall away and reveal the profile of the queen.

I am often asked: "How came it that such beautiful objects were found in a poor mud-brick temple?" As a matter of fact, these great masterpieces were not made for a mud-brick temple, but for a costly granite temple which would have outdone the Sphinx Temple if it had been finished. Our work revealed three temples: (1) a magnificent stone temple, or rather its foundations, laid by Mycerinus himself, but owing to his early death, unfinished; (2) a mud-brick temple built by Shepseskaf, the son and successor of Mycerinus, in the course of his first year; and (3) a mud-brick reconstruction built by Pepy II of the sixth dynasty. Our statues were made in the days of Mycerinus for the stone temple, and placed by Shepseskaf in the only temple he could manage to build, the early mud-brick temple.

The course of events is clear. There is in the Museum at Palermo, Sicily, a fragment of an ancient Egyptian chronicle made probably in the sixth dynasty, and called the Palermo stone. At the end of the second line of the reverse of this stone it is stated that in his second year, Shepseskaf selected the site for his pyramid named "Shelter of Shepseskaf." The rest is broken away. This pyramid is without doubt the unfinished pyramid just northwest of our Valley Temple. It can hardly be called unfinished even, for it had only just been begun. Perhaps a year would have been sufficient for the work done. Shepseskaf was apparently the last king of his dynasty. He was probably killed by one of his rivals, perhaps by User-kaf, the first king of the fifth dynasty. Perhaps from the moment he came to the throne the poor young king was harassed by seditions and revolts. He felt unable to finish his father's tomb as it was planned. Possibly he thought to do it later. In any case his own tomb, not yet begun, was more important. The master masons and the architects, the sculptors and the craftsmen were called on to finish hurriedly the Mycerinus tomb and begin on the new tomb, "the Shelter of Shepseskaf," its statues and its ceremonial vessels. To-day only a square hewed block of native rock, with a pile of masonry on top, stands on the site of "the Shelter of Shepseskaf." For years archæologists and travellers have wondered vaguely what this might be; and only since the excavation of the mud-brick valley temple of the Third Pyramid has it become clear that this mysterious pile of masonry was the unfinished pyramid of the son of Mycerinus.

The care with which the temples of Mycerinus were excavated enabled us to unravel the history of the construction and the decay of the different buildings on the site. The positive proof was given that our statues were of the fourth dynasty, and that in the fourth dynasty pyramids had valley temples. Thus the final proof was delivered that the Granite or Sphinx Temple was the valley temple of the Second Pyramid, the tomb of Chephren. At the same time the dispute about the date of the great diorite statue of Chephren and of the Sphinx itself was finally laid to rest. Exactly those characteristics of the Chephren statue and of the Sphinx which were supposed to be of later date were found in our statues, and these arguments fell to the ground. It was therefore necessary to return to the *a priori* probable view that these monuments are of the time of Chephren himself.

Now the Sphinx in Egypt is nothing but the body of a lion with the head of the reigning king. In this guise the king is represented as a guardian, trampling his enemies and warding them off his territory. The motive occurs often. The Great Sphinx is the guardian of the sacred precincts of the Second Pyramid placed beside the causeway leading to the Pyramid. The body is the body of a lion.

The head is a portrait of Chephren, the king who built the Second Pyramid and carved the guardian Sphinx out of a knob of natural rock.

By G. A. R.



The close of the Boston Opera season is being followed by an engagement of the Aborn English Grand Opera Company. This excellent company presents, each week, one of the standard operas at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar. "Lucia di Lammermoor" with two excellent Italian artists is the opera which is being given during the week of April tenth. The following week "Thais" will be given. The remaining weeks will be devoted to "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," "La Boheme," and "Tales of Hoffmann." The performances are of very creditable quality and more than ordinarily satisfactory as to scenic effect, staging, etc. Miss Louise LeBaron is a contralto of excellent qualifications. Miss Lois Ewell has a strong soprano voice and her roles are notable for their sincerity. A season of opera in English at popular prices is a welcome addition to the regular opera season.

The Apollo Club of Boston gave the fourth concert of its fortieth season on the evening of April fifth in Jordan Hall. The program might be called a popular one, as it was almost wholly made up of numbers which had proved favorites at former concerts. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano, was the soloist. Emil Mollenhauer conducted. It was a more than enjoyable concert. The concerts of this club are of superior quality, and such a liederkranz, so to speak, is a distinct force for real musical culture. The Kremser "Hymn of Thanksgiving" has seldom been given in a more impressive way. Unlike most organizations of this nature, the quality of the ensemble is uniform and rich. The artistic aim as to accuracy of attack, finesse of tonal gradation and finish is of genuine excellence.

The Pension Fund Concert was given on Sunday evening, April ninth, in Symphony Hall. Joseph Hoffmann, the well known pianist, was soloist of the occasion. These concerts are among the most enjoyable of the year and the house is invariably filled to its capacity.



The late John L. Stoddard, lecturer and traveller, must be ranked among the world-famous observers of places and peoples whose work holds a distinctly recognized and honored place in the world of letters. For some years these lectures have been available in the form of a series of beautifully illustrated volumes, and no similar work has ever won a wider or better deserved popularity. The publishers have not rested content, however, with the original merit of this great work. They have spared no pains to improve both illustration and letter press, and to bring the matter down to date in such minor particulars as undergo change from year to year. In this carefully revised form the work is a valuable source of accurate information, as well as a delightful and readable account of distant scenes and strange customs. To those who have travelled widely, it becomes a most delightful souvenir; to those whose travelling is vicarious, no books bring the world home to the imagination more vividly and truthfully. Stoddard's genius for description, his quiet common sense, shrewd wit and bubbling good humor, make him the very best possible of travelling companions. We recommend the volumes to intending travellers as giving that general survey which is so valuable a background for more detailed observations, which, without such collation become a confused and easily forgotten mass of fragmentary and disconnected incidents. It is a pleasure to learn of the continued popularity of so valuable a work.

"Panama and the Canal To-day," by Forbes Lindsay,—an historical account

of the canal project from the earliest times with special reference to the enterprises of the French company and the United States, with a detailed description of the waterway as it will be ultimately constructed, together with a brief history of the country and the first comprehensive account of its physical features and natural resources. The book contains five maps and fifty-three illustrations from recent photographs.

This is an accurate, authentic and graphic account of this great work. Inasmuch as the canal recently entered upon its final stage and no important modifications are likely to be made, this book contains an authoritative account of about all that can ever be said upon the subject.

The book is by no means a dry facts account and history of the Panama Canal. It tells of the life and social and civic conditions of Panama and by reason of its crisp style, its direct conciseness, and graphic painting, so to speak, it is very interesting reading. The chapters are nineteen in number; their titles are, "The Dream of the Strait," "Practical Projects," "The Panama Railroad," "The French Enterprise," "The Transfer of the Canal," "The American Enterprise," "The Canal as it Will Be," "The Work Under Army Engineers," "Along the Line of the Canal," "Panama Viejo," "Morgan Sets Out for Panama," "The March Across the Isthmus," "Morgan Lacks Panama," "Panama of To-day," "The Churches of Panama," "The Country and Its Resources," "The Ancient Graves of Chiriqui," "Up-country in a Coasting Steamer," "David and the Interior." In addition there is an appendix which gives a complete account of the Panama Canal Convention.

Besides the serious and interesting information which each chapter contains, Mr. Lindsay makes use of his appreciation of the humor of a situation and there is hardly a chapter but contains the account of an amusing or significant situation or anecdote.

"One afternoon I leaned upon the parapet of the sea wall, looking down into the prison courtyard. Beneath me stood about a dozen of the prisoners, begging in whining tones for nickels and cigarettes. Their brown backs were bare. In fact, they wore but one garment, a pair of trousers. As I learned later, this condition of semi-nakedness was deliberately maintained for the sake of facilitating cleanliness. I asked one after another what he was confined for and in nearly every case the answer was: 'For beating a policeman,' at which the representative of the force who stood nearby, leaning negligently upon his rifle, smiled appreciatively."

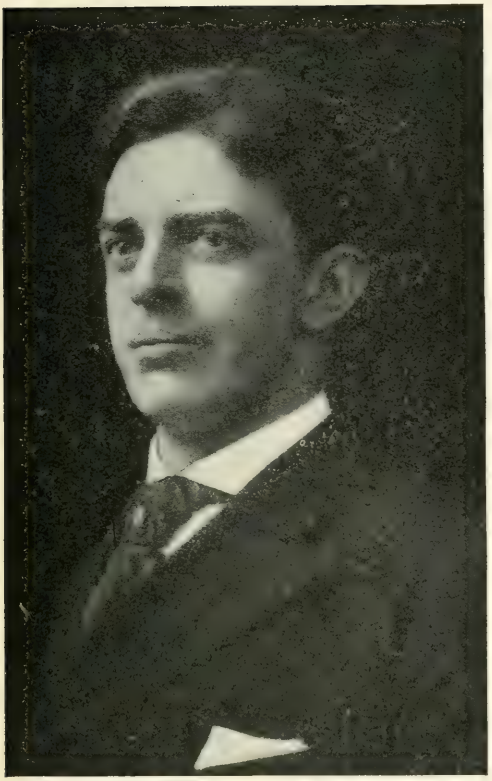
The chapter upon the ancient graves of Chiriqui is particularly interesting. It tells how Chiriqui was first brought to the notice of the outer world by the discovery of the graves of a vanished race. "In the latter part of 1858, two natives of the village of Bugaba accidentally unearthed a golden image of ancient manufacture. Pursuing the search they found themselves in the midst of a cemetery. The discovery could not be kept secret and in a short while a thousand men were on the spot. Out of this burial place one hundred and thirty pounds of ornaments, made of pure gold or of tumbago, a mixture of gold and copper, were taken in the space of a few months. The Indians had no idea of the value of these articles and melted them. The bullion value of the ornaments secured from twelve acres of ground exceeded $50,000."

This picturesque story of the Panama country and its life is sure to prove popular to readers of various interests. It is attractively bound in cloth in blue and gold and is published by L. C. Page and Company, Boston. $3.00 net.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Christian Science and kindred topics are discussed by Dr. Levi C. Prince in a vigorous little volume entitled, "The Sense and Nonsense of Christian Science," Dr. Prince succeeds in doing that very difficult and admirable thing of putting a rational basis under the average opinion of the average man on these subjects.

The author of this very readable little volume finds the field a very suitable and open one for sane experimentation. The



LEVI C. PRINCE

key note to that which he has to say is found in the text with which he concludes his volume. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." He aims, briefly but seriously "to cover the broad field of mental therapeutics from the three stand points of philosophy, religion and experience." Christian Science is only a portion of the theme discussed, and the author seeks to maintain a fair and unprejudiced attitude. Throughout the volume is an ever-present realization of the intimate spiritual interests of the topic, and the desire to help and not hurt, build up and not tear down is apparent in all that is said and adds greatly to its weight and usefulness.

UNDER THE JUNGLE ROOF

"Under the Jungle Roof" is the title of a veritable wonder-book from the pen of the artist-traveller, Charles Livingstone Bull. By means of copious illustrations and vivid descriptions we are carried into the heart of the tropical forests of New Guinea.

The word "jungle" is of Indian derivation and signifies in the vernacular merely a wilderness or solitary place. But the readers of Kipling and other unfolders of that amazing world that is touched with the madness of the sun, find a much more definite and pictorial meaning in the word. Gigantic vegetation, sleepless, cat-like eyes, the sting that strikes with fatal certainty and swiftness —life in its primal abundance and cruelty. All this Mr. Bull has depicted in his pages with keen perception and skillful presentation. He very wisely selects incidents which he may describe in detail, rather than lose the force of such intimacy by a more sweeping description. His illustrations are forceful and beautiful—so much so as to give the impression that the book exists for them alone—an impression that would be unfair to the writer's very marked literary skill.

The volume is handsomely gotten out by Page & Co., Boston.

A NEW MUSICAL DICTIONARY

Baltzell's Dictionary of Musicians is a new work which will undoubtedly prove a valuable reference book for it fills a long felt want. It is possible to find short sketches of the most recent composers and musicians in this dictionary. Even persons of prominent and even slight local interest are not neglected. This dictionary is of value because it contains information which can be found quickly and satisfactorily and which is of too recent interest to be found in Grove and the larger works. Contemporary musicians who have attained recent prominence occasionally furnish considerable trouble to one wishing to find some clue to their claim to fame because nearly all of the standard works of reference were on their shelves long before these ultra-moderns attained to any degree of public interest. It is even necessary to look in the supplement to several well known works to find any account of Debussy;

Delius recently occasioned, except for some accidental magazine information, no end of trouble and an almost fruitless search for even a word concerning him. The author of the book is Mr. W. J. Baltzell, the editor of "The Musician," and it is published by Oliver Ditson and Company at an introductory price of sixty cents.

Elson's Pocket Music Dictionary is a substantially bound vest-pocket book by the well known musician and teacher of theory, Louis H. Elson. In the book will be found all the important terms used in music with their pronunciation and concise definition. Wherever clear explanation could not be given in a few words necessary space has been taken. The work is the more useful to students as it is prefaced by the Elements of Notation, fully explaining the staff, clefs, notes and rests; the scales with formulas for the various modes, intervals, chords and all the key and time signatures. A table of the fundamental tempo marks from the slowest to the fastest, in the order of their speed is also given, together with a table of the terms for acceleration and retardation. The book also contains an appendix of a biographical list of over five hundred noted names in music. This table is up-to-date and contains most of the modern and contemporary names of importance. The book is bound in cloth and is published by Oliver Ditson and Company at thirty-five cents.

THE ART OF SINGING

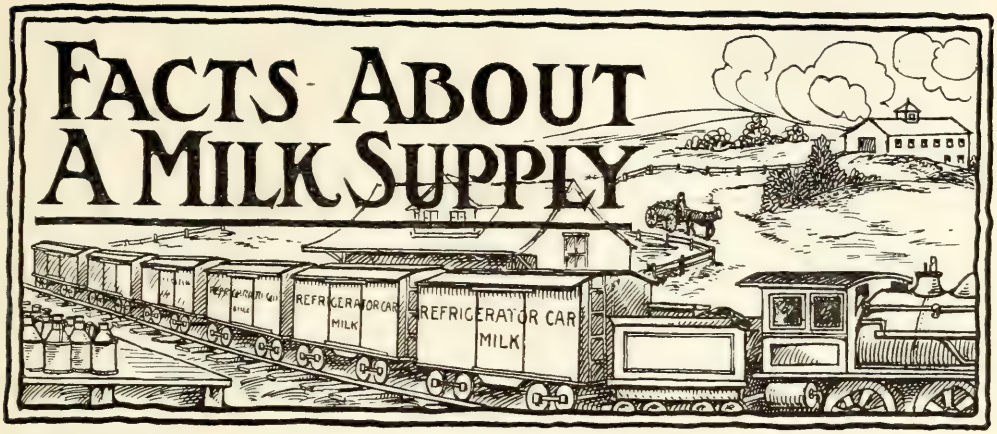
The "Correct Principles of Classical Singing," by Max Heinrich, published by Lothrop Lee and Shepard Company. The experience of Mr. Heinrich has been as widespread as it has been unique—unique, because to every musical problem he has brought the pressure of a more than usual perceptive intellect and musicianship. There is not a chapter of this book which does not have its note of authority. The appreciative foreword by the publishers is only the voicing of the sentiments of every musician whose musical experiences have in any way known Max Heinrich. It would be safe to say that no musician who has appeared before the American musical public has done as much toward the cultivation of genuine musical taste and toward the promotion of that almost unknown quantity, musical common sense. For over thirty years Max Heinrich has been a prominent figure of America's musical life in song and oratorio. There are few who can approach his interpretation of the songs of Schubert and Schumann.

The "General Remarks" by Mr. Heinrich which form the first chapter of the book, are characteristic of his perception and common sense as applied to musical art. The insistence upon the truth of things which he voices here are only the inevitable result of his musicianship.

The remaining chapters are "Choosing a Teacher," "The Art of Singing" and "Oratorio Singing and the Art of Singing Recitative." The "Art of Singing" is divided into Preliminary Remarks, Voice Production and Placing, Breath Control, Phrasing and Diction, Tone Color, Personality. "Oratorio Singing" is followed by illustrations from "The Messiah" and "Die Schone Mullerin" by Schubert. The remarks upon the latter cycle are preceded by able words concerning Franz Schubert and his songs. The one hundred and forty-eight pages which tell of the Beautiful Miller's Daughter are well worth the serious consideration of every amateur musician. The musical notations which the book contains are not given in any edition in print; notations which are absolutely essential to a correct and musicianly delivery of the Recitations, Arias and Songs and there is as much sound advice concerning the proper piano accompaniment of the songs as concerning the songs themselves,—a rare thing to hear from the lips of a great singer, for, as a rule what do they know of real musicianship?

The book is one of the most interesting and valuable works concerning the art of classical singing which has been published.

FACTS ABOUT A MILK SUPPLY



By R. M. DOLE

WOULD it not be difficult to point out a line of business that is as vitally close to the people as that of handling the milk supply of an urban community? It is a work requiring infinite pains, unremitting vigilance and executive abilities of a very high order . To handle fifteen carloads of milk per day every day of the year, and watch it with jealous care from the producer to the consumers that it may be delivered fresh and pure and up to the standard of the state, is a business that requires scientific knowledge as well as business enterprise, managerial talent and large investments of capital.

The firm of D. Whiting and Sons does such a milk business, and does it well, to the general satisfaction of both producer and consumer. It was established sixty years ago by David Whiting, and is now carried on by five grandsons, Isaac S., George, John J., David and Charles F. Whiting.

The delivery territory covered by D. Whiting and Sons comprises Greater Boston. Every morning the big milk train comes in, and before another morning arrives, the entire quantity is either delivered to consumers, or made into butter and reduced to casein for use in other trades. Every day's work is complete in itself, and one day's supply is no sooner out than a most thorough cleansing process begins for the next day's business.

The question of over-supply is a very important one to the large operator in milk. A certain fluctuation in demand and supply is inevitable, and it is found necessary to obtain daily a supply somewhat in excess of actual demands. At the close margins on which milk is handled, the utilization of this excess is a very important item in the business. At the D. Whiting and Sons' establishment, the surplus is turned into butter. This means a loss of about one-half of its selling value as milk, a loss carried by the house in the interests of an adequate and absolutely fresh supply.

The first David Whiting brought one milk car from Wilton, N. H., to Boston. His grandsons bring fifteen cars from all points in New England. The original business was buying from producers and selling to pedlers, and while this is still done to a small extent, the principal business is the direct distribution to families and to wholesale houses. One hundred wagons laden with Whiting's milk go every day from the Charlestown depot at 570 Rutherford Avenue, and find their way to the richest mansions and humblest homes about Boston.

Express Refrigerator Trains.

The milk comes from New England

farms in fast express trains, of refrigerator cars, and is landed in Charlestown for delivery as fresh as milk from the suburbs. Distance is no factor provided conditions of cleanliness are maintained and the milk is kept at the right temperature.

Every dairy which contributes to D. Whiting and Sons' supply is inspected at least every three months by their own trained dairy inspectors. Cow stables must be clean, well-lighted and whitewashed, and the dairies must have special milk rooms with supplies of ice for cooling milk. The dairymen deliver the milk to the refrigerator cars, which are hauled direct to the Charlestown terminal, a modern plant, fully equipped with all apparatus for rapid and sanitary milk handling.

The writer was given the privilege of the minute examination of every process involved in the actual handling of the milk at the distributing plant. The process is as interesting as it is instructive.

Machinery using caustic alkalies and steam cleanse and sterilize the cans and bottles, and automatic apparatus fills and caps the bottles, eliminating human handling. In a fully-equipped chemical laboratory the product of every dairy is regularly analyzed to insure full food value and freedom from adulteration, while the bacteriological laboratory also examines each dairy's product to hold it to the standards of cleanliness. Health conditions of employees are provided for by lavatories with shower baths, locker rooms, and a regular steam laundry, where suits worn in the building are washed every day.

Pasteurization.

All this is for the protection of the milk supply to make it pure, clean and safe, but yet one more process has been introduced to make assurance doubly sure. The latest perfected apparatus is used to pasteurize the milk. For twenty minutes the milk is held at a temperature of one hundred and forty-five degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature which science has proved will destroy disease germs, if accidentally present, and will not affect the digestibility of the milk, which a higher temperature will do. The pasteurization plant was recently introduced as the last thing that could be done to give the highest degree of security, but the rigid rules and frequent inspection of the source of supply and the handling and transportation of milk are not relaxed. Stern and inflexible are the safeguards with which this milk supply of greater Boston, the tenth city of the world, is surrounded.

Variety of Products.

Among the products handled by D. Whiting and Sons is certified milk. It comes from the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and is produced under ideal conditions and under supervision of the Milk Commission of the Suffolk District Medical Society. The cows are kept scrupulously clean, and are examined monthly by a veterinarian, and are proved free from tuberculosis by an annual tuberculin test. The walls, floor and ceiling of the cow stable are constructed entirely of concrete, and a milk house similarly constructed and separated from the stable is provided with steam for cleansing bottles and pails and with sanitary bottling apparatus. Each bottle bears the seal of the college, and is delivered in Greater Boston by the Whiting wagons.

Modified Milk.

Modified milk is another product which is widely distributed through the Whiting firm. The best food for babies unquestionably is mother's milk, but when that fails the substitute most closely approaching mother's milk is the next best. There are many substitute foods on the market, but they are generally undesirable because too high in starch and sugar

and too low in fat. Moreover most babies cannot digest straight cow's milk, so the solution of the problem comes in modified milk, which is a high-grade cow's milk so adapted or modified in its composition as to resemble closely the composition of mother's milk. The proteids in cow's milk are reduced, the sugar increased, and the acid reaction of milk changed to alkaline by the addition of lime water. Modified milk is prepared in formulas adapted for different periods of the first year, under the careful direction of both the chemical and bacteriological laboratories.

Buttermilk.

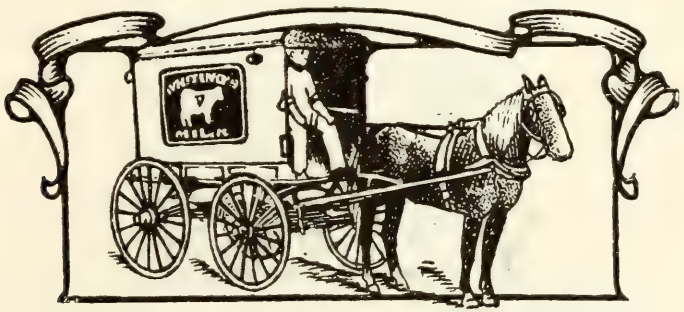
Another product is buttermilk, the importance of which in diet has lately been more fully realized through the researches of science. The lactic acid and bacteria present in buttermilk have a tonic effect on the human system through the suppression of undesirable fermentation, and so are valuable for persons suffering from indigestion. The buttermilk from Whiting's is sold in glass bottles, in the freshest possible condition.

The regular Whiting milk is, of course, the bulk of the business, and the care and pains taken to insure the best have already been described. Cream is also sold in large quantities, and butter in individual prints and tubs is also an important business in itself.

Economy in Milk.

One thing that all people should remember is the economy of milk. By some it is regarded as a luxury, and by others as a beverage. Milk really is a natural food containing the three great constituents of diet, fats, carbohydrates, and proteids. It is all digestible with no waste. There is no bone, no shell, no seed. It requires no cost of preparation and no cooking; it is always ready to serve. One quart of milk is scientifically calculated to be the equal in usefulness to the human system of one pound of beef or nine eggs, and its cost is ridiculously small in comparison.

Milk is one of the problems of the great cities. It is necessary that it be delivered fresh and clean. The state does what it can to hold up the standard, but a great firm like D. Whiting and Sons does very much more. The business is conducted on sound business sense and a conscience. The people are given the best results, and the margin of profit is small. In a great business excellently managed the people are partners, and so it is with D. Whiting and Sons of Charlestown.



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the meaning of the two most important words in the whole history of shoe making—

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Shoes made on Goodyear Welt Machines are marked by comfort, durability and style.

They are *Smooth Inside*, because no thread penetrates the insole to tantalize the foot.

They are equal to shoes sewed by hand in the essential qualities you require, and can be bought at one-third the price.

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UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.





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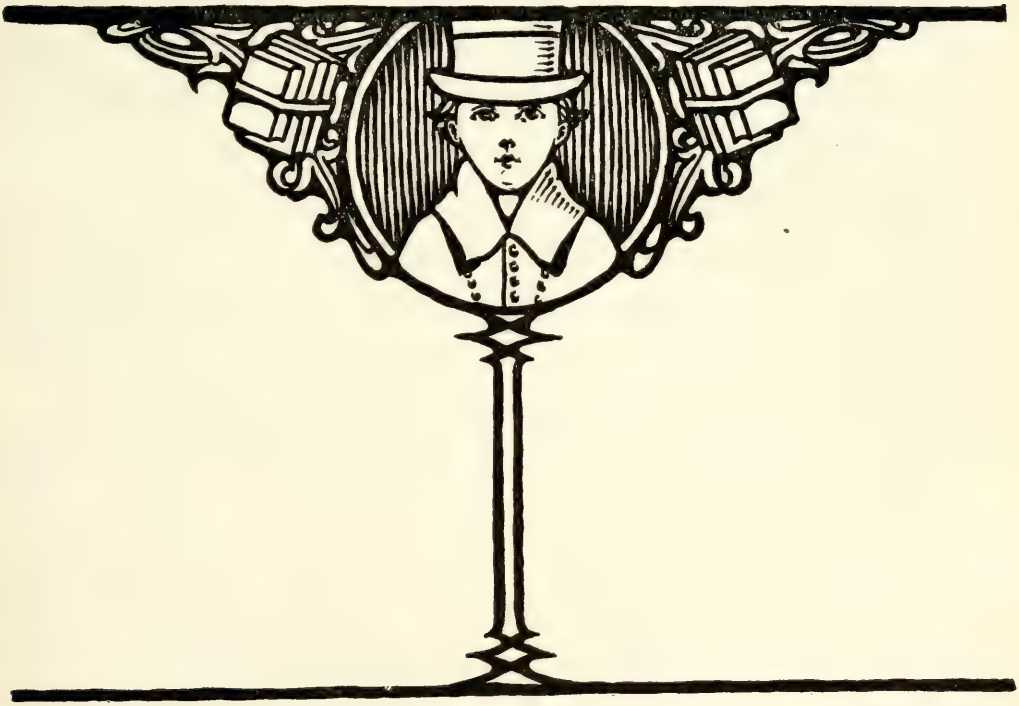
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE

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C. H. COSTELLO, Manager

Booklet on the Hotel with Guide to Boston and Vicinity and also "The Story of New England and the Puritans" mailed on request

The SACRIFICING MASTER GORDON LORD



By PERCY KEESE FITZHUGH

It has been our idea in this series of long short stories, or novelettes, to seek as wide a diversity as possible rather than to establish a fixed type and adhere to it. Thus we have printed one story of New England Puritanism of the early days, one adventure story, one play, and one love story. "The Sacrificing of Master Gordon Lord," by Percy Keese Fitzhugh is a story of still another type and, we believe, will interest a very wide circle. It is a story that our younger readers need not hesitate to begin. Master Gordon Lord has his duplicate in thousands upon thousands of American homes. The boy's first experiences at school, away from home are followed with an anxiety equalled by that which accompanies few other domestic events. Making a man out of a boy is an experience often times far more trying to maternal tenderness than to the youth himself. It is a story that will be repeated as long as the world exists and Mr. Fitzhugh has cleverly chosen incidents that appeal by their truth as well as by the humor with which he has clothed them.

The SACRIFICING of MASTER GORDON LORD

By PERCY KEESE FITZHUGH

"I WILL be very glad to explain, my dear, if you will give me the chance."

Mrs. Lord inverted the book that she was reading and laying it open in her lap, cast her eyes down. Her very attitude of listening was a retort in advance, for her manner seemed to say that there was really no need to close her book as she would resume reading presently.

"What I mean," said her husband, "is that manliness is part of a boy's education. He must learn to talk well, and write well, and figure well; he must know grammar and geography and history and all that sort of thing, but most of all he must learn to be a man."

"I had no expectation of Gordon's becoming a lady," observed Mrs. Lord with frosty irony.

"Oh, you don't understand," proceeded her husband good-naturedly. "What is true of a man is true of a boy. A man who doesn't know men, who has no knowledge of the world, is a sorry figure. I don't care how much learning he has, he's always at a disadvantage. Books are not the only things. It's a great thing for a boy to pull up and get away where he meets other boys—lives among them. It gives him a taste of responsibility—makes a man of him."

"Possibly you would like to have him join your club," suggested Mrs. Lord. "He is fourteen, and I am sure he would learn plenty about the world there."

"No, no," replied her husband, "let us talk about this thing sensibly. Suppose now, that Gordon should do something wrong here. We ——"

"He never did," said Mrs. Lord.

"But just imagine that he did."

"I can't imagine anything of the kind," she answered. "Gordon is not that kind of a boy."

"Well, then, I will assume it."

"You can't assume what isn't true."

"Oh, yes you can, my dear, you can ——"

"You can never convince me that Gordon is vicious. We may as well drop the subject."

There was a pause during which Mrs. Lord had resource to her book.

"Well, what I mean is this," pursued Mr. Lord, with great caution. "If he did, we'd have to punish him in some way, I suppose. Now away at school, you know, he'd be on his mettle. He wouldn't like being unpopular and manliness and honesty are the things that boys, collectively, have the greatest reverence for. They check each other off, in a way. A boy off at boarding-school has

to look out or he'll queer himself—you understand. His mother and father might condone and overlook his faults, but the boys wouldn't. Away at school a boy has a fine incentive. I think it is the best thing that can happen to a boy—this sending him off to school. He learns self-reliance. He has to figure out and make his allowance do. He couldn't keep running to you. In a way he's independent. His associates take him for what he's worth, and he soon finds this out. There are no mothers' apron-strings at boarding-school. It would be the greatest thing in the world for Gordon. You couldn't spoil him."

It was unfortunate for Mr. Lord that he uttered this last sentence, for he was not, and should have known that he was not, the equal of his wife in verbal combat. Mrs. Lord coughed significantly as the signal of assault. She even laid aside her book, which was an ominous portent.

"If you have finished your tirade, perhaps you will now listen to me. Margaret, do not interrupt me."

Margaret, aged twelve, who was reading, smiled, for she had not spoken in an hour. Mr. Lord winked facetiously at his daughter and fell into a receptive attitude.

"You speak of boarding-school," began Mrs. Lord. "You remember the Winthrop boys who went to the Newton Academy? Do you know where Charlie Winthrop is now?"

"No, where?" asked Mr. Lord.

"In his grave."

"What?"

"I repeat, in his grave."

"That's tough," said Mr. Lord, "I never knew that Charlie died."

"Of course you didn't," replied his wife triumphantly. "You never know anything except what it suits your purpose to know."

"But they didn't kill him at boarding-school."

"I beg your pardon, they *did*."

"How?"

"With germs."

"Germs?"

"I repeat, with germs."

"That's tough."

"It was not tough," continued Mrs. Lord, pressing her advantage, "it was pathetic. Both of the boys were brought home with typhoid fever. Suppose Gordon should contract some such thing. Suppose we should receive a telegram announcing that he had small-pox or scarlet fever or had broken his leg."

"You don't exactly catch a broken leg, mother," ventured Margaret, at which her father gave her a sly look.

"It is all very well to make light of such things," continued Mrs. Lord frigidly, "and to encourage Margaret in disrespect. You seem to view all these perils with an air of levity."

"Tom Langdon's boy is up there," ventured Mr. Lord, "and hasn't had a sick day. I don't believe there's a germ within ten miles of the place. You saw him when he was home at Easter and said yourself how well he looked. I don't know anything about the Newton Academy, but I'll stake my life the Weldin School is the healthiest spot in this state Why, my dear, it's on the top of a mountain. As for breaking his leg, he's as likely to do that in one place as another. He might break his leg going to Sunday-school, you know. I can't think of any perils. He might fall off the mountain, I suppose."

"It is not a subject for joking," said Mrs. Lord. "As for the Langdon boy, he always had a red face like his father. He is so healthy looking that it is positively vulgar. I care nothing whatever about what the Langdons do. If you

choose to sacrifice Gordon, do so. Have your own way. You say there is a girls' school somewhere in the neighborhood of this place. Have you considered its possible effect upon Gordon?"

"I will make Gordon promise not to marry without our consent," said Mr. Lord, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"How absurdly you talk before Margaret," said Mrs. Lord. "I simply mean that we should be careful what companions he has among both sexes. You spoke last evening of his going among older boys. I suppose you mean boys who would bully him and pound him and graze him ——"

"You mean haze him?" said her husband.

"You know what I mean perfectly well. I have heard they make the boys eat pepper and put burs and brambles in their bed-clothes. Do you think that such things will help to make a man of him?"

"I do."

"Very well, if you are resolved to sacrifice Gordon, do so. I have nothing else to say. But I will say this—he is a sensitive boy and I think he needs a mother's care."

With which self-sacrificing testimonial of maternal devotion and wifely submission, Mrs. Lord resumed her reading with the air of a noble martyr.

The foregoing is a fair specimen of the connubial debates which had been taking place in the Lord household every evening during the past month,—that is, every evening when Mr. Lord had been at home. The trouble dated from that day ("that fatal day," Mrs. Lord called it) on which her husband had taken luncheon with Tom Langdon and the latter had beguiled the occasion by reading a letter from young Tom who was up at the Weldin School. That very afternoon Mr. Lord had instructed his stenographer to write to the Weldin School for prospectuses, and being, as has been already stated, no match for his worthy helpmeet in the gentle art of repartee, he was wont to carry these with him as a sort of creed or article of faith wherewith he expected to accomplish her conversion by slow degrees.

These documents he now brought forth. "Look at that dormitory," said he; "that's what they call Wells Hall. You go right down those stairs and there's a big gymnasium—has a swimming tank ——"

"I don't care to see it," said Mrs. Lord, frigidly.

"Here's the library," continued her husband, undaunted, "and here's the tennis courts."

Mrs. Lord's eyes were riveted upon her book.

"Here's one of the recitation rooms—large and sunny. Here's the dining hall —seats 350 boys. Here's the big enclosed veranda. Tom Langdon said one of the boys slid down that drainpipe one night to the roof of this veranda and then came down the pole—I don't see how he could do it!"

Mrs. Lord condescended to bestow a cold glance at the illustration.

"Look at that," pursued Mr. Lord, with renewed enthusiasm. "They throw the ball against that net for practice. They've got to get it between those lines. Tom Langdon's boy pitched all last year. Now, here's the matron's room. If Gordon had a button off, he'd go in here, you know, to have it sewed on.

"Let me see the matron's room," said Mrs. Lord, reaching for the pamphlet.

Under the stimulus of this encouraging sign, Mr. Lord held up the picture with alacrity and his wife gazed with a non-committal countenance upon the

homelike apartment represented. It was clear from the good lady's manner that albeit she might forego the motherly joy of keeping her son at home, she would by no means forego the inestimable luxury of becoming a martyr as a consequence. And if the domestic paraphernalia of the matron's room appealed to her, she vouchsafed her husband no indication of such partial capitulation on her part.

It was at this juncture that a very noisy sound of approaching feet was heard on the broad stairs which led up to the library, and in another minute a boy of some fourteen or fifteen years entered the room.

"Don't take hold of the portieres, dear," said Mrs. Lord, casting a look of affectionate deprecation at the youngster; for there was never a boy who could enter an apartment without dragging the portiere after him, and the scion of the Lord family was no exception to the rule.

He was a healthy enough looking boy, with a pair of straightforward brown eyes; but his shoulders needed broadening out and it was evident that he had been growing too fast. He carried his cap in his hand and on entering cast it with the utmost precision of aim into a distant chair.

"Did you win the game today, Gordon?" asked his father, looking over the top of his glasses.

"Sure we did!"

"Don't say 'sure we did,' Gordon dear," said Mrs. Lord. "Say 'certainly we did' or 'to be sure.' Come to mother, dear."

The boy advanced and reluctantly allowed his mother to place her arm about him.

"You want to go up to the Welden School, do you, Gordon?" said Mr. Lord.

"You bet I do."

"You will not overstudy, will you, dear?" said the boy's mother, addressing him as if the words came direct by a special route from her heart.

"You mustn't understudy, either," observed his father, promptly. "You know, my boy, this is an investment, and like any other investment, I expect to see some returns."

"One would think he was a stock broker," said Mrs. Lord, contemptuously. "Listen to mother, Gordon; do you wish to go away from home, dear—to go among strangers?"

"Sure."

"I think it's going to be a fine thing for you, Gordon," continued his father. "Your mother doesn't think so, but I do, and we're going to try it. You'll be the one to determine which of us is right. You must do your part. Don't let yourself get homesick. Write us every week or so and let us know how you come on."

"You must write home every day," said Mrs. Lord, in a mandatory tone.

"Oh, he'll be home at Christmas," put in her husband, by way of soothing the wound he had inflicted.

"Christmas!" exclaimed Mrs. Lord, in indignant surprise. "He will be home at Thanksgiving; I will allow nothing to prevent it, there is no use in talking."

"Oh, yes, I forgot about Thanksgiving."

"Of course, you did! He will also be home on his birthday in October; I say that now so that there may be no misunderstanding."

"His birthday is not a national holiday," replied Mr. Lord, good-naturedly. "It may be some day, hey, Gordon?"

"You heard what I said," observed Mrs. Lord.

Thus, flying her tattered colors courageously in the face of defeat, beaten,

not by valor, but rather by the vulgarer force of numbers, the minority member sought consolation in her book.

So it befell that, as the heat of summer passed away and the day of departure drew near, the family hastened home from the seashore, where they had sojourned through the vacation season, in order to prepare Master Gordon for his destiny. To Mrs. Lord, the "Fall term," of which the boy and his sister had enthusiastically talked during the idle summer months, now loomed grim and menacing, like an American Siberia which should presently engulf her only son in its abyssmal depths. And so it was that Master Gordon Lord gathered about him his choicest temporal possessions—a formidable jack-knife, a full-rigged, miniature sloop, a catching mit, a bean-shooter of appalling dimensions, his collection of marbles (including two highly mooned "reals" and four "imitations"), a football with his initials ostentatiously stencilled thereon, a piece of stick, whittled to points at either end and accommodating an indefinite length of string, which (if we had not Mrs. Lord's testimony to her son's ethical perfection) we might apprehend to be one of those ingenious apparatus designed for the operation of "tick-tack"—that delectable species of mischief which has triumphantly stood the test of time.

These and other classical auxiliaries to youthful education were judiciously accommodated in an obscure corner of his trunk with all the skill of an experienced lady smuggler, and effectually concealed from the maternal gaze by goodly layers of brand new wearing apparel. Tucked away in this same corner, Mrs. Lord, with unconscious fitness, had placed a bottle of arnica, wrapped in a woolen shirt. Besides this, the good lady had contributed a beautiful "Tennyson Birthday-book," for the boys to put their names in, she said, and an inexhaustible store of note paper and postage stamps. She had, moreover, taken the gentle feminine revenge of making her son's trousseau (as his father called it) as extensive and costly as possible. There was a superabundance of practical gear of every description. Every homely want had been lovingly anticipated.

"You must always put on this muffler when you go out at night, promise mother," she had said, as she knelt before his trunk and forced that article into a corner.

"Mother, you're a dandy trunk packer, all right," said Gordon, with genuine admiration.

She drew him toward her and kissed him, pleased with his boyish slang when it took the form of compliment.

"Don't you worry about me, mother."

"I shall never worry about what you do, dear, but only for fear something may happen to you; promise me you will wear the muffler when it is cold."

So she prosecuted the pathetic task of trunk packing with the skill that only a woman has, rolling things into compact little bundles and pushing them into outer corner till they disappeared, commenting all the while upon their need and usefulness. There were mittens and footgear suitable for an Arctic expedition; there were coats and sweaters for every variety of temperature, and no caprice of weather might find Master Gordon unprepared to meet it on equal terms. But Mrs. Lord's master stroke, both of motherly concern and wifely retaliation, was the array of stockings with which she had supplied her son. These were flauntingly exhibited, hanging over the footbar of the brass bedstead, where they bore an odd resemblance to one of those musical instruments from which vaude-

ville "specialists" are wont to extract discordant sounds by shaking, in turn, the several pendants. No doubt, these were for the edification of Mr. Lord who, it was to be presumed, would stagger under this ominous reminder that the day of putting Gordon in long trousers was indefinitely and defiantly postponed.

Incredible as it may appear, Mr. Lord went about his usual avocations at home, unpertured by the domestic upheaval about him. On the day of Gordon's departure, his father was in a particularly blithe spirit. The boy was going into the city with him to be put on the train for Winsboro.

As Mrs. Lord stood upon the wide veranda, with her arm about her young daughter (as though anticipating an attempt to forcibly wrench that treasure from her, also), the good lady looked as if she might be waiting for a funeral coach to bear her to the open grave of her favorite child. But no such dignified and solemn equipage drove up—only the automobile, of which she had always disapproved in pursuance of an in-born repugnance to innovations. The appearance of the big car was a practical and heartless portent of departure, and the sight of this peremptory reminder was more than the affectionate mother could stand.

"Henry," said she, in an imploring last appeal, "Gordon is not well—you can see it—look at him—he is not well, Henry—I am sure of it—you would not send——"

"G-by, James," shouted the young invalid, in a tone that made his poor mother start.

James, the gardener, looked up from the hedge that he was trimming, and, sheepishly, came toward the waiting car.

"Goodbye to yer, Master Gordon," said he, with a broad and hearty smile. "Good luck to yer!"

"Henry," persisted Mrs. Lord, "Gordon is ——"

"Stand up straight, Gordon," said his father, giving him a poke in the chest with his finger that straightened the boy up like a ramrod. "Throw your shoulders back—that's the way. Say goodbye to your mother, now."

The boy kissed his sister first, but she seemed undemonstrative, considering the occasion. In another second, he was buried in his mother's arms, and Mr. Lord looked seriously respectful at beholding this affectionate parting. Presently, the poor lady, her eyes wet, pushed the boy from her (somewhat to his relief), as if with a sudden, brave resolve to see the last of him with a good courage, and made a weak effort to smile.

"G-by, Mother. G-by, Margaret," and the car rolled away along the winding road which cleft the lawn.

"Wait a minute," called a voice from the veranda, and Margaret, taking a short cut across the sward, came up with the car just as it stopped. Her young face was intense with girlish emotion and her eyes were suffused with tears. Jumping in, she threw her arms about her brother's neck, kissing him again and again. He had enough of manliness to be a little ashamed of this impetuous demonstration, and enough of gentleness and affection to be pleased with it.

"You will write to me often, too, won't you, Gordon?" she said, "and tell me everything?"

"Of course, he will," said her father, helping her out; "that's what sisters are for—for brothers to confide in; they're especially adapted to the purpose."

"G-by, Marg," called the boy, as the car started again; "and don't you show my letters to Madge Arnold."

She shook her head, smiling through her tears, and watched until they disap-

peared amid the interlacing trees.

The car sped along the pleasant, shaded way, between the imposing rows of architectural atrocities which decorated the wide street of the exclusive suburb; the birds made a joyous clamor in the foliage overhead; now and then, a cheery voice called goodbye to the boy from walk or porch; but the girl lingered in the center of the lawn whence she had waved him her last goodbye. Then, coming suddenly out of her abstraction, she turned about and wandered, aimlessly, toward a clump of hydrangea bushes hardby, and plucking several of the flowers, started for the house. Mrs. Lord was seated in a wicker chair in the large hall, holding two caps and a pair of rubbers which she had gathered up from the vicinity of the hall rack. For her son's aim, though skillful, was not always sure.

"What is the matter, mother?"

"Oh, he will be so lonely at first; I cannot bear to think of it."

There was a pause.

"I shall be lonely, too," said the girl, with a tremor in her voice. "I don't know how I ——"

"I know, dear, but you are not going among strangers. If I could only feel that the larger boys will be gentle and considerate with him and not bully him. He is not strong—his father knows it—see how he is continually telling him to throw out his chest; his lungs are not robust. He takes after the Gordons—your grandfather Gordon always had weak lungs. I hope the boy will remember to take his cod liver oil—I told your father to remind hnm the last thing."

"How old was Grandpa Gordon when he died, mother?"

"Eighty-two; take these things, Margaret, dear, and put them with the clothing for Benny's children—I always liked Gordon in this cap—here, take them, dear."

Margaret took the cap and rubbers and ascended the broad stair. Having disposed of them as her mother had directed, she went quietly into her own room and closed the door. In a few minutes her mother called, but it was another minute before the girl was able to answer.

"Magaret, have you taken that photograph of Gordon—the one in the olive wood frame?"

"No, mother."

"You *must* have taken it—it isn't here."

"I haven't seen it."

"You *must* have it—it isn't here. Oh, yes, here it is."

She bore it triumphantly from her husband's chiffonier into her own room and disposing it conspicuously upon the bureau, contemplated it for the full space of a minute. Then she took her way to her son's apartment where she went about the loving but disconsolate task of arranging the room for its period of vacancy. Gathering up and inspecting, with pensive curiosity, the trivial paraphernalia on the window-seat, affectionately collecting all the significant boyish litter that filled the room, finding that pathetic suggestiveness in these inanimate trifles that only death or absence can give them, the good lady might have spent the remainder of the day in this loving task.

And, meanwhile, a certain train went thundering over the fair expanse of rolling country that stretches eastward from America's noblest river. Heedless of the varying panorama that continually unfolded before it, as it rushed along, it bore the youthful scion of the house of Lord to the sacrifice. Slowly and with prodigious puffings, it plowed its wonted way through lofty gullies, rattled with

metallic echo over trestles, and skirted the stubborn eminences that it could not mount. As the pale rays of the declining sun shimmered on the adjacent Berkshire slopes, the throbbing pulse of the locomotive was felt to be gradually lessening its vigor. At the same time, its long, piercing note of warning and approach broke forth in the still evening air. In another moment, the door at one end of the car opened and closed immediately, with a loud bang.

"The next is Winsboro."

Instantly there came a gruff refrain from the other end of the car.

"Winsboro, next."

On the platform of the car Gordon encountered a boy who had about him that indescribable blasé demeanor of an experienced denizen, and who, like himself, carried a suit case. As the train pulled in, both boys became aware of a large, four seated, top carriage drawn up among others at the station platform. On a black oilcloth band which ran along under the roof edge of this equipage were printed in gold letters the words, "WELDEN SCHOOL." An abortive attempt had been made to blacken out the letters SC, and to mould the H into an F. Moreover, the two O's had each been artistically furnished with eyes, nose and mouth, and stared genially forth like crude cherubs upon the alighting passengers. Several boys were sprawling lazily in the seats, and at sight of the young worthy who stood near Gordon, one of these burst forth in familiar greeting:

"Hey, Reddy, the old man's got his whiskers shaved off!"

"On the level?"

"Honest—ask Hothouse."

"They made 'em into cushions," called another boy.

"Stop yer kidin'!" shouted Gordon's neighbor, as he descended the step.

"Who's that chap?" called a voice, in frank allusion to Gordon.

"That? That's Barry," suggested one of the occupants of the carriage, which caused a general laugh.

Probably it was just as well that Gordon remained in ignorance of the significance of this joke. For Barry was the football coach, a young man of stupendous dimensions, and the ironical suggestion which created such a round of mirth was capable of no other interpretation than that of a humorous reference to the spare physique of the new arrival. But the new arrival did not know who Barry was, and he stood there on the station platform, holding his suit-case and looking at the group with a boyish, half-bashful smile, ready enough, it would seem, to participate in a joke at his own expense if so he might win his way into their good graces. He wore his little blue cap in a jaunty, odd way which was quite characteristic of him, and his brown eyes sparkled with generous pleasure at the crude wit of which he felt himself to be the victim. Other boys alighted from the train, some of them veterans in the small sphere of "prep. school" life, others apparently new, who assumed at once the swaggering air which they evidently felt to be appropriate.

There was much interchange of banter by way of greeting; another carriage arrived from the school, which complicated the general confusion, and amidst it all Gordon looked vainly about for the rubicund and beefy countenance of Tom Langdon. But that wight was not in evidence. Among the others, Gordon seemed divested somewhat of the wholesome boyishness that he had shown at home. No doubt, it was partly because he was new, and probably also because his instinctive good taste and natural modesty deterred him from assuming a

familiar footing which he had not won. But he was in full sympathy with the bohemian, cordial scene. His small, white teeth glistened as his face lit with an unpartisan smile at the vehement and epithet-studded arguments which immediately began all about him. Once he was peremptorily summoned as a witness to say whether the train had not run over a cow down the line a way (for boys summon their witnesses without regard to their probable testimony). "Honest, ask that feller," said the boy; but Gordon could not testify to this important matter, only smiling with genuine enjoyment at the dispute.

There was something about the boy which had always made him a favorite. Perhaps it was because he had as much of a girl's gentleness and diffidence as a boy may possess without being effeminate. One can hardly say that a boy is original in his dress, yet the general impression which Gordon's appearance made was that of individuality, and his raiment seemed to have imbibed some of the quaintness that belonged to him. He would toss his cap on with the same unconsciousness as that of any other boy, yet it invariably landed on its wonted spot and assumed its customary posture of originality and quaintness, as if by some occult inspiration. Grown people —even those with children of their own —were very fond of him; men liked to talk with him and draw him out, and invariably issued the concluding dictum, "You're a great boy." As for the older boys (of whom Gordon's mother stood in morbid dread), they loved to "jolly" him, which is simply another way of saying that in their hearts they liked him exceedingly. They delighted to tell him the most extravagant and improbable tales, not because he believed them, not that he was "easy," but because he had a certain roguish expression when listening, and a kind of open, genial boyish skepticism that was charming to witness. On the whole he was a very good thermometer of the character of others, for to dislike him would argue a queer deficiency of susceptibility to good impressions.

"Coming up, kid?" called a cheery voice from one of the vehicles.

Gordon handed his suit case to a boy who reached out his arm for it, and then got in between two others in the last seat. As soon as the driver gave that significant, clicking sound inside his cheek and the horses started, a score of voices called out, "Whoa-a," and the beasts stopped.

"Let up on that!" called the driver, looking back.

"On what? It wasn't me!"

"Wasn't me, either."

"It was this feller," said one, pointing at Gordon.

"Well, quit it, anyway," said the driver, wise enough not to attempt an investigation. Again he gave his signal to the horses, and this time without conflicting instructions. The heavily-loaded carriages made their way up a steep hill with much boisterous repartee continually passing back and forth between their passengers.

There sat next to a Gordon a large, heavy, sullen-looking boy, whose demeanor was altogether too indolent and blasé for his years. His under lip protruded, which gave him the appearance of perpetually sneering, and the arm which extended past the backs of the other boys on the seat was large of girth and the hand flabby. As the carriage jolted, his form jolted with it, in a kind of languid unison, as if he lacked the energy to hold himself compact. His protruding under lip quivered, too, with the more pronounced lurches occasioned by

the rough road. He wore always his sneering smile, but he smiled neither more nor less, and it seemed as if he might be smiling at everything in general rather than at the good-natured raillery that was going on about him. Some of the boys called him Hippie, others, Hip, and Gordon wondered whether these might be abbreviations of hippopotamus. Be this as it might, it so befell that Gordon's suit case had been boisterously going the rounds of the carriage. It had been unceremoniously tumbled into laps, spun round on heads, used as an instrument of vigorous chastisement, stuck down between the driver's back and the back of the seat, and in its turbulent career eventually found itself reposing on the fat knees of Hippie. Gordon, himself, had been a cheerful participator in the laughter which all this had created; he had not considered himself in the least a victim or a butt, and the innocent, wholesome, uncritical mirth of his open countenance was refreshing to see. The rotund youth called Hippie, now raised into slow activity by the presence of the bag, lifted it and, apparently without the smallest semblance of boyish enjoyment, cast it into a clump of bushes by the side of the road. It was not a very terrible thing to do, but it is, perhaps, a little significant that he was the first who thought to do it.

"Make him get out and get it!" shouted several boys.

"Hey, Hip, you're a pill!"

"You give me a pain, Hippie!"

"Get out and get his bag!"

Meanwhile, Gordon, never losing his generous, boyish smile, accounting Hippie's act as a part of the general mischief and harboring no resentment, jumped out, rescued his property, and in another moment was back in his place. The bag was somewhat soiled from the mud in which it had fallen, but he wiped it off, laughing, and said nothing.

"Why don't you sit up straight?" said Hippie, contemplating the smaller boy and speaking in his lazy, cynical way.

Instantly, Gordon colored and drew himself erect. He had received the reminder so often from his father that he straightened almost without conscious effort. The small chest, over which the stethoscope had bytimes made fruitless quests for evil presages, stood out, soldier-like, as it was fain to do when Mr. Lord spoke. But the blush was unusual, for the boy did not relish the reminder from other boys, and least of all from the one who had just made it.

No doubt, this boyish affair, which did not reach the extent of creating ill-feeling, was scarce worth the settling down. Yet it was, I fancy, the beginning of an end of which we must presently take cognizance.

II.

It now behooves me to introduce you to Miss Julia Langdon, whom you will doubtless be glad to know, for she was a very superior young lady. The Langdons lived in a "modified bungalow," which was, in truth, no bungalow at all, but a sprawling affair that looked as if it might have been the mongrel offspring of a medieval castle and a modern barn. The stairs, instead of descending into the hall, according to the immemorial custom of conventional stairs, descended into the dining-room, by the which delectable contrivance, Miss Julia Langdon, when she chanced to come down late for dinner, could make an effective entrée.

Miss Julia Langdon never used the personal pronoun. She never said, "I am so glad to see you," but left the "I" off entirely. "So sorry it rained." "So glad you came." "So exasperating not to see Mr. Lord there." She belittled, she

extinguished *herself*. She was very fond of reading,—"passionately fond of it." Father was not and mother's taste in books was "dreadfully shocking." But Miss Julia redeemed the family. She knew the responsibility that was upon her, and bore it courageously. Her favorite word was "culture." She read very little fiction; "fictitious literature was so shallow." Thackeray and George Eliot were "superficial," but she "adored" Browning. As for Stevenson, she sent his books to Tom, whom she was educating on the side, but for herself, "so fond of Gibbon and Froude," she would say. Recently, she had deprecated Hawthorne; "pretty romances," she said. Then she went to a lecture by Professor Spoutt in which he spoke of Hawthorne as the great master of English. This was a poser for Miss Julia. "So odd that she had never discovered it." She did not re-read Hawthorne on the strength of this, but she admitted him into her select category,—and what more could he wish for? "Such a wonderful style," she said; "so flexible." She could not tell you exactly what a flexible style was, but every one knows what flexible means—an elastic band is flexible. Besides, that was what Professor Spoutt had said, and Professor Spoutt knew. Miss Julia also "reveled," as she said, in Compte—in Compte and the *Positive Philosophy*. She did not know precisely what the *Positive Philosophy* meant, but she knew what positive meant; it meant to be certain, to be without doubt. So the *Positive Philosophy* must be philosophy without any doubt about it, and that was just what Miss Julia Langdon liked, for she was always cock-sure.

She had, moreover, what is apt to be an ingredient of such a temperament—a certain deficiency of genuine feeling, and (more pertinent to our story) a predilection for petty mischief for its own sake. When the Bensons had made a mistake as to the date of Mrs. Kingsbury's luncheon, Miss Julia did not enlighten them; "such fun to see them go on the wrong day," she said.

Miss Julia was in her fifth season; she had been a failure socially, and in a variety of small ways she was revenging herself on society. She and her "culture" had established a sort of league against the "shallow social life of Oakwood," but this coalition had not been formed until Miss Julia and society had become rather estranged. There were those who said that Compe and Froude and Gibbon were the unwelcome substitutes for Oakwood's marriageable young men, but this was merely jealousy of Miss Julia's intellectual attainments—nothing more.

Now, so it came to pass that about a month after Master Gordon Lord's ensconcement at the Welden School his mother was walking, one pleasant afternoon, in the direction of the Langdon abode. She did not like the Langdons; they were too modern. Their wealth was too much in evidence. She did not like the bungalow; she did not like the windows that opened on hinges; she preferred windows that were raised and lowered, such as she had always been used to. She did not like the innumerable little panes of glass. "So fond of them," Miss Julia had said; "so partial to colonial effects." But Mrs. Lord was a true Colonial Dame, and knew that such windows were unheard-of in colonial days. Mrs. Lord had, in her feminine, unprogressive way, a quiet fashion of hitting the nail on the head occasionally, and she had told her husband that the Langdons were fashionable rather than respectable.

But on this particular occasion she

was going to call on the Langdons because she had heard nothing from Gordon for a week, and she was a little concerned. She thought it likely that Mrs. Langdon might have heard something from Tom. She had not admitted to her husband that she was apprehensive, for she had resolved to be brave; she would not, she had said, be an alarmist. But in her heart, she was anxious. During the first two weeks of Gordon's absence, he had written several characteristic, boyish letters. Then an ominous silence had fallen on his epistolary muse. For a week not a line had come from him. Even his first letters had been strangely non-committal. If he had been "pounded and bullied," if he had been hazed, we shall have to ascertain these matters at a future time and in another way, for Gordon himself said nothing about it.

When Mrs. Lord was announced, Miss Julia tripped into the library, got a book, and placing her fingers between its leaves, meandered downstairs with that languid air which is so characteristic of intellectual activity.

"So glad to see you," she said; "so provoked mother isn't at home."

"I'm not interrupting you?" asked Mrs. Lord.

"Oh dear, no; was just glancing over Draper; you fond of German translations?"

"N-no," answered her caller.

"No, suppose you are not; your children are your books; one learns so much from studying them. You know, Emerson says a child's mind is like a sheet of paper—note paper, I think he said; you write on it, but it is difficult to erase the impression. Isn't that a dear thought? How is Margaret?"

"Very well, poor child. She finds it hard in her new class; it is always so, I suppose, with new studies and new teachers."

"Y-es; probably what she needs is concentration. Does she absorb?"

Mrs. Lord hesitated, evidently under the impression that the remark bore reference to her daughter's susceptibility to chemical change.

"Absorbent?" she queried.

"Oh, she'll be all right," said Miss Julia, in a soft, reassuring tone; "but they are a great trial; Tom is a dre-e-adful boy. It's positively a relief to have him away." Then, in a soothing, deprecating way, she added, "So sorry to hear about Gordon."

"What have you heard from Gordon?" said Mrs. Lord, excitedly. "I was wondering—worrying a little; you know, we haven't heard for a week; tell me the worst, Julia!"

There was a highly cultured, but malicious twinkle in Miss Julia Langdon's eye. The apprehension, the anxiety, the terror and suspense, which were written on Mrs. Lord's countenance were nothing less than pitiful.

"Oh, dear," said Miss Julia, with much semblance of maidenly confusion; "hope I'm not telling tales out of school."

"In Heaven's name, Julia, what is it?" said Mrs. Lord, clutching the arms of the chair. "Tell me, it will not surprise me—only tell me—I have heard nothing." The good lady took out her handkerchief, and wept quietly. "Tell me what you have heard, Julia, don't keep me in suspense."

"Why, oh," said Miss Julia, "now I *know* I'm telling tales out of school; father says, 'Julia hasn't a bit of tact,' and Frank will be so angered with me; but I was so amused at a letter he had from Tom."

At hearing that Miss Julia had been amused, Mrs. Lord experienced a small

measure of relief.

"Just wait," said the young lady, rising, "and I'll see if I can find the letter; I think his hip was hurt in some way."

In a moment she was back, carrying the fatal missive. "Frank's desk is in such dre-e-a-dful disorder," she said; "boys are so untidy, don't you think?"

But she did not show the letter to Mrs. Lord; she read extracts therefrom. Far be it from me to attach any sinister motive to this fact, but I must record it for the sake of being precise and authentic.

"Let's see, now," she said, running her eyes over the paper; "where *was* that? They do have their little quarrels, don't they? Feel so guilty, telling tales out of school. Oh, yes, here it is."

What she read evidently bore reference to information already given in previous letters, letters of which it is to be presumed that Miss Julia was not cognizant. How much or how little she really knew of affairs at the Welden School, I am not qualified to say. If she knew the contents of former communications, it did not suit her to divulge them. Straightening the sheet, she began to read. Her voice was very condescending, and she spoke in a soothing, patronizing way, as if she had an abundance of amiable and humorous toleration for the little tilts and disputes of childhood. It drove the anxious mother nearly to distraction.

" 'If you happen to be up on the hill,' " (the hill was where the Lords lived) " 'don't say anything about Gordon—he'll be all right. He had no business to run; that's what I told Reddy.'

"That Reddy is such a dreadful boy," said Miss Julia, looking up; "a perfect rowdie."

"Go on, Julia," said Mrs. Lord, with bated breath.

"Let me see where I left off—oh, yes —'he had no business to run; that's what I told Reddy, but it's just as bad one way as the other. Gee, I hate a feller that's scared.'

"They have their quarrels—so silly," said Miss Julia, in a tantalizing pause, "and then grow up friends just like Mr. Lord and father, and look back and laugh—"

"Oh, please, Julia, go on; let me hear what he says! I knew it—I knew it!"

" 'The doctor told old man Savage yesterday that Gordon got off mighty lucky considering the size of the cut; anyway, he was a fool to try it. Hip's in a bad way—you ought to see his eye, too. Gee, but it was a clean knock-out, all right! Went to see him yesterday—he had cold feet.'

"Gordon's hips were always weak, weren't they?" queried Miss Julia, in her most sympathetic tone.

"Always — always," answered Mrs. Lord, weeping, and preparing to go. "This is no surprise to me, Julia, no surprise at all. I told Mr. Lord—he wouldn't listen—I knew they would pummel him—I knew it. I only pray that the injury is not serious! Where is Frank? He must know more."

"He's in the city to-day."

"I can just see that great Reddy boy, or some other boy running after him, and poor, poor Gordon trying to escape. What else could he do but run? Tom says Gordon shouldn't have run—why didn't Tom defend him—defend his friend—a great boy like Tom? Oh, it is disgraceful! Poor, poor Gordon!"

The good lady broke down completely.

It is needless to follow this painful interview further. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Lord reached home in record time. She had intended to walk, as she had come, but that was out of the question now. At the station she got into one of

the shabby surreys that hovered, vulture-like, about the platform and in a few minutes was on the hill.

"Miss Clarke," she called, as soon as she was indoors.

Miss Clarke, who was a sort of combination governess, social secretary, and protégée, came down the stairs, but Mrs. Lord stopped her midway.

"Call up Mr. Lord's office at once, Miss Clarke, and tell him to come home immediately.

Mrs. Lord could never be induced to use the telephone herself. She had never mastered its use and had no wish to. Her manner of talking was entirely too flighty and impulsive for intelligible transmission over the wire. The occasional flashes of sarcastic silence which bedecked her conversations with her husband, the disgusted compression of her lips, the skilfully withering look, to say nothing of her numerous significant gesticulations,—these were not appreciable over the 'phone, and as they were Mrs. Lord's chief colloquial assets, she wisely declined to handicap her conversation by their absence.

"I'm afraid," said Miss Clarke, "that he ——"

"Miss Clarke, will you kindly for once, do as I ask you?"

Miss Clarke went to the telephone, but was right in her supposition; Mr. Lord had gone for the day.

"If you had done as I asked you to immediately, you might have caught him," said Mrs. Lord.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the governess, timidly; "anything I can do?"

"One of the boys at the Welden School has broken Gordon's hip—the Langdons have a letter filled with brutal references to it; Tom Langdon stood by and saw it done. They have also cut his head in some way—poor Gordon—I think it was near his eye—there was something about his eye—call up Mr. Lord again."

"He had gone and won't be back, Mr. Collins said."

"Stupid man, Collins is!" said Mrs. Lord, breathing heavily. "I don't see why Mr. Lord keeps him."

"Let me help you to your room," said the young lady, gently; adding with wholesome good sense, "if he were very bad, I'm sure they would have let you know."

"Oh, no, it is supposed to be kept a secret—that's the way they do; they don't want the reputation of the place jeopardized. Oh, what shall I do! Was Mr. Lord on the way home?"

"Yes."

She was crossing the hall with the young lady's assistance, when Mr. Lord entered the front door.

"Henry," she called, clutching the stair rail; "thank God, you have come! Gordon's hip has been broken—he has been brutally maltreated at the Welden School—he has been cut and his eye injured in some way."

"What's this?" said Mr. Lord.

Mrs. Lord, breathing heavily between her sobs, told the substance of Frank Langdon's letter. Mr. Lord heard her patiently and then went to the telephone.

"What are you going to do, Henry?"

"I'm going to call up Julia Langdon."

"There is no use in your doing that; Julia has gone to the city to meet her mother and father; they are all going to the theatre."

"Well, then," said Mr. Lord, "there's nothing to do but wait till morning; probably there'll be something in the mail." He was not apprehensive about Gordon, but he was a little puzzled.

"Henry," said Mrs. Lord, in great excitement; "there is no use in talking nonsense. I am not going to sit calmly

here when my son may be dying! You can judge of his condition yourself when I tell you that his extremities are icy cold. His circulation was never good—never! I am not going to suffer a pack of brutes and bullies to repeat their cruel assault on him. I let him go to this place—let you have your way—now it is my turn. I am not going to abet a conspiracy against my own child—there is no use in asking me—I am going to my son tonight—this minute—I will go to him through fire and water—he is my child." She spoke jerkily, in an emotional half-whisper, and her nervous fingers played erratically with a portiere cord.

"Be calm, my dear," said her husband, indulgently.

"I cannot be calm, Henry, when I think of Gordon—think of him standing there—of their punching him and laughing when his eye swelled up. What could the poor boy do but run? Tom Langdon is a young loafer—he helped—he encouraged them! What could Gordon do? Should he stand there to have his other eye injured—tell me that!"

"No, certainly not," said Miss Clarke, gently.

"I am going to him tonight," said Mrs. Lord, stifling her hysterical tears.

"You know, my dear, Julia may have ——"

"Don't talk that way, Henry—I know you don't like Julia Langdon; but she read me the letter—she would not commit bigamy—I mean forgery—I can see this whole thing as in a kaleidoscope."

"You mean a kenetoscope," said Mr. Lord, absently, all the while twirling his gray mustache.

"I know you mistrust her—that you never liked her, but ——"

"Oh, now, I never said that," protested Mr. Lord, pleasantly. "I like all young ladies, don't I Miss Clarke? Well, now, what are we going to do? Probably Gordon has been hazed. You know boys exaggerate in their letters."

"Henry, I am going to my son tonight," said his wife, pausing to emphasize each word. "There is no use arguing with me—I will take Miss Clarke if you don't wish me to go alone—but I am—going to—my—child."

Mr. Lord contemplated her kindly, tolerantly. In his broad, worldly way, he knew how unavailing it was to argue with her beyond a certain point. He was deeply attached to his wife, and he possessed what the dominant, successful man, used to the larger ways of men, is apt to have,—an unlimited amount of patience and forbearance with feminine weakness. Exacting and unrelenting with men, he was always courteous and lenient with his stenographers. In his heart he did not think that Gordon was in any danger, through he wondered what had taken place. He took the business view of it that if there were anything he ought to know, the school authorities would have advised him, just as his broker or one of his salesmen on the road would have done.

"Let me send them a telegram," he suggested.

"I — am — going — to — my —son."

"I'll try to get them on the long distance 'phone."

"Do so—but *I* am going to my son."

Mrs. Lord, in practical demonstration of her intent, went into the adjoining room and took from its place a small travelling case. Mr. Lord's eyes followed her with mingled annoyance and sympathy. Then he made up his mind. Going to the telephone, he took down the book that hung near it and hunted for a number.

"Let me have 4-7-6-0 Bryant, please."

He glanced calmly about the room, as he waited.

"Hello, this the Grand Central—information? I want to know what time I can get a train tonight for Pittsfield, Massachusetts."

"Not Pittsfield—not Pittsfield, Henry," cried Mrs. Lord, rushing into the room and taking him wildly by the arm. "Not Pittsfield—Winsboro."

"Oh, let me alone just a minute," said Mr. Lord. "I'm not likely to go to the wrong place; I know where Gordon is."

There was another pause.

"Hello—no train tonight, you say?"

"That is ridiculous, Henry! There must be—don't let him tell you that! Tell him who you are—that you are Henry Lord, of Lord and Hubbard; tell him that your son's hip is broken—that you are going to your child."

"How about tomorrow morning?" said Mr. Lord, ignoring her.

"Tell him that your son's hip has been brutally shattered, Henry."

"Oh, they don't care anything about that," said Mr. Lord, as he waited; "they break men's hips every day on the New Haven road."

Again the petulant, hasty voice from the metropolis.

"What's that? Oh, all right—thank you."

Mrs. Lord looked at him in suspense.

"Guess that's the best we can do," said Mr. Lord, hanging up the receiver; "same train Gordon took, I think. Don't let yourself get excited, now. The Langdons will be home late tonight, I suppose?"

"They will not; I have told you a dozen times that they have gone to a theatre party: they are going to remain over night with friends."

"You didn't tell me that."

"Well, you might have known it."

"That gets us there somewhere around five," said Mr. Lord, thoughtfully.

"Why, Henry," said Mrs. Lord, putting her trembling hands upon his shoulders, and beaming pitifully at him through her tears, "you are going too?"

"Y-es, I guess so."

"And you *do* love Gordon, then, don't you?"

"Just a little bit," answered Mr. Lord.

It was past sunset time the next evening when the two weary travellers drove up the steep hill on whose wooded summit stood the several buildings of the Welden School. Mrs. Lord's pregnant imagination had persecuted and tantalized her all the way, so that on reaching the Winsboro station the good lady was conscious of a vague apprehension that she would be immediately greeted with some tangible manifestations of the catastrophe which had brought her so unexpectedly to these parts. Two laborers, evidently railroad hands, were crossing the road as she and Mr. Lord stood on the platform waiting for the lean and lank New England personage who had bargained to "haul them up-t-h-scho-o-l."

"Ye-s," said one of these two men, "he was awful mangled—so young, too."

"Tough, tough," said the other, and they disappeared round a turn of the road.

Mrs. Lord's hand trembled, as her husband assisted her into the disreputable conveyance; she compressed her lips, as if with a kind of weak resolution to bear up, and uttered a weary and attenuated sigh. The debilitating effects of her anxiety, the worry of the long night, were telling on her.

They questioned the driver, but he knew nothing more than that he had heard "one o' the boys up there had been licked." He reckoned he'd come to rights —specially if they used Hansey's lini-

ment; leastways, most folks did. Had Mr. Lord ever used it?

"No," said Mr. Lord; "never."

Come ter think of it, he *had* heard of Doctor Jellif sayin' over ter Hasbrouck's store 'bout thar bein' a boy up ter th-hill had a fist could open a cut slick as a lancet, but he reckoned these gents' boys wa'n't much on fightin'.

Soon they reached the summit of the hill and now were on the outskirts of the school land. To the left of the road stretched a liberal expanse of flat ground, surrounded by a high caging, and marked into tennis courts.

Here boys in white darted agilely about in the twilight, striving against the paling light, their white gear looking, to Mrs. Lord, almost ghastly in the gathering shadow. On an unused court other boys were pushing a great roller. A little farther on, the road skirted the gridiron. Far off to the further side a score of boys, candidates for the organizing team, were punting and catching. In the centre stood a very giant of a man, who seemed to be angry with everybody.

"Why does he scold them?" asked Mrs. Lord, abstractedly.

"They're trying for the backfield positions, I guess," answered Mr. Lord, studying them.

Trotting about the field were several squads of boys, each squad apparently commanded by a single boy, and it was these leaders who received the brunt of the big man's sonorous comments. Mr. Lord explained, as they drove past, that these leaders were quarterbacks (quarterdecks, Mrs. Lord thereafter called them), and that the squads were learning the simpler plays.

"Why, that is Tom Langdon," said Mrs. Lord, studying a certain shock-headed young gentleman who commanded one of the squads. "I'm sure of it, Henry." Then, raising her voice, feebly:

"Thomas Langdon, come here at once," she called.

But the answer which floated through the dusk was wholly irrelevant:

"Left halfback between guard and tackle on his own side!"

Mrs. Lord could not bear the sight of the buildings which presently came in view. She would have preferred to meet someone connected with the institution first and hear the awful tale from a person not thoroughly familiar with its heart-rending details. Then she could have withstood the later shock. She would rather have been more completely inoculated with the serum of bad news so that the impending attack might be rendered less severe.

The buildings, six of them in all, clustered in a spacious clearing surrounded by dense woods. The prospectus had told the truth with Washingtonian precision. What appeared to be the main structure was long and low and built of dark stone, over which the ivy had, in the course of many years, spread its coverlet of green. At one end was a wing with a quaint, cathedral-like entrance, and in front of the door stood a horse and buggy. Presently, an old gentleman with white hair came out, got into the buggy and drove leisurely down a side road. This was "Doc" Savage, the "old man," he who had shaved his whiskers off, the principal of the school. From the glimpse they had of him he seemed kindly and benevolent. Mrs. Lord could not understand this.

There was an odd little bell tower surmounting the building just above its main entrance, and this, too, was covered with ivy. If Mrs. Lord could have known that her son's fate lay in this tower she might have inspected it more closely,—but that is another story.

The buildings seemed all to harmonize with the quiet, isolated surroundings—to have struck up a kind of partnership with nature, here on this lonely hill. As the vehicle came up out of the main road, Mrs. Lord could see through a window near by the tops of six or eight sofa cushions which lay along inside the sill. There was, doubtless, a pleasant window seat there, with a boy, perchance, nestling in its comfortable recess. Across the wide lawn came several boys, singing, one of them carrying a canoe paddle. They paused to watch two youngsters who were squatted on the ground playing mumblypeg. In a steamer chair under a great tree sat a man of smooth, unwrinkled face whose hair was prematurely gray. About him several boys were sprawling on the ground. He was talking to one in particular, while the rest listened and smiled. This was "Dinky," instructor in mathematics. Over there to the right, as they came up through the private way, was Wells Hall; they could see the name graven in a half circle over the arched door. Along its veranda, in a straight line, sat as many as a dozen boys, their chairs tilted back and their feet on the rail. They did not appear to be quarrelling; they seemed good friends. Large ones and small ones conversed and laughed together in genial fellowship. This seemed odd—very odd. The road wound round the side of the building, disclosing another and a smaller structure. On one of its doors was the sign, "Office of the physical instructor. Examinations, 10 to 12 A.M."

Mr. Lord hailed three boys who were cutting through the grounds near by.

"Where is Gordon?" said Mrs. Lord, excitedly, as they came nearer.

Her husband leaned past her, indicating that he would do the talking.

"Which is Carleton Hall, my boy?"

"That building with the round bay window."

"I have a son there; can we go right up, or must we go to the office and get permission?"

"How absurd," said Mrs. Lord; "get permission to see your own son! No one shall prevent me!"

"No, you can go right up—sure."

"I suppose I can find 22 all right when I get in there?"

"Yes, sir, they're all numbered; that would be on the second floor."

They drove on, but one of the boys called after them:

"Who is it you want?"

"Lord—Gordon Lord," Mr. Lord called back.

There was a hasty debate between the boys during which they solicited the advice of another boy who passed near them with a book under his arm.

"Kid Lord? Sure," said this other boy, answering their query.

"You'll find him on the trophy porch, I think," called out the boy to whom Mr. Lord had first spoken. "Go down past the Mears Dormitory—that red building—and you'll see a kind of cottage with a screened porch that's lighted."

"That is absurd," said Mrs. Lord to her husband, "a boy with his hip broken and his eye cut sitting on a porch! Go at once to Carleton Hall. Poor, poor Gordon!"

"Be calm, now," admonished her husband, gently.

They alighted at Carleton Hall and hastened up the stair. At the head of the steps they looked down through a long vista of corridor with many doors on either side. Presently a motherly-looking woman, wearing a spotless white apron and carrying a bottle and a towel, came out of one of the rooms on tiptoe, closed the door softly, and hastened

down the hall away from where the new arrivals stood. Mrs. Lord saw this with a little feeling of comfort and a very big feeling of anxiety. They went quietly down the hall and stopped at the same door. It was as Mrs. Lord suspected—the room was 22. She clutched her husband's arm and, breathing heavily, opened the door.

The room was almost in darkness. There was a white enameled bed on either side. In the centre was a library table containing a drop light and a table book-rack, full of books. At the foot of either bed stood a chiffonier and over one chiffonier hung a triangular flag with the letter W on it. This was about all that was distinguishable in the darkness. On one of the beds lay a boy with a bandage around his forehead and an afghan spread over him. A trunk stood against the wall on the same side of the room with the occupied bed, and on it Mr. Lord could barely distinguish the white-stencilled letters, G. L. Mrs. Lord laid her wrap very quietly on the opposite bed and going softly over to where the boy lay, kneeled down at the bedside and placed her two trembling hands on his cheeks.

"My darling, darling boy," she sobbed, and her face bent low over the head on the pillow.

"Cheese it there; stop yer kiddin'!" came a smothered voice from under Mrs. Lord's kneeling form. The good lady rose hastily and precipitated herself against her husband who staggered to the wall.

For the boy was not Gordon.

"The most astonishing circumstances I have ever encountered in the whole course of my life," cried Mrs. Lord, very much upset by the occurrence, as they hastened from the building. "There is something uncanny about this place—something is being kept from me! Where is this premium parlor?"

"Trophy porch, I think he said; right down this way, I guess."

"Probably it's the hospital ward—they name them after donators; there's the Astor Pavilion in St. Luke's."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lord, "I guess this is where they keep the athletic trophies."

"What nonsense, Henry, they'd get rusty."

"Oh, I don't mean they keep them right on the porch; the porch is probably near that room."

It was now dark, but as soon as they had come round the big Mears Dormitory they were aware of a small, octagonal building, with an illuminated screen-enclosed porch. The structure, as they presently learned, accommodated the Assembly Hall and a few particularly choice suites of bedroom and study which were occupied by the boys of the graduating class. The headquarters of one of the debating clubs was also here.

The light which depended from the porch roof shimmered on the adjacent lawn and spread a band of light athwart the gravel path. As they came nearer the veranda, several forms were discernible within. Mrs. Lord's mental state was not conducive to tranquil observation, but, as they approached, her husband's eye was arrested by a small, round head whose face was turned from him and on which there perched, in jaunty fashion, a little cap. There was something exceedingly characteristic and familiar about it. In another moment they had entered unobserved, and saw a strange sight.

In a steamer chair, which was drawn close to a round table underneath the light, sat Gordon with one of his feet reposing on the extended footrest and encased in a slipper. Several other boys

were seated about the table, on which was spread what seemed to be a chart or diagram. Gordon's chair was sideways to the table and, though it was evident he was in some measure incapacitated, his countenance was the picture of happiness and health. The contrast of his comfortable attitude to those of his companions, his demeanor of complacent and reclining ease, gave him the appearance of an autocrat among them. He leaned far over the side of his chair and appeared to trace some markings with a lead pencil. A respectful silence reigned about him.

"You'll never get him to play on the end, Kid," said one of the boys, finally.

"I bet I will," said Gordon laughing, "if I have to hand him one in the chin."

"He was on the first team, you know, and he's spoiled."

"I don't care," said Gordon; "he's got to help out, the lobster!"

"I don't see as you'll be able to play, Kid."

"Cut that out!" said Gordon. "I'll be Johnny on the spot, all right—you can stow that in your nut!"

All of the boys leaned forward, intent on the chart. Mrs. Lord clutched her husband's arm, convulsively, and listened in speechless amazement. Mr. Lord advanced quietly to his son's chair and placed his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"What's the matter, Gordon?" said he, "got the gout?"

Gordon turned suddenly, to find himself close in his mother's embrace.

"My dear, dear boy," said she, kissing him; "we have had such a time finding you! How is your hip, darling? Tell mother—and what are you doing here?" At the same time, she made a hasty survey of his forehead and the region adjacent, but discovered nothing worse than two laughing and astonished brown eyes. The boy was, for the moment, too surprised to speak. In the midst of this affectionate greeting, the other boys, with that awkward good taste which the better class of boys always shows, departed unceremoniously, casting many furtive glances over their shoulders at the new arrivals and smiling at the scene which their sudden descent ahd precipitated.

"Tell me all, Gordon," said his mother, still anxious. "How are you—tell me all; your father has been so concerned at not hearing—you should have written."

The good lady, apprehensive of defeat, was already donning her defensive armor.

"There's nothing," said Gordon; "only I drew a freak for a room-mate; the fellers told me I'd get stung."

"Is that the boy I just kissed?"

"Holy Gee, did you kiss him? That's the feller I smashed."

"Why, darling?"

"Oh, there's a rule you mustn't bring fellers to your room after eight, and he has a couple of chumps there every night, knockin' the school. How could I study?"

"The brute!" said Mrs. Lord.

"And when I asked him not to bring them, he called me a molly-coddle, and said if I didn't like it I could get out. So I had to either tell Pee-wee or else smash him."

"Who is Pee-wee, dear?"

"Professor Bird—he has charge of our building; he's all right, too."

"So you smashed him?" asked Mr. Lord.

"Yup."

"What's the trouble with your leg, my boy?"

"Oh, I sprained my foot chasing him; we had a run-in down beyond the golf

links; I gave him one in the eye and he started to run—I guess he got cold feet. Did you see the little narrow-gauge railroad cut on your way up? Well, he climbed down and up on the other side; I jumped it. That's how I sprained my foot. The fellers say it's a darned wonder I didn't bust it considering the size of the cut. Is that why you came, mother?"

"Yes, that is why we came," said Mrs. Lord, with the faintest touch of annoyance in her voice. "What is the name of this boy?"

"They call him Hip. Honest, he weighs about a ton."

Mrs. Lord looked at Mr. Lord, and Mr. Lord looked at Mrs. Lord, and neither spoke. Then Mr. Lord walked over to the side of the porch, opened a screen and leaned out. He remained in this attitude for fully a minute, his sides shaking. Then he strolled over to where his wife and son still sat.

"Did you see that letter, or did she only read it to you?" he asked his wife.

"I have told you a hundred times, Henry, that she only read it to me."

"I see. Well, then, it seems Tom Langdon went in to call on Hip. Now, let me ask, just for curiosity, did he say his extremities were icy cold?"

"For the fiftieth time—yes."

"Or did he say he had cold feet?"

"Henry, is this a time for quibbling?"

"No, I don't suppose it does make any difference—now," said Mr. Lord, quietly; then, turning to his son, "Is that why this boy is laid up over there?"

"N-a-a-h," answered Gordon; "he has headaches all the time—it's from hanging around in the room too much. He's got my bed now because there's more breeze."

"Then you are friends?" asked his father.

"Oh, sure,—he had it coming to him, that's all."

"I see," said Mr. Lord, resting his hand on his son's shoulder.

There was a pause, during which Mrs. Lord hastily planned the remainder of her ignominious campaign. She was not going to be annihilated if human ingenuity could save her.

"Henry," said she, "we must have an explanation from Thomas Langdon—he has endeavored to deceive us; he told Frank to say nothing ——"

"Frank's a pill," said Gordon, disgustedly.

"It wasn't Frank, Gordon," said Mr. Lord; "it was Julia, so I guess there's nothing you can do. Anyway, I suppose you're glad to see us."

"You bet your life," said Gordon, as, limping ahead of them, he lead the way through the trophy room, hard by.

"These are all the things we've won," said he, pointing to a row of tasselled flags and banners and to a glass case contining a number of ornate silver cups. "These are the balls we did the tricks with," he added, pointing to a collection of dilapidated baseballs with flames and dates marked on each.

"Things that *you* won?" said his father, smiling.

"Well, the school won them, and I'm part of the school."

"Oh, yes, I see," said his father.

Mrs. Lord viewed the trophies with a kind of offended complaisance, as though she believed herself the victim of a conspiracy.

"Come on, now," said Gordon; "I'll have to put you up against Willis—you'll want rooms."

"Oh, yes," observed Mr. Lord, smiling; "you must put us up against Willis."

But before they went to the office, Mrs. Lord asked a question which had been

revolving itself in her mind.

"Gordon," said she, stopping them both at the door of the building, "I want you to tell me the truth. Have you ever had a fight before?"

"Sure, I licked Robbie Bristow."

"Did anyone know of it?"

"Only Margaret; how is Margaret?"

"Margaret never told me of it," said Mrs. Lord, severely. "I don't understand why that was."

"Possibly it was because I told her not to," suggested Mr. Lord quietly, as they went out.

"And you knew it, too, Henry?"

Gordon looked at his father in surprise, but Mr. Lord only smiled.

The following was a gala day for Master Gordon Lord. His father did the school and left it in the evening, by common consent, the most popular parent that had ever visited the institution. Mrs. Lord contemplated her husband's triumphant progress with amiable indulgence, a policy wisely adopted after her humiliating annihilation. "Mr. Lord is so fond of boys," she told Mrs. Burr, the matron; "he loves to be among them; he was so glad to come." As for Mr. Lord, he was interested in everything and everybody, but in the boys most of all. He broke into Gordon's particular circle with unceremonious and cordial fellowship. He talked with Dr. Savage about the buildings, asked how much it cost to put them up, and thought it could have been done cheaper—ten thousand dollars cheaper, anyway. He went down to the ball field with half a dozen boys, Gordon limping among them. He protested that the field measurements were not right, but presently conceded that they were. He took off his coat, played a game of "one-o-cat," knocked a foul and protested it was a fair ball, "twenty years ago they'd call that a fair ball," he said. He discussed football, especially the "forward pass," which he said was a new-fangled notion. "When I was a boy we never heard of such things."

"Guess they didn't know how to play football when you were a boy, Mr. Lord."

"Yes they did—don't you fool yourselves. When I was a youngster Tom Langdon's father and I could show you some plays to make you open your eyes. You boys mustn't think you've got everything your own way—not a bit of it." They gathered around him and laughed at the genial, vehement way in which he extolled the old fashioned games and rules. "Langdon's father wasn't much on running, though—he was too clumsy —Tom's just like him."

"Father says *you* couldn't run," protested Tom.

"He doesn't know what he's talking about," Mr. Lord answered, promptly.

On the way back to the school he got into an argument with one of the men about the place concerning the quality of the soil. He insisted on dragging the man to the encyclopedia in the library to prove that he was right and laughed heartily when he found he was wrong. He made a critical inspection of the heating plant, followed by half a score of admiring youngsters, and asked a hundred questions of the man in charge. This strange mixture of the boy and the business man was capitvating. He buttonholed the physical instructor when he found himself alone with him, and asked about Gordon's chest.

"Just a little under the normal," the man told him; "comes from growing too fast, that's all; he'll be on the school team before the season's over, likely as not; he's on his class team, now."

"Oh, yes, I'm not worrying," said Mr. Lord, "but his mother worries. Her grandfather's uncle died of consumption

about a hundred years ago, and she can't get that out of her head; all comes from monkeying with genealogical history, I tell her; she was happy till she hit on that great uncle. Well, good bye," and he shook hands cordially.

"Good bye, Gordon old boy," he said, when the time of parting arrived. "Stand up straight, and don't get into any more scraps. Say good bye to your mother, now; and I want you to remember to write to your mother every week—understand?"

"Good bye, darling," said Mrs. Lord, embracing him; "remember not to get your feet wet."

And they were gone.

"Your old man's all right, Kid," was the general verdict, and the memory of Mr. Lord lingered about the school for many a day.

They went into Pittsfield on the evening train, put up at a hotel and caught an early express for New York.

There was very little conversation between them as the train sped through the beautiful country they were so rapidly leaving. The car window was open and the fresh, bracing air blew in through the dust-screen like a benediction. Mr. Lord, intent on the paper he had procured, sat in the revolving chair buried in the news of the metropolis. Mrs. Lord's chair was turned toward the window and she gazed abstractedly out upon the changing landscape. Thus, an hour, two hours, may have passed, and neither of them spoke. Then Mrs. Lord broke the silence.

"Gordon does seem happy there, doesn't he, Henry? And he has such a god color. If I could only feel that that hippopotamas boy ——"

"Oh, Hip's all right," said Mr. Lord, still reading; "he needs exercise, that's all; he'll be all right."

She brushed a speck of dust from her husband's shoulder and there was another silence.

"Henry, you think well of every one, don't you?"

"Of most boys, yes."

Probably half an hour passed before either spoke again.

"Henry, you always hated Julia Langdon, didn't you?"

"Me? no," he answered, cheerfully, never looking up.

"Yes you did, Henry, you know you did. You have an unutterable contempt for her."

He jerked his paper into better form for reading.

"Oh, no I haven't," he said, laughing.

But he had, all the same.

The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

BOOK II.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED

Half-Hearted Explanations.

The sweet, deep spaces of the wood were filled now with the lovely bustle of Nature's preparations, for her royal guest, the summer. There was a new carpeting being laid along the floor of the arched and pillared palace aisles, new upholstery of moss along rough tree trunks, new tapestry hung on the walls and about the pillars, new food preparing for the larder, new voices being trained for that splendid orchestra, and even the artist sun seemed willing to renew effects in light and shade. The little servants of the place ran from before Ruth's quick feet, or danced behind her in pleasure of her departure. The birds chattering like housewives over new recipes shifted their discussions farther forestward. The chequered light showed Ruth's face serious, her eyes unsmiling, her lips closed firmly, in an utter lack of recognition of this stir of Nature. It was a long walk by the tree-columned path to the other side, and then still further around the ploughed ground toward Nehemiah Beekham's house. She came to the side of this small, low farm-house, and knocked loudly at the door. It was at once opened by Dame Beekham, a woman whose figure, of astoundingly full curves where one least expected them, and astonishing straight lines where one least hoped for them, was a result, not wholly of nature's generous fashioning, but also of Nehemiah's generous providing. She was clothed in the brown cloth worn by all followers of the Sister. The woman's wide face broadened at the sight of Ruth. Within, she was as without, generous and careless and untroubled by the nice subtleties of life.

"Ruth, ye're a good girl to come. I knew ye would."

"How is brother Nehemiah to-day?" asked Ruth. She stepped into the kitchen and sat down.

"He is no better," the broad face contracted a very little. "I fear the Lord will soon call him. Does the Sister think she can help him more?"

"Nay, I know not," said Ruth rising, "but I will pray with him now, if he will have me. I told him I would come to-day."

"Have thee! Lord! He'd have thee all the time if I didn't—" but Ruth had already entered the inner room.

She was not long there, though she had made up her mind to do her duty by the sick old man. When she again came out into the more cheerful kitchen she spoke at once:

"Dost thou know where one George Trowbridge lives? I heard 'twas near the town."

"Oh, not so near; a fine place it is. His uncle left it to him. He brought him up, but has formerly closed the place and lived in New York. But when his uncle died, George did move here to work the place himself, which was a good thing

as I've heard, he is a fine—"

"Oh, peace, Sister Beekham," said Ruth with a voice that amusingly recalled the tones of the Sister. "Do but tell me the way thither."

"Where the road bends toward the town, about a mile from here, straight along the turn-pike; a handsome house with steps in front. And will the Sister make a disciple of him? He has a goodly property. I hope to move nearer Beulah some day, if 'twere not for Nehemiah and the farm."

But Ruth, with a little smile of farewell, was already out of the door and along the path at the side of the house.

"George, George,"—said Ruth to herself, hurrying down the road, so dusty and barren in itself, so touched upon from each side and from above by life and promise—"George—'tis not a holy name, but 'tis a pleasant one. I wonder what my father's name was?" She knitted her brow in the effort of recollection. "John—why yes, John Williams. I have it. It is strange that a maid should not be certain of her father's name. How little I have ever thought of him before. Because I have a mother and father in the Sister and my mother. And what will I do with him if I find him? The Sister does not love him, I think, though she spoke so softly and my mother knows not whom she loves—and I love the Sister and my mother, and do not know him;—but I am sorry for him and I can tell him so—it is only right, and perhaps he does not know that there is money enough. He should know it. But what a tangle it all is!"

There was no sign of habitation for a short space along the road she took; but she knew well the handsome house she had so often admired on her infrequent visits to the town. It stood on an elevation some distance back from the road; there was a terrace with a flight of steps leading up to it, then a walk bordered with trees, and at the farthest end of the long green row, high white pillars gleamed on either side of the front door. At the back of the house the L turned and joined itself to a large barn. Ruth had often felt sorry that the place had been untenanted; it had always looked generous and inviting. Now as she saw it the white pillars gleamed out at her aggressively and made her cheeks flush pinkly. It had never seemed so imposing and high as to-day. She stopped a moment, then went on more slowly. Her eyes were on the ground until just as she came opposite the gate in the white picketed fence. She stopped here and looked up at the terrace; how many steps there were to mount!

But while she stood here, with her hand on the gate-latch, there came a sharp bark from above and a dog plunged down the steps faster than her thought had mounted them. He pushed straight toward Ruth who gave a little cry with the color leaving her face. He pushed through the half-open gate, his ugly lips were drawn back from his ugly teeth, his blood-shot eyes rolled at her; Ruth clutched the fence to keep from falling. With fear's quick imagination she could feel those strong teeth already tearing her flesh. Then she rallied as he stopped before her—his short hair bristling, his tail quivering upright at her intrusion.

"Good, good dog." Ruth said with distinctness. But the animal spurned her timid advance and made another movement towards her. Then Ruth called out loudly and clearly, her sweet voice shaken a little with fear:

"Come here, come here, at once, and call away this dog!"

Then there were quick steps along the path above, she heard them, though she

did not dare raise her eyes, the next moment there was a call. "Come here, sir, come here!" Then the young man of the day before was at her side, again her deliverer.

"Has he frightened you? I am sorry. Come here sir?" The dog came, slouching guiltily. "Shake hands with the lady." And Ruth reluctantly held out her white, trembling hand to meet the dog's muddy paw.

"Now I think he will know you next time, but he would not hurt you; he is only affectionate."

"Affectionate," said Ruth opening wide her eyes with that immemorial surprise experienced whenever the qualities of an animal are described by an admiring owner. "Was it affection he showed by barking and growling?" Her eyes flashed a little.

The young man laughed, "Why, yes, he wouldn't have hurt you for the world, nothing would do that—" Ruth hastened to interrupt, but he went on, "I am sorry that he frightened you."

Ruth flushed. "I am sorry, I must ever seem to you a coward, but indeed I am not brave about everything—though about some things I am—" she paused.

"You are all that you should be," he said with unnecessary warmth of comfort. "How pleasant that we chance to meet again so soon."

"It was not chance," said Ruth with her sweet, frank eyes on his.

In their glance he could not turn the jest on his tongue, he bowed almost gravely.

"I—I—do not often—it is not my custom—but I would ask thee a question."

"Yes do," he cried.

She smiled flittingly. "Where is the man that I met in the wood last night that—"

"Frightened you and then I frightened him? I do not know, I wish I could tell you though it is not often I am called to drive away and then call back a man."

"It is no jest," Ruth's eyes grew moist and his glance became grave. "Then thou dost not know where he is?" she moved away from the fence against which she had been leaning.

"I am very sorry that I do not. He left this morning on my horse to go to town. He has promised to leave my horse there, till I send for it. You cannot think how well he looked when once he was washed and shaved. He would not have frightened you again."

"Would it be possible to find him?" asked Ruth.

"He must have reached the town sometime ago and he said he was going beyond; but if it is very important that you see him perhaps by starting at once I could find him." He made a movement as if to go then.

"Nay, nay," said Ruth, with outstretched hand. Perhaps the Lord had interfered to save her from this troublesome father. "'Twas nothing—only—I was sorry—that I spoke so rudely to him."

The young man's black eyes opened as widely as hers a moment since. "And did you come this long distance to tell him you were sorry? Surely you have a tender heart?"

"Nay," said Ruth, "it—it was not wholly that. But—did he say anything about me."

"No, only was much more grateful to me than my common kindness deserved."

"Oh, indeed, I also am grateful to thee, —for being so good to him. Then he said nothing?"

"Only once he muttered something that made me think his friends had treated him unkindly, probably he was returning from seeing them when he met

you. And he also seemed to be waiting for something or somebody this morning. Could it have been for your apology?" He smiled at her.

"Yea, — perhaps it was, — for my apology," said Ruth slowly; then she turned about.

"May I not walk a little way with you?" he asked.

"Why—oh, yes," said Ruth.

"And I will send the dog back. Go home, sir." The dog was shut within the gate, and lay down watching with jealous eyes their departing figures. They went quietly up the road until the young man said:

"Do not let your fright yesterday trouble you. The best way to make up for such mistakes is to—" he waited.

"Well?" Ruth turned on him, almost impatiently.

"To be kinder to the next man you meet," a little smile curled his lips but Ruth looked away and did not answer.

"Thou art not in need as was the other man." He could see only the pink curves of her cheek unbroken by a smile.

"We are all in need of friendship? Did we not part friends?"

"Then there should be no talk of kindness, friends are always kind." Ruth smiled at the far horizon.

"I pray you forget the man this lovely morning. Many women would do more hurt than that without a second thought."

"But—it was something else." began Ruth frankly. "It was not just rudeness—I had no right—" she stopped in confusion.

"You need not tell me, only forget it. We will both forget it." Ruth turned and looked at him, it seemed that for the first time that morning she noticed his bright dark eyes.

"I will forget it—now," she said. And then she swung on with a light step and talked as he talked, filling the silence with little notes of laughter. When they came in sight of the Beekham's house, she sobered.

"An old man lies here almost at the point of death," she said softly.

He looked toward the place. "I will remember that," he said. "I am anxious to know all I can of the people about here. I expect to live here a part of the time now, but I am a stranger and must get acquainted with my neighbors, I am happy in already knowing one."

"You will doubtless soon know many and forget the one," and then Ruth was filled with amazement at herself, as if another had spoken the words.

"Never, how could I?" he asked. "You cannot understand what a pleasure it is to meet a young woman who thinks of something besides the latest fashion, or the coming ball."

Ruth's color was at high tide. "And how canst thou tell, speaking with me twice, what I have in my thoughts?"

"It is not the number of meetings that make the acquaintance, it is the manner of them. Do I not know your sweet, simple kindness—"

Ruth felt guilty. How little he knew her, the successor of the Friend, the woman with a future mission! And it was this coming woman who said archly:

"And doubtless when thou dost reach the fashionable ladies thou dost mock at my simple kindness."

"Ah, it is you who are mocking now."

Ruth made him a little courtesy. "Nay, nay, how would I dare to mock one who is such a man of fashion."

He laughed out at her, and yet she wondered if he liked it. How many words of rebuke she had spoken in the Sister's name, not caring whether they were pleasing or not.

They had come opposite the Beekham's house now, and Ruth paused.

"I came by the path through the woods. It is a shorter way," she said, as if half in doubt.

"And may I not learn the shorter way to your home? I do not wish to intrude, if you would rather have me go no further; but I thought perhaps your father or—"

The color left Ruth's cheeks, "Oh," she began, "I—yea—"

"Ruth!" it was like a clarion note, above the roll of wheels and horses' hoofs; and in the road in her chariot sat the Sister.

Ruth turned and looked at her, then at the young man; she was red, then white again. The Sister sat smiling at her a little distance away, and Ruth, tongue-tied, only gaped back.

But the man had turned at once, "Farewell," he said. Then Ruth found her voice and held out her hand toward his retreating shoulders.

"Wait," she called. "I would have thee meet the Sister."

"Ruth," said the Sister smiling on her from the carriage; then as Ruth stepped forward with the young man by her side, Deborah's great eyes went still smiling toward his face. They rested there; the smile died away, a look of horror dawned and deepened on it. Ruth glanced up at the man's face beside her; it was calm and unconcerned. Deborah was moving her lips but was not speaking; at last her voice came to Ruth.

"Who is that with thee, Ruth?"

"It—it is—George Trowbridge," Ruth answered, forgetting that he himself had never told her his name.

The Sister withdrew her eyes slowly from the young man's face now and was smiling at Ruth strangely. "Then it is not thy father?"

Ruth felt like a whipped child; then suddenly she flung up her head and began to excuse herself. "Nay, not my father but one who—" she haltered lamely, should she let him know that the man she had sought was her father! But the young man's steady voice broke in with an easy unawed air of defence.

"Pardon," he smiled lightly, "but I would suggest that the country is too lonely for a young woman like Miss Williams to go about alone. Therefore I considered it my delightful duty to walk a little way with her."

Ruth's cheeks were now crimson; as he finished, it dawned upon her who Miss Williams might be.

The Sister did not answer him at once; when he finished she waited a moment, then said dryly, "Perhaps thou art right, I see there are many dangers along lonely roads."

The color faded and flamed still in Ruth's face. "Wilt thou get in at once, Ruth, and drive homeward with me."

George Trowbridge, undisturbed by the Sister's sarcasm, stepped forward. "Permit me to assist you," he said just behind Ruth.

Ruth stumbled over the steps and landed rather awkwardly and shamefacedly beside the Sister. Then she turned suddenly and held out her hand to the young man, her brown eyes met his darker ones squarely.

"Thank thee, George Trowbridge," she said clearly. "Farewell."

He went then, with a "Good-day," whose tone included the Sister; but his glance seemed to see Ruth only. Then, just as the horses were about to start, Deborah turned suddenly in her seat.

"George Trowbridge," she said; the young man stopped in his place at the sound of her voice. He turned at once.

"Madam?" he said waiting.

Ruth looked straight ahead, and waited for Deborah to finish. "I trust thou hast a good heart," said the Sister.

"I hope so," he answered gravely; but Ruth felt, rather than heard, a note of amazement in his voice.

"Drive on," said Deborah's voice in sharp command, and the white horses dragged the handsome carriage after them in a whirl of dust.

"What dost thou know of this young man, Ruth?" demanded the Sister.

"But little," said Ruth, stammering nervously. "He did me a favor and I—was forced to ask him to do me another and he offered to walk a little way with me. What harm is there?"

She looked straight at Deborah suddenly.

"I said not there was harm in it, though harm has come sometimes thus."

"No harm shall come to me," said Ruth stoutly.

"Others have said the same. But, Ruth, it is no question of harm, it is a question of a higher life. Does it minister the highest thoughts to walk with a young man of the world? How often hast thou met him?

"Once before."

"Where?"

"Last night in the woods by the river, to-day at his gate." Then Ruth's tone turned pleading. "But didst thou never between the times of thy high and lofty life, long to laugh and talk like other women?"

Deborah was looking away and Ruth studied the beautiful, strong face; she saw the lips compress a little, so that what might have been a smile was almost a sneer.

"What mistakes I made in my life in the flesh, I would not have thee repeat, Ruth. I would have thee keep unspotted from the world and the world's followers. Art thou forgetting already what a future I have in store for thee?"

"Nay," said Ruth softly, "I am not forgetting."

"Then thou must not despise what I have appointed for thee. Canst thou expect to lift souls to a high life who will keep tryst with a man of the world?"

"Keep tryst!" cried Ruth; she turned her soft, brown eyes full on Deborah's and so fierce were they with indignation that they did not fall before the stronger ones. "And dost thou think I want to meet him by agreement! What manner of woman thinkest thou I am?" Her voice rose in her indignation, so loud that the Sister, with that sense of humour and humanity that recognizes a servant's existence, touched her hand softly and pointed to the brown back perched on the seat in front.

"Then why wert thou at his gate? It was no errand of mine."

Ruth fixed her eyes far away, but spoke clearly, "I went against thy wishes to see my father; the young man knew where he was, and I went to ask him of my father."

"Oh," an illuminating, mocking smile lit the Sister's face. Then suddenly it fell and the sadness of it was tear-moving. "Ruth, do not tell me that I may no longer trust thee, that thy father whom thou hast never known—if it be he—is more to thee than I who have so long cherished thee."

Then Ruth's soft cheek went against the black-clad shoulder next her. "Oh, forgive me!" she cried. "I know not what is the right way. But my father will never trouble us more. He is gone and he does not know me, I waited and it was too late."

There was silence for a moment then the Sister's arm went about Ruth, and her gentlest voice in her ear. "I will for-

give thee, Ruth; I will be to thee all, only trust and obey me."

They swept around the curve by the river, past the woods where Ruth had first seen her father and then they were in Beulah.

"Mother," said Ruth still bonneted and cloaked coming into her mother's room, "I must tell thee first of all; I told the Sister I did go to my father."

"Oh,"—Sarah drew a gasping breath. "What did she say. Did you find him, Ruth? What did he say? Did he ask for me?" She waited, open-mouthed for her daughter's replies.

"Nay, mother, he was gone away, the young man said so—"

"What young man?"

"The one that knocked him down, because he frightened me," Ruth rushed on, "and he took him home, he looked so weak and ill and gave his horse—"

"Who, Ruth—who? I do not understand."

"The young man, mother; and my father went to the town to-day and said he was going on and the young man—George Trowbridge would have gone after him if I had said so—I think—" Ruth's face glowed like a rose within the brown circle of her bonnet. "But he is gone and I walked down the road with him."

"With thy father, Ruth?"

"Nay, mother, with George Trowbridge, and the Sister met us and thinks it was very wrong. Was it wicked mother?"

Ruth's anxiety reflected itself in her mother's face.

"Why, nay, Ruth, but a maid must be careful. Now, your father I had always known."

The color on the way to leave Ruth's face came wickedly flooding back. Sarah gave a little half-smile. "Thou art prudent, Ruth, I can trust thee. If he seemed a goodly young man."

"He is kind—and handsome—and polite." Ruth's hands were at her bonnet and their whiteness hid her cheeks.

"What does he look like Ruth?" asked Sarah with simple feminine curiosity.

"Oh, he is dark and tall and reminds me of somebody I have seen, but I cannot think—"

"Ruth," rang Deborah's voice at the door. Ruth started, but her timid mother spoke hurriedly.

"Deborah thou must forgive Ruth, she did what seemed best and I know—she told me—"

Deborah sighed, "I am grieved that it seemed necessary to deceive me. Even so she hath not prospered and did not find her father as I had thought. But did she tell thee who she found?" And Deborah's smile went past Ruth and lighted on Sarah.

"Oh, yea, she hath told me all."

"Ruth," said the Sister turning on her suddenly, "I have come to say that it is my wish that thou dost at once commence to fit thyself for thy future calling, and I think that thou wouldst best preach for the first time on the next Lord's day, and 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,' would prove an excellent text."

BOOK II.—CHAPTER V.

A Pretty Preacheress

At the next Sabbath service, Ruth sat in the place behind the pulpit and Deborah sat just beside her on the small raised platform. Ruth's cheeks were pink and her eyes were shining like stars. She had learned her sermon by heart, finding it easy enough to retain the thoughts which she herself had evolved, for, according to the Sister's directions, Ruth had first written in the clear,

(*Continued on page* 380.)



Beautiful New England





Apple Blossoms Dominate the New England Month of May



Photograph by T. Ivan Bordwell

LEANING WILLOWS



Photograph by T. Ivan Bordwell

On the Banks of the Connecticut



Photograph by Ivan T. Bordwell

THE FIRST HALF-HOUR OF DAY



Photograph by Richardson, Montpelier

AMONG THE GREEN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARD CAMEL'S HUMP



Among the Green Hills, the Daisy Field



Photograph by Mrs. C. G. Bull

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THE FUTURE OF THE NEW ENGLAND ENDOWED COLLEGE

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

CLOSER alliance with the state, involving a degree and manner of state control that is something more than a fiction, is the only salvation of the New England endowed college. Such a result is an inevitable evolution of American democracy. It may be retarded by blind conservatism until the issue is forced by dire necessity, or it may be quickened by intelligent co-operation, and the painful period of transition, with its manifold losses, averted or, at least, shortened. At present there is a most unhappy sensitiveness to the subject that prohibits even its discussion in circles where they ought to be singing, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings."

It should be remembered that when the majority of these institutions were established, the forces which created them were practically identical with the state, and that, with the gradual separation of church and state, they became private corporations to an extent that was never contemplated in their foundation. In many instances they are as legitimately state property as the old parish meeting-houses are legitimately town property. This point is only touched upon for the sake of those to whom precedent is so vital a consideration, and because it is in the light of such facts that the discussion is usually waged, if at all.

The economic phases of the situation are, it is true, occasionally put forward, although they are the least important of all. The question is a moral, a social one. It transcends economic considerations, at least in the usual sense of the word economic. Economic laws, so-called, are merely the mechanics of equilibrium,—forces, in fact, which develop whenever a balance is disturbed and effect an automatic re-adjustment to a definite situation. It is always the prerogative of moral reason to determine what that definite situation shall be. If the endowed institution of the prevailing New England type should be accepted by the people as the best for the education of their children, the question of its economic status need scarcely be raised.

There are, for example, ethical considerations that demand that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology should immediately become, in some way, a state institution. It is not at all a question of money raising. The money required by the institution comes hard because the present situation is not right. All kinds of cures are suggested, but

jealousy and pride combine to keep in the back ground the only national and the ultimately inevitable solution of the problem. It actually looks, at the present writing, as though the Institute would sharply force the issue on the basis of its rigid autonomy and face the long and dreary ditch-by-ditch retreat to a position which they should joyfully welcome—that of offering free technical training to the young men and young women of the state under the state's care, support and direction. This is a modern necessity, and its coming cannot be long withstood.

If the Massachusetts Institute of Technology does not supply this demand, it will be supplied from some other source, and the Institute, with its noble record and high traditions, steadily forced into the back ground. I know that it will be said that education thus conducted will become too crassly utilitarian. But the facts do not warrant the assertion. Indeed, one of the most conspicuous phases of the situation is that, on the contrary, in many lines of advanced scientific research, the western state universities are showing superior work. The very essence of the difficulty is that in too many ways the New England endowed colleges are not setting the pace. It is being set for them, and they are finding it very difficult to keep up.

Neither can it be truthfully said that academic freedom is impaired by state control. The instances of individual prosecution, and they are many and flagrant, are all in the other camp. I could nail this statement down with facts that blacken the annals of American academic life.

The straits to which a finely endowed institution may be brought by its own failure to meet changing conditions is abundantly revealed in the condition of scores of old New England academies. Only a final necessity brought Andover Theological Seminary to Cambridge. Its condition for years previous to that removal was, in the light of its great traditions, positively pitiful. There are not a few New England colleges that are unable to hold to-day that relative rank to which their past achievements would assign them.

To select any of these for illustration might, in the unwise sensitiveness under which the whole topic suffers, seem invidious. There is not one of them of which the whole nation is not proud. But so are we proud of the achievements of New England Puritanism in our early history, while the old New England meeting-house stands empty and neglected on its lonely hill-top—a target for amateur photographers, a nesting place for birds and, as a rule, in so far as it is a local force at all, a reminder and perpetuator of family and neighborhood discord. There is no use in lifting up our hands and crying "sacrilege," at such an utterance. Anyone who knows the situation also knows that the statement is correct. And it is vain to rail or scold or "point with pride." There are other forces at work in this world than those of pride, and no small part of the trouble is that we have already too long gazed at the facts through the twin distortions of pride and prejudice. Such oratory may occasionally paint or shingle the old meeting-house, but it will not fill it from Sabbath to Sabbath with reverent worshippers. Neither will the proudest academic tradition in the land keep in the front ranks an institution that is out of harmony with the trend of civilization. I suppose that living in the twilight of academic seclusion, there are men and women who imagine that by virtue of their professorships they occupy such positions of leadership; that they are themselves determining the trend! A very great man can do that to some slight extent no matter what his position may be; but there is no chair that gives to the *ex cathedra* voice of its incumbent any such authoritative tone. In this day and generation, the best and wisest man living must give his reasons and they must be good ones, if he expects any one to listen to them. There occurred in one of our "college towns," not long since, a public discussion in which a laborer took issue with the president of the college, and, during the debate the latter so far lost himself as to ridicule, to those sitting near him, the crude and ungrammatical expressions of his lowly antagonist. But the audience left the room convinced of

the truth of what the laborer had said and in no very good humor with the learned *savant*. And the time is drawing very near when the temporary managers of great educational endowments will be called upon to give an account of their inheritance and its uses to a more exacting audience than a Board of Trustees. And even at the present moment there is a good deal of ill-timed and hardly endured silence.

Too often the situation arises from a petty anxiety to retain control within a certain clique, party or religious sect, and when any group of men assume that attitude in public affairs, it is the beginning of the end for that particular régime.

The difficulty is not simply that the democratic trend calls for a more direct state control of institutions of higher education that their facilities may be more freely enjoyed. These endowed institutions with their proud traditions follow as a rule so intensive a process of growth, utilizing to so large an extent only the men of their own training (with a preference for those whose fathers were also trained in the same institution), that they fail to catch the spirit of the day and are "up-to-date" only superficially by virtue of a free trumped up special courses which may look progressive in the catalogue, but which, in reality, are little short of academic humbug. With this failure to catch the vital breath of their own day, goes, almost certainly, if not by a cause and effect connection, poverty and rapidity of instruction. In other words, although apparently so self-contained and self-sufficient, no human institution feels more quickly or more fatally than does an institution of learning, the slightest deviation from the current of the vital forces of the day. Decline under such circumstances becomes so rapid as to be positively appalling. And this condition is to-day most acutely present in institutions of very proud names in New England—conspicuously so in certain women's colleges, where conservatism is so strongly intrenched as to amount to bigotry. The largest institution of this kind in the neighborhood of Boston could not conceal from the public eye its decline after another decade of such narrow and purblind administration as that which has characterized it for the past decade. Its graduates are not given as broad a foundation in character nor as strong an intellectual training as that which characterizes many of the freer state institutions of the west. It is all very well to sneer and look contemptuously lofty at such a statement, but the sharp test of competition that knows no sentimental laxities is pronouncing that judgment daily. Such an institution should be lifted out of its narrow, selfish and suicidal autonomy before its usefulness is hopelessly impaired.

Neither silence nor after-regrets will save a situation that is far more acute than has as yet become plainly apparent to the general public—an event which it will be quite as well to anticipate, for where it happens, *something will drop*.



THE JINRIKISHA, MODE OF CONVEYANCE IN JAPAN

RAMBLING BY RICKSHAW

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

EVERY traveller to strange lands probably maps out for himself in advance (or permits some obliging passenger agent to do it for him), a list of show places and of historical points of interest that are to dot his line of march. Such is the course of wisdom in more senses than one, for it gives the returning traveller and his stay-at-home friends a common topic of conversation since the one has seen what the others already know by report. The Japanese who has visited Boston is expected by his friends at home to have viewed the Bunker Hill monument of which they have read. Just so, the Bostonian who goes to Yokohama owes it to his friends that he should journey to Kamakura and inspect the huge Buddha, Dai Butsu.

But there is an even better reason for laying one's course in advance, a reason that occurred to me many a time when I was spinning along in a gently tilting rickshaw at the heels of a willing and fleet-footed coolie through the paper-walled streets of certain quarters of Tokio or Kyoto. At such times the thought came to me that if my plans were not already made I should stay in the city and spend the remainder of my months of travel observing the average Japanese "man in the street" and trying to learn more of him, of his habits, of his attitude toward life in general and toward his wife and children in particular.

The fact is that whether in Tokio or Boston, the foreign visitor who spends his time between his hotel and the historical sites or show places to the exclusion of most other things, is in a fair way to leave the city with but an imperfect knowledge of what it all means. In my own experience, some of the most endur-



JINRIKISHA, DRAWN BY "RIKSHA BOY" IN NATIVE COSTUME

ing recollections of my pleasant months in Japan are of aimless jaunts through native quarters that are entirely ignored in guide books, and that do not boast a single bit of temple, shrine or ruined palace. At such times there is nothing to distract the stranger's attention from the people themselves; and, after all, the Japanese street crowd of to-day visualizes the traditions and the customs of the country.

Suppose, then, that the traveller who has religiously done his prescribed "sight seeing" according to precedent and who feels that he owes himself a rest should order a jinrikisha at the stand in front of the Imperial Hotel and tell the sinewy little two-legged steed to take him off the beaten track. While the hotel interpreter is explaining to the rickshaw man, or the "kurumaya," that the eccentric foreigner actually wishes to avoid the broad streets where the electric cars run, and that he does not care to be trundled past the government buildings or the banks and consulates, the prospective passenger has an opportunity to study the rickshaw man and his mates. And the study is worth



Fire Station, Tokio

while, for these smiling, hard working, poorly paid and poorly fed little fellows are representative of the great mass of the people.

The rickshaw men of Tokio, or, for that matter, of any large city in Japan, are country bred. They come to town fresh from the quaint old hill villages, from the paddy fields of the rice country or from the hamlets of the out-lying islands. They are strong of wind and limb and they are anxious to earn the "big money" of a rickshaw man. They know that a rickshaw coolie who is lucky can make as much as fifty sen (25 cents) on busy days and that he is likely to average thirty sen (15 cents) a day. The rate to the passenger is ten or twenty sen an hour or, by mileage, ten or twelve sen per ri, a ri being about 2½ miles. For such wages, these men literally work themselves to death, for a rickshaw man's years are notoriously few. He is prone to drop off as a victim of pneumonia or heart failure. Like worn out cab horses the rickshaw veterans pass on to make way for the hundreds of fresh recruits who come up from the country yearly to replenish the army of Tokio's fifty-odd thousand kuru-ma-ya.

One of these sturdy little chaps, dressed in blue cotton running pants, a loose blue cotton coat with a big white ideographic badge on the back and a bowl shaped straw hat, trots over to the hotel entrance and bows low before the eccentric American who wishes to be taken through unadvertised sections of the city. As the rickshaw man bows he draws his breath inward with a hissing sound and thus preserves an odd method of showing respect which began far back in the dim days of the mythological Mikados long before the Shogunate was even an impious dream. To whatever the passenger may say the little man will answer "yes," and here again enters the element of age-old custom; it is disrespectful to say "no" to a superior and therefore the invariable answer is affirmative, though by the tone and inflection the hearer is supposed to understand whether the servitor means "yea" or "nay." Thus at the very outset of so prosaic an affair as a rickshaw ride the traveller touches a trifle of old Japan. The common people still remember the

days when disrespect to a superior meant instant death if that superior happened to be of a testy temper. Japan rejoices to-day in a constitution, a brand new order of nobility, a code of laws fashioned after the Code Napoleon and a large number of office holders who were educated in American or European universities. There are, in short, all the modern safeguards of life, liberty, etc., about the common people but they still retain a racial memory of the days when the two-sworded Samurai exercised their privilege of cutting down the disrespectful.

With some such reflections as these, the foreigner settles back into the narrow seat of the rickshaw and allows himself to be drawn along at a swift trot by a man half his weight and a good twelve inches under his height. But the swift trot may end abruptly at the first crossing, for the rickshaw man stops there so quickly that the passenger is almost shot out over the shafts. The reason? Simply a little russet-hued chap in a blue serge suit and a peaked cap who stands at the intersection of traffic and who controls by uplifted, white-gloved hands the streams of rickshaws, antiquated automobiles, old fashioned barouches and bicycles. He is the policeman and he is, nine chances out of ten, a descendant of the Samurai. Strange as it may sound to an American, the chivalry of old Japan turned to the police force as a true gentleman's occupation of the same class as the rank of the army and navy, when the new constitution put an end to the feudal regime no longer ago than the later 60's of the Nineteenth Century. So when the Samurai policeman lifts his hand he embodies the old and the new Japan and his gesture must be obeyed.

It is on the broad streets of Tokio that one finds the traffic policeman, and these broad streets are in themselves indications of the modern spirit in Japan. They are not only avenues, but fire lines. Tokio is, of course, a city of one and two story houses with match-board frames or joists and cartridge paper walls, the only durable part of the structure being the heavy blue tiles of the roofs. To be sure, there are government buildings, and hotels and banks and foreign residents' houses which are built in substantial Occidental style, but Tokio as a whole is a city of



FARM HOUSES IN JAPAN

paper. Hence a fairly active fire might wipe up an acre or so of houses before its course could be stopped. Therefore the modern Japanese government has improved the city in two ways by building broad avenues that relieve traffic and at the same time act as barriers for the confining of a fire within the section where it starts.

Knowing these facts, perhaps the roving rickshaw passenger whom I have already mentioned might be more than ordinarily pleased if it so happened that he came upon a street drill of one of the fire companies. These drills or exhibitions are held in the streets, and, during the New Year festival, which lasts for three days, there are competitive drills which might be compared in a way to the old hand-tub contests of New England's "vamps." The difference between the smoke-eaters of Nippon and New England is, however, that in Japan the firemen do not lay stress on their pumping ability. For one thing, they do not depend so much on the old tubs as they do on the bucket brigade, and for another and more important consideration they pride themselves on their ladder climbing.

If one's rickshaw is halted either because of the evolutions of a fire drill or because of a real "run" to a fire, the American traveller is likely enough to think he is back under the "big top" and watching the Japanese acrobats perform in the left hand ring. First of all, runs the man with the warning bell which he sounds lustily, while behind him come the rest of the company dragging or escorting the "engine" which looks like a big chest fitted with a bamboo nozzle. Round about are fire laddies armed with lanterns or axes—and the axes are like halberds with six-foot helves of bamboo while the lanterns are of the paper variety that we use here at home for garden parties and similar affairs. As for costume, the firemen are dressed in the style we all know from having observed Japanese acrobatic



Mitsui Bank, Tokio

troupes. No wonder, then, that the firemen in their drill go through the familiar "stunts" of climbing tall bamboo poles, balancing, swinging outward by their arms and doing a dozen other highly amusing feats. But what all this has to do with the grim business of fire fighting is something that the foreigner may not divine, unless he wishes to enter the already crowded ranks of the white eulogists and apologists for Dai Nippon.



Main Street, Tokio

After witnessing such a drill, the wandering American rickshaw passenger feels that he has seen a free show of unusual merit. He may even go so far as to signal his combined cabbie and cab horse to stop when they come to a crowd near by a saké shop and give the man a copper to buy himself a taste of liquid refreshment. While the bowing and inbreathing rickshaw man is on his way to this unexpected treat, the passenger has a chance to stroll about the abandoned vehicle and see what the crowd is doing in this particular spot. The place proves to be one of the public bath houses of Tokio. There are more than twelve hundred of them in the city and they afford the universally cleanly subjects of the Mikado a full opportunity to bathe at less than two cents a bath. These are the steaming hot baths which the Japanese prefers above all others. That the divisions between the men and the women bathers in these municipally maintained baths are not what one would expect in an American city is a fact which accentuates the difference between East and West.

A peep at a typical bath and the traveller with his now refreshed coolie may set out for more experiences. He sees on every side in the narrow streets of the thoroughly native quarters a throng of children, all of whom under a certain very diminutive height seem indistinguishable in their bright clothing and shiny, coarse hair. Whether they are little boys or little girls the stranger cannot tell, and then, perhaps, he remembers that an old custom in Japan is to dress boys and girls exactly alike up to about five years of age. This equality of the



ASAKUSA PAGODA, TOKIO

sexes, however, scarcely makes up for the great distinctions drawn afterward—distinctions that are enough to rouse to fury any suffragist in the Western world.

Evidences of woman's position in relation to man, the lord and master, are to be seen on every side in the native Japanese streets. If one has taken the trouble to inquire as to the status of woman before he takes a journey of observation, he will be able to appreciate certain features of the crowd that surges about the wheels of his rickshaw. This crowd may be loitering in front of the booths that serve as shops, it may be eddying past residences where the entire front walls have been taken out with the resulting clear view of the meagre interior furnishings, or the crowd may be stopped in its course to watch a half dozen children play with shuttlecocks.

In such a crowd the most pleasing persons are undoubtedly the brilliantly dressed young girls, the "mossmes" as they are called, who are living the most enjoyable period of the respectable Japanese woman's life. Up to the age of fifteen when every honest girl of the lower classes is supposed to marry, she may go about with her father or brothers and may wear pretty clothes and be given a certain latitude in enjoying harmless

public amusements. It is the mossme who gives the note of feminine joyfulness to the street crowds, providing the traveller chooses to forget the presence of a certain other type with "obi," or sash, tied in front instead of behind and with an abundance of chalky powder and bitumen to help out her facial charms.

But more numerous than the mossmes in the average street throng are the married women, the gentle little creatures with their plain gray or russet garments, perhaps with their teeth blackened as a sign of marriage although this last custom is going out of fashion. The traveller who has read of the social code of Japan, however, is not surprised at the stigmata of servitude on the married woman, for he knows that the duties of a woman are three:

First, she must obey her parents, then she must obey her husband and his parents when she marries, and finally she must obey her eldest son when she is left a widow. It has been said that every Japanese wife waits for the time to come when she shall have a daughter-in-law of her own whom she may abuse, but such a charge seems unbelievable if one is to judge by the sweetly patient faces of the little matrons in the streets.

These are some of the phases of native life that the traveller may see if he charters a rickshaw and rambles away from the hotels and the guide-book meccas. Perhaps he may not see all of the free shows and side shows on a single journey, but he will find on each little journey off the beaten track enough to make the departure from conventional tourist routine well worth while. At least, this will be the case if he finds as intelligent a rickshaw man as fell to my lot for several days in Tokio.

The Gifts

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

The gift of joy you gave me
A May-time long ago,
It died as a broken rose might die
And fell and faded so,
I shall not find its like again
Where Heaven's roses blow—
The gift of joy you gave me
A May-time long ago.

The gift of grief you gave me
Ah, only yesterday,
That gift alone is the lasting gift
Nor time or prayer may slay.
I wonder me if all my Saints
Could pluck the thorn away—
The gift of grief you gave me
Ah, only yesterday.

A Brown Finger

By FLORENCE LAND MAY

THE morning was splendid even for North Georgia. Silver torrents and clouds melted into one another's tones; and Mariella's blue gown was less deep than the sky fields. A pink sun bonnet gave to her costume a *chic*, French contrast; even though it was home-made by Mariella's own hands.

She carried a ewer of stone, balanced upon her head, whose covering had slipped to her neck. Her movements held a grace which was Eastern or Greek, containing, perhaps, a modicum of each. The eyes blazed brown and soft blacks, according to her mood; and her hair, worn in curls over her shoulders, lent her sixteen years a peculiar simplicity. For the figure was a woman's; the bowed lips moulded for kisses; and from her bantering, half-coquettish glances, not unfamiliar with them.

She was to be married the following month to Judson Rodney, and laughed as she dipped her ewer into the spring, famed for its crystal quality.

Jud had been jealous at the dance last night of the athletic Atlanta chap who was "summering" at her father's cabin.

"I 'laow I've teached Jud a lesson," Mariella drawled.

"There's laurel, and the season's abauot over, I reckon I'll clam after it."

She was up the cliff, clinging to the bushes, parting them magically.

At the top she screamed. A negro's hand thrust aside the underbrush, a face leered into hers.

"My, but you're pretty an' right smart," snarled a voice, degenerate and revolting. The girl shrieked and tore down the precipice; her bonnet was left in the negro's hand. He had grabbed at her, and the pink chambray frivolity, over whose ruffles Mariella had labored, had parted its strings, releasing her.

"*Pappy!*" she called, "Pappy, *Pappy!*"

The horror-keen cry reached Peters —who was felling trees for firewood— back of the shanty. It penetrated to the boarder, too, who was returning from fly-fishing, Mariella's winsomeness in the foreground of his imagination.

"*What* the *airth*, Mariella! You're white es yaller dermestic; ennybody skeered ye?"

"*Skeered* me?" *Wall, yaas!* A nigger's up yander at Laurel Bridge right above Silver Spring; an'—he *chased* me, an' he got my bonnet, *now!*" Her drawl had shortened to a staccato, her bosom was tremulous. "A *nigger* chased me, and took my bonnet right off my head!"

"My gun, my gun! Come oan!" cried Peters. "S—sh! I'll lead the way through Birds' Swamp trail an' then we'll *creep* on 'im."

Miller's lips tightened, "I'm right with you, old man, we'll land him ourselves, and if we can't, then we'll get help."

Already in imagination writing the news of the chase and its satisfying results to his realtives and friends, he strode behind Peters, his Winchester cocked.

In fifteen minutes they had reached a clearing. Both stopped. Peters cried, "*Halt!*"

A brown-complexioned negro walked quietly from a grove of pines and hickories. He regarded the white men inquiringly.

Lifting his hat, he asked pleasantly: "After game, sir? I saw a ——"

"Aftah game, *sho! Ye lyin' coon!* Put down that Testamint! *Hands up!*"

"I'm a preacher, sir, an' have come to

hold divine service ——"

"Shet up! You're a liar; that's all! Keep them hands up! Tie him, Mr. Miller, while I levels at his mouth. I'll shoot the wurds out o' 'em in five winks. Now, *befo' me! Trot!*"

The negro, a well-dressed man with ingratiating countenance, became the color of wood-ashes. His lips were indrawn. A determination not to plead for mercy settled over his features an inexplicable hardness which was ancestral. He walked before his captors, hands up. The Atlantan lighted a cigar.

"Clean job!" he exclaimed nonchalantly. But he realized that the exciting part of the proceeding was to come—the white man's vengeance upon the Black Terror.

Peters pushed the stranger into his daughter's presence.

"We've caught him, Mariella; identify him!"

Mariella glanced up from her loom:

"That's him. I remembers the striped shirt, tho' it looks lak the cuffs air neater, I dunno ——

"What's that he's got in 'tween his coat an' vest?" she pointed to a ruffle of pink emerging from the captive's coat.

Miller drew it out with a yell.

It was Mariella's pink bonnet.

Witness, Jury and Judge had decided the case. The negro, who had hoped to free himself in some manner for which he groped, stood erect.

"White man," he began, "*Gent*lemen," soothingly, "I'm a minister of the Gospel, and came to preach at the Methodist church at Oakville. I was just strollin' to learn my sermon off by heart when I met a yeller buck with this bonnet, and when he saw me he threw it down. I picked it up thinking I might find the owner."

The Atlanta man hesitated: "He looks like a decent negro. I'm not with you in this. Peters, *I* say let him go."

"Not by hell! He's a liar! Anyways, we need a lynchin' in ——— county, to show these niggahs we doant want 'em."

He curved his hands and blew a call: "J-u-d-d!"

"Uh—huh!" came back, and Mariella assumed an indifferent expression, reseating herself at the loom for effect upon Judson, not unconscious of the troubled admiration of Miller.

"I'm here!" A yellow-haired mountaineer stood in the doorway leaning, as it would not accommodate his height.

"I'm here!" he repeated, his eyes upon the negro. *"Whut yo' want?"*

His prospective father-in-law spat tobacco juice and drawled: "I've cotched a niggah—a niggah whut chased *Mariella.*"

"You did!"

Striding over to the minister, he forced his mouth open. "Lemme see whut you're worth," he jeered. "Naow lemme see the size o' hemp wanted. *Chased* Mariella, *did* ye?"

* * * * * *

He had declared he would have nothing to do with the matter, yet Miller was in the thick of it. He did not excuse himself. The county had aroused itself, with quietness for fear of the militia. From cabin to cabin the invitation had spread, to hie northward into the mountains, where the stills were unmolested —far from the suspicion of the Sheriff.

Mariella went along as an important personage. The negro was in front between Peters and Jud. Miller told himself he had "come along to look after Mariella."

The mountaineer was big and dangerous, but Peter's daughter should be his!

Mariella had reach the crossways, where she hesitated. Yet in the end she would take Jud, she knew. Meanwhile, to ride beside the city "feller" and to make him happy was pleasant, she felt in an animal way; as was the feel of the sunshine, the "goodness" of laurel against the pines, and the cedars banked high to the blue.

"The day sutt'ny looks goods," she emphasized. Was she not a heroine? This crowd, assembled and shouting its purpose, would not have been but for her experience upon Laurel Ridge. She laughed like a squirrel.

She lingered with intention behind the line, to converse to better advantage with Miller. When she and her companion overtook the rest, they had halted. A circle, solemn as an Indian Council, had drawn around the captive, who danced

upon red-hot coals, proded with sharp sticks, his Testament under his arm.

He had plead for it and in mockery they had accorded it to him, and the silent men sneered as, dancing at their behest, he essayed to open it.

And thus, whilst Mariella hid her eyes in her white sunbonnet,—the pink one being raised as a flag before the prisoner, —the program was completed.

But she must advance, for they shouted for her. Creeping forward at her lover's command, she stood before a half burnt Bible. She covered her eyes with her bonnet cape, as a trophy of the victorious occasion was handed her.

Holding it gingerly, she examined it, turning it over and over in her white hands with deliberation. Still grasping it she pointed to the crowd:

"I—mistook," she faltered. "The man who chased me in Laurel Hill had a *yaller finger!"*

Miller gave a sort of wail, and fled.

"Wall, doant take on, Baby," said Peters. "Hit wan't nothin'. Hit's one mo' outer the way, anyhow."

"No, doan' take oan, Baby," soothed Judson,—"Hit wan't ——"

With a slow movement Mariella pulled the gold band off her finger and flung it into Judson's face.

Glancing quickly at the charred body of the negro, she slowly mounted her mule, and followed Miller down the ravine.

Judson gave a great laugh: "The spunk o' Babe!" he muttered softly.

The Seeker

By RUTH STERRY

The mother went for the baby
Over the hills and far,
Over the mountains and stretch of plain
Where life's mysteries are.
We who waited trembled,
And we who waited prayed,
But the seeker afar on the unknown path
Was fearless and undismayed.

The mother went for the baby,
Nor grieved that the path was long,
For ever and on through storm and stress
Sung deep in her soul a song—
Making the hard way easy,
Making the burden light,
And stoutened her heart as she went alone
On her quest, through the quiet night.

The mother went for the baby,
And while we waiting prayed,
Radient and crowned through the gates of life
Entered our little maid:
Clasped close on her breast the baby,
And deep in her mother-eyes
The joy of the victor weary and worn,
Holding aloft the prize.

Landscape Architecture

*A Definition and a Brief Resumé of its Past and Present.**

By STEPHEN CHILD

Landscape Architect and Consulting Engineer, Boston, Mass.

THERE is at the present time much apparent misunderstanding of the terms Landscape Architecture and Landscape Gardening. It is not unusual to hear it stated that "this calling a man a Landscape Architect instead of a Landscape Gardener" is merely a fad "filling one's mind with images of quarries, stone cutters, creaking derricks, tapping trowels, and the like, instead of with pictures of free hand dealings with sunshine and shadow, trees, flowering shrubs and leaping fountains." One well known writer has even gone so far as to state that "the men most deeply engaged in the art have not decided what to call it" and that it is suspicioned "that the present fashion among the professional brethren of calling themselves Landscape Architects is promoted by two accidental causes: First, the feeling that architecture sounds bigger than gardening and can demand a better fee, and second, the fact that the architectral style of landscape work is the present vogue among wealthy clients."

I am going to ask you to look at this a little more carefully with me and see what is true in this discussion. In the first place, the term is not a "recent fad." Frederick Law Olmsted, the elder, called himself a landscape architect away back in 1856, when he first entered upon the work of developing Central Park in New York City, and the fact that he did so, and continued to so designate himself during the whole of his career, has had much to do with the general adoption of the term. But the fact that one man, even an eminent one, adopted this title is perhaps not entirely sufficient, although those of us who are familiar with Mr. Olmsted's work and with his wonderful genius and mastery of the subject in all of its details may well feel assured that he did not adopt the title without most careful thought. Unfortunately he did not in his writings, so far as I am aware, really explain his reasons. He was so immersed in the great battle then going on, for public parks for large cities, in showing their value and necessity and in laying down the principles and executing the work of these great undertakings that he apparently had little time to explain fully why he assumed the title. We may, however, be perfectly assured that he had reasons, and most excellent ones, and a little study of these may be interesting and profitable.

In the process of the development of mankind there has been noticeable a constant increasing tendency toward differentiation and specialization, each step in the process being a slow one, and, as a rule, taken at first by some man or group of men trained in some other line. In this way have come about many new forms or fields of work, each adapted more or less from others of a previous and perhaps lesser civilization. Each new profession, or branch from an older one, demanded and received a new cognomen. This process of differentiation has developed more or less clearly defined groups of men, as, for example, the professions of

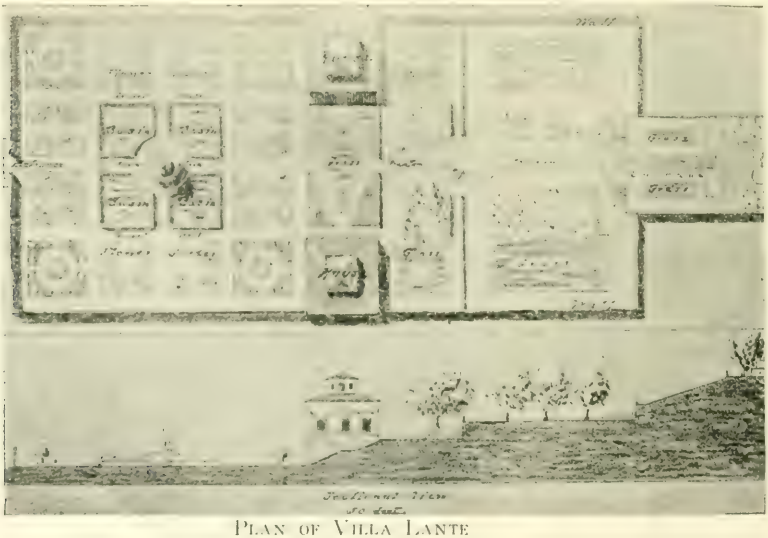
**Presented before the Congress of Technology at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Granting of the Charter of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

the ministry, medicine, law, civil engineering, architecture and so on.

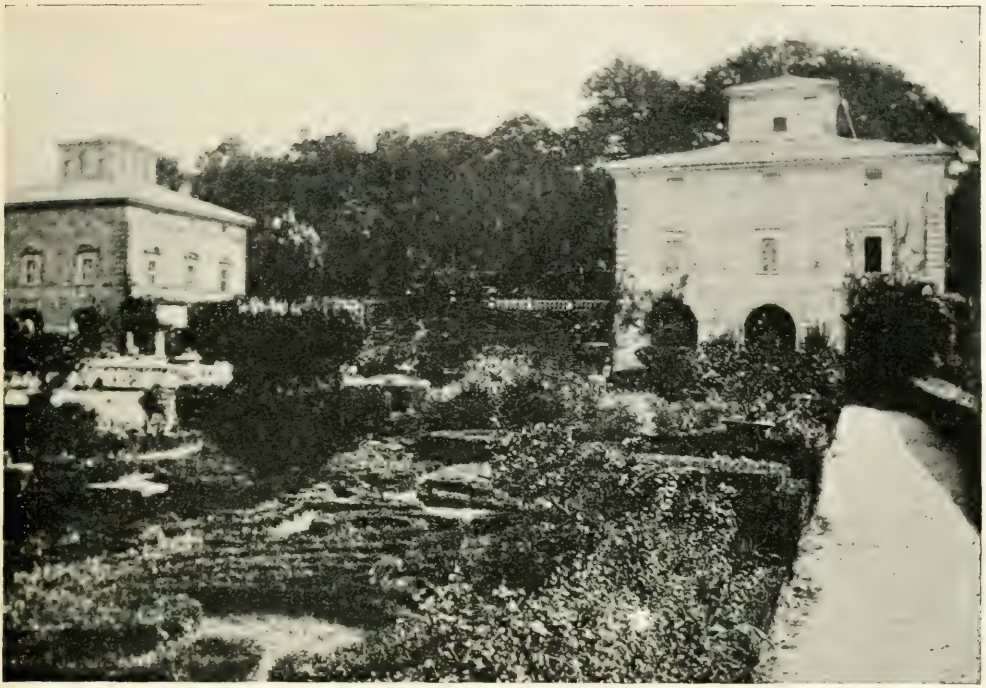
Fifty years ago, when Mr. Olmsted began his landscape work, there was beginning to be a demand in this country for men to do a certain line of work that was intrinsically quite different from that previously carried on by either the architect, the engineer or the gardener, and yet work that embodied some of the principles heretofore utilized by all of these men. Here was this great tract of land, now known as Central Park, to be developed and made beautiful, for the purpose of providing the crowded millions of the great city of the future with the opportunity "for a form of recreation to be obtained only through the influence of pleasing natural scenery upon the sensibilities of those quietly contemplating it." This was a new problem for this country, and indeed for any country, for none of the great parks in Europe now utilized for this purpose were originally created for anything of this sort. They are chiefly the result of developing land that had originally been set aside as hunting forests by the great nobles or rulers of Europe.

I think it will be generally conceded that New York was fortunate in its selection of the master mind to work out this problem, and that Central Park has been most successfully designed and executed. Mr. Olmsted saw clearly the greatness of the task and the differentiation of this form of design from that of the architect or engineer and certainly from the work of the gardener. He chose to call himself a landscape architect. Let us, therefore, look into the meaning of these words and see whether they are not well selected and worthy of our respect and of general adoption.

That most delightful and interesting writer, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, says of landscape: "We use the word in two distinct senses,—a general and a particular. In the general sense the word 'landscape' without the article, means the visible material world,—all that can be seen on the surface of the earth by a man who is himself upon the surface; and in the special sense 'a landscape' means a piece of the earth's surface that can be seen at once, and it is always understood that this piece will have a certain artistic unity or suggestion of unity in itself"; and further he adds, "although the word refers to the natural land, it does not exclude any human works that are upon the land." The word is derived from two good Anglo-Saxon parts, "land" and the suffix "scape," corresponding to "skip" or "ship," as in the word "friendship," meaning "the state or condition of being." Landscape then means "the state or condition of being land." When we come to



Plan of Villa Lante



VILLA LANTE, ITALY

add the word architecture, however, the connotation conveys to many people a wrong impression, but it should not, for in its early and primitive meaning the word architect meant simply and solely "chief workman" or "master artisan." It is well, I believe, for us to recall this earlier meaning of the word at the present time.

It is quite largely the architect himself who is responsible for any wrong impression that may have developed in the use of the term landscape architect; as many have assumed that, because the word architect is used at all, the term landscape architect means simply an architect who meddles a bit with the landscape immediately surrounding his buildings. Many architects have done this, with regretable results both to the client and to the profession of landscape architecture. I think it is but fair to suggest that if the architect solves the problems of his buildings successfully, he may well leave to the landscape architect the matter of designing the surroundings for them, realizing that his own architectural problems are many and difficult, and that the trained landscape architect can, by co-operating with him, greatly improve the net result; for, as we all know, the effect of many a successful building has been seriously impaired by lack of a proper setting.

What Mr. Olmsted meant when he termed himself a landscape architect was that he was aiming to be a master artisan in matters pertaining to land and to human works thereon, having regard both to the beauty of its appearance and to its use. In a very real sense such work covers agriculture, forestry, gardening, engineering and the elements of architecture.

Landscape architecture has been defined as a "group of activities which include horticulture, architecture, civil engineering and agriculture." Humphrey Repton, a great English authority on matters of this sort, says that in order to carry out this line of work one must possess not only artistic ability and taste, but "a complete knowledge of surveying, mechanics, hydraulics, botany and the general principles of architecture." We may well weigh his words, for Humphrey

Repton was a cultivated English gentleman of great refinement and good taste. He was the first Englishman from such a grade of society to undertake the planning or designing of country estates. Kent, one of his predecessors in this line of work, was a coach painter by trade, who possessed some artistic taste but little culture. "Capability" Brown, Repton's most famous immediate predecessor, was a gardener, who, by association with men of refinement and by his tact and native ability, worked his way up to an honorable place; but Repton was a well-educated Englishman, who had traveled and studied much. Repton, however, called himself a landscape gardener, as did all of the others at that time, but Mr. Olmsted chose to avoid that term for several reasons. In the first place, these workers in landscape design in England had confined their efforts almost entirely to the design of country estates. The term landscape gardening was, I believe, first used by the poet Shonstone to mean particularly an informal or picturesque treatment of the grounds of an estate, as distinguished from the older style of formal treatment that had been in vogue and carried to such excess. In the early part of the eighteenth century formality had been pushed to the point of puerility. A reaction set in, due to numerous causes and the "new style," or so-called "English style," was introduced by Kent and others, who, as Sir Horace Walpole enthusiastically exclaimed, "leaped the wall and saw all nature was a garden," and so in fact it is in those delightful parts of old England in which they labored; those country estates with their deer parks and pleasure grounds. These men made a practice of designing country places in an informal or naturalistic manner, and termed this landscape gardening. They were in favor of abolishing all formality, and they themselves carried their theory to excess.

Later, in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth century, men like Repton came forward, realizing that formality had its place and value, and began to use it under certain circumstances but still called themselves landscape gardeners. This latter use of the term was a serious twisting of the original meaning; for a garden is, properly speaking, a place engirt, inclosed or set apart and highly cultivated. Landscape is, as we have seen, a piece of the earth's surface that can be seen at one time by a man who is himself standing upon the earth, and may, of course, mean a broad stretch of country not all inclosed.

There is another important point and one that has not been particularly mentioned in discussions of the term landscape architect, one to which I have already alluded, namely, that the English landscape designers mentioned were engaged almost exclusively in the preparation of plans for country estates. These were, of course, not always large, and often were walled in or engirt (girt in), and, therefore, perhaps in a sense gardens. Mr. Olmsted in 1856, had before him not such a problem, but that of designing a great public park for a large city. This work was not gardening in any sense of the word; it was something quite different. It was a work of design, a work that could be undertaken and successfully carried out only by a "master artisan in matters pertaining to land." Here were to be developed, and we know how well it has been done, broad peaceful landscape effects, giving the tired city dweller opportunity for restful contemplation and relief from city sights and sounds. These were to be designed and executed where none had existed before, and in such a way that there should be no obstructive evidence of man's elaborate control and no marring of the pleasing, restful effect by such garden elements as beds of geraniums or rare and striking shrubs clipped into formal shapes; in other words, no gardening, as we now understand that term. This was what he termed landscape architecture. The French landscape designers had already adopted this term, their phrase, architects paysagiste, meaning simply landscape architect.

Many of Mr. Olmsted's great works are familiar to us all. They include Central Park, New York; Prospect Park, Brooklyn; the almost unrivaled Park System of Boston; the great work de-

signed by him at the World's Fair at Chicago; and almost innumerable country estates, notably Biltmore at Asheville, N. C., the mere enumeration of which serves to show some of the diversity of the work, and even the most casual observer can see in them some of the reasons why this sort of work is not properly to be called landscape gardening. A gardener, as commonly understood, is one who cultivates a garden. He may, and of course should, know a great deal about botany and horticulture, but when you come to associate the word garden with landscape there is implied simply that we have a gardener who cares for a garden having a naturalistic or landscape character; the absolutely essential factor of creative design disappears. Expensive mistakes have often resulted from employing on landscape work a person who was simply a common gardener and ignorant of the principles of this sort of design. Art commissioners would not think of employing a man to design a monumental public library or city hall simply because he was a good stone-mason.

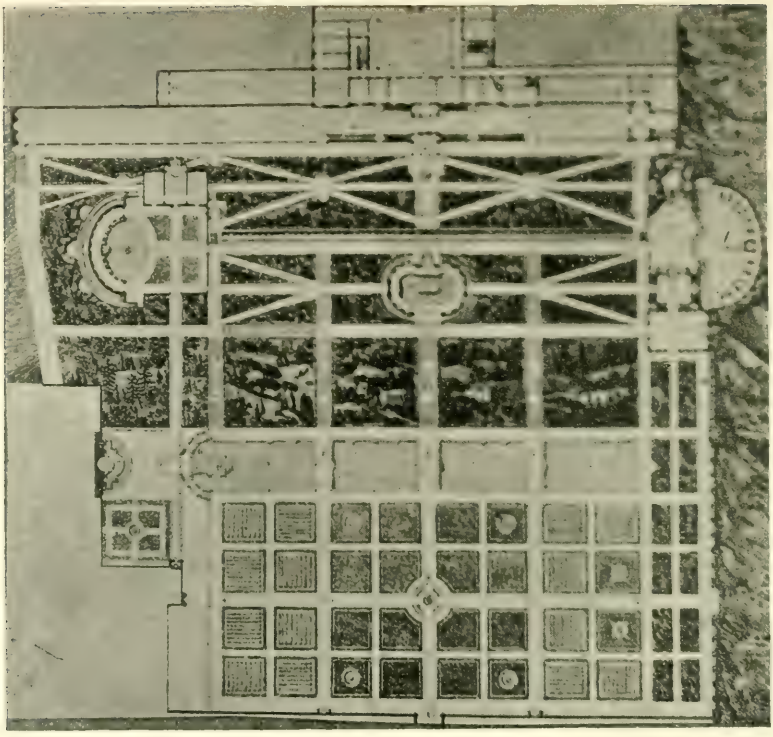
Landscape architecture is then, as Charles Eliot, one of Mr. Olmsted's gifted disciples, has well said, "the art of arranging land for use and the accompanying landscape for enjoyment." Landscape gardening is, it seems to me, a term conveying in itself confused ideas, but used, if at all properly, simply to cover that part of the landscape architect's work which had to do with the development of formal or natural beauty by the simple process of removing or setting out and caring for plants. This is quite secondary to the matter of designing a general scheme for the development of land for any given purpose.

Certainly the elder Olmsted's maintenance of his title and his great works and those of his disciples since under this title, coupled with the fact that the only society of men professionally concerned primarily in such work containing most of the better trained practitioners calls itself the American Society of Landscape Architects is sufficient rejoinder to the statement that the leaders in the art have not decided what to call it.

It is not accidental matter but a fact that both architecture and landscape architecture *are* bigger than gardening and may in justice demand larger compensation. Neither does the fact that it may be fitting in the design of the immediate surroundings of important buildings to utilize an architectural or formal style of landscape work rob the term "landscape architecture" of its true significance as a correct one covering very properly the work of the profession in all its branches.

While this term and its present day significance are relatively quite modern and undoubtedly the ancient tongues contain no connotation of words used in exactly the sense which we have in mind when we speak of landscape architecture, still our studies of ancient landscape design reveal most clearly that the principles of our art were more or less well understood and followed in very early times.

In ancient Egypt even, the arrangement of the grounds about the Royal Palaces and their important buildings, while they were distinctly temporary in their character and have long since been destroyed, are well preserved in wall decorations and other drawings, showing many evidences of thoughtfulness in design. These show a distinct effort to conform to the existing conditions of flat topography, fertile soil, ample space, and hot dry climate. Provision is made for irrigation, for desirable protecting walls, and there are many evidences of the fact that while the economic motive may have been to a certain extent present, the primary one was agreeableness and pleasure. There is ample provision for shade and for flowers, many of which were used in the religious ceremonies of those times. There were decorative pavilions, painted walls, sculptured ornaments, all planned for pleasing effects and with careful thought as to scale and proportion. There was no particular attempt at symmetry as a whole, but in the smaller structure and portions of the grounds symmetry *is* recognized. Repetition is effectively used and a certain degree of unity is clearly noted in many of the drawings.



PLAN OF THE VILLA D'ESTE

What has come down to us in the records of Mesapotamia show similar thought and study, and here as well as in Persia we know not only about the famous so-called hanging gardens of Babylon but of great enclosed hunting parks arranged with a more or less orderly system of avenues and paths through them.

Homer's famous description of the grounds of the Palace of Alcinous show how beautiful these must have been and how carefully the Greeks studied and thought out all such problems. No people before or since were ever more thoughtful of matters of design in the arrangement of their grounds and the placing of their statuary and buildings to fit the slightest bit of unusualness of topography. All this is very different from gardening, and here as in Egypt we note the application of true principles of design.

The Roman conquerors took these thoughtful designers of the best landscape art of the Greeks, together with their other artists, to Rome and as a result Roman estates and villas reflect this fine Greek influence. The greater wealth available and the changed physical conditions brought forth from the fertile brains of these designers new forms of landscape art evidenced by the ruins of the great Roman and Pompeiian estates and gardens that have come down to us. Here are shown not only the ideas of Egypt and Greece modified to meet new conditions, but careful consideration of the questions of distant view and vistas. It is clear that these men planned to have informality at a distance from their mansions and palaces with a more evident approach to formality as one nears the very formal designed palaces and terraces. There was a thorough appreciation of the need of conformity to the same architectural style throughout, in a word, unity. This is again correct design and what we are seeking for to-day.

We find also among the Romans some of the best and very earliest carefully designed city squares and public parks.

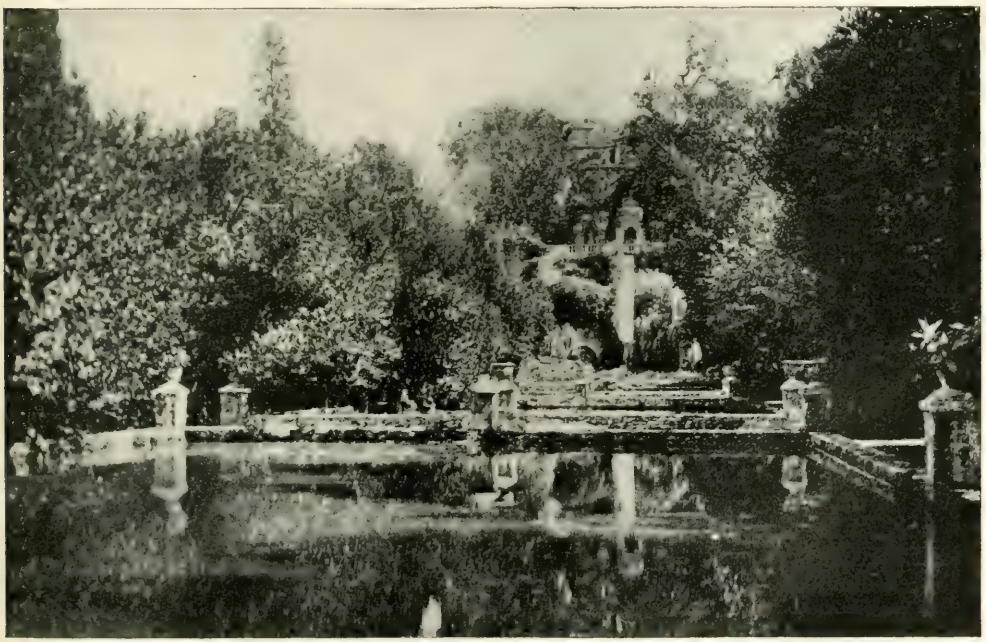
These in some cases were first designed for the private grounds of the Emperor and others, but later given to the people partly to gain popularity. In the preparation for them houses were removed and the resultant space treated as open public grounds laid out with rare skill and dedicated later to the use of the people. Fitness, definiteness of purpose, a careful consideration of the question of scale as well as beauty and art and unity were all studied, and as a result we can to-day to our very great advantage study these designs in connection with our own efforts at planning for public parks and squares.

The habit of setting aside such areas for the recreation of the people grew apace, and the question of their distribution throughout the city was studied with care, and as a result Rome was very well supplied and the parks were particularly well distributed. Under the Empire the park areas of Rome were one-eighth of the total area of the city. We to-day are struggling with this part of the problem in our own city planning.

Then came the set back of the so-called dark ages, but the flame thus lighted was never completely extinguished and finally burst forth again in the renaissance more gloriously than ever. Even in the mediæval times we find evidence of an effort at design in gardens and grounds. There was indeed more or less similiarity to the work of the Greeks in this respect.

Mediæval designers were, however, influenced by limited financial and other resources and by lack of labor and space. There is a marked absence of symmetry in their designs as a whole. It appears, if at all, only in minor details. They show none of that recognition of axis or of balance about an axis, such a notable feature of Roman and Italian design. They met their own peculiar condition well, however, and fitness may be said to have been their controlling motive.

These were war like times and security was looked for first, with pleasure and beauty as later considerations. The gardens and grounds of the old monasteries and feudal castles were essentially places of leisure and contemplation, and the high embattled walls lent an element of austerity to such grounds. All these conditions made simplicity, fitness and a complete utilization of every part important. Castles were on hill tops for their better defence, and areas were



VILLA D'ESTE, ITALY



VERSAILLES, FRANCE

therefore limited and very irregular in outline, but this irregular space was completely utilized. Everything was compact, neat and orderly. These were noticeable features of English design, as we shall see, but the conditions of mediæval times did not lend themselves to a high development of landscape design.

With the cessation of these harsh warlike conditions and the dawn of renaissance, landscape design entered upon a new and glorious era, for now, especially in Italy, great protective fortress walls were useless and we begin to find country places designed solely for enjoyment and the entertainment of guests, not as retreats for protection from warlike neighbors. Then was developed that perfect thing in landscape design, the Italian Villa.

The greatest artists such as Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and many others, made plans for them, and as we study their work in this regard we see that the best principles of landscape design were instinctively used. An Italian villa included the entire creation of roofed and unroofed buildings, terraces, fountains, paths, wells, seats and planting. Everything was most carefully provided for with one well rounded purpose in view.

The site was selected in an agreeable country giving access to good breezes and rare views; accessibility and constructive considerations were remembered. It was a hilly country and rather high up but not at the top of these hills were placed the villas. There was always the closest adjustment of topography, but this adjustment differed from that of mediæval times. These sloping situations led naturally to the development of the terrace and while the renaissance designers may have modified the topography more, they did not contradict it as was done in the earlier Roman times. Definiteness was retained but a larger unity was introduced dependent more or less upon symmetry. Symmetry was almost lacking in mediæval times but in the later renaissance was carried to extremes Repetition was most effectively employed. Shade and an abundant water supply were always provided. Social conditions were ever in mind, in fact, the purpose of the Italian villa was largely social. These were not hunting lodges ascetic retreats, but places for the social enjoyment of wealthy princes and prelates and their many friends. Here we may not mention the many details

thought of, but the Villas Lanti and d'Este to mention only two of the more famous, show how perfectly all was considered.

As we go forward with the years we may follow the development in the landscape design of France and England, both countries feeling to a more or less degree the influence of the Italian renaissance, France even more than England. In the latter country more evidence of mediæval influence and motives are to be noted. In the Italian villa and its grounds we have a single and very highly developed unit or rather limited size larger than the mediæval unit to be sure, but still domestic in its scale. In France, while this Italian influence is noted at first, it soon spread to a much more vast conception. The motives of the great French landscape designers were the wealth and power of their nobility and their desire to express these two things in the surroundings of their palaces and chateaux by the extent of their finished grounds. They deviated by the extent from the mediæval and Italian designs by adding unit after unit.

The topography being quite generally nearly level, all things were adapted to this. Terraces became broader, greater areas of water were employed and the development of the chateau appeared. Here we have the mediæval idea of the moat seized upon, formalized and elaborated to a great extent as at Fontainbleau and Chantilly. The highly organized axial arrangement of the Italian school was retained in the French designs but the scale of everything was immensely enhanced. It became no longer domestic or human but superhuman, especially in the time of Louis XIV, the self-styled Grand Monarch who firmly believed he was something more than human.

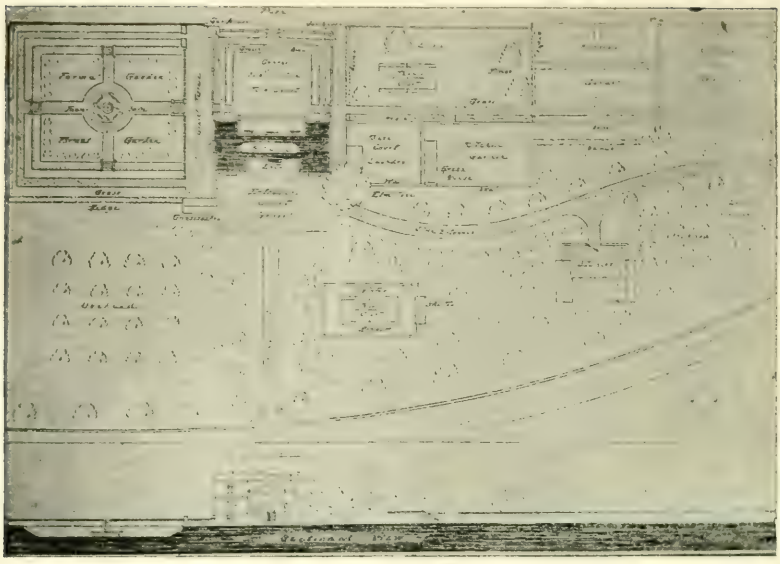
He had LeNotre and Mansard design Versailles and Chantilly with these motives in mind. In these estates there was a greatness and a strong and simple relation of parts one to another. The scale is always colossal and the emphasis is rightly enough under the circumstances placed not upon convenience but almost wholly upon appearance. The purpose was to express magnificence and was for effect wholly, and the results, while grand and impressive, are not as exquisitely interesting as in some of the Italian work.

Relatively little of this grand but superhuman style spread elsewhere, although it is somewhat in evidence at Hampton Court in England and Schoenbrum near Vienna, and Wilhelmshohe are respectively Austrian and German examples of this influence. This influence of LeNotre's style is evident not only in the later work of Haussman and Alphand and Andre at Paris, but to a certain degree of L'Enfant in his plans for the city of Washington.

English landscape design was as a rule more human, more influenced by mediæval motives, and there was less emphasis placed upon the strictest axial and

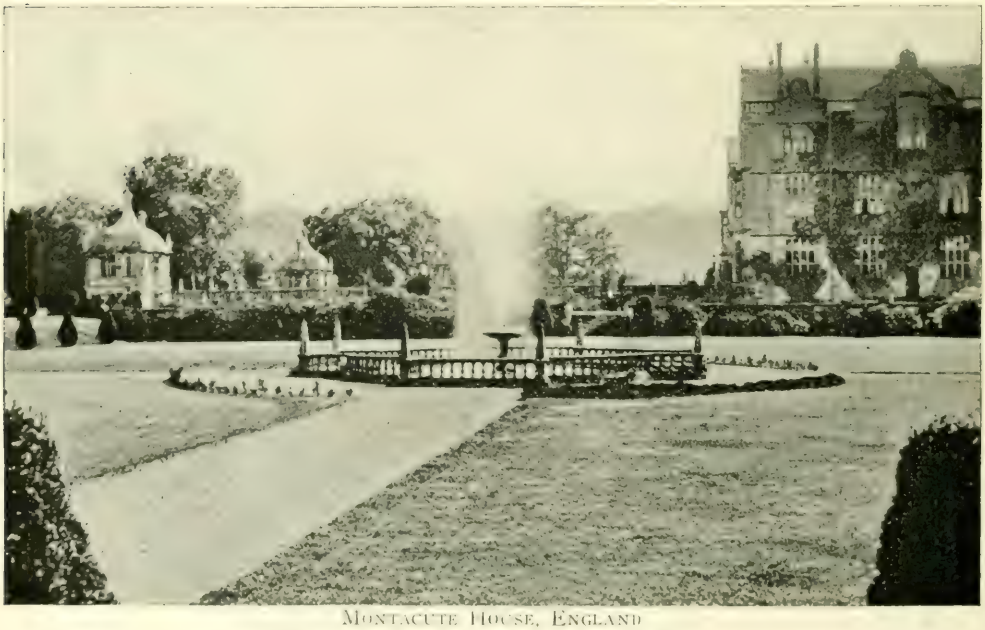


VERSAILLES, FRANCE
Note the predominance of gravel walks.



PLAN OF MONTACUTE HOUSE

formal motives, and distinctly less symmetry than in either the French or Italian work. There was a good deal of unity withal and a very distinctive difference is shown as regards the planting. In the French formal work the gravel paths are the basis of the design and the parterres, fountain basins, pools and other details are laid out, or set out, as it were, in the midst of the gravel walks which are always very much in evidence. In the best English work the effects secured were quite the opposite. There is always the background of turf and foliage



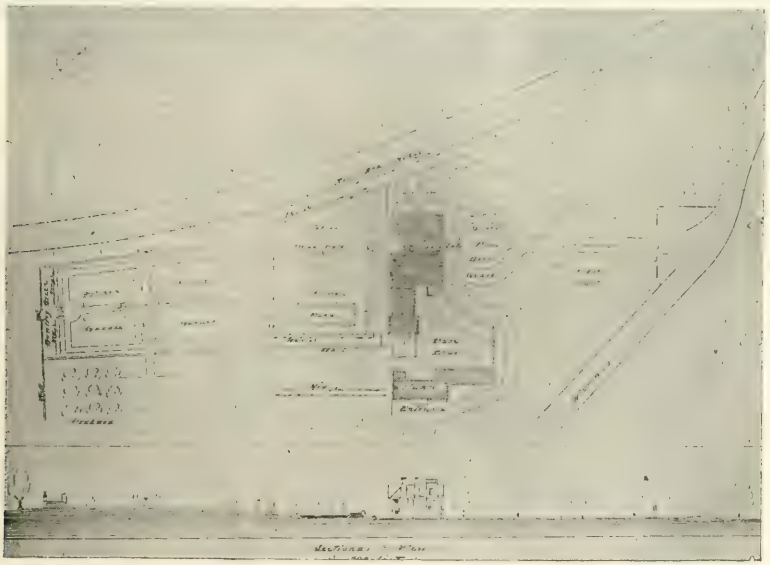
MONTACUTE HOUSE, ENGLAND
Note predominance of greensward.



BRICKWALL HOUSE, ENGLAND

masses upon which the paths are laid out as a much more incidental feature.

With this very brief and altogether inadequate resumé of the more salient principles of earlier landscape design before us, let us now turn for a few moments to the result of all this as expressed in the landscape architecture of the present day, especially in America. Our problems here are many and varied and far removed in the character of the surroundings, climate and other conditions from almost all of those we have mentioned. The trained landscape architect in America uses his study of these earlier problems if he has the right spirit as a guide to correct principles solely. These earlier European landscape designers did this in their own case and were constantly and indefatigably searching for right principles of design applicable to the particular problem in hand. The best of them never slavishly copied others and we should not. We should use these right principles to secure distinctive American types of work. Let



PLAN OF BRICKWALL HOUSE

us now briefly consider some of the many classes or types of problems in landscape design met with in the practice of this profession in America to-day, and note how we are helped in their solution by this study of the past.

In the first place what may be termed domestic landscape architecture, the designing of suburban and country estates and grounds. How varied these are, located on the rugged coasts of Maine, the tropic sands of Florida, amid the mountains and on the level prairies and amidst the semi-tropic conditions of the Pacific Slope. How make rules for such varieties of conditions? Manifestly no rule of thumb will answer. Right basic principles are of the utmost importance however, and these are suggested by our earlier studies. From Egypt, Greece and Rome, from Italy, France and England do we draw our inspiration but none of their works do we copy, only the principles there determined.

In these domestic problems there are always two main groups of factors of importance; first, the local ones, that is to say, the conditions of topography, existing vegetation, climate, soil, proximity and direction of outside factors affecting the accessibility of the site, and second, the personal factor. Who is the home for? How many are to live in it? Is it to be an all the year around one, or to be used only in the summer or winter? What funds are available for the adjustment of the land and improvement of the landscape? All these and many other things are to be ascertained as a basis from which to proceed. A careful consideration of these two points, the local and the personal, will prevent any sameness of treatment even in similar localities.

As we particularly noted in the case of the design of the Italian villa and grounds, fitness, accessibility as to supplies of material, water and so on, are considered. Provision is made for means of approach both for guests and service. Views or outlook from the site and the aspect of the finished scheme from without are all studied, and the proportioning of the three vital elements of the design, the entrance, the service and the living or pleasure portions of the grounds are carefully determined, usually the greater area being devoted to the latter. Local topographical and climatic conditions affect all these points as do also the client's personal desires.

From the work of these earlier de-



View in a Boston Parkway

signers we get inspiration helping us to determine the general character of the special treatment. Shall it be formal or informal and here is where there should be the heartiest co-operation between the client, the architect of the buildings and the landscape architect, for manifestly the type of house selected should suit the site as well as fit it, and the best design is that which most comprehensively meets all these conditions. While some sites much more emphatically demand rigid formality than others, almost every house no matter how informal its general character, is composed of rigid straight lines and definite angles. There is therefore almost always a rightness in some formality immediately about such a structure. This formality may not go so far as to involve exact symmetry or balance and the gradual cession of any sort of formality, the merging of this sort of design into the free and informal natural surroundings is of the utmost importance in securing that unity and harmony without which no design is successful.

Another great class of problems are those coming under the general head of public reservations including greater and lesser parks, city squares, play grounds and the like, the mere mention of which indicate the variety of conditions to be met. Here as in the domestic problem, however, we have again two main factors, namely; the local and the personal. In these problems, however, as we are now dealing with persons in the mass, the latter element becomes more stable and we strive to determine the wants of the average personality rather than those of the special or distinctive one. The Romans, as were earlier noted, showed us many vital principles in such designs and not the least in their study for the distribution of these areas throughout the city.



View in Boston's "Riverway Park"

Definiteness of purpose is always to be maintained; that of a great country park for a large city being to afford perfect relief and rest to the tired citizen by offering to him and preserving for him the contract of broad restful rural scenery unmarred by any of the sights and sounds of city life. This involves many considerations as to the choice of the tract of land, its bounds, its present scenic effect, its accessibility, and the design of roads and paths through it so that the public may enjoy but not destroy its beauties. Notable examples of the very best of this sort of design in this

country are Central Park in New York, Prospect Park in Brooklyn, and Franklin Park in Boston, all the work of the elder Olmsted and subjects of the most careful study by all his followers. Space allows mention only of such important problems coming under this general head as public gardens, city squares and play grounds, all requiring distinctive treatment.

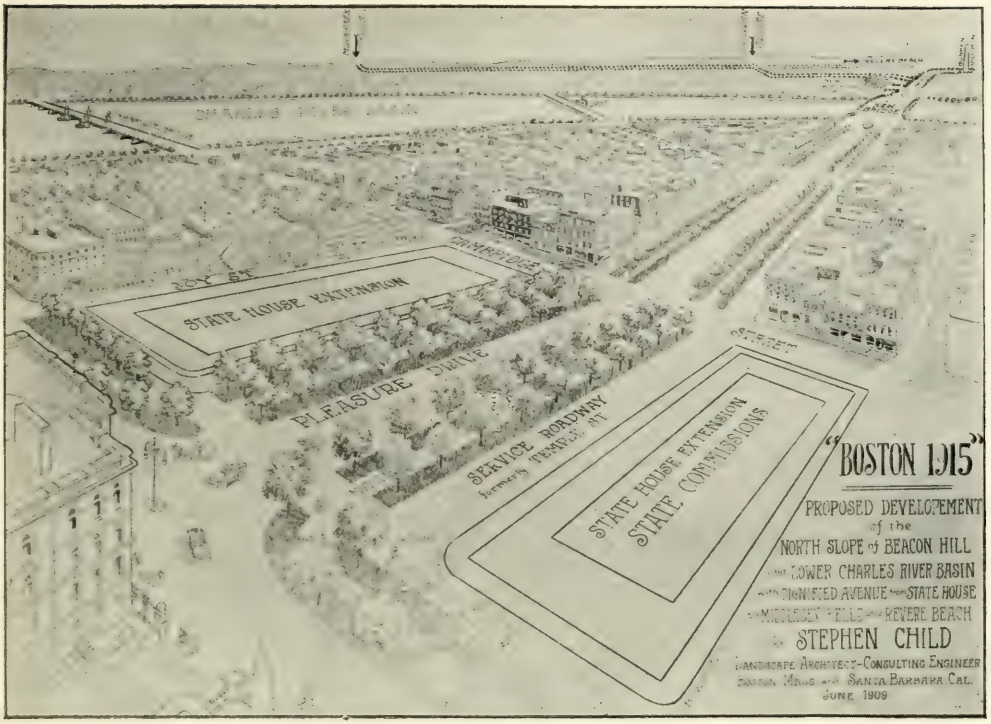
The distribution of city parks, squares and play grounds brings with it the problem of connecting parkways involving much careful thought as to location and details of grades and so on. Perhaps the banks of a hitherto neglected sluggish stream until now an unsightly dumping ground, can be transformed by careful design into beautiful parkways. Never has this been better done than in the case of the "Riverway," a part of Boston's parkway system leading from the city proper to Franklin Park. Beautiful and natural as this all appears now, there is hardly a line or bit of vegetation, except the older trees, that has not been placed by the hand of man where we now see it. Fifteen or twenty years ago this part of the town was one of the ugliest sights imaginable. A brackish stream struggled along through the tangled masses of sedges and swamp land. Now all is beauty of the most restful park, but every particle of it is the result of design. This is not landscape gardening, but landscape architecture, the work of a "master artisan in matters pertaining to land."

Real estate allotments and new residential town sites offer vital and interesting fields of endeavor for the landscape architect. Here we may get much that is helpful in the way of suggestion from the present day work in these lines being done in England and Germany. But these so-called English garden cities and the German suburban townsite developments can again be copied only in the principles involved. These are fitness, convenience, definiteness, study and skill in adapting needs to conditions, forethought to meet future demands of traffic, and so on.

All this leads up to, and in fact in many respects is part and parcel of the great subject of city planning in general, a most complicated one, and in the case of great growing cities, never ending, for it is most certainly true that no comprehensive plan can be made at any given time which will solve for all time the problems of the great cities' growth. These are constantly changing and must be as constantly modified. Any right study of this great question, while it may solve some particularly important immediate need, as for example that of the right placing and design of a civic center and the grouping of public buildings thereabout and may make provision for other peculiar needs, must be relatively tentative and must by constant effort and study of proposed schemes be kept up to date. Certain right principles, however, can be laid down; further extension, for example, or the vicious gridiron system of streets may be stopped. Efficient control of suburban growth may be placed in intelligent bands and not allowed to go on at the merest whim of property owners.

In many of these matters the trained landscape architect can be of greatest service in an advisory capacity. Modern city planners are realizing more and more that the first essentials are practicability, fitness and convenience, and that the beauty sought must be as a resultant of all these not adjunct, not something to be embroidered on, but an intrinsic part of them. Mr. Olmsted has well expressed this in a recent address. "The kind of beauty most to be sought in the planning of cities is that which results from seizing instinctively with a keen and sensitive appreciation the limitless opportunities which present themselves in the course of the most rigorous practical solution of any problem." This is true landscape architecture applied to city planning, and it must not be forgotten that it must all be supported by the strong, high minded public opinion of any community in order to result in any marked degree to that city's good.

As an instance of the feeling for the necessity of something of this sort and of the growing sentiment that the utterly hap-hazard and thoughtless methods, or lack of methods, of the past, must be abandoned and something better substituted, it is to be noted that in this



THE BOSTON 1915 PLAN FOR THE NORTH SLOPE OF BEACON HILL, BOSTON

country alone fully seventy cities are engaged in more or less elaborate studies with this purpose in mind. In Europe great city planning efforts are going forward; staid old London is having its very vitals renovated; Berlin is in the midst of similar upheavals, and Paris, which we have been brought up to believe was nearly perfect in this respect, is getting ready to spend untold millions for further improvements of this sort.

It has not been possible within the necessary limits of such a paper as this to more than enumerate some of the salient features of this profession and the preparation necessary for the practice thereof. Inadequately and briefly as this has been done, however, the aim has been to make clear that while as its leaders contend this our beloved profession of landscape architecture is most assuredly one, if not in its comprehensiveness, the greatest of all the fine arts, its sure foundation and its never failing handmaiden is science. There has been perhaps much too strong a feeling in the past on the part of some of the present day leaders in this profession that the influence of science in connection with this or any other fine art is of necessity more or less contaminating. Art and science have been regarded as antagonistic. But are they? Certainly the greatest painters, sculptors and composers have been absolute masters of the technique, or in other words, the science of their particular art. There was never a truly fine art developed without a complete mastery of its technique. Many of the old masters spent years of patient study in the preparation of their colors alone, and we know how successfully.

Quite as certainly is it true that this technique must never be allowed to master art. We know how thoroughly Michael Angelo, for example, in the pursuit of perfection in *his* art studied anatomy and how some of his later work was marred by his evident desire to show therein his complete knowledge of the most minute details of human anatomical conditions. It is by a thorough knowledge of the principles and facts, in other words the scientific data in each case, and

yet by an equally complete subordination of all this to the highest æsthetic purposes or aims that perfection in this or any other art is attained.

Therefore do we study the past; therefore do we require the most careful preliminary investigations and the preparation of accurate scientifically prepared topographical plans before we can do any of our work successfully; for fitness and practicability are always to be considered first. It was because they never forget these things and were trained to do them that the masters in our profession in both Europe and America had such success. Alphand and Andre in France, and Major L'Enfant in the early days here in his preparation of that master piece of landscape architecture, the plans for the City of Washington, followed by that great master of the art, the elder Olmsted, all had scientific training of the most rigid sort and never forgot its principles.

So must we follow in their footsteps, not as copyists or imitators but as through, conscientious students of principles.

How great shall be the benefits to mankind when in this art which so vitally affects humanity, all such problems as have been referred to and many others allied thereto, shall be attacked and solved in the right spirit; a true blending of art and science. Neither first, but both keenly and sensitively appreciated for their true worth, for as Mr. Olmsted has well said:

"The demands of beauty are in a large measure identical with efficiency and economy, and regard for beauty neither follows after regard for the practical ends to be obtained nor precedes it, but must inseparably accompany it."

Love

By ELSIE V. H. BALDWIN

Something fresh and something sweet
Every lagging hour to meet;
Something true as friendship's strength,
Something long as heaven's length;
Something pure and something fine
Making homely things divine;
Something big and something strong
When the day seems over long;
Something old yet always new,—
That's my love for you.

The Unification of a State's Educational Forces

By GEORGE EDWIN MacLEAN, Ph.D., LL.D.,

President of the State University of Iowa

IN the 20th century economy, efficiency, and ethics call for the unification of a State's educational forces. The age of competition has been succeeded by that of co-operation and even of combination. The economist's dictum that "planless production makes waste" educators, sometimes under the stimulus of legislators, are learning to apply. Within the last two years not less than five states have passed noteworthy legislation in the direction of unifying their educational systems. In the United States the State and not the Nation, or the local district, town, or county, happily is the educational unit. The progress of educational unification becomes the more significant when we name the five states —Florida, West Virginia, Massachusetts, New York and Iowa.

In Florida the Governor has appointed a commission, consisting of the Presidents of the State institutions, the President of one private college, three school superintendents, three high school principals, to act with the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in formulating measures advocated in an educational campaign for the following purposes: 1. The teaching of Agriculture and Home Economics in the high schools of the State. 2. A compulsory school law. 3. The constitutional amendment for the millage tax, one-half for the support of the State University and State College for Women, and one-half to supplement the income of the county high schools. 4. Modifications of the course of study so as to articulate with the College of the University.

In West Virginia a State Board of Regents, which has not been in office for one year, has the educational control of all the educational institutions of the State, including the University. The President of this Board is the State Superintendent of Instruction. The University has recently appointed a professor of secondary education, whose chief duty is to give encouragement and help in the organization of high schools throughout the state, and who also acts as inspector of high schools, representing in this capacity the State Department of Schools. The University, normal schools, preparatory schools, and high schools of the State are thus being better articulated, and brought into closer and more sympathetic co-operation.

Massachusetts, in some sense the mother of and leader in American education, establishing the first State University in 1636, (now known as Harvard), and a decade later requiring every town of 100 families to maintain a school that would prepare for the University, and with a school system reformed by Horace Mann last year effected nothing less than a legislative educational revolution. It was in the interest of educational unification, and precipitated by the vital mistake in 1906 of establishing a Commission on Industrial Education distinct from the State Board of Education. The separation of the proposed trade schools from the public schools threatened schism in the public school system. The resulting agitation overthrow the organization of years in the interest of educational unification by the establishment of a Board of Education of nine persons appointed by the Governor with the advice

and consent of the council in classes of three for terms of three years. The members of the Board serve without compensation. The Industrial Commission was abolished. The old-time Secretaryship of the Board of Education was changed into a Commissioner of Education appointed by the Board for a term of five years. He was made the executive officer of the Board with plenary powers and supervision of all educational work supported in whole or in part by the Commonwealth. He was aided by two deputy commissioners, one of whom was qualified to deal with industrial education. The Pilgrim tendency in Massachusetts to extreme individualism, and the emphasis upon the town as a unit mark a contrast in Massachusetts leadership in education with that of New York.

The progress, therefore, of unification in Massachusetts is perhaps more noteworthy than the marvelous advances which culminated this year in New York State. New York had the earliest framework for state educational unity. In 1784 in their Assembly, "the first session after peace," leaders like George Clinton, the Livingstones, John Jay, and Alexander Hamilton, presented a plan providing for the University of the State of New York. Dr. Draper well says: "It was the first movement in America to organize the educational work of a State upon a nonpolitical, nonsectarian, and every way nonexclusive basis which would bring the sovereign authority and the financial aid of the state to the practical support of education that should be unlimited and free. It is not too much to say that it was the first really strong educational conception in America, and that it was by a group of men than which there has not been a greater in the land.

"The plan at first provided that the Board of Regents should be legally possessed of all the properties and should exercise the powers of appointment and all the other governing powers over all colleges and schools. But it was immediately seen that this would not work, and a reform was initiated in the Board itself. This reform provided for separate and local boards of trustees in all the institutions, with all the powers over property, courses, appointments, and administration. The "University" was to be a supervisory university. * * * * The idea was to bind all together, and bind all to the state, to the end that the newer and weaker institutions might have the fraternal aid of the older and stronger ones, and that all the people and every part of the state might have the uplifting influence of this general organization of the more advanced institutions of learning in the state. In other words, New York was setting up a state organization supervisory of her higher learning."

As early as 1787 plans were under way to enlarge the supervision of the Board of Regents to include academies as well as colleges, and to provide state aid. The plan has worked well with reference to the secondary schools, but it had soon to be modified with reference to the colleges, owing to disputes as to the prerogative of the Board of Regents and the Board of Trustees of Columbia, and later of other colleges. In the words of Dr. Draper "The purpose of the founders of the state to make Columbia a state college and the mother of many colleges and schools which should together constitute a real state university" was defeated. "It was doubtless inevitable, and probably necessary, but surely it was a heavy penalty both upon the state and the college, for the inability of a few men to adjust their official powers so as to make a workable and effective educational organization. * * * There were losses all around but they were doubtless necessary for college individuality and freedom had to be." Nevertheless the unifying influences of the Board of Regents of the University of New York, largely a mere examining board, were such as to cause the Board of Regents to be imbedded in the new Constitution of the State in 1894.

The Educational Unification Act of 1904 abolished the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and established that of Commissioner of Education, making it possible for the Board of Regents with the Commissioner to have control over the elementary school system. The fortunate choice of Dr. Draper, President of the University of Illinois, by

the Legislature for this office for the first term of six years, has led to the consummation of the unification by a new act and by the election of him this year by the Board of Regents practically for a life term. The act passed last April continued the Education Department under the *legislative* direction of the Regents and the *executive* direction of the Commissioner of Education, who is made the chief executive officer of the state system of education, and of the Regents. The state department is charged with the general management and supervision of all public schools and all of the educational work of the state.

Again in the words of Dr. Draper addressing the Regents "The Unification Act of 1904 as we have executed it, and now the new Educational Law, extend indefinitely both the legislative and executive powers of our educational government. The conflicts and confusion are disappearing because functions have been separated scientifically and powers are being exercised along rational, distinct, and effective lines. * * Bodies legislate; individuals execute. We shall invite failure if we confuse legislative and executive functions. The people of a democracy prefer that policies shall be settled by more than one person; executive functions can not be exercised effectually by a board. * * The duty of an executive is the execution of the law. The Commissioner of Education will have the initiative about appointments. You will have the approval of all appointments. Administrative freedom is just as vital as legislative freedom, or judicial freedom, or teaching freedom, or any other kind of freedom. Within his sphere the Commissioner of Education is to be just as free as you are in yours, or as the Governor of the state is in his."

Grand as have been the accomplishments of the New York State system, its confessed shortcoming has been in coordinating the colleges, and bringing them into vital connection with the State. The longing frequently expressed in many quarters in New York for a teaching and investigating state university as well as for an examining one vindicates the vision of the founders of 1784, and of the contemporary fathers of the western and southern state universities, whose plans fortunately were carried out in having teaching and investigating universities as centers of public school systems. We may be pardoned then for turning to a typical western State University, and the fifth state recently legislating in favor of educational unity—Iowa. The General Assembly in 1909 abolished the three separate governing boards of the State University, the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and the Normal School, and established in their stead one State Board of Education consisting of nine members of whom not more than five should be of the same political party. The Board is appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate. It is divided into three classes, and the term of office is six years.

The powers of the board are plenary as to the election and dismissal of presidents, instructors of all kinds, and as to the control of property. It is mandatory for the Board of nine to appoint a Finance Committee of three from outside its membership holding office for three years. The board itself is upon an honor basis, except for actual expenses and a *per diem* of $7.00. The members of the Finance Committee receive an annual salary of $3,500 each. It is the duty of the Finance Committee to visit each institution at least monthly. The Board and the Finance Committee have offices at the State House, though they are also to maintain a business office at each of the institutions.

The law as finally passed preserved the idea of a large board with full power. Some of the early bills were for a paid board of three. The influence of these bills appears in the appointment of the paid Finance Committee of three. The final law is brief, and on purpose indefinite with the expectation that the established academic customs and traditions, as well as the business sense and wisdom of the men on the Board and Finance Committee would maintain the safe guards of *lehr* and *lern-freheit*, and the distinction between government and administration.

Iowa has had almost from the beginning the vision of correlating the educa-

tional interests of the State with the University. In 1857 the Constitution of the State then adopted, provided for a State Board of Education, embracing all the educational interests of the state, including common schools. This board consisted of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and one member from each judicial district.

In the same year Horace Mann and the Chancellor of the University as an educational commission reported "that they could not regard any system of public instruction as complete without some liberal provision for institutions of higher learning." They provided "free scholarships, subject to obligation to teach in the State University." They proposed "to open the doors of the University to a large class who desired to fit themselves for the common pursuits of life." They wished by "their plan of organization to make use of the University for elevating conditions of the primary schools of the state * * * and to stimulate the youth to attain the proud distinction of being prepared for the State University." They "desired to send into every family of Iowa a spirit-stirring impulse and to arouse the latent energies of every young spirit and thus carry forward the common school system to the completest realization of its glorious mission."

A partial fulfillment of this dream of a "glorious mission" came in the establishment, first, of a certificate, and then of an accrediting system for high schools and academies, by which their graduates could be admitted to the University without examination. Inspection of the schools brought a living touch and inspiration in the visit of the professor or inspector to the high schools. The articulation of the high schools with the University, as regards courses of study, was effected by an early statute in Iowa, by which the University was "to begin subjects where the high schools left off." This is giving an unexpected, and perhaps, a happy result. Flexibility of admission requirements is thus forced upon the University, as well as an impetus to do everything within its power to help the schools to maintain standards. This should tend to dissipate the common notion that the University dictates to the High School, grounded upon the great influence of the college in New England in dominating the secondary school. In the case of the Western State University it might well be queried, if one falls into the spirit of complaint, whether the high school has not dictated more to the University than the University to the high school. In fact, where these institutions are an integral part of a great state system with a migration of pupils and teachers from one to the other, there tends to be a reciprocal and personal relation. Indeed the time is now at hand when a prophecy made by President Judson in 1893 at the Williams College Centennial is being fulfilled: "Every course of study in every secondary school shall always lead directly to some course of study in some college." This does not mean that every college is to be filled with multitudinous courses, but it does make for a state University as the co-ordinating point in that it should have some college or course to complete all courses, cultural, commercial, or industrial, of the secondary schools.

It is interesting to note that the Iowa State Board of Education, doubtless created primarily to correlate the State University and the separate College of Agriculture, and State Teachers College, has among its earliest acts found it necessary to create a board known as the Board on Secondary School Relations, composed of the Inspector of the secondary schools as chairman, and three other members, one chosen from the faculty of the College of Liberal Arts of the State University, one from the faculty of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and one from the faculty of the State Teachers College. The faculty representatives on this Board are appointed by the Presidents of the respective institutions and approved by the State Board of Education. Private and denominational colleges desiring to co-operate are encouraged to do so. The loose practice of admitting graduates of non-accredited high schools on probation is done away with, students from such schools being required to take the entrance examination on entering, and thus

the value of the accredited relation is further heightened. The fact that the Iowa State Board of Education finds practically an organic relation between these three institutions and the secondary schools, and takes action though the statute creating the Board has not the remotest reference to secondary schools, is a demonstration of the progress of educational unification.

In another direction there exists an intimate inter-relation of educational forces in bodies like the Board of Agriculture, of Geology, of Educational Examiners, of the Library Commission. Wisely, in North Dakota the Geological Survey is under the Board of Trustees of the University, as is also the Public Health Laboratory, the Biological Station at Devils Lake, and the Mining sub-station at Hebron. These things are indicative of a great comprehensive plan of co-operation, and a fuller recognition of the unity actually existing will give a state-wide educational system. Indeed, in Iowa after the passage of the act establishing a State Board of Education, a bill was introduced extending their powers so as to include the government of the Geological Survey, the State Library, the Traveling Library, the Iowa Historical department, the State Historical Society, and the Hall of Public Archives. This was a manifestation of the consciousness that all educational activities of the State should be correlated. It may be a sign of an on-coming of a fourth branch of government co-ordinated with the three established—executive, legislative and judicial; namely, the educational.

The educational forces of a state are much wider than state institutions. The church and private schools and colleges, the learned and philanthropic societies, the organizations of business, of labor, and of women, call for co-operation and a possible federation. The private schools and colleges recognizing credits from state institutions, and having their credits received by state institutions, and oftentimes by various co-operative devices and exchanges of professors, illustrate that there is a Republic of Letters within the body politic. Without technical legal relations there is an underlying educational organism. It is clear there is no occasion for antagonism among state-supported, church, or private bodies, and yet there is often waste of energy from lack of understanding, from unnecessary duplication, and inconvenience to migrating students.

All are watching with interest the unification of educational forces as exemplified by the association of Wesley College of North Dakota with the State University. It would seem a splendid example to set for the newer states that are not embarrassed, like the older states, by the interests that center about long-established institutions. One is constrained by the logic of the statement of President Robertson: "In the last analysis, those who found the state university and those who found church colleges are one and the same people. There is no organic union. The unity of ideal of their common founders assures co-operation of agencies to secure unity in the joint product. * * The separation of church and state is preserved in the full authority to teach and in the administration of funds. Only wasteful competition is eliminated. The 'Church' and 'state' are made to appear what they really are—not separate, antagonistic organisms, but simply two specialized forms of activity of one and the same people." We hope to catch the spirit of your association in the older states, and as in Great Britain colleges widely separated in space are federated into one University, we hope to have a greater University than that by law established, consisting of all colleges and schools in the state in co-operation.

It is plainly possible by voluntary co-operation and federation for institutions to unify the educational forces of the state. Indeed associations like the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, for a great group of states, have been able to bring about a practical comity, co-operation, and establishment of standards. How much more might this be possible within a limited territory like a state! The popular assemblies, like the State Teachers' Association, with their departments and educational councils, open the way for

closer relations that might be stronger even than legal ones. The Iowa experiment has begun with a *governmental* relation, and limited to the three higher institutions. Already the governmental and lay board is wisely recognizing the need of an expert council in the establishment of the Board on Secondary School Relations, which sprang out of the recommendations of a Committee of Fifteen from the three faculties, five from each institution. Herein is the suggestion of an academic council. While the twenty states, which, like Iowa, separated their College of Agriculture from the State University, watch and wisely *wait* the working out of the experiment of governmental unification in Iowa, might not these states vigorously try other experiments less radical. Suppose the governing bodies of the separate institutions and the faculties founded a conference for certain common purposes? In such a case the public, private and church institutions might seek a confederacy. The public institutions might persuade a legislature to have a standing and visiting committee. Certainly those who object to governmental co-ordination, which springs out of the attempt for educational unification, might attempt some voluntary efficient way. They rightly press the need of preserving the individuality of the different kinds of institutions, and the enthusiasm of their special patrons. They fear tendencies to compel dead uniformity, to seek an average, or the maiming of this or that institution in the desire to avoid unnecessary duplication. Let them be equally zealous in positive measures for co-ordination. Is it too much to hope that the vision of an ideal Republic of Letters within the State, an *imperium in imperio,* will, if not in this generation, ultimately be fulfilled? Why should not these states in the Middle West lead the way?

The elements are at hand for a combination of the unified system of the State of New York with the best in the system of a western state having a great State University, filling the gap in the New York state system. A commissioner of education, not a political officer like the State Superintendent, would be a minister of education, or educational statesman, worthy to be what the Chancellor of the University of Nebraska is called in the statutes "the chief educator." As the Commissioner of Education in New York is *ex officio* a member of the Board of Trustees of Cornell, in part a State University, so should this commissioner be a member of the governing boards of the state institutions of higher learning. Or possibly, better yet, with the proper evolution of the Presidency of the State University, when that officer is relieved by Deans of colleges who are virtually presidents of them, he might become the co-ordinating officer sought.

In conclusion, whatever may be the results of the interesting Iowa experiment in beginning the correlation with a representative common board of some size, on an honor basis, with its action focused by a Finance Committee, one thing is clear, that economy, efficiency, and sound education, and all the interests of the state from center to circumference demand the co-ordination of all public institutions. It is evident the happiest provision will include the co-operation with full state recognition of private institutions, and with the State University as the co-ordinating center, an institution at the furthest remove from all political, partisan and sectarian influences.

North Dakota has a splendid start to realize this ideal. Your University is like your new town named "Energy," pitched where there are immense deposits of lignite. The town promises to be an industrial center for mills of all kinds and electrical power plants. With the lignite coal electricity can be developed in enormous quantities and transmitted at low cost over a great area of your State. It is possible that the transmitted electric power will be running the gang plows and threshing outfits, stimulating the growth of crops, and lighting the farmers' houses, barns, dairy and even poultry houses.

The University, richly endowed and supported by the State to have the best experts and equipment in every department of knowledge, is the educational center. It is the state's central light and power plant with sub-stations in great sister institutions, public and private.



The House of the Fine Front Door

By ELOISE J. ROORBACH

With Illustrations by the Author

THE Man of Leisure, whose judgment of beauty was equal to his knowledge of the fascinating New England neighborhood he had chosen to dwell in, told me of an old house with a "wonderfully fine front door." Possessing also the graciousness which goes with the ownership of leisure as well as of acres, he offered to drive me to it for a day's enjoyment and study. The road was so beset with beauty, so hedged about with Siren-like groves, meadows, flowers, that, unlike Parsifal, I almost forgot the goal in the delights of the way thereto.

The House of the Fine Front Door sat modestly back from the highway, all gray from many winters and many lichens.

With the faded grace and unobtrusive charm of an old man it sat in the sunshine, guarded about by stalwart maples and noble elms.

Whoever built this house builded wisely and well, hewing the big timbers patiently, carefully forming the swags under the eaves and over the door, laboriously fluting the pilasters. The knocker and the latch of the hospitable looking door that opened so charmingly in the center instead of one side, were wrought in good keeping with the hewing of the wood.

My satisfaction and delight in it all was complete and I dashed about ad-

miring it immensely and looking for a good place from which to photograph it.

A slow moving, mild, quiet voiced man came out and seemed puzzled at my request for permission to take a picture of it.

lady, just browse around and make yourself to home."

I could not raise the camera high enough to get the door all in without tipping it more than I wanted to, so placed it upon an old chair that I found. This not being enough I put a milking



"ALL GRAY FROM MANY WINTERS"

"But it's all run down—it's awful old —150 years old, lady, and needs fixing."

"I like it so much as it is, and would very much like to have a picture of the door."

"Wal, you can have anything you want,

stool upon it, balancing its three legs carefully upon the small square chair. Then an old pail went upside down on top of the stool. This tottering arrangement still proved inadequate, so the man, smiling at my efforts, disappeared round

the house, soon returning with a barrel. The barrel with the milking stool on top was sufficient and I adjusted this improvised stand, this way and that until it was to my liking, while the dweller of the house and two of his neighbors perched in a row upon the fence, much interested in my struggles.

The Man of Leisure sat in the trap offering advice, until the three men went to him and began to gossip (as is the way of men).

The Man of Leisure drove away after agreeing to let me walk home, loitering in the leisurely manner that lovers of the country prefer.

As I laid the camera down and took up my sketching things the Dweller of the House came with a glass of water saying, "Don't you want a drink of fresh spring water?"

Gratefully I drank, thanking him with fervor, for it was indeed good and the drive had been long.



"My satisfaction and delight in it all was complete"

"That your woman?" one of them asked, for all the people in all the country knew the Man of Leisure.

"Why no, Sam—you surely know my wife. This lady is an artist who is visiting us. She makes pictures for magazines."

"You don't say," replied Sam. "Wal now I knew she must be something slick, the way she handled that flour barrel."

(This delicious bit of conversation I did not know about until my return at night.)

Three minutes after I had comfortably established myself upon a rock and was absorbed in the pleasant task of counting the swags over the doorway, that they might be honestly recorded in the sketch, my new acquaintance appeared again bearing three bright red apples.

"Do you like apples?" hesitatingly he questioned.

"Very much," I answered, and the gift proving too large for my outstretched hand, they were laid in a shining brilliant



"The Fine Front Door"

row upon my gray rock seat.

"I won't bother you no more," meekly announced my new acquaintance, moving slowly away.

"You don't disturb me—stay and talk a little."

He sat upon a log that was laid across two large stones, forming what was supposed to be a safety fence to keep unwary travelers from driving into the river below, though to my mind it seemed most untrustworthy.

"My old woman ain't up yet," began he, venturing the first bit of information (this being the polite way of leading on to the obtaining of full knowledge of name, age, occupation, etc., of the party of the second part).

"Isn't she very well?" I inquired, drawing in a panel of the door.

"Wal, she ain't just right in her head sometimes. Twenty year ago she had a little baby and was awful sick. She ain't been just straight since." His voice softened and putting his hand over his eyes, turned away from me, looking down the river. My eyes sought the turn of the road up the river, hiding also my own emotion and understanding now why kindness, gentleness and service seemed part of him. Twenty years he had cared for the woman he had vowed to "cherish until death us do part" tenderly serving her, doing woman's work until he had partaken somewhat of woman's ways.

The broken down walls, unswung

gates, tottering sheds, unwashed windows took on new interest for me, for how could a man make broth and stone walls, wash windows and build sheds, sweep floors and plant corn?

"Wal, I won't bother you no more," the man of kindness said, thinking of my good instead of his pleasure, for he wanted to stay.

By the time I had outlined the windows he was back again bearing in his arms a huge green cabbage and a huge yellow squash.

"Do you like squash?" he queried. "I got one bigger than this one—was going to pick you the best I had in the garden, but it was still growing and I thought I would see if you liked squashes before I picked it, but you kin have it an' welcome. An' this is a good cabbage, just heft it."

"It certainly is a heavy one," agreed I, "hefting" it. "Am so glad you didn't pick the other squash, for you ought to let it grow and take it to the fair. If it is any larger than this one it will surely take the prize."

He was pleased with the praise and insisted on my taking them both home with me, but I told him I had a long walk ahead of me and could not well carry them both but thought I could manage the squash. So reluctantly he carried the cabbage away saying he wouldn't "stay and bother me none," leaving the gay squash beside the bright apples.

When the drawing was finished I moved down the road a little and was working hastily upon a new sketch when this man of the kind heart sauntered towards me with a basket on his arm.

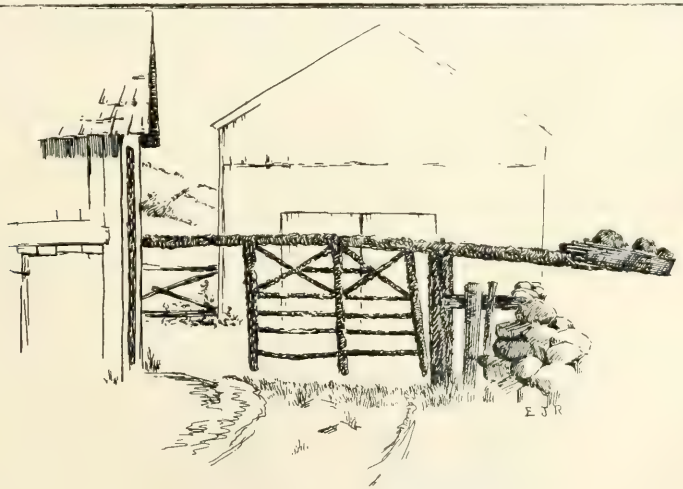
"Do you like blackberries and milk? My old woman is up now and wants to see you—she ain't got anything cooked up yet, but them blackberries is fine. Don't you want to go down to the mowin' with me—it is real pretty there?

"Why, isn't it late for mowing?" I asked, knowing all the other farmers had finished this work long ago.

"Yes, the hay's all in, lady, but the view from the mowin's fine." Then it came to me he was giving a little local coloring to the more universal name of meadow.

I agreed to go in and see his wife after he had dug some potatoes, saying I must finish my work before I allowed myself the pleasure of eating blackberries.

In what seemed like two minutes he was back again with the basket well filled with potatoes which he at once offered me. Dodging the gift as gracefully as possible I went into the house, not as I hoped, through the fascinating front door, but through the more friendly way of the kitchen door. His wife was a pale, very frail, sweet looking woman, dressed in a wrapper made of three kinds of goods—the front and back of red cloth, the sides of figured sateen faded past belief, the sleeves of bright new calico.



"An old gate at the end of the lane"



She was in one of her sane moods, most cordial in her greeting and was happy to be able to dispense hospitality.

She brought me a four quart pail of blackberries, fortunately allowing me to help myself while she skimmed a large pitcher of cream.

Then she brought a loaf of bread and home-made butter, then a cup of tea.

I insisted on pouring her a cup, much to her delight, and as we sipped our tea she told me of the old house, saying it had four fireplaces in it—one big, one "in the library" before which they used to roast a turkey by hanging it on a long string before the fire and giving it "a kick with our foot" as they passed by, so that it would spin around and brown evenly.

Desiring to see the library, they showed me what looked like a junk shop, so full it was of old saws, broken chairs, barrels, farm implements, shavings, etc., etc.

Not a book did this library contain unless the bundles of herbs hung about the walls could, with a little imagination, be made to reveal lore of healing, by study of the leaves.

"What is this herb?" quoth I.

"That's thoroughwort, do you want some? It's good for the blood. An' this is oppodildock, this is pennyroyal an' this here's mint," naming the queer looking, bitter looking, witchcraft looking bundles.

"Here is a double chair where I done my sparkin'," laughed the man, pointing to a splint bottomed chair, a real treasure.

"We're goin' to have this library whitewashed and all fixed up fine this fall," confidently explained the wife.

"Where did you get this turtle shell?" I foolishly asked.

"You kin have it, lady," said He of the Gifts, but not wanting this turtle shell, I feigned deafness, while the woman explained that she was going to have it painted or guilded, she hadn't decided which yet, to hold a "whisp" broom in.

After a time I begged permission to sketch an old gate at the end of the lane that was weighted in an interesting way by a box full of stones.

"You don't want a picter of that old gate do ye? I got a better one over yonder."

But I insisted that I liked this one, much to his amusement, so sat on a pile of wood under a butternut tree, prepared to "get its outline," on paper.

"Do you like butternuts?"

"Of course," I assented, knowing that butternuts would not be ripe for some time yet.

"I'll go get you some," he remarked and disappeared only to return in an amazingly short time with a half bushel of last year's nuts and a hammer.

"Here's some nuts for you—but you ain't got no stone to crack them on, have you?"

He lifted the biggest stone he could find from the nearby wall, placed it at my feet, showed me how to crack them so that the meats would come out whole, then reluctantly departed, saying that he "wouldn't bother me none."

When I went to say good-bye, He of the Gifts greeted me with, "Do you like maple sugar? I got some ready for you," and I did not have the heart to refuse.

I put sketch book and umbrella under one arm, slung the camera over a shoulder, hung the two pound cake of maple sugar on one finger, my lunch basket on another, put the gay squash under the other arm and lo! the three red apples yet remained and no hands left to hold them.

"Your breast ain't full—can't you put them in thar?" he solicitously advised, with no sense of the humor of the situation only anxious for me to have the apples.

So I slipped the three huge, round, red, apples down the "dutch neck" of my dress and not being able much longer to suppress my delight over the "too, too much" hospitality of my new friends, I hurried away, longing for a shady spot just out of sight where I could laugh to my heart's content and also, truth to tell, to remove those bulgy apples.

Fortunately I had not staggered far with my unmanageable bundles, when the Man of Leisure, trap and all, came into sight, contrary to all expectations. He roared with glee when he saw how my person was hung with decorations and facetiously inquired if I hadn't "left something."

"Yes," I proudly owned, "I left a bushel of potatoes, two pecks of butternuts, a cabbage, some apples, a turtle shell, three cucumbers, to say nothing of a loaf of bread, cup of tea, some blackberries and cream and a bundle of "yarbs."

A Grey Day

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

I hear the drip of the rain
  Like muffled tread of feet;
The locust lashes the pane
  With perfume heavy-sweet.

The songs of the yester-eve,
  Dancers on lighted lawn,
They have taken lonely leave,
  The glimmering lanterns gone.

Last night the lilt—then good-bye—
  To-morrow sun and sheen
Of my bridal dawn,—but why
  This grey day dropped between?

Hon. John W. Weeks

By LUCIEN KIMBALL

IT is a safe rule that a man is best known and most accurately valued by those who are engaged in a like employment. They know best the difficulties which he confronts and are able to judge intelligently of the ability which he displays in meeting them. They are quick to detect the signs of slovenly work. They know the temptations of their calling and detect the indications of dishonesty and recognize the hall-mark of sterling integrity. Recognition by his fellows is justly, therefore, more dearly prized by men than any other result of their labours.

Nowhere is this more true than in Washington among the hundreds that gather there for the onerous duties which our constitution and the expansion of our country imposes on Congress.

The most direct expression of confidence which Congress can make in the case of an individual legislator is his appointment to important committees, and particularly to those before which it is well known that severe problems await solution.

It means far more, therefore, than is often realized by the general public to say that a man has been appointed to this or that important committee, and the friends of Honorable John W. Weeks are glancing knowingly at each other these days and smiling significantly. For the captain has recently received some of the hardest worked committee appointments that the House can make. This is because he is one of the recognized workers of the congressional body. He has been appointed to a committee that requires expert knowledge, because it is recognized that, placed in such a position, he will not simply lean on a few expert advisers, but will go to work and himself acquire the expert knowledge that is necessary for the most adequate and thorough performance of those duties. He has been placed on a committee which is the pivotal point of as warm a fight as any that Congress has known for a long time, because it is recognized that he is a fair-deal man, with a judicial mind and a cool, ballanced judgment, as well as a tactful man whose skill in handling others will enable him to obtain the greatest possible good with the least possible friction. In other words, the appointment of Honorable John W. Weeks of Newton, Massachusetts, to the chairmanship of the House committee on Post Offices is a recognition by his fellow congressmen of abilities as varied as they are conspicuous. It is such a recognition as both his constituents and himself may well be proud, and it makes him a marked man in Washington—a picked man of the kind that Massachusetts and the country at large need for so many positions of importance that his rapid promotion in public life seems a foregone conclusion.

In the capacity of Mayor of the city of Newton Mr. Weeks was an interesting figure to those interested in municipal affairs, particularly in New England. He was known as the model mayor of the model city. It was understood that he had brought municipal efficiency to the highest pitch ever actually realized, and his presence was eagerly sought whenever municipal problems were discussed. He was, as a city officer, a pronounced friend of educational progress, and, both as alderman and mayor, aided in paving the way for the noble public school system of which Newton is so justly proud. He was a pronounced advocate of the city form of government, as opposed to the prevailing New England town government for over-grown towns, and was a strong believer in the possibility of a clean, honorable and efficient city government, free from the scandals that have attached to it in American politics. In



HON. JOHN W. WEEKS

1905 he was made chairman of the Republican State Convention and in that same year was sent to congress from the Twelfth Massachusetts District. There it became apparent at once that a strong force and an unusual personality had been added to the Congressional group from Massachusetts. He came from a notable district, one that had sent many able men to Congress and as the successor of Hon. Samuel Powers, occupied the chair of a broad and far-sighted statesman.

His education for his new work had

been as unique as it was to prove itself valuable. He is one of the very few men who have entered Congress from an education in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. I can not but think that his training there and his experience as a midshipman and as commanding officer of the Massachusetts Naval Reserve, with rank of captain, had much to do with the manner in which he applied himself to his new duties. The training at Annapolis teaches men the value of expert thoroughness. They are taught to assume responsibility promptly and courageously, but never carelessly. To meet the obligations of responsibility, to be trained to the minute and instantaneously ready, are the daily elements of such an education. In the present methods of doing the business of Congress these qualities are invaluable. The requirements of committee work are onerous and responsible. The chairman of a committee speaks to his fellow members with a degree of accepted authority that increases with their personal faith in the thoroughness of their work. Many a congressman has sat down before his appointment and realized that it required of him to become an expert and to master a field of human thought and action that is the sole life work of many men and to very many the appalling greatness of the task has led to its neglect. Mr. Weeks is not the man to act in that spirit. His training as well as his natural disposition would render such a course abhorrent and morally impossible. And that is why he is known as one of the men in Congress whose committee work can be depended upon for its thoroughness and integrity.

Other elements in his unique preparation for public life have contributed to his success. As assistant land commissioner for the Florida Southern Railroad he became intimate with the methods of handling certain large and very important problems and with the spirit and management of railroad properties. As a member of the great banking house of Hornblower and Weeks, he has enjoyed a business training of rare value, and is known as an astute and competent financier.

As might be supposed, these elements are reflected in his congressional work. He was appointed to the National Monetary Joint Congressional Commission of which Senator Nelson W. Aldrich was chairman, and in addition to his important chairmanship of the Post Office and Post Roads Committee, was appointed to the Banking and Currency Committee.

In the present Congress his retention on the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads is a distinct recognition of his invaluable work there.

On public questions Mr. Weeks has been a fearless and outspoken champion of that which he believed. He has never catered to popular prejudices by demagogic utterances or dramatic attitudes on so-called popular issues. His recent espousal of the cause of the United Shoe Machine Co. is a case in point. The mere fact that this company is a great corporation did not seem to Mr. Weeks a sufficient ground for an attack, however popular such an attack might have been made to appear to be.

While these facts, and many others that might be deduced, point to Mr. Weeks as a careful, thorough, industrious and sincere law maker, they also indicate a line of ability that may, after all, appear to the best advantage and win its greatest laurels in executive positions. It will not be at all surprising if the State of Massachusetts and the nation recognizes this fact and makes use of it for the public good.



Some Paradoxes of Personality or Muckraking in the Psychology of Character

By LEWIS M. TERMAN, Ph.D.,

Ass't. Professor Education, Stanford University, California.

PERSONALITY, whether viewed introspectively or objectively, never reveals more than a fraction of its full bulk. It is like an ice-berg, which projects only one-seventh of its weight above the water line. And just as the ice-berg derives its momentum and caprice from the portion concealed beneath the water, in like manner the instinctive, sub-conscious and hidden elements of personality impart mysterious antics to those portions which stand revealed to common gaze. What person severing his connections with home and friends to embark on a voyage of self-discovery has not found himself soon in possession of undreamt-of and astonishing traits of character?

And yet in popular judgments of personality these contingencies of human character are all but universally neglected. In this, as in all things else hasty, generalization is our greatest fallacy. We judge the entire resources of a human soul by the chance out-cropping ledges of ores not even assayed. Our popular psychology of character is still in the animistic stage. We assume the existence of a character entity behind every human act just as primitive man assumed the existence of a spirit entity behind each phenomenon of nature, antedating and causing it. "Steal once, always a thief," is the principle which has been operative in the formation of all legal codes, one which modern penal philosophy is just beginning to question.

On the contrary, nothing is easier to demonstrate than that a personality is not of simple, elemental quality, but a thing of baffling complexity, teeming with contradicitions irreconcilable; that it can not be determined altogether by sinking a single exploring shaft and extracting a few samples; that indeed nothing in the world, unless it be a gold mine, is quite as surcharged with uncertainties as is human nature.

To begin with paradoxes of the intellective functions, modern experimental psychology has demonstrated the discreteness of all the thinking processes. The psychologist no longer describes a person as having "a good memory." Laboratory experiments teach us that a person has as many memories as there are kinds of things to be remembered. One may have a prodigious memory for sporting events, but a lamentably poor one for events of history. One may remember figures well, but poetry hardly at all; or even the memory for figures may be further specialized so that it functions well with only a single system of number concepts, as for example prices of a particular line of merchandise.

The same is true of the so-called "powers" of observation or sense discrimination. They are specific, not general. The naturalist discriminates keenly between delicate color markings which distinguish species and varieties of insects, but lacks the power of discrimination which enables a miss of eighteen summers to tell at a glimpse of a woman's cheeks where she purchases her face powders. The palate of the professional wine taster, able to discriminate unerringly between Wilson Whiskey worth $2.00 a quart and Old Kentucky, worth $1.40 a

quart, is lost on a chartless sea if pitted against a young lady *bon bon* connoisseur in the discrimination of sweets.

Likewise with *reasoning power*. However logically one reasons about some things, one is equally sure in certain other matters to act upon the stupidest fancy. The archaeologist may pass authoritatively upon the meaning of an ancient inscription; the geologist upon the genuineness of fossil remains; the jurist upon evidence; the biologist upon hypotheses of organic development; the physicist upon a new theory of the constitution of matter; but each is helpless in the field of the other. As Le Bon observes, the decisions of general interest taken by an assembly of distinguished men, *but of different specialities,* are not appreciably superior to the decisions arrived at by a gathering of imbeciles. Or to state it mathematically, reduce the multifarious kinds of genius to their greatest common divisor and you have common everyday stupidity. Even the mathematician, who is popularly supposed to be the reasoner *par excellence,* often shows himself unable to draw the simplest inferences in matters of practical everyday concern. A tender-hearted professor of mathematics in a Southern College once set about providing a comfortable domicile under his barn for his favorite cat and her three young kittens. He accordingly sawed out of the board foundation a large round opening through which the old cat might enter, and at one side three smaller holes for the kittens! It is said of Newton that as he lay before the fire one evening pondering his famous experience with the apple and completing the formulation of his epoch making theory of gravitation, he became gradually aware that his legs were scorching. Here was a "situation"—a "problem"—in the psychological sense of the term; this genius solved it by peevishly calling his servant to come and remove the fire! The world's greatest "lightning calculator" is an epileptic bordering on imbecility. Although as a mere child he invented, unaided, some of the most ingenious arithmetical short cuts ever hit upon, he was found by experimental psychologists to be incapable of making ordinary progress in elementary algebra and geometry. On the other hand, a great mathematician, Mongé, resolved easily the most difficult problems of a differential calculus but was embarrassed in seeking an algebraic root of the second degree which a school boy might have found.

To say, therefore, that a man reasons well is merely equivalent to saying that there are oases in his stupidity. Indeed, genius and irrationality so often co-exist in the same mind as to have given rise to the insanity theory of genius, i.e., that genius and insanity are but slight variations of what is essentially the same neurosis. The friend of a famous literary man used to say apologetically in his behalf, "Pay no attention to his lack of common sense; he is all genius." As the English aphorism has it, "Certainly cracked, but the crack lets in the light."

However that may be, the recent psychological studies of superstition show that this form of irrationality is common to many persons above average intelligence in other respects. Napoleon believed in presentiments and horoscopes and accepted the prophecies of any sorcerer who promised him good fortune. He was in despair when he broke a mirror, lived in terror of Friday and considered the letter *M* fatal. Schopenhauer used to burn off his beard with a candle because of his morbid fear of razors. Frederick II was so overcome with anxiety at the thought of changing his coat that he wore only two or three in the course of his whole life. Zola used to count the gas jets on the streets and the numbers on doors and cabs. He would then add all the figures of these numbers together as units and was reassured if the sum turned out to be a multiple of three or seven, but was made nervous if the sum was 17. He was once thrown out of a cab; and found when he hastened to add up the number on the vehicle that they amounted to 17! According to Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, many famous opera singers are next to impossible to manage because of their belief in ill-omens, a performance being frequently upset because the star, warned by some presentiment, refuses to per-

form. It is interesting that the largest catalogue of superstitions ever collected was gleaned from the confessions of normal school and college students in a progressive western state. Some 10,000 superstitions were listed and classified in this study. Almost every student confessed to at least partial belief in at least one superstition, while the percentage of belief for all the superstitions named was only a little below fifty. Imagine a schoolteacher, society's official agent of civilization,—a normal or college graduate—rendered nervous for her day's work by meeting a black cat on her way to school! At the same time experience teaches that a person may subscribe to beliefs of this sort with the utmost sincerity and at the same time display reliable judgment in business affairs, be an agreeable companion, a good neighbor, and what Roosevelt would have called an all round "desirable citizen." After all, perhaps every one is entitled to a few streaks of insanity. At any rate it is manifestly unfair to adopt the principle of Virgil and "from one act judge all."

There is such a thing also as *moral* unevenness. A person may exhibit neatness, taste and carefulness in dress and be at the same time a veritable sloven in matters of business. It is to the last degree hazardous to infer a woman's method of house-keeping from the cut and fashion of her street apparel. Indeed, a woman may be a model domestic in other respects, but able to see nothing objectionable about bathing the baby in a dish pan or feeding the cat from a dinner plate. A most active and influential woman in the promotion of municipal cleanliness in a western city, was so notoriously filthy in her domestic habits that neighbors would not cross her threshold.

Again, it is inaccurate to speak of a "habit of punctuality," because there is no reality corresponding to this blanket term. One, for example, may be punctual in all matters except church attendance, or in church attendance but in nothing else. A business man at a tardily served breakfast lectures his wife on the virtue of punctuality, at noon forgoes his lunch to keep an insignificant appointment, and at evening allows the dinner at home to wait an hour upon his carelessness. The story is told of a lecturer who appeared on the platform a half hour late to deliver his lecture on punctuality.

Not even *laziness* is altogether simonpure. In an Indiana village there lives a man who is notorious for miles around because of his indolence. Apparently well endowed intellectually and physically, he was never known to work three days together. For twenty years his wife has supported the family by taking in sewing. Now this woman insists that her husband is not at all lazy about the house; that he is "so good" to thread her needles for her, to pick up her spools when they fall, to read to her while she sews and even to tend the fire. Some unpsychological people consider this good woman simple hearted and over-appreciative of small favors; let us commend her rather for open-mindedness to see and acknowledge traits which others are too narrow to appreciate.

And how may we define a *coward?* The soldier most terrified by fear on the eve of battle may win a medal for bravery in the conflict that follows. A woman was once teaching a district school in a rickety old mouse-eaten frame building in central Indiana. One day a wee mousie, encouraged by a momentary lull in the school murmurs, ventured out of its hole into the school room. The teacher saw it, jumped in terror to the top of her desk and screeched at the top of her voice, "children save your lives!" But since then this timid girl has borne herself with almost superhuman courage through some of the direst misfortunes that ever fell to the lot of womankind. She would probably face death at the stake like the martyrs of old. Another woman was wading out into a lake to drown herself when a hunter happened along with his rifle and saved her life by threatening to kill her if she did not return ashore.

That *cruelty* and *tenderness* may be hopelessly intermingled in the same character is attested by the Cinderella folklore of many races as well as by the aspersions popularly heaped upon stepmothers. Many a woman loves her cat

better than she loves her neighbor's child. There are rabid anti-vivisectionists who are apathetic in the last degree toward the annual waste of tens of thousands of human lives by preventable sickness. It is said that the cruel Nero wept like a soft-hearted woman on signing the death warrants of those whom he had ruthlessly condemned to death. Is there any really valid evidence that slaughter house employees are less kindly to their wives and children than are employees of the S. P. C. A.

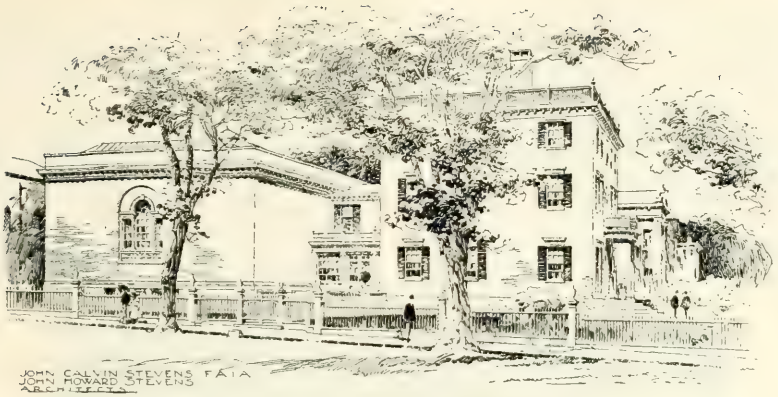
The case is not different with *truthfulness.* We never meet with pure unadulterated honesty, if we except the innocent and embarrassing frankness of little children. The youth soon learns better than to leave the very citadel of his personality exposed to vulgar gaze. On one side he weaves baffling mazes of polite behavior; on another side he erects a solid wall of prudence; at another angle he barricades with diplomacy against the aggressions of the wicked; while the fourth side is already guarded by the formidable natural barriers of instinctive dissimulation:—he is honest who leaves a secret entrance in his personal defenses where a few tried and trusted friends are allowed to cross the inner threshold of his personality and see him as he is.

The public school with its systems of artificial rewards, arbitrary penalties and unhealthy rivalries, is often in effect a gigantic conspiracy against the development of veracity, so that it has been said by our greatest student of childhood that "an honest child is the rarest product of the school." On every hand the child witnesses doings which batter down his natural moral distinctions. Sometimes he welcomes the lower standard, adopts it as a principle of life, and becomes hopelessly dishonest. Generally, however, he becomes dishonest only in spots. To be sure, these spots are likely to spread until they cover most of one's moral anatomy, but this is not nearly as inevitable as preachers, straining for a moral, would have us believe. Sometimes the spots remain permanently well-defined and small, as for example, in the unquestionably devout and respectable woman who, on her way to church of a Sunday morning, cheats the street car company out of fare for her seven year old son.

It is hardly necessary to say that this principle of the fragmentariness of morality which the rising science of criminology has so thoroughly established offers problems of the utmost difficulty for practical penology. For although we have proved the existence of the semi-insane and the criminal-octoroon, it is not clear that the situation can be satisfactorily met by semi-guillotining or fractional electrocution; and the irate husband of the woman who has been proved (like Ivory soap) only 99.44 per cent. pure, will doubtless remain inconsistently obstinate in demanding from the court nothing less than divorce without alimony.

And finally there is the antimony between *theory* and *practice;* between ideals and actual behavior. The social democrat may rule his household by the iron hand of despotism, and the charity of the philanthropist may neither begin at home nor end there. The author of Émile, with its fervent gospel of humanity toward children, would not father his own offspring. Sallust, who wrote such beautiful tirades on virtue, passed his life in debauchery. It has been said of another genius that he "wrote like an angel, drank like a fish, and lived like a beast." Ranaun described himself as "a romantic protesting against romanticism, an utopian preaching materialistic politics, an idealist giving [himself useless trouble to appear bourgois;—a tangle of contradictions."

So treacherous is the virtue of sincerity that a modern cynic has recently defined the sincere man as "the one who bluffs only a part of the time." Without subscribing wholly to this sentiment, we can nevertheless sympathize with George Sand when she says: "I am sick of great men; I should like to see them all in Plutarch. Let them be cut in marble or cast in bronze and let them be silent. So long as they live they are wicked, persecuting, fantastic, despotic, bitter, suspicious:—they are worse to their friends than to their enemies. God protect us from them; be good—stupid if you will."



THE L. D. M. SWEAT MEMORIAL

THE SWEAT MEMORIAL
PORTLAND'S NEW ART CENTRE

By GRANT HOWARD, JR.

OF very deep interest to the lovers of art and the humanities is the completion and dedication in Portland, Maine, of the L. D. M. Sweat Memorial, which supplies that city with a fire-proof exhibition gallery where art treasures may be safely exhibited, affords delightful shelter to the Portland Society of Art, and in other ways creates an art centre in that beautiful and growing metropolis of "down east."

Under the skillful direction of the architects, Mr. John Calvin Stevens and Mr. John Howard Stevens, the Sweat homestead has been transformed into a delightful club house, the exhibition gallery being an addition carried out in perfect harmony with the older structure, with its colonial generosity and simplicity of style.

The accomplishment of this very valuable work was made possible through the will of Margaret J. M. Sweat, widow of L. D. M. Sweat, who died at her home in Washington January 16, 1908.

The major portion of her estate, including the Portland home, was given for the purpose which is now realized in so successful a manner.

The old mansion, generally known as the Wingate House until its purchase by Colonel L. D. M. Sweat, was erected soon after the close of the revolutionary war, and was, perhaps, the most pretentious dwelling in Portland at that time. It was designed by Captain Alexander Parris, a Boston architect of fame, and during its occupancy by General Joshua Wingate, its second owner, was the scene of many notable social gatherings. The ownership of the house descended through the Clapp family (Charles Q. Clapp having married into the Wingate family,) until its purchase by Colonel Sweat, a Portland lawyer of prominence and distinction. The building is one closely identified with the best social life of the city and with many of its most interesting events. Its architectural dignity and the excellent workmanship and design exhibited in its decoration are added elements of interest, and add to the appropriateness of its dedication to public uses. It is a monument of an epoch dear to American patriotism and forms a visible link with a noble past.

Mrs. Sweat's will very wisely provides that, "the main house shall be maintained and kept in its present general appearance and condition without any exterior changes; no change shall be made upon

the interior of said house in the main hall of first and second story, the two front rooms and library on the lower floor, or the two front chambers in the second story. All other rooms may be utilized in such manner as the Society may elect." These rooms are filled with furnishings and decorations collected with great care by Colonel and Mrs. Sweat, and it was a part of Mrs. Sweat's idea that they should be left as, to quote her will again, "fairly representing a home of the Nineteenth Century." The idea is an intelligent and interesting one, and its accomplishment will be increasingly appreciated with the years. The thought that the domestic furniture of our own time may be as interesting to future ages as that of antiquity is to us, and the care taken that a "fairly representative Nineteenth Century Home" be maintained by the Portland Society of Art, so far as these specified apartments are concerned, bespeaks a wise foresight and broad human sympathy.

As has been indicated, this interesting memorial is in charge of trustees representing the Portland Society of Art, an organization of which the present officers are: President, George F. Morse; first vice-president, John Calvin Stevens; second vice-president, Fred J. Ilsley; secretary, Henry A. Peabody; treasurer, Edward D. Noyes, and librarian, John Howard Stevens. The history of this society was briefly outlined in a paper by Honorable Charles Freeman Libby, which was read at the dedication services. This paper was in part as follows:



HALL AND STAIRWAY

"I have recently examined the records of the Portland Society of Art, to revive my recollection of some facts of its early

history. It may interest you to know something about its early organization and officers.

The Society was organized under the Statue relating to charitable, benevolent and scientific corporations, on the third day of March, 1882, at the residence of Mr. James P. Baxter, with twenty-five corporate members. This number was increased at the first meeting by the election of associate members to the number of one-hundred and forty-five. Its first President was Mr. Baxter, and its first Secretary Mr. William S. Lowell. The following is the list of its succeeding Presidents and Secretaries, and the years in which they served respectively down to the present year:

Presidents:

Mr. William E. Gould—1883-1884-1885 and 1886.

Mr. William F. Libby—1887-1888-1889 and 1890.

Mr. John E. Dewitt—1891.

Mr. Harrison B. Brown—1892.

Mr. Geo. F. Morse—1893-1894-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907 - 1908 - 1909 - 1910-1911.

Mr. John Calvin Stevens—1895-1896-and 1897.



ROTUNDA

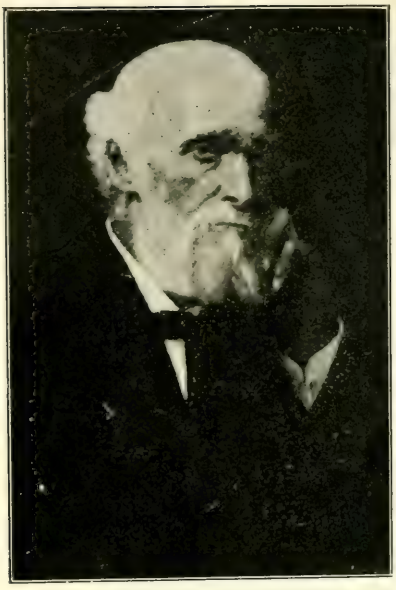
Mr. Charles F. Kimball—1898-1899-1900-1901 and 1902. (He died in office January 28th, 1903.)

Secretaries:

Mr. George D. Rand—1883 and 1884. (Resigned February 28, 1885.)

Mr. Charles G. Haines—1885 and 1886. (He died in office in December, 1886.)

Mr. M. B. Gilbert—1887. (Resigned in October, 1887.)



GEO. F. MORSE, ESQ., PRESIDENT

Mr. A. W. Cobb—1889.

Mr. C. F. Davis—1890.

Mr. Nathan Clifford—1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899 and 1900.

Mr. John H. Stevens—1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906 and 1907. (He resigned November 27th, 1907.)

Mr. Frank L. Bowie—1907-1908-1909 and 1910.

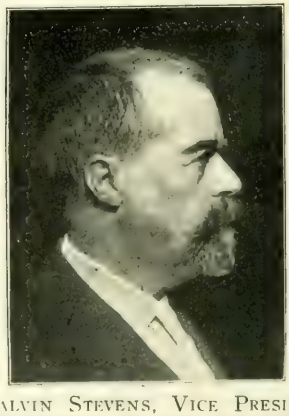
Mr. Henry A. Peabody—1911.

For the first two years of its existence the Society met in rooms in Motley Block, on Congress Street. In the latter part of the year 1883 a modest and convenient club house was erected on a lot owned by Mr. Baxter, in the rear of the Public Library at a cost of about two thousand dollars, which sum was raised by the issue of bonds. This club house continued to be the home of the Society until the spring of 1896, when Mr. Baxter having sold to the Public Library the land on which the club house stood the Society was obliged to find other quarters. The loss of the club house was a serious blow to the Society and jeopardized its existence, which up to that time had been one of increasing usefulness. Following this forced removal from what it had considered its permanent home, the Society first took restricted quarters at 507½ Congress Street, where it remained until the spring of 1901. Following this date came a short sojourn in Motley Block, and then for several years the meetings of the Society were held at the offices or residences of some of its members. In the fall of 1906 the Society made a new start and obtained commodious rooms at 567½ Congress Street, which have continued to be the gathering point for the Society until it recently moved into this new and luxurious home provided by a citizen of Portland. During all these troublesome times there were a few faithful and enthusiastic art workers, who never lost faith in the future of the Society, and when times looked the darkest, loyally kept alive the fire on its altars.

In the days of our prosperity we must not forget how much we owe to those quiet and persistent workers, who kept our Society alive, and made possible its present and future success.

As we look back over the checkered history of the Portland Society of Art we are reminded of the passage in the Scriptures where it is said, "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner."

Early in the history of the Society two drawing classes were carried on in the club house during the seasons of 1884 and 1885; one taught by Mrs. C. F. Kimball; the other by Mr. H. G. Hewes. In the year 1886 an Art School was established, and was carried on for two seasons, under the instruction of Mr. F. W. Benson, of Salem, Massachusetts.



JOHN CALVIN STEVENS, VICE PRESIDENT AND ARCHITECT OF NEW BUILDING



CHAMBER—PORTLAND ART CLUB

now of the Boston Art Museum. This school met with marked success, and after Mr. Benson's retirement was conducted during the seasons of 1888 and 1889, by Mr. Alger V. Currier. These schools were all held in the old club house, which was the scene of many pleasant social functions, among which may be mentioned the reception tendered to Mr. Matthew Arnold, on February 21st, 1884.

In the winter of 1885 a course of Art Lectures was given by Mr. Sidney Dickinson, and on March 4th, 1886, Miss Crocker gave a lecture on French Art. In all thirty-five Art Exhibitions have been given by the Society.

Now that the Portland Society of Art is the owner of this valuable property a responsibility rests upon it to see that it is utilized in the largest way for the purposes for which it was intended by Mrs.



LIVING ROOM—PORTLAND ART CLUB

L. D. M. Sweat, viz.: the promotion of the love and cultivation of Art in this community."

The subject invites to discussion—is so inviting in fact, that comment is likely to degenerate into preachment, and the more so as the pointing is so strongly to the future. Portland is to be congratulated on this acquisition, and, even more, on the fine civic spirit which developed the idea of it and brought it into existence.

Already one may detect the uplift and broadening inseparable from a conscientious pursuit of the arts, in the manner in which the enterprise has been conducted. In a city of great size a single institution may seem to be overshadowed by the multitude of clamorous interests. And yet, even in New York, the Metropolitan Museum is a mighty factor in stemming the tides of realism. In Boston The Museum of Fine Arts is, as yet conducted in too academic, I might almost say pedagogic spirit, to assert the influence of which it is capable. But in Portland, this nucleus of artistic culture can have no such hindrances to its beneficent mission. The L. D. M. Sweat Memorial is finely adapted to its environment and the work which it has to do.



JOHN HOWARD STEVENS

THE SONG OF THE FLAG

By FREDERICK THATCHER

With decorum inspired to a cottage he came
From the armies of freedom, that leader of fame,
To a lowly abode where, with needle and thread,
A woman was winning her pittance of bread.

Betsy Ross, as you fashioned those folds ever bright,
Of what were you thinking that wonderful night?
I am sure no allurements of glory could share
In the visions and prophecies charactered there!

E'er its mission should end and that banner be furled
Did you know of the light that should gladden the world;
Betsy Ross, as you threaded your bobbins and drew
Those wonderful stars in their heaven of blue?

At the least, I am glad 'twas a hand that could know
Of the labors and toils of the world and its woe,
Of its poverty, sorrow and night, e'er it threw
O'er the white of that banner its scarlet and blue.

The Sister

(*Continued from page* 316.)

legible hand she learned from her only tutor, the Sister, the sweet English, unswerving phrases, sweeping imagery and direct words she had learned from her only rhetoric, the King James' version of the Bible.

The Sister had applauded and approved, and a little smile of triumph even now curled Ruth's lip at the thought of Deborah's words at their last rehersal.

"Thou hast a good mind and an excellent ear, Ruth; thou wilt be almost as good a preacher as I, some day."

Then after the intoning of the psalm, that beautiful, unusual custom, in which Deborah's sonorous voice led, Ruth took her place behind the pulpit. For the first few moments she saw nothing of the faces before her; there seemed only a great gray sea below, waiting to engulf her; she tried to swallow down the breath rising in her throat as if to choke her words; she was angry with that unreliable organ, her heart, that it should beat so noisily; it seemed it could be heard above her voice. But she struggled on with the well-learnt beginning, and then her senses came back to her.

How sweet and anxious was her mother's face, and there was James Foster just behind! How he stared at her! She lifted her head a little higher and her eyes went calmly along the seats—he was not so handsome as—then she saw, on the last bench near the door, that handsome face and the great black eyes of George Trowbridge. Her small white hand at the edge of the pulpit, clutched the velvet; the color deepened in her cheeks and the light in her eyes. She had finished her sentence, she swallowed, drew one long breath and then with a proud lift of the head, went steadily on. She would show him she was not merely a cowardly, childish woman, she would show him her power. And yet she wished that it was not just here she had made her fiercest invective against the world and its fashions. She little realized that whatever her words, she had been given a honey-sweet voice that soothed while it harangued. Unlike the Sister's, Ruth's voice had but few notes, whose sweetness compensated for their monotony, while Deborah could run the gamut of the scale from high to low.

But now Ruth fought back all alien thoughts and spake her sermon like a long experienced preacher, and when she finished and sat down beside Deborah, she felt the slightest possible stir of approbation and her cheeks burned deeper and her eyes glowed more brightly as she cast a fleeting glance toward George Trowbridge's far corner, to see if he was impressed. But he was looking at her and she was too confused to analyze his expression.

After another intoning of the psalm, while the people were all standing in their places, Deborah passed down the pulpit steps at the side and out at the door; Ruth followed a space behind, then her mother came after. The three women were walking solemnly on, when suddenly there was a step behind, and somebody spoke:

"Pardon me for interrupting"—It was a man's voice. Ruth started and colored and, not daring to turn herself, looked toward the Sister.

Deborah swung about toward the young man who had come from the front of the church and stood behind her, but nearer to the road. One or two people coming from meeting had turned and were staring at the intruder daring to interrupt the Sister's Sabbath walk.

Deborah walked slowly toward him; then Ruth turned too with a little gasp;

her mother was already smiling vaguely at the young man's handsome face.

"Ruth," said the Sister, "go thy way this Sabbath, doubtless George Trowbridge is not acquainted with our customs. I will inform him."

Ruth had not dared to lift her eyes to his, she saw only his lips parted in a smile; she turned about again and walked swiftly on into the house. Then she went straight to her mother's room and peered shyly from the window at the two dark-haired figures; the young man had his hat in his hand, Deborah's blue-black curls flowed upon her shoulders and gleamed darkly in the sunlight. Sarah came in behind Ruth and dropped wearily into a chair.

"What art thou looking at, Ruth?—the young man?" Ruth withdrew suddenly and turned from the window. "Nay—just at—at the people coming home."

"He is a well looking young man, but thou must not look at him, Ruth," Sarah whispered this last.

"Why, what dost thou mean, mother?"

"The Sister will not have her followers marry, not her closest followers—and thou knowest it is not the life of the Spirit—and—"

"Why, mother, what ails thee. Who talks of marrying?" Ruth's voice was indignant and reproving.

"None, Ruth," Sarah gave a smile up at her daughter. "No one, but I am thinking of thy father so much—I—did not love him enough—but I would not have thee—" She paused but Ruth did not speak; the mother seated herself away from the window, and they were both silent until the Sister came into the room. She never knocked at the doors of her followers; but they always knocked before entering her rooms.

"Thou didst speak well, Ruth," said Deborah graciously, "now I would see thy mother alone. I am wondering where thou didst get the talent. Not from thy mother, doubtless from thy father."

Ruth cast a little startled glance at her mother, but in the light of Deborah's calm, ignoring smile, Sarah smiled too.

A little later, Ruth stopped at the door of her mother's room, on her way down the stairs. She gave a start and stood there staring. Sarah sat in the chair in which she had been when Ruth left the room, but there was the same tense, white look about her face that had been there on that other day; her hands hung listlessly by her side.

"What is the matter with my mother?" cried Ruth.

"Naught, naught," said the Sister, "I would take her to the bed and then make her a healing draught. She has often been so."

"But I never knew," cried Ruth standing by the bed while Deborah bore the little mother's wasted figure to its place.

"There is no need for thee to know all," said Deborah, "I think I can soon bring her back to feeling. She is already better." Deborah bent over Sarah and spoke clearly and in a low voice.

"Sarah, Sarah." She made strange movements before the prostrate woman's face with Ruth wide-eyed, watching her. Sarah turned and sighed. She opened her eyes and looked up at Deborah:

"I am sorry, I can tell thee no more. I want to rest and sleep."

"I will revive thee," said Deborah's grave voice.

She went to the window and shook down the curtains.

"Let us leave her," and the two withdrew together, with Sarah's wavering eyes following them, then returning uncertainly to the window to close at last with a sigh.

"Didst thou think, George Trowbridge was impressed with thy speaking?" Deborah paused in the door-way of Ruth's room and looked in at her.

"Why wherefore should I know?" Ruth stammered at the unexpectedness of the question.

A strange little smile came to the Sister's face. "I have been talking with this young man. Let me warn thee, Ruth, to hold but little conversation with him, till I can inquire further into his heart. I fear he is a worldling whose soul is bound to material things. He is also a masterful man," she paused a moment. "I can see it in his eyes."

Ruth looked at Deborah, then suddenly she gave a little start. "What aileth thee?" asked the Sister.

"Naught," answered Ruth.

"It is the wisest to tell me the truth, Ruth," said Deborah calmly.

"Oh, it was naught indeed—only—as I looked up then—it seemed to me that thine eyes were much like George Trowbridge's."

The black eyes suddenly turned away from Ruth and looked out at the window. The Sister did not speak for a moment, then she said with a calm smile: "It is not possible Ruth. He has a carnal, worldly look. I cannot understand how a pure minded girl can study a young man's eyes."

"Why, thou didst speak of his eyes."

"'Tis the first time thou hast spoke to me without respect, Ruth, let it be the last." And the Sister's look, returning to Ruth was withering.

But Sarah did not seem rested on the next day, nor the next. Deborah prayed over her, she even brought the doctor from the town to see her, but before this dead weight of weary flesh and weak will all seemed powerless. At last Deborah said, "If it will make thee happier to lie here, Sarah, why rest as long as thou wilt."

"Then it will be a long rest, Deborah," said Sarah softly, "in this bed and then in a narrower—a long rest."

"Mother, what art thou saying?" It was Ruth's voice crying out at her. She had entered the room just behind. "Cure her, Sister, cure her."

"She will not let me," said Deborah with sweet sadness.

"Let her mother, let her," cried Ruth at her mother with almost annoyance in her voice. "How canst thou bear to leave me alone?"

A faint gleam of determination seemed for a moment to glow in Sarah's face as she looked up at her beautiful daughter; then Deborah spoke softly:

"Alone Ruth!" Ruth turned to her, Deborah put her arm about her, Ruth laid her wet cheek, that had almost lent to her mother's pillow, against Deborah's shoulder, and while Sarah looked, her face dulled.

"Thou wilt not be alone, Ruth, thou wilt have the Sister, and doubtless she can guide thee better than thy mother."

"Oh, nay, nay," said Ruth, but she did not move from Deborah's shoulder.

It was during this week that old Nehemiah Beekman died. Deborah had announced that she would preach the funeral sermon, and from all over Beulah they came. For there was no tragedy to be heard from a play-house here, nor to be read from books; the only tragedies were those of real life with sordid, every-day settings, that turned them into common-placeness for unpenetrating eyes. But there was one tragedy that wherever and whenever played, had dignity that without fine words, stirred men and women to their depths. It was the old, old tragedy of death, who carried his hero off the stage with no need of blank verse or gay costumes to attract an audience from those who knew whatever poor part they had so far been given, they must one day be the chief actor in this drama. So they attended each performance of this tragedy whenever opportunity offered.

Ruth, who had not been outside of Beulah for many days on account of her mother's illness, came riding in the Sister's chariot, with Caleb Brown's stout old figure on a horse just beside. Since the time when he upset the carriage in a ditch, Deborah had employed him as an outrider, a safer position for her and a more showy one for him.

Caleb rode along beside them, his stout figure in his brown suit jouncing; he attempted to carry on a conversation with words which were disconnected now, as his thoughts always were.

"I do enjoy attending the funerals of departed friends, praise the Lord! I feel a sympathy with those who have passed beyond, coming so often near it myself. Death is not sad."

Deborah spoke solemnly:

"Oh, yea, it is sad, Caleb, but not all sadness, now when thy turn does come—" Caleb's face reddened by the heat of his excessive jolting, went almost pale. "I shall be sad at preaching thy funeral sermon, and yet I shall be—"

"That may be many days distant, Praise the Lord!" cut in Caleb, "before I shall be singing in a white robe and harp," and again his stout earthly figure jolted heavily.

"None know when their turn may come," said Deborah leaning back in her place. Ruth, peeping at her from the corner of her eyes, was sure there was a twinkle in the black ones.

They were at the Beekham's gate now and the Sister went up the path followed by Ruth, then through the door-way and into the crowded room where the people made admiring way for them. Ruth looked neither to the right nor the left but stepped on with eyes on the ground. She knew there was on every face that down drawn, unnatural solemnity, handed down by an older ritual than the English church, as the fitting funeral expression. Ruth, with an inborn trick of smiling before and after and during each word, and with a smile to suit every mood, dared not look up for fear the set lines of her face might curve.

And yet with her eyes on the ground, Ruth saw one person; saw him, felt him, heard him, though there was the distance of the room and many people between. Then her cheeks which should have been appropriately pale, turned pink, and the funeral, which should have been a sorrowful occasion, seemed almost a festival.

The Sister spoke on the death of the righteous, a sweet and fitting discourse; Ruth was proud of her, and especially glad that George Trowbridge could hear her great friend's eloquence. They carried the coffin solemnly out, while the Sister and Ruth followed after. But when almost at the door, there came a pitiful cry from the room—a familiar cry to the Sister.

"I'm adyin', I'm adyin'." The Sister came sweeping back and up to Caleb, who was reclining in a chair, a pitiful expression of fear on his face.

"Clear the room, leave me with this poor man, I will soon heal him."

Then to Ruth, who stood waiting by the door, "Thou canst await me in the carriage, or if thou art in haste, to return to thy mother, thou canst go by the woods."

Ruth stepped out. As she did so, she passed George Trowbridge on the steps. He smiled at her pleasantly. "Good-day to you, Miss Williams," he said.

Ruth forgot the proprieties of the funeral, she gave him a lovely smile. "Good-day," she said, repeating his words. Then she went out to the carriage and telling the driver to wait, passed through the group of people loitering about the yard, all loath to leave this mournful occasion.

She went through the fields toward the shorter path in the woods. Most of the people were preparing to follow, some on foot, some by horse, the funeral train around the road to Beulah; but they all waited a little for the Sister.

"She is able to raise the dead," said one woman, as Ruth passed her on her way to the shorter path through the woods.

If there is ever a leading string to hope, it should now have brought George Trowbridge close behind Ruth. And indeed, she had only stepped into the wood-path when there was a quick step behind and she turned to face him.

"You have been hurrying very fast," he said smiling.

"I am in haste to return to my mother who is not well."

"Oh, I am sorry, I hope she will soon be better."

Then after a moment. "What sect is yours? It seems like the Quakers and reminds me of the Shakers, and yet is neither."

"We stand by ourselves!" said Ruth proudly. "We are higher than either of the sects thou hast mentioned. We are the Sister's and her power is spreading further each day. Was not that a wonderful sermon to which thou hast just listened?"

"Yes, for a woman, she has indeed remarkable power."

"For a woman," echoed Ruth indignantly with high color and lifted head, "what men are her equal?"

"And is it your custom to preach also," he asked waiving the question with the exasperating assurance of a man above a woman's argument.

"Oh, not often!" Ruth's eyes went to the ground modestly. "I am but beginning."

"You speak readily," he said kindly, in that patronage which ever changes modesty to pride.

(To be continued.)

Relation of the State University to the Commonwealth

By EDMUND J. JAMES, Ph. D., LL. D.

President of the University of Illinois

THE growth of the state university is one of the most striking facts in the field of higher education in the United States during the last twenty-five years.

Down to the middle of the last century it looked as if the United States would for an indefinite time follow the example of England during the last two hundred and fifty years and leave the field of higher education entirely to the care of the church or private secular organizations, or of private individuals, and it was not until well into the 80's of the last century that it was perfectly clear that a fundamental change was taking place in this respect throughout the length and breadth of the country.

With the founding of the new state universities and the enlargement and development of the older state institutions, it became evident that the state was going into the field of higher education as an important, if not dominant, element, over most of the territory of the United States.

To the states lying along the Atlantic seaboard and north of the Mason's and Dixon's line the state university idea is still a foreign one, though even here, Maine and Vermont have shown a growing interest in the educational movement which has produced the state university; and Cornell University in New York is accustoming the people of that state to making appropriations on a large scale for certain departments of university work.

But along the Atlantic seaboard south, in the Mississippi Valley through its entire extent, north and south; and along the Pacific slope from southern California to Washington the state university has already become the typical institution of higher learning.

There are, of course, in this region also great private foundations. Chicago, Northwestern, Western Reserve, Tulane, Leland Stanford, Washington, are great institutions, rivaling, not only the greatest of the state universities, but the greatest of the private foundations along the Atlantic coast. The number of these great private institutions is likely to increase in the future and we who are engaged in state university work can only wish them well; for with their enormous resources and great educational insight they are not only doing a great service to their own students, but are showing state institutions in many directions, the way which leads to the highest usefulness. Besides these larger institutions there are many smaller colleges and seminaries supported by churches or private individuals which taken together are performing a most useful function for the states and the nation. They deserve our sympathy and good wishes.

Indeed, I do not see how our state universities can do their most useful work except upon the basis of the thorough cultivation of their special constituencies and their special localities by these private or church institutions.

All hail to them, therefore, and God speed in their great task!

But numerous and valuable as these foundations may become, it does not seem likely that they will ever become the typical or dominant type of higher institution throughout the south, center and west of this country.

Already in most of the states of the union the state university has become the most important single institution of higher learning within its territory.

Even in those states like California, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri where there are great private foundations as noted above, such as Northwestern, Chicago, Armour, and Western Reserve, Washington and Leland Stanford, the state universities have become important elements in the educational life of the state; while even in the territory of the private institution par excellence, namely the Atlantic seaboard north of Virginia, there are not wanting perfectly evident signs of a growing interest in this, for us, comparatively new form of higher education.

Of the forty-eight states in the American union, thirty-eight have established the state university pure and simple, under the direct control of the state, and one, New York, has in Cornell, an institution which is developing more and more completely along state university lines.

The tendency and attitude of the western communities toward the state university idea is shown by the fact that nearly all the newer states had established state universities while still in the territorial condition. This is true of the two latest additions to the list of states, New Mexico and Arizona.

The attendance at the state universities and other state-aided institutions of higher education during the year 1908-1909 was 90,187.

The importance of this group of institutions for American education is therefore evidently great, and it is eminently proper and surely worth our while on such an occasion as this to give some little time to the discussion of its significance for our American life.

It may be interesting to note in passing that the educational literature of our time, neither in this country or in Europe, has given any adequate attention to this great movement. It is not, of course, surprising that the standard histories of education by European authorities ignore the state university entirely or make only the briefest reference to it; for standard histories in any department give little or no attention to recent events or recent movements; but it is rather astonishing that even the most recent official reports made for European governments by special agents contain little or no reference to this remarkable movement, and this is true even of the newest letters and books written by passing travelers who may take occasion to discuss the educational system of the United States.

It is surely more surprising that in our own country, men, along the northern coast of the Atlantic have shown almost as little appreciation of the significance of this development for the present and future of American education.

The historians of the next generation will regard this sweep toward government participation in higher education as one of the most remarkable educational phenomena of the last half of the 19th century.

It would be interesting to study the development of this movement and trace out the effect which various elements may have had in working toward this common result.

The causes of this peculiar and unexpected departure from the custom and habit of the preceding period in American history, and from the ideas of our English forefathers are partly national, partly local, partly financial, partly temperamental; possibly also partly racial, and surely partly political and partly social.

But interesting as this study might be, it would take us too far afield on the present occasion and I must turn aside to the more immediate subject of my remarks, namely,

The Relation of the State University to the Commonwealth.

What is a University? It is difficult to define a term which has had such a long history and has meant, therefore, such different things at different times. It is difficult to define a term which is used in all modern languages and in all civilized countries and means something different in each country from what it means in any other. It is difficult to define a term which even in a single country like our own covers such a multitude of diverse institutions and diverse elements. We speak of Harvard

University, of Clark University, Johns Hopkins University, Florida University, and yet it would be difficult to select four institutions, called by the same name with more remarkable differences among themselves than these.

I do not know, however, that it is necessary to obtain a definition upon which all will agree. At any rate I am confident that no such definition can be formulated at present.

I shall, therefore, make my own definition for the purposes of this argument, and you will see from the definition and from the development of the subject, what I think the state university is in idea at any rate, and what it is likely to become more and more fully as it develops according to its inherent nature.

I should define a university briefly, as that institution of the community which affords the ultimate institutional training of the youth of the country for all the various callings for which an extensive scientific training, based upon adequate liberal preparation, is valuable and necessary. You will note the elements in the definition. By virtue of the function thus assigned to it, it is in a certain sense the highest educational institution of the community. It is the institution which furnishes a special, professional, technical, training for some particular calling. This special, technical, professional training must, however, be scientific in character and must be based upon adequate preliminary preparation of a liberal sort. By this requirement of a liberal preparatory training the university is differentiated from the technical school or trade school of secondary grade. It is further differentiated from trade schools by the more scientific character of its training; and also by this same feature from the mere preparatory cram school for public examinations, such as the private professional schools of this country have been down to within a very recent date.

We might paraphrase this definition of the university, for even at the risk of repetition I desire to fix in your minds the fundamental thought underlying this presentation.

A university is a higher institution of learning which prepares the suitably trained youth of a country for the adequate practice of the learned professions.

A learned profession is a calling which for its adequate pursuit requires a special training in the sciences underlying the art, which special training is itself based upon an adequate preliminary training of a liberal sort.

The learned professions at one time included only medicine, law and theology. To-day they include teaching, engineering, scientific farming, dentistry, pharmacy, chemistry, physics, geology, astronomy, etc., etc. To-morrow they will also include banking, insurance, railroading, merchandising, journalism.

It will be noted that this definition distinguishes the university from the trade school of all kinds because of its emphasis on two things, first the need of adequate liberal training as a condition of the special technical suitable to the profession; second the emphasis on the *scientific* element in the professional training itself. Thus a medical school, for example, which did not insist upon an adequate liberal training on the part of the student before he was admitted to the study of medicine would not be a university medical school, whatever else it is. Nor would a medical school which contented itself with giving the student rules of thumb for the treatment of patients instead of a thorough grounding in the sciences underlying the art be a *university* medical school, whatever else it might be. So a law school which did not insist upon a liberal preparatory training as a condition of admission would not be a *university* law school. Nor would a school which was satisfied with giving students directions as to how they should do this, that and the other, and with giving them knowledge presented in a mechanical manner which should serve the student as a mere means of doing his routine work instead of training him in the broad principles underlying the history and development of the law, be a university law school.

This idea we must dwell upon a little further at the risk of being somewhat tedious, so as to get clearly before us the

points we are trying to elucidate.

It would be possible to establish, for instance, a trade school in ceramics, that is in the clay working industries, which should simply take the untrained uneducated boy from the grammar grades and give him the necessary technical training to enable him to practice the art as it is carried on in the ordinary brick yard or terra cotta factory or porcelain establishment. That, of course, would be, strictly speaking, a trade school; but if we establish in the university a school of ceramics or a department of ceramics and wish to have it a truly university school, we must do two things. First of all, insist upon a liberal training on the part of students who shall be admitted to this school or department. Second, we must train them in the sciences underlying the practice of their art in such a way that they shall be able to understand the principles on which the art is based and be able to do their part in developing and improving this trade or profession which they propose to take up.

It is plain enough that one school trains the mechanic or the artisan. The other trains the leader, the director, the manager, the investigator. An ideal arrangement, of course, in any country, would be that under which the men especially qualified to do this directive, this forming, this shaping, this developing, work, should all have the benefit of the highest form of scientific training.

Now in discussing the relation of the state to such an institution as this, namely an institution which undertakes to provide special professional training for *all* those callings, the successful pursuit of which is based upon an extensive scientific training, involving for its complete assimilation a preliminary liberal training; and therefore an institution composed of many departments, reaching out to answer the needs of all the professions in this sense of the term,—I say our first question is, why should the state concern itself about such an institution at all? Why not leave all professional, special education to the care and nurture of private institutions or private individuals?

This is what was done in England, for example, down to a comparatively recent time. The English government concerned itself but little as a government with the development of professional training of any kind. It requires examinations from people who wished to practice surgery or medicine or law, but entrusted to private individuals themselves or private corporations to a large extent, even the conduct of these examinations, and the determination of what should be required. At first we followed England's plan, which we had inherited, though we began to break away from it in many respects early in the last century, and every passing year has made a greater difference between the English and American methods of doing things.

In Germany we have a striking illustration of a country which adopted a different plan, namely one in which the government directly and immediately undertook to provide means of special education as rapidly as it demanded special preparation from all people who were to practice a given profession. So completely did Germany adopt this system that private institutions of all kinds in the field of higher education have almost entirely disappeared.

In this country, we have adopted a plan combining the benefits and drawbacks, the advantages and disadvantages of both systems. We left, in the first place, the entire matter to the private individual, to private institutions, church or secular. We then began by slow steps to provide in *some* of the states, ultimately in the majority, for this training for *some* professions, but not for others, and the question we raise to-day, then, first, is why should the state do this at all?

My first answer is that the so-called learned professions of a country are specifically potent for the public weal or woe according as the members of the profession are adequately or poorly trained. When a calling becomes a profession, i. e. when it has reached a time when the function which it performs for the community is an important one and can be performed far more efficiently by men who have had a thorough scientific training than by those who have not had such training; then it becomes greatly

to the advantage of the community that all persons practicing that profession should have that training. When this point has been reached in the development of any profession, then the community will find it to its advantage to assist in the provision of adequate facilities for such training; since the history of education in all countries demonstrates beyond a doubt that unless the state does so assist, adequate means for the attainment of such education will not be forthcoming.

If the state desires to improve the quality of its primary, secondary and higher schools, and wishes to increase the number of these institutions to any considerable extent, educational history demonstrates beyond a doubt that that community must itself provide or assist in providing adequate facilities for the training of teachers in such schools, or such facilities will not exist, such teachers will not be trained; and such improvements in the educational system, therefore, as are desired, cannot be carried through. The same thing is true of medicine. If the time has come when the community, for the sake of the community, insists upon a greater degree of knowledge on the part of the men who practice the medical profession, if the community is really in earnest about improving the conditions of public health and proceeding in a policy of prevention of disease, it must in some way or other provide adequate facilities for the training of the men who are to devise these policies and carry them out in the interest of the community. Otherwise the whole proposition will fail.

And so of the condition in other professions. Now I should say first of all that we must keep in mind that the state undertakes such support, if it does it at all, not primarily from a consideration of the interests of the men who are going to practice these professions, but rather from the point of view of the interest of the community as a whole. If it provides opportunities for legal education, that is not done to aid private individuals in improving the means by which they shall make a living, but it is done because the profession of the law is one of the most important professions of the community. Some of our highest interests are entrusted to it. The functions which it performs are vital to the existence of society and the proper performance of those functions is vital to the welfare of society. The administration of justice is such a complicated matter at best that only intelligent, honest, and educated men ought to be entrusted with it or permitted to have any part in it. No community can persuade the requisite number of properly trained men to devote their lives to the administration of justice on the bench and at the bar unless it itself provides the kind of training which will help produce this product which it demands. Any given lawyer is interested, so far as his own case is concerned, in getting a training which will enable him to get ahead of his competitor and win the cases before the courts. But it is to the interest of the community and of every citizen in it that the man who practices the law shall be a competent and well-trained man. This is true of me, who, I am happy to say, have never found it necessary to resort to the courts of law, as well as of my neighbor, who may spend perhaps the larger part of his life in litigation, for the case decided in the courts, if properly decided, benefits far more the men who never resort to the courts than it does those who have been compelled to take on the expense of prosecuting such suits. My neighbor helps me when he secures a positive definition of the law and shows that it can be applied in such a way as to secure substantial justice and this makes it unnecessary for me to go to law.

Any particular judge is interested in having such a training as will enable him to hold his place on the bench, but you and I are interested in his having such a training as in the performance of his duty will ensure to you and me the rights which our laws and institutions are intended to secure to us. Now my proposition is simply that we can never have, in a country like this, a properly trained bar unless the community whose interests it serves insists upon such a training as will produce the highest type of lawyer and judge, and no such training can be secured

unless the state steps in to sustain and assist, if not to provide absolutely, the facilities for this kind of work.

The farmer whose interests are involved in the adequacy of his title to his land, whose interests are involved in his right to the water in a country which needs irrigation, or in the organization and proper enforcement of the laws which control his buying and selling, is vitally interested in having some one within his reach, of honesty, of intelligence, and of adequate training in this particular department, to give him the advice which he needs at critical times in his business and social relations. A country which cannot and does not support an honest, intelligent, and highly trained bar and bench must suffer incalculable loss because of its unwillingness or its inability to provide for this great department of its life.

The case is just as true of public health. No community can expect to prosper in the long run and under the intense competitive conditions of modern life, growing more and more strenuous all the time, unless it provides adequately for the care of its public health. That means not merely the treatment of the sick by individual physicians, but the prevention of disease by the appliction of modern science, first of all by the discoveries of modern science, then by their practical application for this particular purpose. for this particular purpose.

Now it has become so perfectly plain that this care of the public health cannot be obtained unless there is an adequate supply of properly trained physicians to undertake this work of curing and this work of prevention, that the medical school has become a characteristic feature of all modern civilized societies and that no man would think of entering upon the practice of medicine to-day without attending some kind of a school for some length of time.

Here again the same principle holds as in the case of the law. The community is interested in this matter, not for the purpose of making it easier for private individuals to get a living by the practice of medicine, but for the purpose of securing as high a level as possible of theoretical training and practical skill on the part of the people to whom this work must be entrusted. Some one of you sitting in this room may on leaving the building be struck by an automobile and possibly have your skull cracked. Whoever picks you up may summon the physician who lives across the street, or he may simply stand on the street corner and cry out, "Where is there a Doctor," and you may fall into the hands of an extremely incompetent man, the result of whose practice upon you is that your life is suddenly brought to an end, or your continued life be made a burden to you for many years to come. It is to the interest of the doctor who is called to have enough of a reputation or enough of a recognition to get permission to practice medicine, but it is to your interest that he should have the highest possible skill when he comes to treat you. So a disease may be on the verge of breaking out in your village, which if allowed to get a foot-hold may sweep away a large portion of the population. The only men who can handle such a situation are adequately trained scientific men. No others can do the business. It is therefore to your interest and to mine, the people who are practiced on, the people who suffer from defects in the organization of public health, to see that there is an adequate supply of trained men, as highly trained as possible, to safeguard the interests of the community in this great department of its life.

Now educational history has demonstrated beyond a doubt that private individuals, private initiative, whether through the church or through secular organizations, will not,—nay I think we may say it is demonstrated that it cannot provide adequate facilities in this particular department and that in spite of all the magnificent gifts which have been made for this purpose by the wealthy men of this and other countries.

Do the people of North Dakota wish to have public health organized and administered in the proper way? Do they wish to have the best skill available for the cure and prevention of disease in their midst? If so they must themselves as a unit and a corporation assist in the devel-

opment of facilities for the attainment of this particular form of higher training.

Let us take another illustration from a department about which perhaps there would be more difference of opinion. Take the subject of banking. Most people believe that banking cannot be taught. It must be learned by going into a bank. Most people believe there are no principles underlying successful banking which can be taught in any school. That may be. We shall leave that for the moment, anyhow, undebated. But suppose that there are such principles. Suppose they can be taught. Would it be to the interest of the people of North Dakota and the people of the other states to develop such instruction in our universities for the purpose of turning out trained bankers?

Everybody is aware that our banking system in the United States is very far from perfect. That we have in this country, crises and panics, which have ceased to be characteristic of England or France or Germany, what we should call sudden panics or currency panics. All of you can remember a time not very long ago when you could not get your own money out of a bank in which you had deposited it. In other words, when the banks of the entire country as a whole suspended payments; i. e. when the banks went into bankruptcy, properly speaking. Now whose fault was it? How did it come about? Why did it happen? There is a very considerable difference of opinion, but surely there must be some explanation for such a phenomenon as that. There must be some way of preventing that particular kind of a panic or crisis, for other nations have succeeded in preventing that sort of thing, and even if they had not succeeded, it would still be probable that there would be some way ascertainable by investigation and experiment, of remedying such a situation. Now certainly one of the reasons is the fact that our bankers for some reason or other, or the country for some reason or other, failed to adopt a proper banking system. Now if by the better education of our bankers we could develop a profession which would be interested not simply in making money at the desk from day to day, but also in studying the system in the large, if we could create a profession by which a sound banking system can be developed and maintained,—I say that if it were possible for the University to contribute toward bringing about this result by an institution for the training of bankers, surely it would be well worth the while for North Dakota and Illinois and Michigan to spend a cent upon something which in the long run and in the large might save them a dollar. The bankers of the country as a whole, only a brief while ago, broke down in their business and in their theories and in everything else, and the loss was not theirs by any means, but it was yours and mine, and those of us who had to suffer from the inadequacy and defects of this system. So I might follow this thought in various other departments, but I have, I think, given a sufficient number of illustrations to bring before you the fundamental proposition, namely: that it is worth the while of the state to undertake to provide facilities for the scientific training of men in all callings for the pursuit of which a successful scientific training is necessary or desirable.

If this point of view is correct, we need not stop to discuss whether the medical school is justifiable, or the law school is justifiable, or the engineering school is justifiable, or the agricultural school is justifiable. We have already definitely determined in all the states that an agricultural school which has for its object the production of scientific farmers is worth the while of a nation to maintain, for we have such a school in every state in the union. We have also decided beyond any peradventure that it is worth the while of a nation to establish and maintain engineering schools for the development of the engineer, not for his own sake but for the sake of the country, for your sake and mine; since the federal government contributes to the support of such a school in every state in the union. With these two points conceded there is of course absolutely no possible ground for objecting to any other professional school except for the simple reason that it is unnecessary, or that the time has not come for such professional schools, or

that the need is already supplied by private individuals and organizations.

Having arrived, then, at the conclusion, which I believe is now accepted in practice if not in theory, by all the states of the American union, namely that the states may properly support these universities whose object is the training of the young people of the community for their respective callings; we may ask what are some of the fundamental principles of sound university organization, and what things may these universities, these great centers of professional education, do for the community which they are not doing or are not doing to the fullest extent.

I have defined the university thus far as an institution for the training of the youth of a nation. Now of course the work of such institutions must be carried on by teachers, by men who will train these young people who come up to the university and the first question which comes to them as a vital question is what method of treatment shall we adopt, how shall we train these young people.

The limits of this address forbid my going into a long exposition upon this subject, and yet I should like to set forth in a few words my own views and leave them to you for your consideration.

I believe that the proper way to train the man or woman who is going to practice one of these learned professions, so far as a school can train him, is to prepare him for independent work in the sciences underlying his profession. Now I am aware that this is a much mooted question. I wish simply to get before you the exact point of dispute and then my own view and leave it with you for consideration. Some people maintain that the thing for a university professor to do is to train the university student in a text book or in his lectures, letting him learn by rote what may be given to him, insisting upon attendance at classes, insisting on examinations as a test to determine whether he is attending to his work, and finally graduating him when he has learned a certain amount of stuff, has taken a certain number of courses, etc. I wish to join issue on this particular point. I maintain that the proper training is one which will result in making that individual an independent investigator on his own account in his chosen field of study: will equip him so that he can form, upon scientific basis and upon reasonable grounds, his own judgment in the field of his work. Now there is a vast difference between this and the former idea. Suppose we are to train a teacher of mathematics for example. He may learn algebra, geometry and trigonometry, and calculus and theory of functions and group theory, and other subjects of which I do not even know the names, in such a way as to have a large body of knowledge and yet not have at any time attained to a point where on his own account he can solve difficult problems, on his own account start out into some field of work, on his own account judge properly the scientific value of the work of other men. Now it is this last attainment, that of an independent judgment, which it seems to me is the fundamental one in the development of a successful practitioner of any profession, I care not what it is. The physician, for instance, should not expect to know at his graduation how to treat all diseases or perhaps any disease at all in any very efficient way. He ought to know how to study the diseases and how to go to work to plan a method of treatment and carry it out. He ought to be in a condition to check up his opinions in one direction by actual scientific observations. He ought to know how to make these observations. He ought to be able to judge as to their bearing upon one another, etc. In other words he should be able by the application of his scientific method to undertake the solution of the problem before him. A man who knows the whole pharmaceutical field and has by heart the whole description as to how he should administer drugs would be perhaps a *learned* physician, but would not be a *scientific* physician. He would not be a man who could be relied upon to meet any new situation in a successful way, and this should be rather the test of *adequate* professional education.

In other words, the university should train these people who are to practice these various professions in such a way that they have the requisite mental development and the requisite knowledge to

grapple in a *scientific* manner with all the various problems which come before them in the actual practice of their professions. A clay worker, for example, the ceramist, or keramist as he may be called, should know not only the formulation which may have been developed up to the time he goes into business concerning the proper treatment of clays for the purpose of making brick a fine china, but he should have such fundamental knowledge of chemistry and the allied sciences that he can determine beyond any doubt, so far as our present knowledge extends, or his possibility of adding to knowledge extends, what any particular situation in defective clays or defective treatment calls for.

In other words, using this term in a large sense, the university should train its students to become independent and original investigators each in his own field, each standing on his own feet, each able to form an independent judgment over against himself and all other people.

This is a very different ideal from that of the learned student and if accomplished it would be a very different result from that which is characteristic on the average of our American colleges; but I believe it is the ideal upon which the development of the university depends.

If this be the correct ideal, then it is perfectly evident that the professors in such an institution must themselves be original investigators, must themselves be men of independent judgment and independent power within their own departments, and the faculty of the university, therefore, should be made up of men each of whom is contributing by his own personal endeavors to the scientific advance of his subject, and no man should be a member of a university faculty in this sense of the term who does not fall within that category.

Thus we see that such a university would inevitably become by the very law of its own being a center of scientific investigation and research, a center from which should pour forth as from a boiling spring in every direction, streams of private work and private effort, swelling the great tide of human science, increasing in every direction our hold over nature and over ourselves and raising society to an ever higher level.

If this exposition be justified, one question which is often asked in regard to state universities answers itself, namely what is the relation of the state university to research. Why research is the life of the state university! It is fundamental to it. Without that it could not be a university in any proper sense of the term. If its professors are not doing this, they are not qualified to give the training which we have in mind for the youth of the state who go there. So that research, investigation, is a fundamental and necessary quality of the state university, which is going to do for the people of the state the service which they have a right to expect.

In the light of this discussion I think we may go back to our definition of the university and say that a university is not only an educational institution, not only a place for the training of young people, but is also a great center of scientific investigation, and that these are the two fundamental qualities in any university, and therefore, of course, of the state university.

There are two other points which I should like to bring out, and with that I shall have to leave the subject for your further consideration, namely: what can this institution thus defined as fundamentally a great center of scientific investigation and a great center for the professional training of the youth of the community,—what else can it do for the state? What other service can it render to society without interfering with these fundamental purposes, or if you please, what other services can it render which will of themselves increase the efficiency of these two functions which we have described?

It may first of all, itself become in a very real sense the scientific arm of the state government. All branches of the state government find it necessary from time to time to have the advantage of expert scientific advice concerning the soundness of large policies. No better source of information could be found than the properly manned scientific departments of a great state university. And

they may properly be called upon to render the state such service.

The scientific departments of a state government such as the geological survey, the entomologist's office, the water survey, the forestry division, etc., etc., should all be organized in close touch with the state university.

Two dangers lie ever present, of course, in such close co-operation.

1st. Politics may be so strong as to influence the scientific departments. In such a case the close union can only be productive of evil; and if the state university in this work can not maintain absolutely its scientific independence, it should avoid such cooperation as it would the pest.

2d. The state departments may only wish to use the university to do their routine work for them, e. g. make ordinary commercial analyses of commercial fertilizer; ordinary chemical analyses of water; analyses of coal for its public institutions, etc. Such a relationship is also full of practical dangers. The university may be degraded to a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water for other state departments, and that to such an extent as to interfere seriously with its proper work.

By watching carefully against the possibility of injury from these two directions, the state university may find in this close cooperation with the state government one of the most vital and hopeful forms of its activity. To do this, of course, its chairs must be filled by competent scientific men.

There is another field in which it may be of great, perhaps of the greatest of all, benefit to the state after the training of its young people to their highest usefulness, and that is in the scientific investigation of the great problems of its society. This is a mere extension of the scientific research spoken of above. But I refer here to the systematic investigation of the large practical problems of its society; such work as is now going on in the agricultural experiment stations throughout the country began many years ago, and as is being done in the engineering experiment stations more recently started. Here an effort is being made by society in its corporate capacity through this organ of its life to formulate and solve the problems which present themselves from time to time in its progress.

Such is the problem of how to secure a permanent agriculture; the problem of poverty and how to remedy it; the many problems of engineering; the problems of manufacturing so far as they depend on scientific elements; the problems of insurance and of banking and railroading, —in a word, any and all the questions which arise in the course of a developing civilization, and the answer to which depends chiefly or wholly upon scientific investigation.

We are, in our army and navy, studying the problem of how to kill the largest number of men at the smallest possible expense and creating machines to do this. We have repeatedly spent more upon a single modern Leviathan than any state has spent in fifty years upon the buildings and equipment of its state university.

When we conscientiously devote to the scientific study of the problems of peace as much money as we devote to preparing for war, we shall make progress at a rate of speed such as the world has never seen.

When we devote as much money to the scientific study of the prevention of poverty and disease as we do to our attempts to relieve or cure it the world will take on a new face and we shall indeed see ere long a new heaven and a new earth.

In closing, I should like, if I might, to send a message through this audience to the people of this great state.

You have here the beginnings of a noble institution—an institution of which you and your children may well be increasingly proud, because of the great service it may render you and yours.

But the conditions on which you may get this service and on which you may feel this pride are set by the nature of things and the nature of things is something you cannot get away from.

If you permit any men or set of men to manage this institution as if it were a respecter of persons you can have no pride in it—but only a feeling of humilia-

tion when you think of it and its work.

If you appoint any man to a position in its faculty because he is a democrat or a republican or an insurgent or a socialist or for any other reason than because he is the best man pedagogically and scientifically whom you can find, with due reference, of course, to that fundamental consideration of character—surely you will have no pride in such an institution.

If you appoint a man to a position because he is a citizen of North Dakota, or because he is a Methodist or a Baptist or a Catholic; or because he is a son or nephew of a member of the board of trutees or of a dean or professor in the University; or because he is a Swede or Norwegian or German or Yankee, you will surely in the long run have to hang your head in shame, for in this way no university can be built up.

Political, territorial, sectarian, and *family* considerations must be absolutely barred in the choice of members of your faculty or you will never be able to build up a true university at all.

Science knows no country, no sect, no political party, no family, and in seeking for your servants—the members of this faculty—you must take them where you find them.

This, friends, is not a mere idle remark. I could name you institutions to-day, some of them well known and of good repute, which are suffering sorely because the trustees have selected some men because of their political affiliations; others because of membership in particular sects; others because they were born in a particular state; still others because they were sons or relatives of trustees, president, or members of a faculty.

The favoritism of family—one of the worst forms of illegitimate influence—is the curse of more than one great institution of learning in the United States to-day.

Out upon all such forms of betrayal of trust—for such it is to appoint any man to a university position because of any other reason than that he is the best man for that job who can be found at that salary in all the world!!

But citizens of North Dakota having found the best man for the salary you are able and willing to pay, you must do certain other things if you wish to get the service you are looking for.

First of all, you must give him adequate equipment in laboratories and libraries to enable him to do his work properly.

You must, then, give him the necessary time and assistance so that he can do original work, carry on his researches along some useful line.

Above all, and this friends is something which large portions of our American people are even yet unwilling to do—you must leave him absolute freedom to follow his investigation after truth—no matter whither it leads him.

Some people are still unwilling to permit the geologist to follow his investigation if it should seem to threaten the accuracy of the story of the Noachian deluge; others would not permit a man to demonstrate the fallacy of 16:1 or vice versa. You can still send the cold chills down the spine of many of our worthy fellow citizens by crying out that college professors are blasting at the rock of ages or that the teaching of professor so and so leads straight to socialism. And I heard a very distinguished business man say not long ago that if he had his way a gag would be put in the mouth of Jane Addams and all similar apostles of socialism.

The university must be free to pursue scientific investigation with absolute freedom—the alliteration is intentional—or it is not a university at all.

Now the people of the state must in their own interest insist on this and maintain it unimpaired since a thousand and one "interests" are ever striving to close the mouth of anyone whose message threatens their welfare.

In this great work of building up a university which shall be as comprehensive in its organization as the needs of the commonwealth itself, the people of North Dakota will find it necessary to be on their guard against advices of many kinds in their own midst.

Some will tell you that you do not need scientific men as lawyers or doctors or farmers—all you need is "practical" men—by practical men they mean ignorant men, routine men, rule of thumb men—

just the kind of men whom modern progress is relegating to the background as fast as our most advanced steel mills are scrapping their old plants. Beware of them and their leaven—it means stagnation, falling behind in the race, dropping out of the procession altogether.

Others will tell you to save your money. Harvard and Yale, and Princeton, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota will furnish all the training which our lawyers, doctors, farmers and engineers need. You can draw upon them and save the money and the trouble.

This sounds plausible—all the more because you have drawn so largely upon these sources for the supply of your leaders in many lines.

But such a policy is a losing one for a great commonwealth.

The richest men in the community—like our friend Mr. Hill, your bankers, your successful lawyers may go to Minneapolis, or Chicago, or New York, or even Paris, Berlin, or Vienna if they need the service of some great specialist in medicine or surgery. They may even bring such a man to this country to aid their family, as Mr. Armour is said to have paid Dr. Lorenz $30,000 to make a trip to Chicago to treat his little daughter. But you and the rest of the common run of men cannot do this. We must be content with the best we can get at home and the best we can get at home as a regular thing is not the best of Paris or Berlin or London but the best that our schools will provide.

If Mr. Hill wishes a lawyer to represent his interests he can get one where he will but the people of North Dakota will get to represent their interests as a rule only the best which North Dakota itself produces and trains.

If the people of North Dakota, then, wish well trained physicians, dentists, pharmacists, lawyers, farmers, engineers, architects, chemists, physicians—they can get them in the large and in the long run only by producing them themselves. And the only way it can provide them is to develop the modern university to the full stature of its perfection.

Massachusetts cannot do this for you, nor Connecticut, nor New Jersey, nor Michigan, nor Wisconsin—nor even Minnesota—but only North Dakota.

May God speed you in this undertaking! One word more, you have chosen a leader in this great work. You have found a man who by common consent is peculiarly well adapted for this undertaking—a man of scholarship, of tried administrative ability, of pleasing qualities—now stand by him—one and all, students, faculty and citizens. Be thoroughly loyal to him and his leadership while he holds this position. He can do twice as much if he feels that you are with him, heart and soul, as he can when you stand off and say "go in and win if you can." You wish him to win—his victory is your victory—so stand shoulder to shoulder. The work of a university president is hard enough at the very best. Make it as easy as you can.



Thomas Wentworth Higginson

By EDWIN D. MEAD

A LIFELONG champion of freedom—political freedom, religious freedom, industrial freedom, literary independence, the emancipation of the slave, the equal rights of woman, justice to every race and every man—such pre-eminently was Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

At the dinner of the American Historical Association, during the convention of the Association in Boston in 1899, Colonel Higginson was the principal speaker; and in the course of his speech he said one very characteristic and significant thing. That was a time, it will be remembered, when expressions of fondness or toleration for imperialist procedures were fashionable and common; and all such expressions jarred upon Colonel Higginson. "I have been specially struck," he said, "by the force and clearness of the speeches made in these meetings. But I noticed the absence of one word which in my student days was always present, always in the air—the word 'freedom.' In this morning's discussion of the relation of this country to other countries that glorious word did not occur. I pray you, ladies and gentlemen, in your historical study and teachings, to think deeply of this." He stated clearly his own position about some of the prevalent policies, and added: "I dare say that three-fourths of you disagree with me on this point; but I have stood in companies where nine-tenths of those present were on the other side, and I can stand it. But I hope the next time I attend meetings of this association I shall hear something about freedom in the deliberations."

Some of the references in this speech were echoes of words of Colonel Higginson's in an article printed the previous summer, which are still worth reviving, as they not only state more fully the leading thought of the speech, but present a truth which to-day and always the republic needs to remember.

"Twice in history has the North American republic won just gratitude from the human race when it might have forfeited it by a policy less advanced. To this day, to be sure, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, engaged in his career of empire-making, has never ceased to blame this nation for letting Mexico go, when she lay conquered in our hands—for taking down that flag which once waved in 'the halls of the Montezumas,' and contenting ourselves with a slice of territory when we might have plundered the whole. But the world has judged differently. More striking still is the case of Japan. There is in the public park at Newport, R. I., the statue of a naval hero whose greatness lay not merely in what he did, but in what he abstained from doing; so that, having for the first time opened Japan to modern civilization, Commodore Perry left it to work out its own destiny and become one of the great free nations of the world. Can any one doubt that Mexico and Japan are now far higher in condition than if they had been reduced to subject or tributary states, as Clive and Hastings reduced British India? There is no proof that the Japanese are intrinsically superior to the Hindoos; but the one race was left free by the Americans, and the other subjugated by Englishmen. So there is no proof that the Filipinos are not, as Admiral Dewey said, as well fitted for freedom as the Cubans, or, one may add, as the Mexicans. Our nation has never needed to vindicate its power of fighting. In two instances, Japan and Mexico, it has also proved its power of self-control. Can it be possible that we shall fail to exercise the same self-control

in dealing with the Filipinos? If we succeed, if we trust the principle of liberty, we may see them stand where the Japanese stand; if we pursue the policy of conquest, they can never rise above the humbler condition of the Hindoos. There appears to be no human being for whom the British government has less use than for an educated Hindoo."

The article from which this passage is taken bore as a title that stirring exclamation of Thomas Paine's, "Where liberty is not, there is my country!"—emphasizing his fellow-citizenship with every man who was oppressed and needed a helping hand. It was inevitable that Colonel Higginson should be a leader among those who condemned the course so hostile to freedom and the world's progress, into which the republic was betrayed in 1899. It would be useful to make his words a text for a discourse upon that theme. Our present theme is Colonel Higginson himself and his life-long services for freedom, in which his strong position in the Philippine crisis formed simply a logical and fitting chapter.

Colonel Higginson's books are books of freedom; his friends were friends of freedom. He gave to us in 1898 that most noble, frank and fascinating of autobiographies, "Cheerful Yesterdays"; and just as he asked us to see to it that we did not omit the word "freedom" from our political vocabulary, there came to us his "Contemporaries," which may properly enough be considered a second volume of the autobiography. The books are necessary companions, each supplementing the other. In his "Yesterdays," Colonel Higginson pictures the scenes and the events in which he and his strong contemporaries acted together; in his "Contemporaries," he paints the portraits of the noble men and women who helped to make his yesterdays brave and great and therefore in the noblest sense cheerful. The two books together give us a survey, not surpassed in insight and value by any other, of the intellectual and moral life of New England and America during the last two generations. They reminded us of the high credentials of this brave spokesman for freedom, by bringing before us as they did the harder and more trying times than ours when just as calmly and as firmly he "stood in companies where nine-tenths of those present were on the other side." They also served to make us think anew of the immense service, both as a man of letters and a man of action, which Colonel Higginson has rendered America. Some of us were led to turn anew, and with a more definite and comprehensive purpose, to the long line of his books which stand upon the shelves of the library, to consider the great variety and extent of his writings, their literary charm and their significant contribution to American culture, and the central aims and principles which inform and inspire them.

The mere extent of Colonel Higginson's writings, when their serious and thorough nature is considered, is impressive. Before the title-page of "Contemporaries," the publishers printed the list of Colonel Higginson's books published by themselves alone, and the list included, besides "Contemporaries" and "Cheerful Yesterdays," the following: "Atlantic Essays," "Common Sense about Women," "Army Life in a Black Regiment," "The New World and the New Book," "Travellers and Outlaws," "Malbone," "Oldport Days," "Outdoor Papers," "The Procession of the Flowers," "The Afternoon Landscape," "The Monarch of Dreams," and "Margaret Fuller Ossoli." In the decade following have been added "Carlyle's Laugh and Other Surprises," "Part of a Man's Life," "The Life and Times of Stephen Higginson," and "Henry W. Longfellow." But this score of volumes does not by any means make up the whole, although we have here his best works. A score more of volumes must be added to complete the list which tells the story of his literary labors. Indeed I have read that there are fifty titles in some of the card catalogs. There are the three little collections of miscellaneous essays, "Women and Men," "Concerning All of Us," and "Book and Heart"; there is the second little volume of poems, "Such as They Are," containing poems by Mrs. Higginson also; there



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THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

are the "Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic" and the "Book of American Explorers" for the young people. For Colonel Higginson has always had a hand for the service of the young people. Almost his first published book (1850) was "The Birthday in Fairy Land," a story for children; and when, more than a quarter of a century ago, he published his "Young Folks' History of the United States," he did one of the greatest services ever done for our American boys and girls, not only in giving them a history of their own country which still remains one of the best, but in provoking a dozen more of our best writers to work in the same field in a similar way. His "Larger History of the United States" has, like the smaller one, the supreme quality of being interesting. In the field of history we have, besides, the two stout volumes on "Massachusetts in the Army and Navy during the Civil War" and the volume of "English History for American Readers," prepared in collaboration with Professor Edward Channing. In collaboration with Henry W. Boynton he prepared "A Reader's History of American Literature." He was the editor of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," the collection of lives of Harvard men who fell in the Civil War, and himself

the writer of not a few of the biographies in the work. His services as an editor have been frequent and considerable. In this capacity he gave us the four volumes of "Brief Biographies of European Public Men." With Samuel Longfellow he compiled "Thalatta," that charming book for the seaside; with Mrs. Bigelow, he compiled the valuable volume of "American Sonnets"; with Mrs. Todd, he edited the Poems of Emily Dickinson. He has translated Epictetus and Petrarch. There is the useful little volume of "Hints on Writing and Speech-making"; and we have counted on a volume on the Orators of America, made up of the lectures given at the Lowell Institute. There is the volume of "Short Studies of American Authors,"—Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Howells, Helen Hunt, Henry James,—which may almost be viewed as another volume of "Contemporaries." The same may be said of the volume on "Old Cambridge." The first of the five chapters in the book is an antiquarian chapter; but the "Three Literary Epochs" of the second chapter —namely, the epoch of the North American Review, that of the Dial, and that of the Atlantic Monthly—were epochs all in some manner familiar to him, and a part of which he was; while the last three chapters, on Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell, might just as well have found place in "Contemporaries."

Colonel Higginson once said that his literary achievements had fallen far short of his hopes and ambitions; yet he dwelt upon four things which he thought had exercised distinct influence. The first was his series of "Outdoor Papers," particularly the one on "Saints and their Bodies,"—his first contribution to the Atlantic Monthly, in its first year—which had much to do with the modern athletic revival, among other things leading Dr. Sargent to take up the teaching of athletics as a profession. The address upon "The Sympathy of Religions" which had a very wide circulation in pamphlet form, prompted Dr. Barrows of Chicago into such thought upon the subject as resulted in 1893 in the famous Parliaments of Religions. The trenchant essay, "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" contending that when they were once allowed to do this their equality with man was sure to follow, produced a profound and permanent effect. Lastly, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his "Young Folks' History of the United States," of which more than 200,000 copies were sold, had an immense influence on the history of teaching in the schools, through making the subject vastly more interesting than ever before.

But who shall say what his greatest work was? Many hold it to be the work done in command of the South Carolina regiment of colored troops. He made those slaves of yesterday rise up to manhood and act the soldier with speed and power which few had ventured to expect and few were able to bring about. I think the last public tribute paid by Colonel Higginson was to Rev. Abraham Willard Jackson, who died but a few days before Colonel Higginson's own death, and who had been a captain in that famous black regiment. It was Jackson who once said of Colonel Higginson: "Were I writing his epitaph, I would say, 'He met a slave; he made him a man!'" Certain it is that that service at the head of the black regiment had always a proud pre-eminence in his own mind, as in the minds of so many who loved him. I have never heard him speak more warmly, I may say hotly, than when defending the colored men of the South from what he felt to be aspersions upon their character and conduct in the reconstruction time; and his tributes to their character were drawn from his experience with his regiment. Whatever other titles he bore, he was chiefly "Colonel" to the end; and that impressive military funeral in the old First Parish Church at Cambridge, with the black soldiers bearing the coffin wrapt in the flag, was the fitting funeral.

Born in Cambridge, in 1823, Higginson has been emphatically a Cambridge man; just as Edward Everett Hale, born in Boston the year before, was emphatically a Boston man. Both men preached for a time in Worcester. Before going to Worcester, Higginson lived for some years in Newburyport, part of the time preaching there; and for many years he lived in Newport. But we regard these

flights as digressions. It is a little hard to think of him as really at home in any of these places or anywhere outside of Cambridge, where he was born. More than any other of our literary men, save Lowell alone,—more than Longfellow, more than Holmes, who, although born in Cambridge, is always to our thought as much a Boston man as Dr. Hale,—is Higginson identified with Cambridge. "To James Russell Lowell, Schoolmate and Fellow-Townsman," he dedicated his little volume of poems, "The Afternoon Landscape." Lowell, his Cambridge fellow and co-celebrant, was four years the older, born in 1819,—the same year, it is interesting to observe, as Julia Ward Howe, whose "Reminiscences," traversing so much of the same ground and touching so many of the same men and women, came to us just as we were reading "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries." The chapters upon Mrs. Howe and Dr. Hale, whose going preceded Colonel Higginson's so shortly, are among the best in the late volume entitled "Carlyle's Laugh and Other Surprises."

Higginson was fittingly the orator on the occasion of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, in 1881; as Lowell was the orator, five years later, at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College. We have somewhere Lowell's letter to Higginson, telling of the satisfaction and delight with which he had read in London the latter's Cambridge oration. There is much about Lowell scattered throughout Higginson's books; but somehow it all seems inadequate. Perhaps it is because we naturally expect so much and desire so much, where there was such rare opportunity for knowing. Criticism seems too frequent, and emphasis upon Lowell's great sides insufficient. The special essay upon Lowell is one of the slightest and most disappointing of all the many which Higginson devotes to his contemporaries, although it is redeemed in great measure by its last page, which is one of the finest tributes to Lowell ever written.

To the useful volume, by various hands, upon "Cambridge in 1896," Higginson contributed the chapter on "Life in Cambridge Town," a chapter suggesting Lowell's old essay (written in 1854) upon "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." Referring to this delightful essay, Higginson reminds us, in his essay upon John Holmes, in "Contemporaries," that it must be supplemented by John Holmes's "Harvard Square," in the Harvard Book, if we would get "the very inmost glimpse of village life in the earlier Cambridge." The glimpses of Cambridge life generally with which this essay on John Holmes abounds constitute one of its greatest charms. The life of Longfellow is of course full of Cambridge pictures and of the Cambridge atmosphere. Many more pages in the life of Margaret Fuller than those which makes up the chapter on "Girlhood at Cambridge" are valuable contributions to the history of Cambridge intellectual and social life in the first half of the century. The opening chapters of "Cheerful Yesterdays," those upon "A Cambridge Boyhood" and "A Child of the College," are Cambridge and Harvard pictures of rare interest and of distinct historical value. Higginson was for years a director of the Cambridge public library, as he was a member of the visiting board of Harvard University. His educational services altogether were many and great. He was at one time a member of the State Board of Education.

Higginson has been a most loyal and loving son of Harvard; and the University honored herself as much as she honored him when she conferred upon him in 1899 her highest degree. He had been graduated from the college fifty-eight years before, the youngest member of the class of 1841, as Edward Everett Hale was the youngest member of the class of 1839. He had studied afterwards in the Divinity School, which was organized by his father, who also planted the elms in the Harvard yard when he was steward of the college. I have referred to the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," which he edited. In enumerating his writings we must not forget, in this connection, his contribution to the Harvard Book, nor his "Memorials of the Class of 1833." We must not forget his contributions to

the "Memorial History of Boston," to the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Browning Society, the Free Religious Association. He was appropriately the orator at the centennial celebration of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1891; for he has been one of our most zealous and faithful historical scholars. Said the president of the Historical Society in introducing him on this centennial occasion: "He has filled the Puritan ideal of a citizen's range of office,—elder, reformer, military commander, historian, deputy to the Great and General Court." He was for years the president of the Free Religious Association. No other person was prominently identified with the Association so long. He took part in its first meeting in 1867, and was an officer until his death. Almost invariably for years he was invited to preside at its annual festival; and it was, I think, at the festival in May, 1910, that he made his last public speech. He wrote often for the Index; and in the interest of the suffrage cause he wrote much for the Woman's Journal. His popular tract on "The Sympathy of Religions" is a good index to the radicalism and catholicity of his own religion. The published sermons that have come down to us in the libraries, with such titles as "Man shall not Live by Bread Alone," "Elegy without Fiction" (in 1852, with reference to Webster and Rantoul), "Scripture Idolatry," and "Massachusetts in Mourning" (1854), show that while he was in the pulpit he must have been a preacher after Theodore Parker's own heart. Indeed his Free Church of Worcester was made up of people whom somebody called the "Jerusalem Wildcats," who were strongly under Parker's influence. Higginson's own religious life was singularly free from the storm and stress of creedal conflict always. "I never heard of the Five Points of Calvinism until maturity," he once said. With a great price many of his contemporaries obtained their theological freedom; but he was free born.

I have said that Colonel Higginson's last public speech was at the festival of the Free Religions Association in May, 1910. He spoke after that at the Round Table; but the meetings of this delightful Boston club of men and women are not public meetings. Colonel Higginson was the president of the Round Table from its founding to his death; and his presiding and his occasional papers constituted its greatest charm.

Of peculiar interest and value among Colonel Higginson's books is his little Life of Francis Higginson, the first minister in the Massachusetts Bay Colony—coming to Salem in 1629—and Colonel Higginson's own first American ancestor. It is a loving study of English life in the early Puritan time, of the customs of Cambridge University in that seventeenth century, of the earliest ecclesiastical usages in New England, of Francis Higginson's own noteworthy contributions to the picture and record of the place and time, and above all of that saintly man's life and character. With proper pride did Colonel Higginson look back to such an ancestor; and with proper pride did he claim at the close of his study: "The stock has surely shown some vitality and vigor, and perhaps something of transmitted public spirit and of interest in things higher than those which are merely material. These descendants have remained loyal, as Americans, to the verdict of their early progenitor, that 'one sup of New England air is better than a whole flagon of old English ale'; and many of them have shown in their lives an adherence to John Higginson's opinion, 'that if any man amongst us make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, let such a one know he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian.'" The justice of the claim is the more apparent when it is remembered that the vitality and vigor of the stock have been represented in our day by such men, in addition to Colonel Higginson himself, as General Sherman and Senator Sherman, Governor Andrew, Senator Evarts and Senator Hoar.

I do not know how many generations of Higginsons there were between Francis and Stephen, Colonel Higginson's grandfather, to whom he also devotes an admirable volume. "To have been one of the first American shipmasters called

on to testify before Parliament as to American colonial matters; to have been a member of the Continental Congress in its closing days; to have been second in command during the first effective resistance to Shay's Rebellion; the first to argue from that peril the need of a stronger government; the first to suggest that the voices of nine out of thirteen states could make the Confederacy into a Nation; the first to organize and equip the American Navy under Jefferson's administration:—"These," he wrote on the preface, "afford sufficient ground to justify the writing of any man's memoir." The passage well summarizes the conspicuous services of Stephen Higginson. His son, Colonel Higginson's father, was also named Stephen. He was a prosperous Boston merchant. When the embargo put a period to his prosperity, he retired for a time, before becoming steward of Harvard College, to his sheep farm in Bolton. To those who know the beautiful Bolton region, it is pleasant to think of Colonel Higginson's ancestral association with it; as to those who love the Cheshire hills in New Hampshire it is pleasant to think of his home for so many summers in the shadow of Monadnock.

To old Salem, the home of Francis Higginson, Colonel Higginson returns more than once in his books. The essay on "Old Salem Sea Captains" is one of the best in the volume, "Travellers and Outlaws," which is made up of studies of some of those unfamiliar and curious historical episodes and characters with which Colonel Higginson delights to deal. The historian is ever and again coming to the front in the many volumes of essays. "A Charge with Prince Rupert," one of the best of the "Atlantic Essays," brings out the motives and the spirit of the two conflicting parties in the English Civil War with singular vividness and force. The essay on "The Puritan Minister," in the same volume, is a study of the early ecclesiastical life of New England, of high historical value.

To Newport, which certainly was his home for many years, although it is hard to identify him with it,—just as it is hard to think of Hawthorne as a part of Concord in the same way that we think him a part of Salem,—Colonel Higginson has generously paid his debt; as Hawthorne so well paid his debt to Concord. The "Mosses from an Old Manse" is not a better offering upon the Concord altar than "Oldport Days" upon the Newport altar; and Colonel Higginson himself, who loved Hawthorne so well, would say that that is the best that could be said of his book. In truth it may be said that, of all Colonel Higginson's books, "Oldport Days," with those fascinating chapters upon Oldport Wharves, the Haunted Window, a Driftwood Fire, and the rest, is the most Hawthornish; and it has given the spirit of the real Newport, as opposed to the Newport of mere sojourn and fashion, its best literary expression. "Malbone," it will be remembered, is "An Oldport Romance"; and Colonel Higginson's Rhode Island life has left its marks on many a page of many a book. He must have been a sympathetic guide of his English visitors to Whitehall, the old Newport home of Bishop Berkeley; for, strong idealist that he was, Rhode Island's associations with that supreme idealist must have been peculiarly dear to him. "There has belonged to Rhode Islanders," he notes with relish in his little romance, "The Monarch of Dreams," "ever since the days of Roger Williams, a certain taste for the ideal side of existence. It is the only state in the American Union where chief justices habitually write poetry and prosperous manufacturers print essays on the Freedom of the Will." It is a word such as we can imagine Dr. Hale also saying as he discoursed to some visitor at Matunuck, his Rhode Island summer home. Colonel Higginson's own idealism, in Rhode Island or in Cambridge, has always been an idealism with hands and feet, like that of his Puritan ancestors. He was always the man of affairs as much as the man of letters; and his paper on the Public Schools of Newport which we find in an old volume of "Contributions to the History of the History of the Public School System of Rhode Island," is but one of many witnesses to his faithfulness in Newport to his duties as a citizen.

The scene of "A Moonglade," the closing sketch in the little volume, "The Procession of the Flowers," is laid at Newport. The other essays in that charming collection were written at Worcester, and Lake Quinsigamond gets into most of them. Their very titles,—"April Days," "My Outdoor Study," "Water Lilies," "The Life of Birds"—show that they properly belong among the "Outdoor Papers"; and in the volume so entitled they finally found place. This volume is the best expression of Colonel Higginson as an outdoor man; for, like Lowell, he was always emphatically that, a man of the fields and woods as much as a man of the library. He was the most red-blooded and rural of scholars, loving birds quite as well as books, and carrying into the garden and on to the hills the instinct and talent of the naturalist as truly as the love and sympathy of the poet. He was as much at home presiding at a meeting of the Appalachian Mountain Club or the Massachusetts Bicycle Club as in reading a paper before the Historic-Genealogical Society.

Yet it is upon human themes, upon literature and history and society, that Colonel Higginson has chiefly written, and the life of a social and political reformer that has been his central life. His "Cheerful Yesterdays" are almost altogether a reformer's yesterdays; and his "Contemporaries" were almost altogether men and women living the most strenuous of strenuous lives, devoted to what one of our economists has called "the foolish attempt to make the world over." In his distinctly literary books, like "Atlantic Essays" and "The New World and the New Book," it is when he comes closest to contemporaneity and life that he is usually most interesting. But this is by no means always the case; and it is not to be said at all without saying at once and warmly that upon distinctly literary themes and as a representative of literary art Colonel Higginson stands in the very front American rank. No American essays, save Emerson's and Lowell's alone, are of higher importance or greater charm than his; and his best essays are entitled to rank with Lowell's own. He has been a constant force for culture. He has been a constant rebuke to literary slipshodness by his constant regard, through the great mass of his work, for simplicity, freshness, structure, the choice of words, and thoroughness,—to emphasize the literary qualities which he emphasizes and which he has so well exemplified. We think of few chapters of advice which the young writer could read more profitably than Colonel Higginson's "Letter to a Young Contributor." He stood for devotion to the world's great books. He is too good a scholar not to know that the best national literature must come with love and understanding of the best world literature and recognition of its canons and its inspirations.

But for a true, free national literature, for a sturdy and independent Americanism, he always speaks,—there is through all his books no note more constant. He hated the colonialism, the dependence upon English impulse and imprimatur, which has so largely marked our literature almost up to the very present. This is, in one way or another, the burden of almost the whole of "The New World and the New Book." Under the title of "The Evolution of an American" he traces with enthusiasm the steps by which Motley, beginning his intellectual life with aristocratic and European sentiments, was made "not merely a patriot, but a man of democratic convictions at last." Many a page in this vital American book might well have found its point of departure in Lowell's famous essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." In the essay entitled "Unnecessary Apologies" is this fine and true passage:

"Let me make the great effort of supposing Emerson an English author and Matthew Arnold an American; does any one suppose that Arnold's criticisms on Emerson would in that case have attracted very serious attention in either country? Had Mr. Gosse been a New Yorker, writing in a London magazine, would any one on either side of the Atlantic have seriously cared whether Mr. Gosse thought that contemporary England had produced a poet? The reasons why the criticism of these two Englishmen have attracted such widespread no-

tice among us is that they have the accumulated weight—the *ex oriente lux*—of London behind them. We accept them meekly and almost reverently; just as we even accept the criticisms made on Grant and Sheridan by Lord Wolseley, who is, compared to either of these generals, but a carpet knight. It is in some such way that we must explain the meek gratitude with which our press receives it, when Mr. Bryce apologizes for our deficiencies in the way of literature. Mr. Bryce has a chapter on 'Creative Intellectual Power,' in which he has some capital remarks on the impossibility of saying why great men appear in one time or place and not in another—in Florence, for instance, and not in Naples or Milan. Then he goes on to say that there is 'no reason why the absence of brilliant genius among the sixty millions in the United States should excite any surprise,' and adds soon after, 'It is not to be made a reproach against America that men like Tennyson or Darwin have not been born there.' Surely not; nor is it a reproach against England that men like Emerson or Hawthorne have not been born there. But if this last is true, why did it not occur to Mr. Bryce to say it; and had he said it, it is not plain that the whole tone and statement of his proposition would have been different? It is too early for comparison, but it is undoubtedly the belief of many Americans—at any rate, it is one which I venture to entertain—that the place in the history of intellect held a hundred years hence by the two Americans he forgets to mention will be greater than that of the two Englishmen he names."

The point of this is undeniable. Mr. Higginson tells us more than once that in several representative English circles he found Francis Parkman an unknown name. A literary or social judgment of his own upon an English matter of moment would very likely have attracted little attention in London or Oxford; while Boston and New York listened with humble deference to men like Mr. Gosse. Yet what enlightened American or Englishman can fail to see that Colonel Higginson's judgment upon any matter, as compared with that of Mr. Gosse, is not simply as "thirteen to twelve"—to echo old John Higginson's figure—but as thirteen to a very much smaller number?

Colonel Higginson's writing is imbued throughout with Americanism and democracy of the worthiest and truest type, and imbued always with a splendid enthusiasm. "It is melancholy," he says, "to see young men come forth from college walls with less enthusiasm than they carried in,—trained in a spirit which is in this respect worse than English Toryism, that it does not even retain a hearty faith in the past. It is better that a man should have eyes in the back of his head than that he should be taught to sneer at even a retrospective vision. One may believe that the golden age is behind us or before us; but alas for the forlorn wisdom of him who rejects it altogether! Better a thousand times train a boy on Scott's novels or the Border Ballads than educate him to believe on the one side that chivalry was a cheat and the troubadours imbeciles, and on the other hand that universal suffrage is an absurdity, and the one real thing is to get rid of our voters." He notes how often the scholars are behind the common people. "The Cowardice of Culture" is one of the most significant essays in that very autobiographical volume, "Part of a Man's Life." "Slavery," he says elsewhere, "had to be abolished before the most accomplished orator of the nation could be invited to address the graduates of his own university. The first among American scholars was nominated year after year, only to be rejected, before the academic societies of his own neighborhood. Yet during all that time the rural lecture associations showered their invitations on Parker and Phillips. Culture shunned them, but the common people heard them gladly."

As to our American literature, his own eyes have always been in the front of his head, hopefully and confidently looking forward. Half a century ago he wrote: "Every form of human life is romantic; every age may become classic. Lamentations, doubts, discouragements, all are wasted things. Everything is here between these Atlantic and Pacific shores, save only the perfected utterance that comes with years. Between Shakespeare

in his cradle and Shakespeare in 'Hamlet' there was needed but an interval of time; and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of art." "It is but a few years," he says again, writing forty years ago, "since we have dared to be American in even the details and accessories of our literary work; to make our allusions to natural objects real, not conventional; to ignore the nightingale and skylark, and look for the classic and romantic on our own soil. This change began mainly with Emerson."

Colonel Higginson was conspicuously a lover of England. He was never happier than in his London reminiscences, of which we have delightful chapters both in "Cheerful Yesterdays" and "Contemporaries," as well as in "Part of a Man's Life" and "Carlyle's Laugh." "We cannot spare the Englishman from our blood; but it is our business to make him more than an Englishman." He was a true child of the Puritan and believed that the spirit which founded New England is the best possible foundation for the better things for which we hope in literature and in life. "Of course the forest pioneer cannot compose orchestral symphonies, nor the founders of a state carve statues. But the thoughtful and scholarly men who created the Massachusetts Colony brought with them the traditions of their universities, and left these embodied in a college. The Puritan life was only historically inconsistent with culture; there was no logical antagonism." His birthday was December 22, only one day from Forefathers' Day, and he regarded himself "as a sort of brevet Pilgrim." As a literary man he was a defender of Puritanism, because what he wished to see breathe through all our literature is "the invigorating air of great moral principles." He says: "As the foundation of all true greatness is in the conscience, so we are safe if we can but carry into science and art the same earnestness of spirit which has fought through the great civil war and slain slavery. As 'the Puritan triumphed' in this stern contest, so must the Puritan triumph in the more graceful emulations that are to come; but it must be the Puritanism of Milton, not of Cromwell only."

A Milton in his own way, in his equal love of beauty and passion for freedom and justice, Colonel Higginson himself was; as in his own way he was a Sidney too. Was it not Sidney who said, or to whom it was said, "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it." Whenever Colonel Higginson heard of a good war, he went to it; and the campaigns for freedom, equality and progress, in the various fields of American life, in these two generations, in which he has not been one of the first to volunteer, without counting the company or the cost, have been few indeed. He led a regiment of negroes in the civil war; he has stood in the front rank of many a regiment in many a war before and since. He has been eminently a knightly and chivalric man. He has been, in the highest and best sense of the word, a romantic one. He has been his whole life long the conspicuous friend and champion of woman. No other man has written so constantly, so variedly, so attractively or so cogently in behalf of the emancipation of woman from the legal and industrial disabilities by which she has been hampered and of her elvation to every educational and political privilege. An index to the thoroughness of his studies in this field is the fact that at one time he gave to the Boston Public Library a thousand books on women. He has been in this reform our John Stuart Mill. He tells us how, very early in life, he became impressed by the absurdity of the denial of political rights to women; and he signed the call for the first national convention to promote the woman's rights movement, in 1850. "Of all the movements in which I ever took part," he wrote a dozen years ago, "except the anti-slavery agitation, this seems to me the most important; nor have I ever wavered in the opinion announced by Wendell Phillips, that it is 'the grandest reform yet launched upon the century, as involving the freedom of one-half the human race.'" He wrote four books in some way relating to the subject. His "Common Sense about Women" is the best single book in existence upon woman's rights. There is no phase of the question which is not somehow treated,

and the treatment is always pithy, pointed, sane and influential, calculated to win the reader and not repel him. A typical argument is this, replying to the foolish but very frequent contention that government ultimately rests on force and that women must not vote because they cannot fight:

"The truth is that, in this age, it is the civilian who rules on the throne or behind it, and who makes the fighting men his mere agents. Yonder policeman at the corner looks big and formidable: he protects the women, and overawes the boys. But away in some corner of the City Hall, there is some quiet man, out of uniform, perhaps a consumptive or a dyspeptic or a cripple, who can overawe the burliest policeman by his authority as city marshal or as mayor. So an army is but a larger police; and its official head is that plain man at the White House, who makes or unmakes not merely brevet-brigadiers, but major-generals in command,—who can by the stroke of the pen convert the most powerful man of the army into the most powerless. Take away the occupant of the position, and put in a woman, and will she become impotent because her name is Elizabeth or Maria Theresa? It is brains that more and more govern the world; and whether those brains be on the throne, or at the ballot-box, they will soon make the owner's sex a subordinate affair. War is the last appeal, and happily in these days the rarest appeal, of statesmanship. In the multifarious other duties that make up statesmanship, we cannot spare the brains, the self-devotion and the enthusiasm of woman. There is nothing impotent in the statesmanship of women when they are admitted to exercise it; they are only powerless for good when they are obliged to obtain by wheedling and flattery a sway that should be recognized, responsible and limited."

Forty years ago, at the close of the civil war, Colonel Higginson seemed a little appalled lest there might be no important cause left to fight for except that of woman's rights. Being himself, by nature and by grace, a fighter, having proved in his own life the immense good that comes to a man, as Whittier used to put it, from identifying himself early with a good and unpopular cause, he had considerable anxiety about the moral muscle of the rising generation. He said then:

"As one looks forward to the America of fifty years hence, the main source of anxiety appears to be in a probable excess of prosperity, and in the want of a good grievance. We seem nearly at the end of those great public wrongs which require a special moral earthquake to end them. There will be social and religious changes, perhaps great ones; but there are no omens of any very fierce upheaval. And seeing the educational value to this generation of the reforms for which it has contended, and especially of the anti-slavery enterprise, one must feel an impulse of pity for our successors, who seem likely to have no convictions for which they can honestly be mobbed. Can we spare these great tonics? It is the experience of history that all religious bodies are purified by persecution, and materialized by peace. No amount of hereditary virtue has thus far saved the merely devout communities from deteriorating, when let alone, into comfort and good dinners."

The course of events in these forty years has shown that Colonel Higginson had no reason for anxiety on this particular score. He noted himself, some years later, in discussing the importance of great moral causes as a literary tonic, that Helen Hunt Jackson was as thoroughly thrilled and inspired by the wrongs of the American Indians as was Mrs. Stowe by those of the negroes. He also quickly saw, as Phillips saw, that the great social and industrial questions which were looming above the horizon would make their imperative call upon radical and heroic men, and furnish all the moral gymnasium necessary for a long time to come for men in danger of a life of "comfort and good dinners." His own voice has rung as true and strong upon the issues of the new social revolution as it rang in the old conflict with slavery. Like Doctor Hale, he saw that collectivism and cooperation must supplant the fierce and selfish competition in our business life, and his sympathy with socialism was pronounced. As he

saw that woman was in the due course of things to have her opportunity and rights, so he has seen that the poor man was to have his. Among his poems I think of none more stirring than that, fittingly inscribed to Edward Bellamy, entitled "Heirs of Time":

"From street and square, from hill and glen
Of this vast world beyond my door,
I hear the tread of marching men,
The patient armies of the poor.

The halo of the city's lamps
Hangs, a vast torchlight, in the air;
I watch it through the evenings damps:
The masters of the world are there.

Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,
Their title-deeds not yet made plain;
But waking early, toiling late,
The heirs of all the earth remain.

Some day, by laws as fixed and fair
As guide the planets in their sweep,
The children of each outcast heir
The harvest-fruits of time shall reap.

The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
And work in peace Time's wondrous will.

Some day, without a trumpet's call,
This news will o'er the world be blown:
The heritage comes back to all!
The myriad monarchs take their own!"

Into the cause of pure civil service, into the cause of the education and the political rights of the freedmen in the South, into the cause of internationalism, into every cause which in the generation since the war has called for courageous championship, Colonel Higginson threw himself with the same enthusiasm with which he came to the side of Garrison and Phillips and Parker. No rebukes have been nobler than his of the militarism and materialism which have menaced the republic in these last years. His word at the dinner of the American Historical Association was but one of many in which in this time he has reminded America of her duty to herself and to the cause of freedom in the world.

The protest of the American mind and conscience against our war of conquest in the Philippines constitutes a strong and stirring chapter in our history. Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland, both of our former Presidents, spoke the protest; Sherman and Edmunds and Thomas Reed, all in their time the favored candidates of New England for the presidential place, spoke it. Andrew Carnegie and a score of the great captains of finance and industry spoke it. The organized workingman of America, from east to west, spoke with one voice for generosity and justice. Many a gallant soldier in the field hated with a holy hatred the war of subjugation in which he found himself involved, as opposed to the first principles of the republic. Boutwell and Hoar and an illustrious galaxy of statesmen, President Eliot and a great company of scholars and teachers, stood firmly against the betrayal of those principles. But no body of men was more faithful than the literary men. Howells and Mark Twain and John Burroughs in New York, and Higginson and his loyal literary associates in Cambridge and Boston, in that dark night kept the lamps trimmed and burning.

No word read at the great Faneuil Hall meeting in 1900 called to express the sympathy of Boston with the Boers was more emphatic or impressive than his: "Every step in the demands of the English government upon the Transvaal has implied claims such as would be resisted by unanimous voice in every nation of the civilized world. Surely we have a right to meet in Faneuil Hall to protest against such injustice and to do honor to the courage unsurpassed since Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans 'spent one day in dying' in the pass of Thermopylæ." If Colonel Higginson had lived to be a hundred, he would never have heard the bugle blown in behalf of any cause of freedom without becoming young again and giving to the cause the reinforcement

of his energetic word.

It is in Colonel Higginson's poems that we often have the most stirring expression of his love of freedom and his prophetic confidence in a future greater and nobler than any celebrated past. One of the finest of his sonnets is that to Whittier, with its grateful confession that it was the poet's voice which gave him his own peculiar call to duty:

"At dawn of manhood came a voice to me
That said to startled conscience, "Sleep no more!"
Like some loud cry that peals from door to door
It roused a generation; and I see,
Now looking back through years of memory,
That all of school or college, all the lore
Of worldly maxims, all the statesman's store,
Were nought beside that voice's mastery.
If any good to me or from me came
Through life, and if no influence less divine
Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;
If aught rose worthy in this heart of mine,
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shame,—
Bless thee, old friend! for that high call was thine."

Significant, too, and for the Boston man inspiring, are the lines upon Boston in the Memorial Ode read before the Grand Army Posts of Boston in 1881:

"Not in the past, but in the future, we
Must seek the mastery
Of fate and fortune, thought and word and deed.
Gone, gone for aye, the little Puritan homes;
Gone the beleaguered town, from out whose spires
Flashed forth the warning fires
Telling the Cambridge rustics, "Percy comes!"
And gone those later days of grief and shame
When slavery changed our court-house to a jail,
And blood-drops stained its threshold.
Now we hail,
After the long affray,
A time of calmer order, wider aim,
More mingled races, manhood's larger frame,
A city's broader sweep, the Boston of to-day.

They say our city's star begins to wane,
Our heroes pass away, our poets die,
Our passionate ardors mount no more so high.
'Tis but an old alarm, the affright of wealth,
The cowardice of culture, wasted pain!
Freedom is hope and health!
The sea on which yon ocean steamers ride
Is the same sea that rocked the shallops frail
Of the bold Pilgrims; yonder is its tide,
And here are we, their sons; it grows not pale,
Nor we who walk its borders. Never fear!
Courage and truth are all!
Trust in the great hereafter, and whene'er
In some high hour of need,
That tests the heroic breed,
The Boston of the future sounds its call,
Bartletts and Lowells yet shall answer, 'Here!'"

With such a faith in the future of the Puritan city, he has also been its stanch defender from ignorant and unjust criticism. In his essay on "Literary Tonics" there is no passage more interesting than this about Boston:

"Some minor English critic wrote lately of Dr. Holmes's 'Life of Emerson': 'The Boston of his day does not seem to have been a very strong place; we lack performance.' The Boston of which he speaks was the Boston of Garrison and Phillips, of Whittier and Theodore Parker; it was the headquarters of those old-time abolitionists of whom the English Earl of Carlisle wrote that they were 'fighting a battle without a parallel in the history of ancient or modern heroism.' It was also the place which nurtured those young Harvard students who are

chronicled in the 'Harvard Memorial Biographies'—those who fell in the war of the Rebellion; those of whom Lord Houghton once wrote tersely to me: 'They are men whom Europe has learned to honor and would do well to imitate.' The service of all these men, and its results, give a measure of the tonic afforded in the Boston of that day. Nay, Emerson, himself was directly responsible for much of their strength. 'To him more than to all other causes together,' says Lowell, 'did the young martys of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of moral heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives.' And when the force thus developed in Boston and elsewhere came to do its perfect work, that work turned out to be the fighting of a gigantic war and the freeing of four millions of slaves; and this in the teeth of every sympathy and desire of all that appeared influential in England. This is what is meant, in American history at least, by 'performance.'"

This was the Boston which was the capital of the movement which purged the land of slavery, as it was the capital of the movement which gave us our independence. It was the great centre of the activities of most of the men and women named in Colonel Higginson's "Contemporaries." Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Whittier, Lydia Maria Child, Dr. Howe, Garrison, Phillips and Sumner are the heroes of the great era of reform to whom special essays are devoted in this volume; and there are also essays upon Walt Whitman, Sidney Lanier, Helen Hunt, John Holmes, Thaddeus William Harris and General Grant. "An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne" tells of a conversation devoted mainly to the birth-hour of the "Scarlet Letter." "A Visit to John Brown's Household in 1859," contributed originally to Redpath's "Life of John Brown," is the story of an evening spent with the family at North Elba while the old hero lay in the Virginia jail awaiting execution. In all literature we know of no stronger or tenderer picture of homely heroism and absolute devotion. "It had been my privilege," wrote Higginson, "to live in the best society all my life—namely, that of abolitionists and fugitive slaves. I had seen the most eminent persons of the age—several men on whose heads tens of thousands of dollars had been set.....I had known these, and such as these; but I had not known the Browns. Nothing short of knowing them can be called a liberal education." He prophesied then that John Brown would become "the favorite hero of all American romance"; and he said this memorable word of his old-fashioned Puritanism: "John Brown is almost the only radical abolitionist I have ever known who was not more or less radical in religious matters also. His theology was Puritan, like his practice; and accustomed as we now are to see Puritan doctrines and Puritan virtues separately exhibited, it seems quite strange to behold them combined in one person again." Higginson's own desperate scheme to liberate John Brown from the Charlestown jail was a scheme natural to one who had borne so brave a part a dozen years before in the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns.

The essays in "Contemporaries" differ in interest and value. Garrison is warmly recognized as "the living centre" of the group of reformers; but the essay upon him is not one of the most important. That upon Phillips is much better, and the fine description and analysis of Phillips is much better, and the fine description and analysis of Phillips's oratory which it contains is alone sufficient to give it permanent value. The following word is a fine tribute to Phillips's fine fearlessness at the time when in the autumn and winter of 1860 he was speaking at Music Hall to Theodore Parker's congregation, and was each Sunday followed home by a mob, while his house was guarded through the nights by friends and the police: "During all this time there was something peculiarly striking and characteristic in his demeanor. There was absolutely nothing of bulldog combativeness, but a careless, buoyant, almost patrician air, as if nothing in the way of mob violence were worth considering, and all threats of opponents were simply beneath contempt. He seemed like some English Jacobite nobleman on the scaffold, carelessly tak-

ing snuff and kissing his hand to the crowd before laying his head upon the block." Colonel Higginson does not do quite sufficient justice to Phillips's last days. Phillips may, or may not, have made mistakes in his discussions of capital and labor and of the currency; but the significant thing is that he recognized so much more clearly than most of the old reformers where the next battlefield with slavery lay, and that he threw himself into the fight on the right side. The finest passage in the essay on Sumner is that where, writing of the day before Sumner's funeral, Higginson's thought goes back to the beginning of Sumner's chivalrous career and he traces the changes that had come to Boston in the intervening years:

"Standing amid that crowd at the State House, it was impossible not to ask one's self: 'Can this be Boston? The city whose bells toll for Sumner—is it the same city that fired one hundred guns for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law? The King's Chapel, which is to hold his funeral rites—can it be the same King's Chapel which furnished from among its worshippers the only Massachusetts representative who voted for that law? These black soldiers who guard the coffin of their great friend—are they of the same race with those unarmed black men who were marched down yonder street surrounded by the bayonets of Boston militiamen?' It is said that when Sumner made his first conspicuous appearance as an orator in Boston, and delivered his address on 'The True Grandeur of Nations,' a prominent merchant said indignantly, as he went out of the building: 'Well, if that young man is going to talk in that way, we cannot expect Boston to hold him up.' Boston did not hold him up; but Massachusetts so sustained him that he held up Boston, until it had learned to sustain him in return."

Far finer and more considerable than any of these essays is that upon Theodore Parker. There is not, in all the books in the library, a nobler tribute to Parker than this, none which expounds more adequately his marvellous learning, his great achievements and the sources of his power: "Parker lived his life much as he walked the streets of Boston,—not quite gracefully, nor yet statelily, but quick, strong, solid step, with sagacious eyes wide open, thrusting his broad shoulders a little forward, as if butting away the throng of evil deeds around him, and scattering whole atmospheres of unwholesome cloud. Wherever he went, there went a glance of sleepless vigilance, an unforgetting memory, a tongue that never faltered, and an arm that never quailed."

The essay upon Lydia Maria Child is one of the best in the volume, a most impressive account of that great woman's varied and remarkable achievements. To her famous "Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans," published in 1833, Higginson pays this high tribute: "As it was the first anti-slavery work ever printed in America in book form, so I have always thought in the ablest; that is, it covered the whole ground better than any other." Even more interesting is the essay upon Helen Jackson, whose friend Colonel Higginson was from the very beginning of her literary career, and who clearly found his friendship one of the most formative and stimulating influences of her life. There is, no chapter in the book more personal, vital or vivacious.

Higginson somewhere discusses, I think ironically, somebody's dictum that "a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity." Whatever truth or falsehood may be in that work, this is true,—that insight discounts history and does not have to wait for the verdict of posterity. Of insight only is this true. The man of fashion and the fool have no instinct that can tell where God is on the field in their own place and time. To the conventional man of Boston and of the nation, the period of the great heroes of these glowing pages was "time when truth was called treason." How quickly was the conventional verdict set aside! "It is a striking fact," Higginson notes at the close of his essay on Garrison, "that in the valhalla of contemporary statues in his own city, only two, those of Webster and Everett, commemorate those who stood for the party of con-

servatism in the great anti-slavery conflict; while all the rest, Lincoln, Quincy, Sumner, Andrew, Mann, Garrison and Shaw, represent the party of attack. It is the verdict of time, confirming in bronze and marble the great words of Emerson, 'What forests of laurel we bring, and the tears of mankind, to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!'" But to the eye of Emerson himself his contemporaries were as the immortals. To him history and the newspaper were one; and he knew John Brown for a hero while the musketry yet rattled at Harper's Ferry as truly as the men of Concord Bridge whose shot had been heard round the world and been applauded along the line. To Higginson also the men with whom he labored in the cause of freedom were the same men and held the same rank when they were contemporaries as now when they are memories and their statues stand in the streets.

In the great group of American fighters for freedom, Colonel Higginson will hold an immortal place. Gladstone at Oxford in his later life reviewed the changes through which he had passed since he began his public career as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," and said: "I have come to place a higher and ever higher value upon human liberty, and there, and there only, is the secret of the change." With Colonel Higginson there has been no change. His whole life was one great sermon on freedom. He began his public career as its champion, his long years have all been spent in its service, and now when his presence is withdrawn his word will still be heard charging the republic never to give that sacred and commanding word a second place.

His Rarest Flower

By REGINA GORDON

You're all that I have ever known of God—
  We judge the Gardener by His rarest Flower—
And so to give You birth from lifeless sod
  I cannot doubt His Wisdom nor His Power!

You're bound to earth—in spirit higher
  Than ever crashing meteor was hurled
As madly whirling with its trail of fire
  It coursed the universe from world to world!

New England up and Doing

Significant Developments for the Future of Boston Harbor.

By PHILIP GURNEY

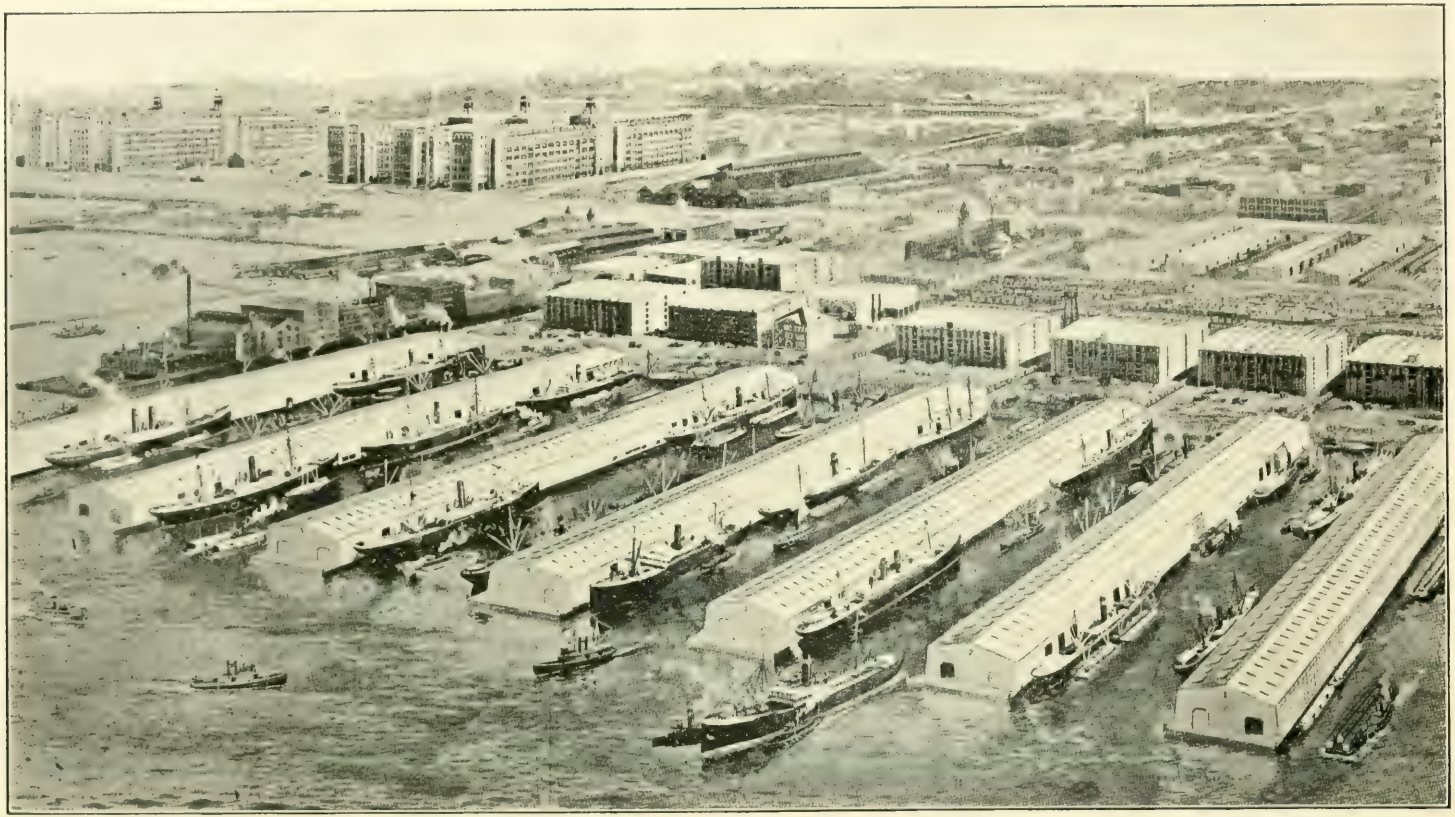
If ever there was a time in the history of New England when she should be up and doing, it is now," said a great railroad president at a recent dinner of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and added, "and New England is Boston.....Let us see which shall tire first in making this city what we would have it, if not first in population, at least the gateway through which the population and the business of this country shall go and return to all the peoples and countries of the earth."

He said other things in that address, an address which was, like the shot fired on that other occasion when New England was up and doing, "heard round the world." It echoed southward to New York, where men heard it and said, "This means a lusty rival." It echoed westward to Chicago, where men listened and said "This means a better portal for our import and export business." It reverberated across the Atlantic and the men who control the sailings of the great steamship lines marked down a memorandum to keep their eyes on Boston.

Mr. Mellen's address was not the beginning of Boston's clamor for a greater port, but it marked the beginning of a new epoch. It came at a time when development plans which had been two years in the making, were just reaching their climax. It came before the strongest possible kind of audience, six hundred members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, which has been the leader in the formation of plans and the demand for action. These members were called together by the Chamber of Commerce for the specific purpose of hearing an address by Mr. Mellen, and the Chamber knew that an address by him at that particular time could not be other than inspiring. It was the Chamber's way of rousing the public to action, and it did rouse them. By a particularly happy coincidence, the next week saw the arrival of the largest vessel ever to make Boston her port, the magnificent Cunard Liner "Franconia." Second in size only to the "Lusitania" and "Mauretania," and rivalling them in beauty and luxury, this vessel, swung to one of the big new docks at East Boston amid the screeching of thousands of whistles which hailed her as the forerunner of a mightier race of vessels. The arrival of the "Franconia," the celebration dinner given in her beautiful dining saloon to a gathering of several hundred, and her triumphant departure, deeply laden with export cargo, her rails lined with passengers, spurred Boston to even greater activity toward the realization of her ambition that such vessels, and still greater vessels, might in future come daily to the port. It is doubtful if Boston has been so deeply stirred over any public question since the days of the abolitionists. Boston means to be a world port rivalling New York and Liverpool, and Boston is in earnest.

Boston has need to develop her port, for her trade has fallen away sadly under the rivalry of the younger and growing ports further south and of Montreal to the north.

The figures of Boston's imports and exports for the past ten years have shown a condition of instability, and an alarming tendency toward the permanent removal of Boston from her position as the second port of the country. It is this which has caused Boston men to bestir themselves. They realize that great opportunities have been neglected, but they are now aggressive and there is little fear that in a few years at least Boston will be on a steady upgrade. Those steps which



THE BUSH TERMINALS AT NEW YORK, WHICH THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BELIEVES SHOULD AND MIGHT BE FOLLOWED IN BOSTON.

have already been taken have been sure though slow.

It is this condition of instability, with its alarming tendency toward the permanent removal of Boston from her position as the second port of the country which has caused Boston men to bestir themselves. They realize that great opportunities have been neglected but they are now aggressive and there is little fear that in a few years at least Boston will be on a steady upgrade. Those steps which have already been taken have been sure though slow.

In the first place, the 35 foot ship channel will be completed in December of this year. Boston harbor is gifted by nature as are few of the great harbors of the world. It is 180 miles nearer Europe than any other great American port. The waters of the bay cover an area of many square miles, but so many sheltered roadsteads are formed by the veritable archipelago of islands which dot the broad expanse that shipping is protected even during extremely severe storms. The inner harbor is the largest on the coast, and the outer bay extending from Lynn on the north to Fore River on the south affords 40 miles of waterfront. Boston harbor itself offers extraordinary natural advantages. The approaches from the ocean are wide and safe, and the roadsteads such as to provide ample space for a large number of ships. There is no long and dangerous river channel, obstructed by shifting sandbars, to be ascended before the docks are reached, nor is there need of extensive breakwaters or jetties to protect the entrances from the force of the waves. Lacking heretofore, however, has been a deep water channel suitable for the largest vessels. Ten years ago the Chamber of Commerce through the powerful aid of Congressman George P. Lawrence secured an appropriation from the Federal Government of $8,000,000 for such a channel. The work has been carried on steadily ever since, and when completed this winter the channel will be 35 feet deep, 1,200 feet wide, from the city docks to President Roads, and 1,500 feet wide thence to the open sea, capable of accommodating the largest vessels afloat.

This channel passes directly by the terminals of the Boston & Albany Railroad at East Boston and here, in the opinion of most experts, is the point where Boston's opportunities converge. Three years ago a waterfront fire destroyed several of the railroad piers which were used for transatlantic business, and these have been replaced by three of the largest piers on the Atlantic coast, connected with which is a grain elevator of the most modern type, having a capacity of a million bushels.

The completion of these piers a year or more ago marked the beginning of development upon the land, and Boston was ready for the next step. It became apparent to those who were studying the situation that the next step would be a significant one. The Boston & Albany piers extended along the shore as far as Jeffries Point. From Jeffries Point across to Winthrop stretched a broad expanse of flats covered by varying depths of shallow water, and these flats cut far into the shore line, Jeffries Point and Point Shirley being the outer horns of a deep arc. The pier head line established by the State and federal governments, which marked the point beyond which piers could not be constructed out into the harbor, turned sharply inward at Jeffries Point and ran close along the shore. This meant that unless the line were changed the area available for the construction of warehouses, railroad connections and factory sites in the rear of future piers would be greatly restricted, and furthermore, that each additional pier would require more and more expensive dredging on account of the width of the flats between the shore and the ship channel.

The Chamber of Commerce recommended, and after a long hard struggle, obtained the approval of both State and government for a new harbor line extending straight out from Jeffries Point toward Winthrop along the edge of the flats. The adoption of this line fixed the course of future development and made certain that not only could piers be constructed with far less dredging, but that in the rear of those piers there could be reclaimed, by filling in the flats, an im-

mense area where factories and warehouses could in future be built in close proximity to the terminal.

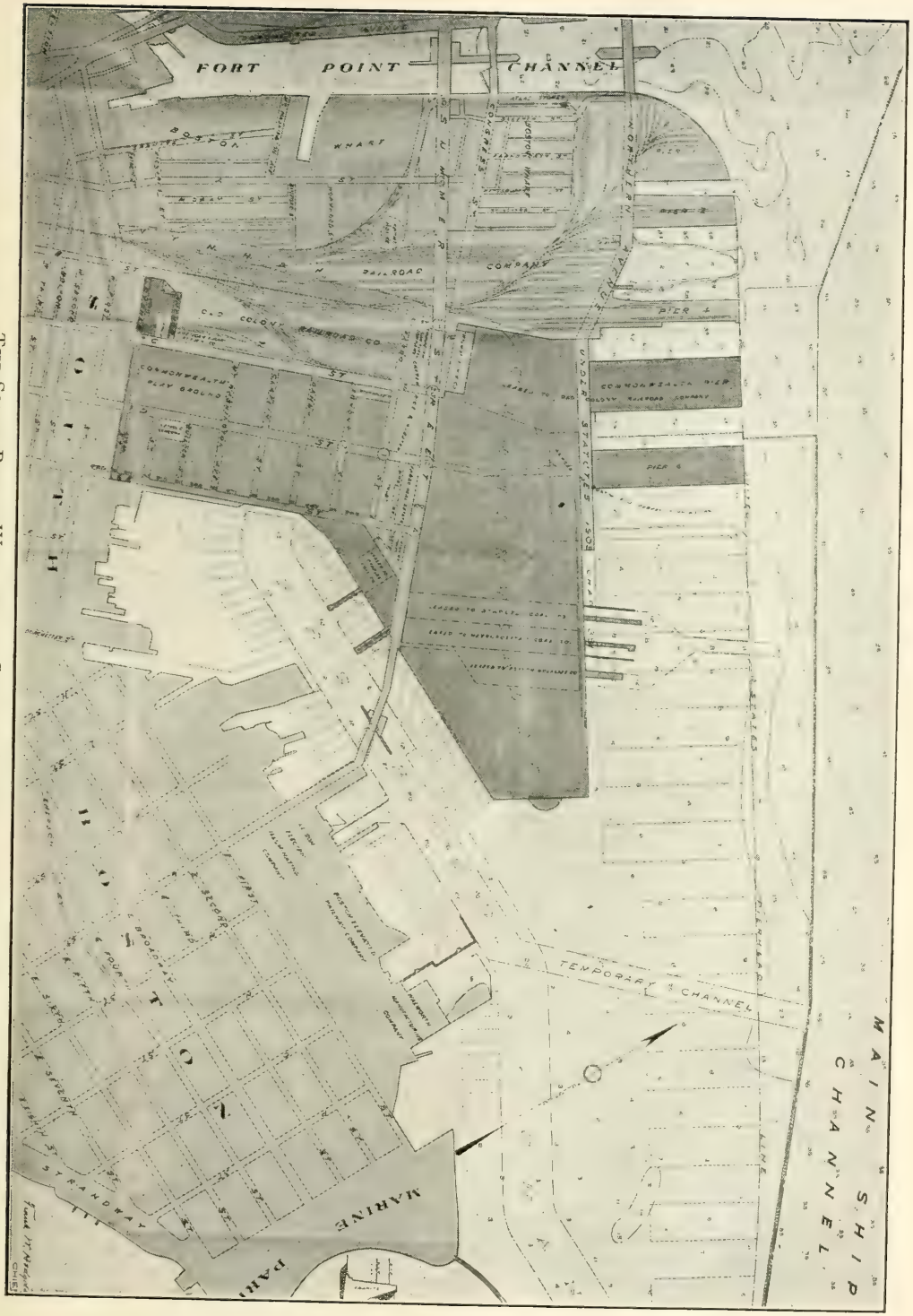
In order to obtain approval to this new line, the Chamber was compelled to make the United States Government change its mind, which is not an easy task. The Government had purchased a site for the new immigrant station at Jeffries Point. This site was naturally selected in harmony with the old harbor line and the Department of Commerce and Labor was ready to go ahead with it. The beginning of construction on that site would have been fatal, because it would have determined that the course of future development was to be along the old rather than the new line. The Chamber not only persuaded the Department to exchange the old site for a larger one situated on the new harbor line, but also, assisted valiantly by Senator Lodge and Congressman Keliher, obtained a considerable increase in the appropriation in order that a building more worthy of the port might be erected.

About this time two other significant events occurred. One was the lease by Governor Draper to the New Haven Railroad of the Commonwealth Pier at South Boston, constructed and owned by the state, but never furnished with suitable approaches or buildings. It had long lain idle and its very existence, to those who did not know that it was absolutely useless without proper connection, had served as a damper on all plans for further development, because, they argued, so long as this pier was there no new ones were needed. Ambitious plans for the utilization of this pier for transatlantic business have been proposed by the lessee, and are even now exciting public discussion.

The other important occurrence was the decision of the $6,000,000 fishing industry of Boston to remove from its picturesque and historic quarters at T Wharf to a new, magnificent pier to be constructed just east of the Commonwealth pier. Again the good offices of the Chamber of Commerce were called into play and the study carried on by the Chamber, followed up by its influence, resulted in the assent of the State to construct a half million dollar modern pier for the fishermen, and the decision of the fishermen themselves to raise and expend an equal amount in erecting suitable buildings upon the pier. This event was important for several reasons; it gave to the State a good tenant for its property; it gave to the fishermen more commodious and sanitary quarters; it marked the beginning of new development in South Boston; it made available for better uses their old location on the main city waterfront.

Now came what would have been a radical and progressive step for the State to take, if it had not been fettered by a legislative ball and chain. The Legislature appropriated $3,000,000 for the beginning of development in South Boston, this money to be expended on the construction of one or more piers, the dredging of slips, the location of highways, suitable approaches, connections, etc. But an absurd string was tied to the purse. The bill specified that none of this money should be expended until a tenant had been secured who would sign a lease to occupy the pier after it had been constructed. In other words, Boston was trying to sell goods that it did not have in stock and that it would take it a year or two to obtain after it had secured the order. Of course nothing happened. A year went by and no prospective tenant appeared. The old unprogressive faction, the people who held up the Commonwealth pier as an awful example of State money wasted, pointed to this circumstance as another proof that there was no demand for further docks in Boston. The new progressive element, the business men themselves, pointed out the absurdity of the position in which the State was placed in trying to rent piers which it did not have and would not have for many months after the lease was signed. The dissatisfaction culminated in the presentation to the Legislature of three bills, all by different parties, but each demanding the immediate release of that $3,000,000 and the beginning of pier construction. There is absolutely no doubt that the present Legislature will put the $3,000,000 to work.

But the business men want more than



THE SOUTH BOSTON WATER-FRONT, SHOWING POSSIBLE DEVELOPMENT

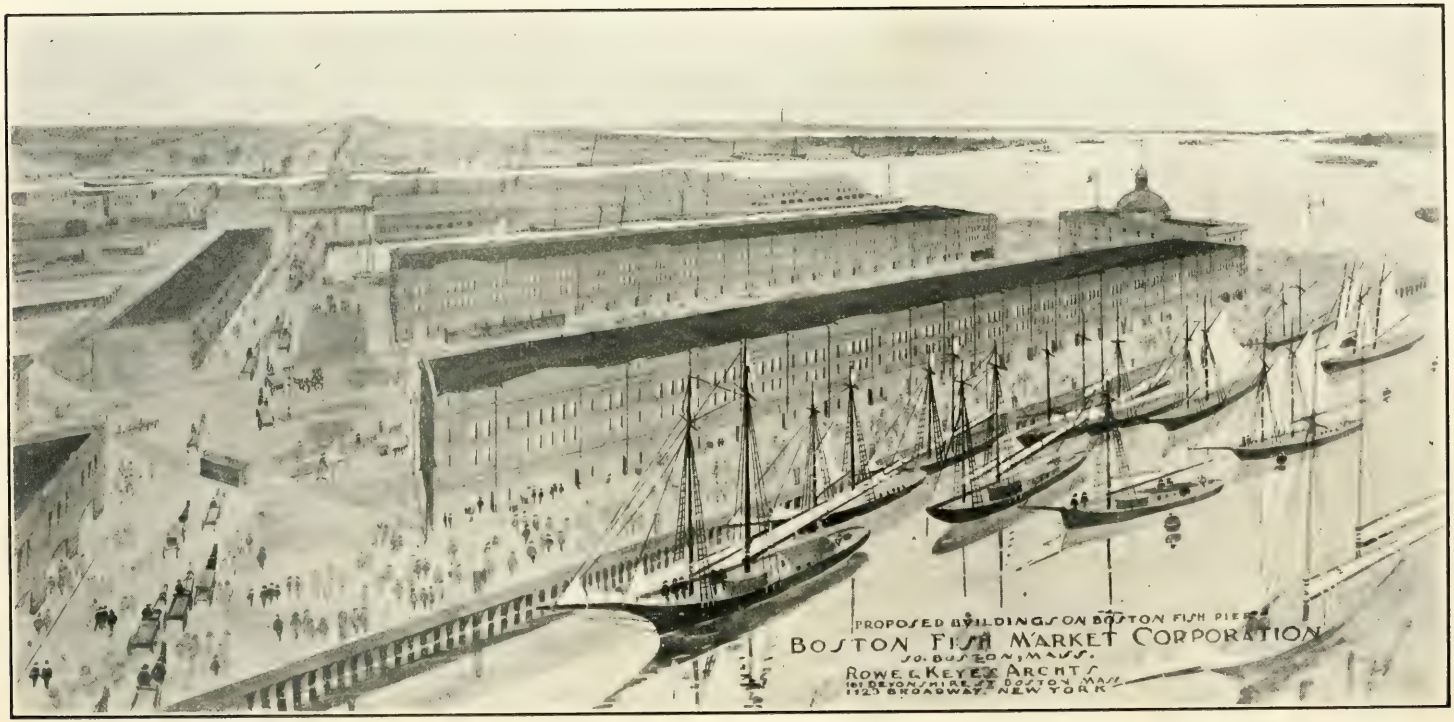
Shading shows property owned by State, which might be developed for industries along lines similar to the Bush Terminal System.

this. They want what every great port in the world which has been developed along progressive lines has had—a special port administration whose sole duty it shall be to develop Boston harbor, made up of men appointed on account of special qualifications for that specified task. There is no desire to reflect upon the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners who now have charge of the harbor. These commissioners have jurisdiction not only over Boston harbor, but of all other harbors in the State, of navigable rivers and large ponds, and of the public lands and State boundaries. It is very properly argued that a Board appointed to perform all of these various functions cannot be expected to have either the time or special qualifications necessary to develop a world port. This point has been made particularly clear by the agitation which has within the past few months extended far beyond Boston itself and involved the entire State. The demand is growing for a special port administration for Boston. The Chamber of Commerce bill provides for a permanent Board of "five directors for the Port of Boston" three to be appointed by the Governor and two by the Mayor of Boston, the Chairman to receive a large salary and each of the other members a nominal one. They are to have in their employ a highly paid expert commissioner who is to be the executive officer, general manager and adviser of the Commission.

Under the bill this board is directed to proceed forthwith to build one or more adequate piers on the easterly side of East Boston. These piers are to be equipped with fireproof sheds, railroad tracks and with machinery and accommodations for the economic, convenient and speedy loading and discharging of freight. Provision is to be made for convenient track connections with the rails of all roads that may come into East Boston and for easy access for teaming and lighterage traffic. This means the expenditure of the $3,000,000, paving the way for future expenditures of ten times that amount, until there shall have been developed at East Boston a transatlantic terminal unexcelled.

But still the Chamber of Commerce wants to go even further. It believes that equally important with the development of facilities for export and import freight is provision for the inclusion of factories within the terminal area. It agrees with the New York Commissioner of Docks, who said recently: "The development of manufactures within and in the immediate vicinity of the port is of far greater importance locally than the passage of commodities through it in transit." It is pointed out that Boston has a twofold opportunity which does not often come to cities. It has not only many miles of waterfront easily accessible, but it has tremendous advantages for manufacturing. Her future should, in utilizing these resources, utilize them not each singly, but both together, resulting in a great industrial community lining the shores of the harbors and rivers with factories which by their location, adjacent to tide water, will receive their raw materials and ship out their goods at far less cost than factories inland. This is a comparatively new economic idea, one which even the famous European ports have not appreciated, and which is only just beginning to receive attention in this country. The vast plans for terminal development under consideration in New York city all make ample provision for the accommodation of industrial plants, and indeed, New York furnishes the world an example of such development in the famous Bush Terminal system. This enormous plant, covering more than 200 acres on the waterfront in South Brooklyn, consists of a group of enormous piers at which 27 steamships have been docked at one time, with modern facilities for loading and unloading vessels; just back of the piers a series of model warehouses of huge capacity; and a wide freight yard; and to the north a gigantic model loft buildings 600 feet long and 75 feet wide filled with scores of busy industrial establishments which turn out their products cheaper because they are in direct touch with both water and rail transportation facilities.

It is such industrial areas as this that the Boston Chamber of Commerce wants



THE FUTURE HOME OF A $6,000,000 INDUSTRY

The Chamber found for the fish dealers' new head quarters in South Boston, where the State is now building a magnificent new pier for them. This gives the dealers adequate and sanitary quarters, makes T wharf, where they have been for over twenty-five years, available for development, and gives the State a good tenant for property that has long been idle.

to see created in East and South Boston. It has therefore provided in its bill that the directors of the port of Boston shall within a year submit to the Legislature a report recommending such legislation as may be necessary to enable them to develop the facilities of the entire Boston waterfront on a comprehensive plan, including plans for the building and rebuilding of piers with all modern facilities including tracks and track connections, ways and approaches for both freight and passenger vehicles, and the necessary warehouses, sheds and other buildings. It is intended that in carrying out such a plan the Directors of the Port shall keep in mind the necessity of providing in the rear of the warehouses areas where factories may be located.

In its demand for this enormous development, rivaling in scope, expanse and promise of success the development of Liverpool, Hamburg, and even New York, the business men of Boston are justified by the concensus of expert opinion. The Metropolitan Improvements Commission in its report issued in 1909 said: "The Metropolitan District has a vast wealth of opportunity in its whole water frontage, from Lynn to Weymouth. The European ports in which there has been in the past twenty-five years such unparalleled industrial as well as commercial development could hardly duplicate, either in the number or excellence of their sites for ideal manufacturing conditions, the areas which are comprised within this very waterfront of metropolitan Boston. In the main harbor alone there are many available sites for industrial districts which, with both water and rail connections, might rival in extent the celebrated Bush Terminal at Brooklyn, N. Y. In their terminal facilities, such industrial districts established here would be far superior to the Bush Terminal, in that the trunk lines of railroad would come directly to their factories and warehouses, whereas the Bush Terminal has to make its railroad connections through car floats.

"The growing appreciation of the value of a water frontage for industrial plants will soon include the obvious opportunity of water competition with the railroads in the bringing in of all raw materials; and then the use of barges, lighters, coasting vessels and probably transfer floats will furnish to factories thus situated the inestimable advantages of being connected with a world-wide system of water transportation."

As for the justification of effort on the part of Boston to provide facilities for great ocean liners, read the recent statement of a well informed writer; he speaks from the point of view of New York, but he also speaks encouragement for Boston. He says:

"Within two years ocean-crossing steamships approximately 1,000 feet in length will be seeking the most convenient harbors of the Atlantic coast. Recent experience has shown the steamship managers that, other things being equal, the larger the steamer the greater the economies of transportation. The managers and marine engineers are now confident that within ten years a majority of the north Atlantic steamships, at least those plying between Great Britain or Germany and the United States, will be approximately 1,000 feet in length.

"If this prediction proves correct it will probably mean that New York and Boston will be the only American ports which these colossal steamships will enter.....It is apparent that municipal competition principally between Boston and New York for the ocean-going North Atlantic commerce of the United States will soon be inaugurated.

"These are things for the city of New York to heed rather than the comparatively trifling issue that railway differentials are in favor of other Atlantic ports. If the municipalities of New York and Boston will supplement the very great advantage which the lake and river grades between Chicago and New York or Boston furnish, they will be beyond the reach of competition of any other Atlantic port. And our steamship managers and some of the leading members of the New York Chamber of Commerce assert that the prestige of supremacy will go to that city which first takes advantage of its manifest opportunities."



PRESIDENT TAFT TO GREET ADVERTISING MEN

Assurances have been received at the headquarters of the Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston, who are to entertain the big convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, August 1, 2, 3 and 4, that President Taft will be glad to meet the delegates at the "Summer White House" on the afternoon of August 2.

Special trainloads of advertising men are coming from the West, South and Southwest, and big delegations from practically every State in the Union. One of the features, as planned by the Pilgrim Publicity Association, is a mammoth automobile ride around the north shore to give the Western delegates an idea of the seaside beauties of New England. During this ride a stop will be made at Beverly, where President Taft will officially greet this representation of advertising men from all over the country.

ANOTHER OPENING FOR THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURIST.

The following extract from the columns of the Ohio Farmer is full of enlightenment and suggestion. "The conservation of the soil" is a phrase that ought to carry far, and if the beet sugar industry tends in that direction, its pursuit would be invaluable to New England.

"Wherever beets are first introduced one great question is always asked by the farmer, and one that we confess, demands a great deal of thought, and study: 'Are beets hard on land?' In other words, do beets take out of the soil a greater proportion of the necessary elements of fertility than other crops, and if so what are we going to do to restore this fertility? The writer does not believe there is another question before the American people to-day more important than restoring and retaining the fertility of our land.

"What do we have our agricultural colleges and our experiment stations for; why do we run our agricultural trains on our railroads; why do we have farmers' schools and institutes; if it is not to teach the farmer how to handle this more important subject? The land will wear out —will become exhausted. It has been proven over and over again, and it is only necessary for us to read a little agricultural history to see that the system of agriculture carried on at the present time, is rapidly depleting the soil of its fertility. What, then, is going to be the result of raising a new crop like beets? To any farmer who hauls away from twelve to twenty tons of beets from an acre of ground it does look like an immense amount of fertility being carted off, and he has a right to become alarmed.

Upon analyzing a beet it is found to be eighty-five per cent water. So on taking ten tons of beets from an acre of land a man is hauling eight and one-half tons of water, and only one and one-half tons of solid matter. This does not begin to look so badly but let us examine a little closer still, and analyze the product of beets, which is sugar. The chemist tells us that sugar is twelve parts carbon, chemically combined with water. The water the beet gets from the rain that falls on the land, while the carbon comes from the air through that wonderful manufacturer, and the only true manufacturer of sugar, the green leaf. Therefore, if the farmer raising beets will turn back to the land the tops of the beets and the pulp, either

by plowing them under or feeding them to the cows and plowing their manure under, he is not taking one dollar's worth of fertility from the soil. We have only to look at the results in Germany and France, where they have been raising sugar beets over 100 years, on land that has been under constant cultivation for one hundred years, as corroboration of the chemist's analysis. There is no crop raised on American soil that is going to teach the farmers the correct method of taking care of their land and restoring to it its fertility, as the sugar beet will.

For years we have been paying $100,000,000 for German and French air and water in the shape of sugar, when we ought to have manufactured it ourselves and kept this money at home; but this is not all we have paid. We have for years been shipping the fertility of our soil to these countries in the shape of wheat, corn, oats and live stock to enrich their land in payment of this $100,000,000. It takes the wheat from 13,000,000 acres of our land to pay for this water and air, but it will cost $500,000,000 additional to buy the necessary chemicals to replace the elements of fertility that we ship away in our wheat alone. A pretty dear price we are paying for our sugar. The German officials understand this well, and they told Trueman G. Palmer, Secretary of the American Beet Sugar Growers' Association, that if they could make a treaty with the United States by means of which they could ship to this country 1,000,000 tons more of sugar every year, they would be willing to open their ports free to every product of the fields and factories of the United States.

Truly here is a situation for a statesman to study and every effort should be made to foster and protect the infant sugar industry of this country, not only for its own sake but also for that larger outlook on the needs of our country, namely the conservation of our soil. We hear much these days of the means and methods we should take to conserve and protect our timber, our power sites, and our coal. We could get along without any of these, but we could not get along without the green leaves and grasses that have the power to transform the gases and elements into living things, that animal life may live. This is the greatest conservation of the age."

OVERCOMING NEW ENGLAND ISOLATION.

Something more than a railroad problem, this. Old England is not more insular than New England. Whatever may be our state divisions, and long may they live, that we may enjoy the news-producing phenomena of six governors and six state legislatures where one might reasonably suffice for a district that is essentially one in all of its interests—whatever, I say, may be our divisions into states and sub-divisions into petty principalities under the name of towns, New England is, as a territorial unit, in many ways isolated from the rest of the country.

That this is due in no small measure to a self-centered way of thinking on the part of New Englanders themselves, few can doubt. We need to wake up to the size of the map of the United States.

An evidence of the insularity of New England was afforded the other day, at a gathering of a few gentlemen who deliberately set to work to measure the amount of space which New England news occupied in the great metropolitan dailies outside of Boston. The result was not flattering to New England pride. Paper after paper, for that day, including one of the best known New York dailies, and one, by the way, which circulates quite freely in certain sections of New England, contained not a single item of New England news. Not another section of the country but was represented by some activity in which the whole nation was interested. New England with its teeming population, heavy capital savings, enormous industrial establishments, great institutions of learning and opportunities in art, literature, science and religion as well as economics, was wholly excluded from the news of the day in the leading paper of a city only a few hours from Boston, and did not figure materially in any paper beyond her own borders. Had we done nothing of interest beyond the columns of a local

sheet? I think that the question answers itself. No part of the country is contributing more vital activity to the life of the nation than New England. The trouble lies elsewhere. We have shut ourselves up so long that we have created an atmosphere of indifference toward us. New England must break down this wall We need publicity, recognition, not of our past, but of what New England is to-day. It is for this reason that the out-of-New England circulation of the New England Magazine is our proudest achievement as a publication. That we should have a strong circulation in New England is to be expected. This is as it should be. New England needs the New England Magazine for its own inter-communion. But in no way do we appeal more strongly for the support of New England advertisers than through that extra-New England circulation which enables us to play a part in breaking up the indifference to New England through the nation at large.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR LEGISLATORS

"The third degree" methods of criminal examination have again brought unpleasant notoriety to the police department, this time through the arrest and conviction of a Brookline man now declared to be innocent in spite of having "plead guilty"! There is only one way to get to the root of this evil and exterminate it, and that is to pass a law absolutely excluding confession of crime as legal evidence.

The effort to extract a confession is a recognition of the weakness of the prosecutor's case. It has been responsible for more cruelty, since the world began, than any other one single thing in disciplinary proceedings. Many a child has been hounded into a confession by his own parents and taken his punishment for that which he never did just to put an end to the intolerable pressure. School life is full of the barbarity, and in higher academic circles crimes of this kind have been committed in the name of education, to the everlasting disgrace of the perpetrators. Massachusetts leads in many forms of progressive legislation, why not in this. Put an end to the outrage once and for all, by simply making the accused person's own confession absolutely inadmissable evidence. The educational effect of such a law on home and school discipline would be most beneficent.

BETTER TO WAIT

Organized labor will do well not to espouse too frantically the cause of McNamara et al., accused of dynamiting outrages. It is quite possible that the men are guilty, and the American people can be trusted to see to it that they have a fair trial. The real interests of laboring men are too important to be seriously injured by the arrest and conviction of a few criminals. There is more sensitiveness on the part of labor leaders over the arrest of these men than the facts warrant. If they are guilty, every true friend of labor should desire their conviction, if innocent, or if they cannot be proven guilty, they will surely be acquitted. Their arrest is by no manner of means a "slap at labor." It is simply an essential step in the preservation of law and order.

DEATH OF COLONEL HIGGINSON

The death of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, which occurred at his Cambridge home on May the ninth, removes one of the last figures of the old "Cambridge group" of literary lights. Colonel Higginson was eighty-seven years old at the time of his death, having been born in Cambridge December 22nd, 1823, being the son of Stephen Higginson and Louisa Storrow Higginson. Colonel Higginson was one o fthe potent forces of the anti-slavery agitation, and when the work of the reformers culminated in Civil War, he did not shrink from the conflict, but went to the front with the Fifty-first Massachusetts regiment and was commissioned captain. He was an ardent advocate of arming the negroes, and when a colored regiment was formed, in South Carolina, known as the First South Carolina, he accepted an offer to become its colonel.

Colonel Higginson took and held Jack-

sonville, Fla., but was wounded at Wiltown Bluffs, S. C., in August, 1863, and in October, 1864, resigned because of disability.

At the close of the war he came back to his writing and lived at Newport, R. I., until 1873. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1880 and 1881, serving as chief of staff on the governor's staff at the same time. In 1878 he went back to his home on the other side of Cambridge, which loved the colonel as much as he loved his birthplace.

In 1879 he married Mary P. Thacher. She was younger than the colonel and was a niece of Longfellow. Mrs. Higginson, too, had the love for writing and with her husband collaborated in a book of poems called "Such as They Are," published in 1894. She is the author of the poems collected under the title "The Cambridge Hours."

In the Queen Anne cottage in Cambridge Colonel Higginson passed the latter days of his life writing steadily for two periodicals, the Woman's Journal of Boston, a publication in line with his ideas on the equal suffrage question, and Harpers' Bazar, which sent him a proof and a check every week for years.

He wrote his copy in a flowing hand, sometimes turning out as many as two or three thousand words in a morning when he was over 70, a remarkable feat for one who wrote so carefully. He was always a bit proud of the enormous sales of his "Young Folks' History of the United States," which was first published in 1875.

He was assigned by the State Legislature to write his "Naval and Military History of Massachusetts," a task that occupied him for more than three years

In all of his sympathies he was keenly up to date and keenly American. He was as interested as a boy in current happenings even when he was more than eighty years old and used to come to this city to attend conferences on all sorts of subjects of the day. Everything from simplified spelling to aviation interested him and he said just a short time ago that he had always regretted that he had never gone up in a balloon.

Among his works are "Short Studies of American Authors," "Cheerful Yesterdays," "Common Sense About Women," "Malbone," a novel; "Old Cambridge," "Contemporaries," published in 1899; lives of Longfellow and Whittier in the American and English Men of Letters series, "A Reader's History of American Literature," "Part of a Man's Life," a biography published in 1905, and his "Larger History of the United States," published in 1885.



The award of the $10,000 prize by the Metropolitan Opera Company for an opera by an American composer is of interest to New England inasmuch as the winner of the prize was Mr. Horatio W. Parker. There were twenty-four competitors and the title of the winning opera is "Mona." Since 1894 Mr. Parker has been professor of music at Yale University. The libretto of the opera was written by Mr. Brian Hooker, formerly of the Yale faculty.

Mr. Alfred Hertz, of the jury of award, said: "Mona is a most dignified and serious work and a most creditable composition to an American. I feel sure that it will be received with great enthusiasm by the American people and it deserves to enjoy great success. Many of the compositions submitted were admirable, but of the twenty-four Mr. Parker's certainly deserved the prize."

Mr. Horatio W. Parker was born at Auburndale, Mass., on September 15, 1863. His mother who was of English birth, had musical tastes and was his first teacher. He studied music with her, and at the age of fourteen set to music in two days the verses of Kate Greenaway's "Under the Window." He went to Boston to continue his studies, and was a student of harmony in that city under Stephen A. Emory, and studied piano with John Ort and composition with George W. Chadwick, who was one of the judges in this competition. In 1881

he went abroad and studied with Rheinberger and three years later came back to New York. He taught in the National Conservatory of Music and was organist in the cathedral at Garden City. In 1893 he won a prize offered by the National Conservatory of Music for the cantata, "The Dream King and His Love." In 1893 he published his "Hora Novissima," which is well known throughout Europe. The next year he was called to be professor of music at Yale.

There is much which might be said about the nature of the opera which would truly deserve to be known as representative American opera. It is not at all likely that a person who sets about depicting American primitive struggles—either Indian or those wildly western—and who earnestly set about to color the work with the exploitation of Indian or negro harmonies, is going to write anything that deserves the name of American opera, or, in reality, of *opera* at all. It would be perfectly possible that the realist American opera could have for its basis the life of Siberia or of ancient Greece.

That which we ought to be the proudest to call truly *American* ought certainly to be that which is the most genuinely sincere. I believe that it is not a question of lack of talent. I do not believe that the reason that America has, as yet, no really great names in art is that we are lacking in temperament or because we are too young to have bred the ingredients of talent. It is rather that we have not yet, in the main realized the power, the necessity of sincerity in art.

When any one of a dozen Americans of really great musicianship shut their eyes to a libretto which deals with phases or attitudes of incidental American history, when they refuse to recollect the stuff which is termed our folk-lore and to fall into the footsteps of the Americanism which was set forth by American poet-sentimentalists of several decades ago, when these men of talent cease to be American and spontaneously burst forth as their inspired selves, it is likely that a really great theme shall occur to them and it shall be the more American because it is not American,—the more our own because it is sincere.

It is to be hoped that "Mona" will at least have the elements of this spirit.

The "Pop" concerts, whose most delightful musical and social esprit makes them looked forward to with interest and pleasure long before the time for them arrives, have begun and are the chief attraction of the early summer. The programs are full of charm to everyone and the compositions which are beautiful but too salon-like in their intimacy for the seriousness of winter, find their way to an outlet at this time of year. The best of the season's comic opera is even not neglected nor the "Blue Danube Walz" and the "Invitation to the Dance." Refreshments add to the sociability of the occasions and they are in every sense really commendable and artistic good times.

For the concerts of the first half of the season, Mr. Gustav Strube is conducting. There are special nights and special programs,—"Harvard" night, "Tech" night, "City Club" night, etc., a Wagner program, a popular opera program, etc. Seats are on sale at Symphony Hall.



Artists are an interesting people and their thoughts are very likely not to be as the thoughts of others!

They are notable philosophers, and often with a vision so far that it takes a long time for the plodding steps of science to catch up with them, and all this with an airy disregard of such conventional things as fact and established principles as would do credit to a prima donna in a newspaper interview.

Now here is Sig. Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, the exhibition of whose masterful canvasses here in Boston was an event not easily forgotten, and who will not bother to learn English for all that the pretty pennies that he is reaping in New York, coolly dropping an ethnological statement that is full of absurdity and sense, both of the very highest order. Sig. Sorolla sees in the American of the

future the gradual emergence of the North American Indian type. He believes that the manifest destiny, physically, of the descendants of our Kyygomanoffs, Adinopolos, Schmidts, Baumgartens, O'Haras, Sigolos, Sjobecks, Wah Sin's, and a hundred others with a smattering of plain, every day English folk, is a race of Hiawathas and Minnehahas!

To quote from his "note book," according to the New York Times:

"The American woman of to-day is the production of many nationalities. Europe has contributed to her characteristics, hence she is not purely American. The woman of to-morrow will be the production of this great country, which has not made its influence felt on its children as yet.

"I believe that the future American woman will revert to her prototype, that is to say she will be strongly Indian in feature, strength and endurance. Already I find my theory working out in the Californian women, who reveal more of the Indian in their countenances than the women of New York, Chicago or St. Louis.

The women of Chicago reveal a Teutonic strain.

The women of New York are reminiscent of various Latin types. Their eyes are Italian, their noses Hebraic, and their fresh coloring suggests France. They are beautiful and possess a remarkable activity, which is shown in their method of dressing and walking."

Here is faith for you! Faith in a theory that the natural influences of a country will finally dominate the racial character of those who live in it. There is much of sound truth in such a statement, but there are gulfs to bridge. When one considers the make up of our cosmopolitan manufacturing towns and congested centres and compares the life there with the free, forest roaming of the North American Indian, it is at least pleasant to have so rosy a view of the physical type that shall emerge from the Melting Pot. The equations, to say the least, are somewhat complicated. But Sig. Sorolla is an artist, and under no obligation to work these out, merely for the sake of supporting a conviction. Convictions may be reached by easier processes. It is comical—and yet, do you know, that I believe, after all, that it is true? In fact, I have gone so far as to say something very similar a number of times. Only to me the process seems like a moral one. There is Tammany, for example! Has the Spanish artist seen the great wigwam and the mighty chief? Has he been to Washington and seen some people after some other people's scalps? Oh, we are Indians, all right! But, seriously, do you know that the Spaniard is right? Nor is the thought an unpleasant one. Stripped of his savagery and clothed with a finer civilization, the North American Indian is one of the finest type of manhood that the world has known. At any rate, true or not true, as an instance of an artist's way of seeing and thinking, the expressed opinion of Sig. Sorolla is most interesting. He is, incidentally, of course, enthusiastic over the remarkable beauty of *all* of the women whose portraits he has been privileged to paint while in this great and interesting land of promise.

Sir Edward Grey on Union for World Peace

From His Speech in the House of Commons, March 13, 1911

DO not let it be supposed that, because estimates are increased, our relations with foreign Powers are in any way strained. My honorable friend spoke of the high-water mark of expenditure having been reached. Yes, if the programs of other Powers follow their intended course. If that expectation is realized, then undoubtedly we have reached the high-water mark and a reduction will be necessary consistent with national safety. But that must depend again on foreign naval programs following their normal intended course; if that expectation is not realized we cannot give a pledge. If it is realized, reduction in the estimates will follow. I said our foreign relations are not strained. With regard to France, the words used by the Prime Minister are fresh in the minds of members of the House. The two governments having made up their differences, on both sides there followed the good will of the people. With Russia the same course followed; and let me say that just as when France made up her difference with Germany about Morocco last year there was no diminution of the cordial understanding between us and France, so with Russia and the friendly negotiations at Potsdam no diminution followed of the cordial relations with the Russian government. We have no wish —nay, I will put it more strongly—we have the strongest desire to see our friends on good terms with other Powers, and we regard such understandings without jealousy and with satisfaction. The Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister made a very friendly reference to us the other day and to our old relations which we entirely reciprocate. The Prime Minister spoke the other day in the warmest terms about Italy, and I simply recall his remarks to indorse them.

Now I come to Germany. The German Chancellor spoke recently—in December—and used words I should like to read to the House, for they are specially applicable to armaments and to this debate. He said: "We also meet England in the desire to avoid rivalry in regard to armaments, and non-binding *pourparlers* which have from time to time taken place have been conducted on both sides in a friendly spirit. We have always advanced the opinion that a frank and sincere interchange of views, followed by an understanding with regard to economic and political interests of the two countries, offers the surest means of allaying all mistrust on the subject of the relations of the Powers to each other on sea and land. A continuance of frank, unconstrained exchange of views on all questions connected with these matters is in itself a guarantee of friendly intentions entertained on both sides, and should gradually but surely lead to the dispersion of the mistrust which has unfortunately manifested itself in many cases, not in the case of the governments, but of public opinion." I would call the attention of the honorable member for Merthyr to the words "not in the case of the governments," because I think he touched on this subject. He gave the impression that all was well between the two countries except with regard to the governments. The German Chancellor's statement is "not in the case of the two governments." I entirely reciprocate that attitude, and I think, considering all that has appeared in the press, that all that

might have been surmised. People would be astonished if they knew how easy it has been at any time within the last few years, I do not say to reach agreement, but to discuss differences between the two governments in a frank spirit. The honorable member for Merthyr says that entails a change of policy. It entails no change of policy. It has been going on for the last three years, at any rate. We have no desire to stand off; we have no desire that our relations with any Power should be such as to make cordial relations with Germany impossible. We make but one stipulation—that when we make friendships we make friendships so that we carry with us the friendships we already have.

Mr. Keir Hardie.—My statement about a change of policy referred exclusively to the building of the Bagdad Railway in Persia.

Sir Edward Grey.—I am not aware of any change of policy about that. It is a matter we have never had any difficulty in discussing with the German government. True, we have not reached agreement. When I spoke the other night I was certainly not aware of any change of policy. I thought I was making a statement of fact which had been patent for some time.

That is the situation. The great Powers of Europe are spoken of as being in separate groups. Yes; but gradually, in the last five years, at any rate, things which might have brought these groups into opposition to each other have been disappearing, and so far as our policy is concerned it is to be stanch and loyal to every engagement we have and to do our utmost to promote good will on every side. The House may well say it is a paradox that if the relations between the Powers should be such—because, remember, I am speaking not of our particular relations only, but of the relations of France with Germany and of Russia with Germany, as well as our own, and I said at the beginning of my speech that I was going to speak not only of expenditure on armaments in this country but in the world at large—the House may well say it is a paradox that if the relations between the great Powers of Europe are what they are the armaments of Europe should be increasing as rapidly as they are. I have read out the friendly sentiments, the friendly expressions of opinion in other countries; I have expressed some friendly opinions of my own. It might be thought that as armaments increase those opinions could not be sincere. I believe they are sincere not only on our part, but on the part of those from whom I have quoted. Yet armaments increase. That is a paradox; but there is a much greater paradox. It is this—that this growing and enormous burden of naval and military expenditure is coinciding not merely with friendly relations between the Powers, but with the growth of civilization as a whole. It is the fact that it is in the most civilized nations of the world that the expenditure is the greatest. The growth of civilization ought surely to have lessened and not increased naval and military expenditure. Until the world is all equally civilized, the most highly civilized nations must, of course, under all circumstances have the power to protect themselves against those who are less advanced. But the paradox remains that their expenditure on armaments is not directed against the most backward nations—it is, I will not say directed against, but it is entered upon by nations in rivalry with each other. Unless the incongruity and mischief are brought home, not only to men's heads generally, but to their feelings, so that they resent the inconsistency and realize the danger of it—if this tremendous expenditure on armaments goes on it must in the long run break down civilization.

You are having this great burden of force piled up in times of peace, and if it goes on increasing by leaps and bounds, as it has done in the last generation, in time it will become intolerable. There are those who think it will lead to war, precisely because it is becoming intolerable. I think it is much more likely the burden will be dissipated by internal revolution—not by nations fighting against each other, but by the revolt of masses of men against taxation. But it does not follow from that that one nation, as suggested by the mover and seconder of this motion, can put a stop to the rivalry by dropping out of the race.

The Cloud Girl

By Isabel Anderson

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CHAPTER I.

Trouble in the Dove-cot.

"LAWRENCE, I insist upon knowing the mystery in your life," cried Shirley Raymond.

"Mystery!" repeated her husband, looking up from his manuscript, "what are you talking about?"

"Oh, I've heard that there is one. Your mother's old Susan has told me so. We've been married five years, but it seems that you have not yet given me your confidence. It must be this mystery that has made the barrier between us—that barrier which we both feel, though neither of us names it. You shut me out of your life, you throw me back on myself."

"Barrier!" Lawrence echoed blankly, "I didn't know there was one. I don't know anything about any mystery, either, and I couldn't stop to discuss it now if I did. This is very important work, and you are not to disturb me any longer—do you hear?" He rose as he spoke and strode with nervous step to the door which he held open for her, his nostrils dilating, his great form towering above her. Shirley trembled, but she met his eyes with her own strangely fascinating gray ones, which somehow resembled the cat's eyes dangling from her ears.

"You will regret this," was all she said as she passed out. Lawrence caught sight of her clinging weakly to the banister as she climbed with slow steps to her room. It was a picture which he did not soon forget. After a moment he closed the door, and went back to his work.

Safe in her own room Shirley seated herself at the writing table. Her mind was made up. "Dear Lawrence," she wrote, "I am going away. Shirley." The scene just passed had been one too many, and this was the end. After sealing and addressing the envelope she rang for her maid.

"I am obliged to go East in a hurry," she told the girl; "pack all the most necessary things in one trunk and hat box. I wish to catch the express—it goes in an hour. Order the carriage, please."

"Will you take me, madam?" inquired the maid.

"No, I am going alone." To herself Shirley thought, "I will go first to New York, and on the way I will decide what to do." Going to her bedroom she chose from her wardrobe a blue serge suit and a traveling hat, and took her jewels from the little safe. She also decided to take her crucifix and beads. Mrs. Raymond was not a Catholic, but when a young girl had been a pupil in a convent school in Paris, where Sister Paula, her favorite teacher, had given them to her. The photographs of her father and mother and husband went next into the bag; now she was nearly ready. But was Lawrence still in the house? Stealing out of her bedroom to the secret door of her husband's library Shirley pressed the spring. The door, lined on the other side with books, flew back. The room was empty, save for the rows and rows of bindings staring at her. She heard the butler outside asking for her, and quietly shut the paneled door.

"The carriage is here, madam," the man said when Shirley appeared.

"See that my luggage is taken down, please. Has Mr. Raymond gone out?"

"Yes, madam."

Shirley handed him her letter. "Please give him this when he returns."

"Very well, madam."

Mrs. Raymond went out into the courtyard of the little bungalow with its crooked corners and its slanting roofs and small balconies almost smothered in flowers. The trumpet vine grew luxuriantly over the old well; climbing roses were in their full beauty, reaching to the thatched roof. In the window-boxes were pink geraniums, and the air was sweet with the fragrance of the heliotrope.

"What will all my flowers do without me?" Shirley wondered, adding aloud as the butler reappeared, "Don't forget to water the plants while I am away."

As Mrs. Raymond got into the carriage and the horses started she thought what peace and quiet there was outside and what turmoil within! Now the pretty Dove-cot was shut from her view by the pine trees—it might be forever.

Shirley's departure had been so hurried that it was not until she was safely seated in the train waiting for it to start that there was time to think. Would Lawrence feel sorry, would he search for her? Did she know what she was doing, or what was to become of her? Lawrence's ill treatment

had been her only thought; like some wounded animal she had wanted to get away somewhere and hide. Now the crisis had come, after all those days and days of loneliness when Lawrence was busy putting his whole soul and heart on paper for other women to read. Those horrid novels had made him so nervous and taken him away from her. There was still time to get off the train if she hurried; but she didn't, for just then one of the earrings dropped into her lap and fell under the seat. It reminded Shirley of the time when Lawrence had kissed her golden hair and told her that the cat's eyes matched her own, and had called her ears little pink shells and christened her his "Cloud Girl." For, he explained, she was the girl whom he had always dreamed of, coming to him from the misty heavens. The tears dropped one after another down her cheeks.

As the train steamed out of the station Shirley saw a huge man waving frantically in the distance. "It must be Lawrence," she thought, but the train moved faster and faster, while the sun went down behind the mountains and the shadows crept over the land.

CHAPTER II.

Ellis Island.

"Shirley has left me," cried Lawrence Raymond, staggering into his mother's room.

"Shirley left you! Why—have you been quarrelling?"

"I may have been a little harsh, but she came to me with some cock and bull story that old Susan told her about a mystery, just when I was in the thick of my work."

The woman's firm mouth trembled. "I suppose Shirley means the story of Ellis Island." She wiped her forehead with her handkerchief. "It has come," she murmured, "I ought to have told you the whole truth years ago, and I should have told Shirley.

"Well, tell me now!" Lawrence cried impatiently.

"It is hard to know how to begin, it happened so long ago. It is more than twenty-five years now since I went to New York and visited Ellis Island; I remember it very well for it was soon after my husband's death. I will tell you exactly how it happened. When I entered the office of our old friend, the Commissioner of Immigration, he was sitting at his desk. It appeared that there was only one more case for him to investigate when I arrived.

"After saying 'How do you do?' he remarked, 'The cases that are brought to me here have been through two or three sieves already. The court has decided that this family just entering must be returned to their home. If I find there is good reason I can veto the decision, however. There are several reasons for keeping immigrants out—physical or mental disability, for instance, or if they are old and likely to become a state charge, or if the children are under sixteen years old and have no friends.'

"Just then a man and his wife and boy were ushered in. The man

was fine looking and the woman beautiful. The little boy was dark, with a curiously interesting face—his dreamy eyes far apart, and a high intelligent forehead.

" 'The father's got heart trouble,' said the Commissioner, glancing over the medical certificate. 'It's too bad. Now those are the kind one would like to have in this country. Look at the mother's face—extraordinarily beautiful. They really look like gentle people,' continued the Commissioner. 'They have left home on account of political persecution, they say. I can't quite make them out. They come from the Black Sea region. Now that boy would make a good citizen, I know, but he's too young—we don't keep them under sixteen, as a rule. Of course, if you will promise to bring him up, I will let him remain in the country,' the Commissioner added with a laugh, thinking it a good joke.

"Would you really let him stay?" I broke in, scarcely seeing him for my tears, for there was a look in the child's eyes that reminded me of my husband. The interpreter was already ushering the family out; they did not understand English and did not know their fate. The boy lingered, watching me. 'Would you like to remain with me?' I asked. The words were translated into some queer tongue that I did not recognize. The child hesitated, wondering if I were in earnest, I suppose. 'I will be good to you, as good as if you were my own boy. I really mean it,' I added.

" 'Are you in earnest? We must ask his parents first,' the Commissioner answered, as the little fellow trotted out of the room.

" 'I really want the boy, Mr. Commissioner,' I exclaimed, 'he is such a dear, and I am so lonely. You know I will do everything in the world for him, don't you? And maybe he will get little or nothing if he goes back. I really do mean it,' I repeated. The Commissioner spoke to the interpreter in an undertone and the man left the room. In a few moments I heard heart-rending sobs in the distance, and the little boy came back with the interpreter.

" 'But I can't take him from his mother. Really, I can't. Why, she's heart-broken to lose him. How did I ever suggest such a thing? How terrible!'

" 'The boy has taken a fancy to you, madam,' said the interpreter, 'and his father and mother want you to have him. Of course they are upset for the moment, but they send their thanks. They are very grateful, for they believe you will do right by this child. They have left several children at home. The father says God bless you both, and the mother says maybe you will all meet again some day.'

"You are the child," Mrs. Raymond concluded, throwing her arms about the young man's neck; "I named you Lawrence after my dear husband. I have written to your poor mother at intervals ever since that day. I did not wish any one else to know, however, that you were not my child. I went West at that time for my health, and never told you that I was not your real mother, and as you were so young you soon forgot that you had another mother, or that you came from the region of

the Black Sea. Now that your wife has left you on this account, Lawrence, I fear it was a grave mistake not to tell you."

Lawrence, dazed by what he had heard, patted her shoulder absently. Then the present swept him back from the past, and he cried again, "But Shirley has left me! How are we to find her?"

"Where would she be likely to go?"

"I have no idea. To Paris, perhaps—she is more at home there than anywhere else."

"That is where your real mother lives. Who knows? Perhaps she can help you in your search. Go to her and ask her, anyway. It can do no harm."

CHAPTER III.

Engaged.

In the meantime the Cloud Girl reached New York. Shirley knew it fairly well, as one might who visited it from time to time. Lawrence would sometimes come to see editors, and his wife would accompany him to do shopping. She had no relations and few friends there—or indeed anywhere, for they had lived a very secluded life. Her old friends at the French convent, who were mostly foreigners, had gone back to their homes and been married off by their parents. How the lonely girl wished that her father and mother were alive to comfort her now!

Shirley decided to go to a small hotel and to register as Mrs. Stuart. Once over her first loneliness she began to find her freedom intoxicating. What adventures would be hers! She only hoped that Lawrence would not find her and spoil what bade fair to be a great lark. When finally settled, it was her purpose to go to an intelligence office in search of employment. The small amount of money that she had in the bank would not last long if she lived as she had been accustomed to. And it was better to work, after all, to have something to occupy her mind.

"What kind of work can I do?" was the first question. Having been married when just out of the convent Shirley had never been obliged to support herself and felt rather vague about her abilities. However, she got the name of a reliable office and presented herself before Mrs. Sanford, the woman in charge. This personage looked her through and through, then asked curtly for a reference. Shirley blushed as pink as a cloud in the setting sun.

"I have never worked before," she admitted, "but I am sure I can do something. I am honest and I will do my best."

"Typewriting for an old man—is that what you would like?" Her smile was insinuating; evidently her client's pretty face and her good clothes were a qualification in themselves.

"Yes, I could do that,"—Shirley was not to be put off—"or I suppose I might be a governess or a secretary, for I am well educated; I can play and sing and speak French and German and have done some literary work besides."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

"You can't expect much wages without any recommendations," suggested Mrs. Sanford tentatively. Shirley agreed with her.

"No, I suppose not. I wish to be with nice, kind people more than anything."

"Well, I will give you a chance. I have three places that might suit. One is with a rich Jewish family where a governess is wanted for two children, ten and twelve years old. Then a literary old lady wants a traveling companion to go to Europe with her. Mrs. Bond, a Western woman, is looking for a social secretary to help her into New York society. You may suit one of them," concluded Mrs. Sanford hopefully; "anyhow, you can fill out this blank and pay me two dollars. If I get you a place there will be more coming to me. I will find out when they can see you if you will sit down and wait a moment, Mrs. Stuart." The dumpy little figure bounced away giving orders, and then attacked in a most business-like manner a damsel of the Hibernian type who was sitting at the end of a row of girls.

As Shirley was waiting she heard Mrs. Sanford say to the girl, "Mrs. Lowndes of Fifth Avenue wants a chambermaid and pays well. Would you like to try the place?" "No," answered the girl impudently; "I know all about Mrs. Lowndes; she can't keep anyone long." In the next room a gentleman was engaging a cook. Apparently the woman considered him a novice in domestic matters, for she was laying down the law in no uncertain accents. "I expect, sir," she said, "a drive once a week, and the theatre every Saturday night."

"Certainly," answered the gentleman with a twinkle in his eye; "I always keep a carriage for the cook and a box at the opera. I will call to-morrow and let you know if my wife needs you." He bowed politely.

"I have telephoned Miss Hamilton, the literary lady who wants to travel," said Mrs. Sanford, coming back to Shirley; "she will see you at the Holland House at twelve to-day. I hope you will like her. It's hard to say, though, for what suits one does not suit another."

"It can't do any harm for me to see her, anyway," returned Shirley, much amused.

"Mrs. Bond will see you at her house at three if Miss Hamilton does not engage you. Here is her address. I have just heard of an old gentleman, too, who wants his letters answered."

"It is very kind of you to take so much trouble."

"Business is business," sighed the little woman, with an envious glance at the cat's eye earrings.

It was all like an amusing game. Shirley had never known anything like it before. Life had suddenly become a very interesting matter. She could hardly wait to reach the Holland House. Miss Hamilton, a gray-haired lady with a kindly face, received "Mrs. Stuart" in a private parlor upstairs and asked her to be seated.

"I suppose you were told at the office that I am sailing in three days," she began; "I want an American lady to go with me who speaks several languages. I might get a woman over there, but I am sure no foreigner would understand my ways. I require reading aloud, and I want someone to walk with me and help me plan trips. The only lady's maid I have is a man who has lived with me for many years. He is all right, except that he doesn't speak anything but Irish!" and she laughed merrily. "Well, I wish to find some lady of whom I can really make a friend. Outside of expenses I will pay forty dollars a month. If you think that you would like to come with me, I am ready to engage you."

"How long do you expect to be away, and where do you plan to go?" asked Shirley.

"I shall probably be away for a year, and my plans of travel are not settled—in fact, I haven't any plans beyond going to Marienbad first for a cure for my gout. I shall drift about as the spirit moves me after that. I must ask you to decide one way or the other, however, to-day, as I have so little time to spare."

"I will go with you," answered Shirley, rising and shaking hands.

"I like people with decision," replied Miss Hamilton; "meet me at the dock at nine o'clock on Saturday next. Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, at Hoboken. I will have your tickets. I believe we shall get on together. Why, I like you already!"

"Thank you," answered Shirley simply; "I think we shall become good friends."

After Shirley had left Miss Hamilton she had a sudden realization of the seriousness of her action. Perhaps she had been too hasty in leaving home, and now in going to Europe. With the last days' strain the excitement, the exhilaration, of her freedom had passed, leaving her tired, lonely, and in doubt. What was her husband thinking and doing? Was his mother, Mrs. Raymond, with him? Who was taking care of him?

In her little hired room Shirley cried and prayed. Conflicting thoughts filled her mind. After all, perhaps she was to blame, too. Lawrence was making money for her with those books; he had a wonderful mind—perhaps she was not big enough to keep his love. Shirley looked at her husband's photograph; in spite of everything, he was her husband, and all she had in the world. Life at the Dove-cot had been dull; she longed to see more of the world; she was young and she wanted adventure. And the mystery—Lawrence had refused to tell her; her curiosity had been aroused and not satisfied; she could not forget that. If he loved and trusted her he would have told her.

With the early morning sun, Shirley was on the dock at the appointed hour, waiting for Miss Hamilton, watching the hacks drive up, disgorging their passengers with bouquets, bags and boxes of candy. The band was playing on deck and people were kissing and weeping and saying good-bye. Miss Hamilton and her Irish man-maid arrived and found Shirley, and they all went aboard.

There was a troop of relations to see Miss Hamilton off, so Shirley was left to herself after they had been introduced and had looked her over. Shirley leaning on the railing, her eyes bright with excitement, was eagerly looking at every man as he came on board. Perhaps it might be Lawrence; he must be hunting for her; he surely would trace and find her and take her back—but no husband came. Instead, the only person Shirley recognized was an old friend of hers, Eugene Flandreau, an artist she had known before her marriage in Paris.

The gong sounded, the people started down the gangway, there were cries of "Good-bye" and waving of handkerchiefs, and the big seven-decked steamer pulled out from the dock into the stream, where it glided by an incoming immigrant steamer, past Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty, out into the gray ocean.

CHAPTER IV.

Grapho.

"Now dear," said Miss Hamilton, settling herself in her steamer chair, "we might as well begin right. I want you to call me Aunt Letitia. Everybody calls me that; and may I call you Shirley?"

"How good of you!"

"You have settled things for me very nicely," Miss Hamilton went on. "I have found an old friend on board, so we shall not be lonely. Colonel Moore went to school with me, but we haven't met before for many years."

Shirley's spirits rose again as with even keel and an escort of circling gulls the steamer plowed her way through the calm blue sea. The sadness was gone, but anger entered her heart. "My husband could have found me before this if he had tried," repeated itself over and over again in Shirley's brain.

That afternoon the artist appeared on deck. He devoted himself at once to the Cloud Girl. She confided her troubles to him—a pretty woman in trouble—it was a good moment for him; he liked pretty women in trouble. Romantic Aunt Letitia was delighted.

"No wonder he is attracted," the kind-hearted old lady told the Colonel; "Shirley is so pretty! I engaged her in New York," she explained; "I really know nothing about the girl, but I love her already. She is a widow, poor child." Aunt Letitia, who had very positive ideas sometimes difficult to uproot, had decided it so.

"A most unusual person," agreed the Colonel; "such a lady—so well bred; her slight accent is quite bewitching, too—adds to her charm. Is she a foreigner?"

"Shirley was brought up in France, and the accent has apparently clung."

"The French art of dressing, also," added the Colonel; "her clothes are simple, yet in such exquisite taste."

"I like her to dress well, to put on her best things while travelling," continued the old lady, "because I am such an old black crow myself."

"The young woman was a perfect picture last night. Everyone in the restaurant turned to look at her in that Nile-green dress which fitted tightly over her slim hips and opened at the neck showing her snow-white skin, and with her golden head lifting out of that cloud of white tulle. She was a dream, a lovely dream," repeated the Colonel.

"Shirley is certainly too attractive to remain single long," observed Miss Hamilton; "I believe that Frenchman is in love with her already. I should think he would want to paint her picture. However, he told me he was going to paint a very handsome Oriental woman when he reached Paris."

"You were always a born match-maker—here's your chance," laughed the Colonel.

"Perhaps I shall really make a match this time—who knows? I have always wanted to," replied Aunt Letitia seriously. Just then Shirley came up with Flandreau.

"What do you think? There is a Grapho on board," cried the girl.

"Just what do you mean by that?" demanded Miss Hamilton.

"Why, a man who reads characters from handwriting. Shall we scribble some verses and give them to him to read? They say he is very remarkable."

"Oh, let us do it! I have a pencil and paper," cried Aunt Letitia enthusiastically. "But what does one write?"

"Oh, anything you like—a verse or a letter of just a few lines."

"A part of my favorite poem, then. How will this do?" and Miss Hamilton read what she had just written:

> If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,
> And thereby cleared firm footing for to-day
> Whatever clouds may dark to-morrow's sun
> Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.

"I always loved that poem of Goethe's," remarked the Colonel.

"Oh, I'm going to write a proverb," said the artist: "'L'amour fait passer le temps. Le temps fait passer l'amour.'"

"Well, I won't be left out. Here goes," said Shirley; "L'absence est à l'amour comme au feu le vent: il éteint le petit, il allume le grand."

"I'm not going to write anything so foolish," said the Colonel; "I know too much about myself already."

"Well then, run away with those papers to Grapho," and Shirley gave them to Flandreau. It was not long before Flandreau was back with Grapho's answers. Under Miss Hamilton's poem was written:

"A lady of big heart, much beloved; romantic; literary; a teacher of [illegible]ing, a tender care-taker of the old; generous, able, original; out-[illegible] and stubborn."

"There, do you recognize the portrait?" cried Aunt Letitia when she had read it aloud.

"It's just the way you used to be at school," laughed the Colonel; "let's hear yours, Mrs. Stuart."

Shirley read:

"Not till you have plucked out the heart of love will you love or be loved as you deserve. The mystery that haunts you will then be solved, and the tangled skein of life unravelled."

"All bosh," decided the Colonel.

"This is rather hard on me;" the artist regarded his own paper with a quizzical expression. "Grapho says I am a devil." Was Grapho right?

"The girls say the same here," said the Colonel; "glad to know I have company."

Later as they sat in their steamer chairs Shirley overheard the Colonel and Aunt Letitia joking. The latter was saying:

"You like to make yourself out a devil, I suppose—all men do; but I know you are an old darling."

"I am not old; that pretty girl over there just made eyes at me."

"You can't fool me, because I went to school with you. I know just how old you are, so there!" laughed his tormentor.

"And I kissed you once at school," retorted the Colonel.

"Yes, I remember; I pulled your nose for it."

"That's the reason it has been so red ever since," he complained.

"Funny old dears; they are half in love still," thought Shirley; "but they don't suspect it at all."

As the days slipped by Aunt Letitia became more fond of Shirley and thought that it was really too bad that the pretty widow should work for her living. "I must arrange matters. Flandreau and Mrs. Stuart certainly are in love. Has he not hung on Shirley's every word and looked at her admiringly, affectionately? Surely this is a romance at last, a real romance," and Miss Hamilton rubbed her hands. "Yes, Shirley shall marry Flandreau," Aunt Letitia went on. "It is the last day on board; it is high time to say something." Did Flandreau see it as Aunt Letitia did?

"I see you love Mrs. Stuart," Miss Hamilton began after she had carefully—as she thought—led up to the subject when Flandreau came to sit by her.

"I assure you—I assure you—" he stammered; he stuttered slightly and pulled his pointed beard. His bold eyes closed, and he smiled.

"Oh, yes, I know it—you do not need to assure me," replied Miss Hamilton. "It would be a very nice thing indeed for both of you. You are a lonely bachelor; you need a smart young wife. I should advise you to get married at once. You don't often see such a charming young woman as Shirley." The good lady would not give Flandreau a chance to speak, and he sat bolt upright with a half amused expression on his face.

"Perhaps we are already engaged, Miss Hamilton," he put his finger to his lips. "Not a word to Shirley or anyone; she must not know I have told you. This is our secret, yours and mine."

Aunt Letitia was delighted to be included in a real romance and conspiracy, but their conversation was broken up by the Colonel's appearance, so the artist walked away chuckling to himself.

"What difference does it make—one more lie; this may help matters." He shrugged his shoulders. "I want the Cloud Girl, and I will have her by hook or by crook, mon dieu."

He joined Shirley on deck, and together they looked down upon the water sparkling in the moonlight, and as they gazed they sang little French love songs. The resentment in Shirley's heart had now turned into a devil-may-care daring and fun. "Why not enjoy myself while I can, while I am young?" The pink came and vanished and appeared again in the Cloud Girl's pretty face, while the dimples played games and her laughter was a merry song.

"We are so happy, life together is one long laugh," cooed the artist. "I love you, my little bird. You are so beautiful. Will you not come to me when you can leave Miss Hamilton and be my model in Paris? I will show you another side of life and give you happiness you have never before experienced."

He looked at the Cloud Girl through his long black eye-lashes, and then with wild words of love he kissed her passionately. Shirley playfully struggled, and then "the little bird" flew to her stateroom under the protection of Aunt "the old black crow."

CHAPTER V.

The Mysterious Oriental.

They landed at Cherbourg and kept on together as far as Paris, where the party broke up. The Colonel and the ladies pushed on to Marienbad, where Flandreau said he would join them later. He was obliged to remain in Paris to paint the picture of the handsome Oriental. At the station he appeared, to bid them good-bye.

This scene on board ship with Flandreau the last evening brought Shirley up with a sudden jerk, as if she had been a lassoed broncho of the plains. It made her realize how young and foolish she was, and how little she really knew of the big world. The Cloud Girl wanted to lay her head once more on her husband's strong shoulder and have a good cry. She decided to cable Lawrence and have the artist send the message for her, so that he would at the same time understand both the situation and her feelings in the matter.

As the train was about to start she handed him the cable with some money to pay for it. "Please send this for me. And may I have the answer to go to your address, for you know we shall stop at several places

on our way to Marienbad, and I might miss it."

When quite alone Flandreau read the message:

Lawrence Raymond,
Golden Springs,
Colorado, U. S. A.

Will you forgive me for running away and take me back? I love you. Answer, 5 rue Sufflot, Paris.

(Signed) Wife.

Flandreau kept the cable for several days thinking it over, then he sent it to Lawrence Raymond, but changed it completely. "I am never going back to you," it read: "I love another."

(Signed) The Cloud Girl.

"I will make sure of my game," thought Flandreau, "I will have my bird, even if I am obliged to marry her." To carry out his purpose he had a paragraph put in a well-known society paper in the states, and took care that a marked copy should be sent to Lawrence Raymond. It read—"The beautiful wife of a well-known author has left him, it is said. She is in Paris now, and her name is linked with a famous young artist."

Marienbad's streets were gay with people when Shirley arrived, for the King of England was taking his cure, and the season was at its height. After Aunt Letitia was comfortably settled at the Klinger Hotel the small, owl-like Herr Doctor came and blinked at her and listened to her heart, looking very wise.

"Your pulse, it is like David's," said he.

"David's?" repeated Aunt Letitia; "what do you mean?"

"Colonel Moore's, it is like Goliath's, but your heart is as small as David's," he explained. "Too fat. Nothing for you but cold ham and a cup of tea for breakfast. An hour's walk before breakfast and two glasses of water; the same after breakfast. Walk, and more walk." The Doctor's movements were as quick as lightning, and so were his English words, which came tumbling out, one chasing the other, with the accents quite in the wrong place. He used the most scientific medical terms and all the longest words in the dictionary, interjected with "achs" and "gotts." Aunt Letitia was fascinated, but before she knew it he had vanished from the room, and left her with comical astonishment pictured on her face.

The orchestra played on the promenade at six o'clock in the morning, and Shirley and Miss Hamilton walked there with all the others who were taking the cure, listening to the music and sipping the good waters from their red glass tumblers. The King of England in knickerbockers and green hat marched up and down with the rest, sometimes stopping to speak to a friend or bowing to an acquaintance. A short, fat woman in a long white knitted coat and a tam-o'-shanter waddled past with two canes. Then a blotched-faced, conscious young officer, laced and in choking collar, minced by. Great bubbles of beer—or were they human balls?—rolled on, followed by toddling dachshunds, and these bubbles

had green Bohemian capes and shaving brushes in their hats. Men of the Orient with fezes and women, too, with floating veils, were there, and Polish Jews, with corkscrew curls hanging over their ears, wearing soft felt hats and long black robes.

When Miss Hamilton had been at Marienbad a month or more and her cure was almost at an end, she called Shirley, and with odd embarrassment announced that the Colonel and herself were engaged to be married.

"Dear Aunt Letitia," cried Shirley, "you have at last found your romance and made the match for yourself that you have always wanted to make for others!"

Shirley felt that the engagement of her elderly friends was very pleasant and suitable—to be sure, they were rather old and set in their ways—but for all that she was sure they would be happy together.

"Now," said Aunt Letitia, "we will have a double wedding. I have already written Flandreau." She had not forgotten that he had told her of their engagement.

"What is all this about?" asked Shirley.

"As if you didn't know." The Colonel beamed all over, and his nose seemed to get even redder. "Sly puss," and he winked.

"But there is some mistake."

"We will have a wonderful double wedding, right here in Marienbad. I will arrange everything." Aunt Letitia rubbed her hands with delight. Seeing the good woman was really in earnest Shirley got excited, and hardly knowing what she was saying, cried:

"But we are at cross purposes. I can't marry anyone. How can I? Why, I already have a husband."

"A husband," Aunt Letitia repeated aghast, "why of course I thought you were a widow."

"This changes the situation," said the Colonel gravely. "Come, Letitia, we will take a walk and think this matter over."

"In a minute," replied Miss Hamilton. She was quick tempered; she drew herself up in anger. "I feel, Mrs. Stuart, that you have deceived me, and you have behaved shamefully with Mr. Flandreau. I shall not need you after to-day. I will pay you your wages this evening."

"I have not deceived you," replied Shirley. "I never told you I was a widow, and as for Mr. Flandreau,—"

"I do not care to discuss it further, Mrs. Stuart," and with that Miss Hamilton turned and went away with the Colonel.

As the Colonel and Miss Hamilton walked off Shirley was left to her own devices. She climbed up through the giant trees; she felt she could think more clearly alone in the woods. How dark and damp they looked! Splashes of sunlight played through the branches upon the great boulders with clinging bright green moss. Up the Rubezahl mountain she went, the home of the little dwarf that the children love. Here and there along the path the small elf peered out at her, a tiny red-capped fellow made of

terra-cotta. Sometimes he would be lying on the ground reading a book, or swinging in a tree; again he would be working with his anvil or his wheelbarrow, or fishing in a pool.

Strains of music reached her from the Kursaal. "Life is like an orchestra," she thought. "The motives are our moods; the drum-beats are the impulses of battle and patriotism; the horn is desire for the chase; the violin is the cry of the soul."

Shirley stopped at the solitary little chapel among the pines and entered. A lamp was burning and fresh flowers were on the altar. A monk in brown habit and girdle was praying there, an old peasant woman and a fashionably dressed lady also, and two young village lovers were kneeling hand in hand. At sight of them her loneliness came over her very keenly. All these weeks she had been waiting for an answer to her cable, and it had never come.

Up, up the mountain Shirley climbed, until at last she reached the top. What a glorious view was before her. Looking down over the sunlit plain of many colors to the big, patched world below, above which the clouds were playing, she felt victorious and unreal. For the moment the cares of the world were forgotten; once more she became the happy Cloud Girl. Seating herself on the soft green moss under a huge pine tree overlooking this glorious view Shirley thought of many things. She pulled out of her pocket a letter from Flandreau which came that morning, but which she had not opened. Out of the envelope fell a cablegram. The excitement was so great Shirley felt she could not look at it at once, so she first read the artist's letter, full of poetry subtly woven with words of love. Among other things he wrote that he had opened her cable by mistake; he was sorry. He also had received a letter from Miss Hamilton telling of her own engagement and that her marriage with the Colonel would take place at once. He ended his letter with, "My little bird of paradise, your chanticleer will come for you and we will dwell in heaven, where we can see together the changing colors of the sun rising on a new and happy day."

Shirley tore the letter to bits and like white butterflies, the shreds fluttered away in the breeze. The Cloud Girl then looked at the cable and read:—

"You have chosen your own way, Shirley. Henceforward you are nothing to me.

(Signed) Lawrence Raymond."

"What is to become of me now?" she asked herself once more. Away from Flandreau's influence the glamour of the studio life did not seem quite so enchanting as when he had told her about it on the steamer; then the realization of what it all would mean if she went to him came over her. "Flandreau's model—that is the name I shall go by. Good women will pull their skirts away from me, and point fingers of scorn, laughter

or pity. Not that!" she shuddered. Some sleeping powders purchased that morning for Miss Hamilton had dropped to the ground when she pulled out the letter. The thought flashed through her mind—"Why not end my life? I am so unhappy." There was medicine to make her sleep forever—she was not afraid—and what a glorious place to die in! "Quick, before I change my mind!" she cried, and lifted a powder to her lips.

"Stop! I have something to say to you first," came a voice from behind, and someone touched Shirley on the shoulder. The powder dropped from Shirley's hand and turning she saw a strange, veiled woman, clad in a long black velvet garment trimmed with fur; but her floating white veil half concealed her face. In her hand the Cloud Girl saw she clutched a sharp and flashing stiletto. "I know who you are," said the woman; "I have followed you here. At Flandreau's studio in Paris I saw a sketch of you. Flandreau boasted of his affair with you, and I stole your address from him."

Was this woman in love with Flandreau? Had she followed Shirley out of jealousy? What was the meaning of it all?

"Do you love Flandreau?" demanded the woman excitedly. "Are you his model?"

"I am not afraid of you," replied Shirley calmly; "and I do not love Flandreau; nor am I ever going to be his model, or his wife. The proof of my words is in these powders. You saw me about to take one; if you had not come I should no doubt by this time be dead."

"If you were going to kill yourself, then you do not love your husband either," asserted the Oriental.

"I do love my husband, notwithstanding he would not tell me the mystery in his life; but he does not love me. I sent him a cable weeks ago asking him to take me back and saying I loved him," sobbed Shirley. "Here's the answer I've just received." She handed it to the woman; then recovering herself she added, "But why should you be interested? What business is it of yours, I should like to know?"

The woman did not answer at once; she was reading the cable and thinking. "Both cables were false then, I see it clearly now. This has been the work of the artist who is in love with you."

"I don't understand," sobbed Shirley. Then the Oriental explained it all as she saw it, and told Shirley too the story of Ellis Island. In a flash of understanding Shirley cried, "So you are Lawrence's real mother and you have saved us!" She threw her arms about the stranger. They heard a footstep on the path behind them; Shirley turned and there, towering above her, stood her husband. He caught her in his great strong arms and once more kissed her golden hair.

I have heard all your conversation; nothing matters now!" he cried. "I have found you out at last, my Cloud Girl. I have been to blame as much as you, and it shall not be my fault if I ever lose you again."



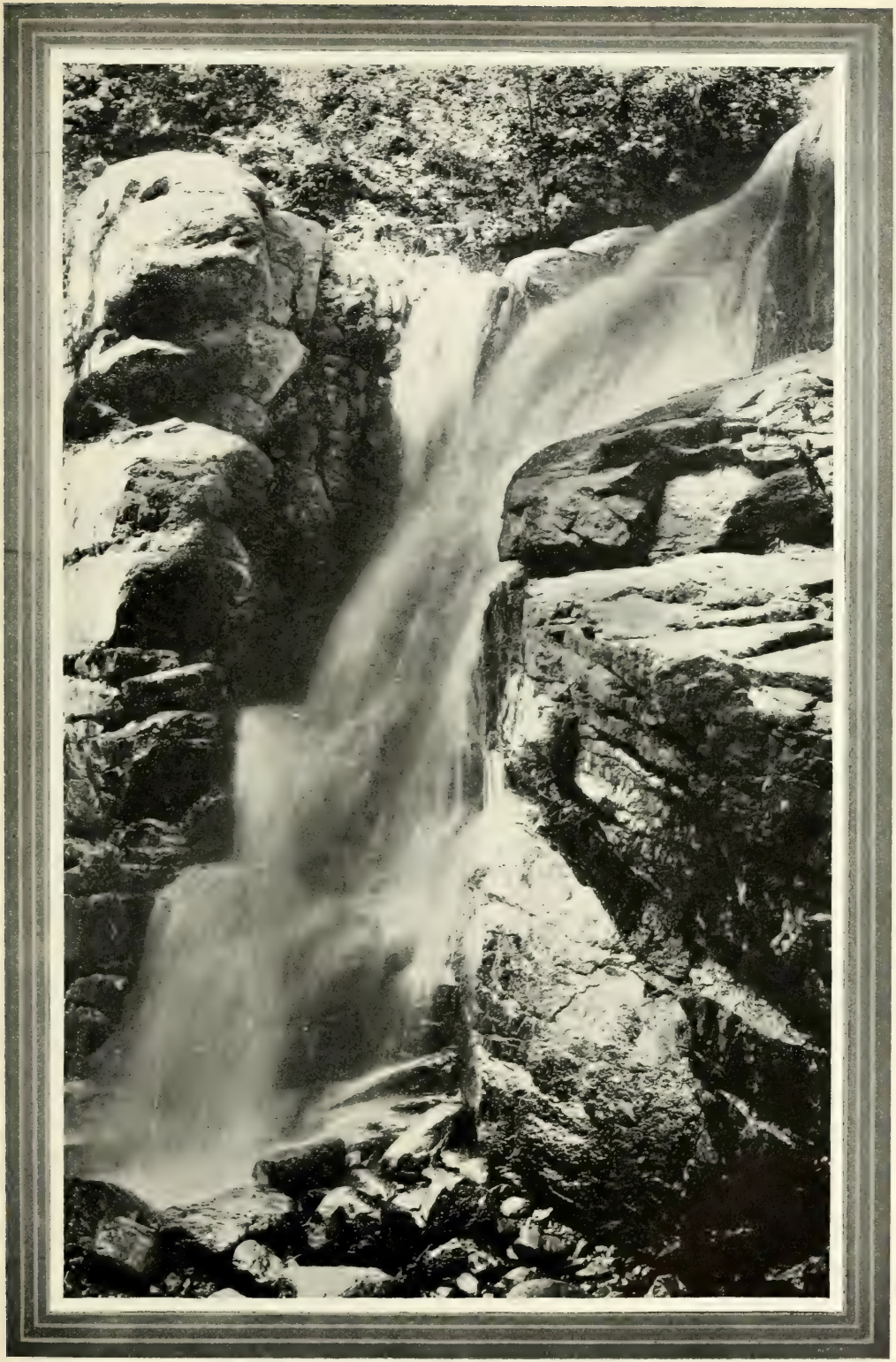
Beautiful New England.





Photograph by Wm. L. Hallworth

MOUNT LIBERTY AND ROAD TO THE FLUME



Photograph by Wm. L. Hallworth

CASCADE IN THE FLUME, FRANCONIA NOTCH



Photograph by Wm. L. Hallworth

UPPER AMMONOOSUC FALLS



Photograph by Wm. L. Hallworth

"Artist Falls," North Conway



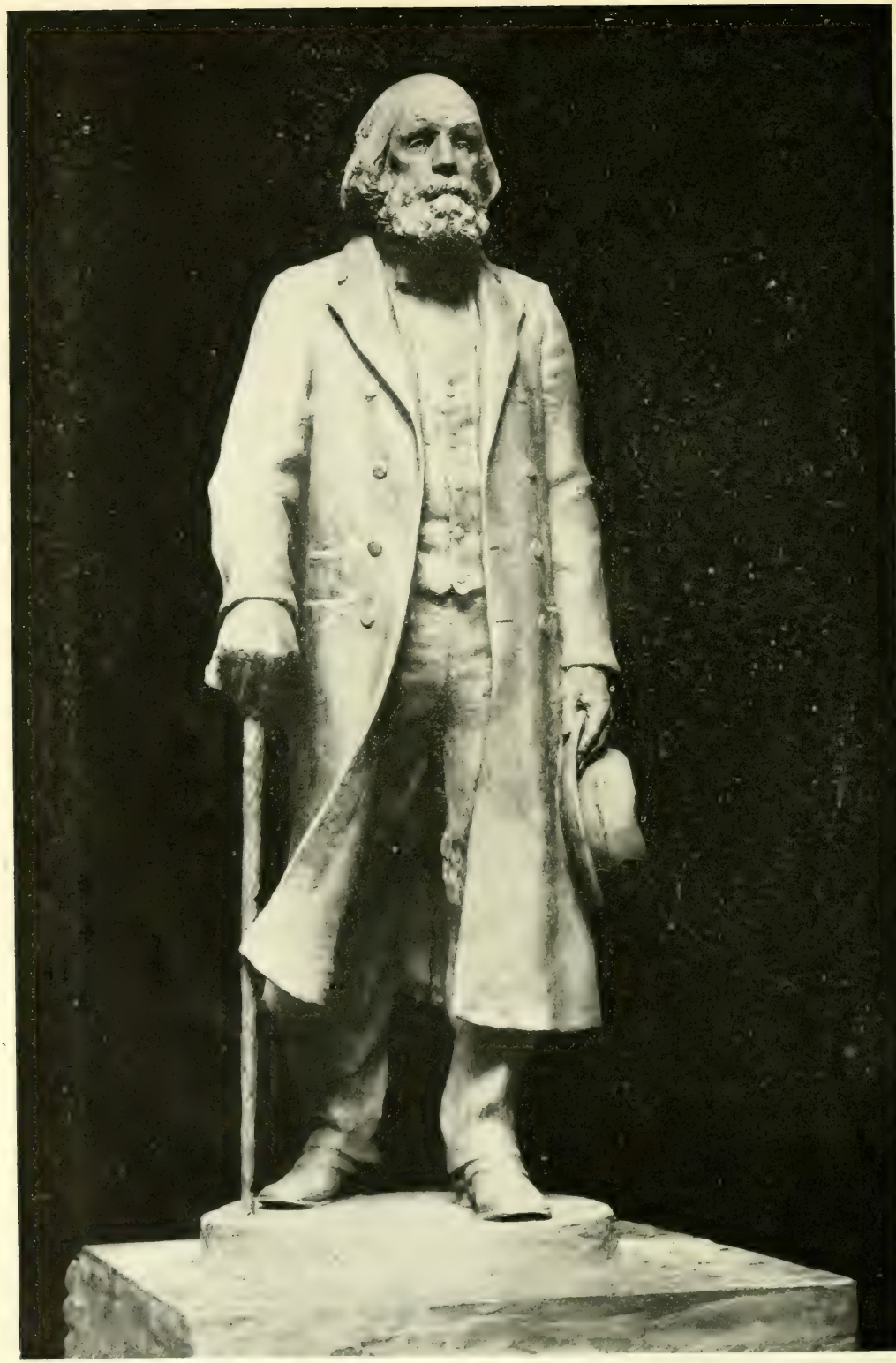
Photograph by Wm. L. Hallworth

CARTER NOTCH FROM THORN MOUNTAIN



Photograph by Wm. L. Hallworth

PARADISE FALLS, LOST RIVER



STATUE OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE, DESIGNED BY BELA PRATT AND TO BE ERECTED IN BOSTON

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THE HARRIET BEECHER STOWE CENTENARY

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

THERE still stands on a quaintly sedate street in Brunswick, Maine, a house that has long been famous. A white colonial house it is, with a trim fence, close-clipped lawn, and elm-shaded gravel walk. Before it, on one hand, the street slopes down a hill, bordered with houses belonging to the faculty of Bowdoin; on the other hand it stretches away towards the college campus. About the street there is an air of tranquil dignity, a remoteness from "the busy hum of things" as if the stir of events had passed it utterly; yet it was towards this quiet town, and this white colonial house that the eyes of the world were turned in 1852. Here it was that Harriet Beecher Stowe lived, here it was that she wrote in the white fire of a great spiritual passion a book which spelled liberty for four million souls.

The Woman of To-day, with her clubs and charities, her suffrage or anti-suffrage, is apt to think of herself as the matchless exponent of a vigorous age; but what of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Little Woman of Yesterday, who reared seven children, did her own housework, took paying guests, taught, lectured, wrote, struck slavery its death-blow, and precipitated a war!

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, daughter of Lyman and Roxana Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811. From the first her life was one of struggle: she did by dint of great effort what her brothers and sisters accomplished with ease. With her it was a case of lagging body and triumphant will. She kept up with the pursuits of those about her through sheer indomitableness. Of the eight Beecher children Harriet and Henry Ward were the youngest, save one, and were always inseparable. While they were still too young to realize their loss their mother died; but the warmth of affection, the care and patience that their step-mother, Harriet Porter, lent to their up-bringing made them love her in return with a devotion which grew with the years. It was a hardy, cheery, vital household that the old manse sheltered. Dr. Lyman Beecher was already a noted man; yet the salary he received was barely sufficient for the needs of his large family, and almost from their cradles his children were taught the meaning of the word efficiency. Their father labored with his hands as well as with his pen, and lent to the sawing of wood the same ardor that made his sermons memorable. No task was too menial to be well-performed, and he filled his own working hours and those of his children with imaginative zest. No one was ever allowed to think of anything as "hard"; for as they worked their father told them the wonder-stories of Scott and Cervantes. Freedom of thought and unity of purpose characterized the Beecher household, and though the children's schooling was not extensive (a "dame

school" and later a small academic sufficing for Harriet) they lived in an atmosphere of intellectual ferment. Already Harriet Beecher, a pale deep-eyed girl of nine was listening to the discussions and opinions that were to influence her later life. To quote from her own words: "I was a child....when the Missouri questions was agitated.....scenes that indelibly impressed my heart, and made me what I was from my very soul—the enemy of slavery."

In 1826 Lyman Beecher was called to the Hanover Street Church in Boston, and in 1832 the family moved again, this



Birthplace of Harriet Beecher Stowe at Litchfield, Conn.

time to Cincinnati, where Dr. Beecher became president of the Lane Theological Seminary. Here, on the confines of a slave state, Harriet Beecher witnessed many harrowing incidents of capture and escape, of surrender and separation that she was later to picture for the world in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Thus unconsciously day by day she was receiving impressions that years afterwards were to form the warp and woof of her story, though at this time the thought that she might ever publish a novel was certainly far from her thoughts. That was the era of quaintly decorous "literary lyceums," and at such gatherings Harriet Beecher always shone. She had begun to contribute to the magazines in a small way, and while putting her thoughts on paper afforded her great pleasure, she had no ideas of more permanent fame. Her pen she looked on as a means of revenue, and such it continued to be after her marriage to Professor Stowe in 1836. Her "pot-boiling" as she gaily termed it went on with more or less regularity, and the proceeds of it replenished an exchequer that was never full.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was in all senses of the good old word a helpmate. She looked well to the ways of her household domestically and financially. She shared her husband's labors as well as his enthusiasms. Both were advocates of freedom; both were looking towards the dawn of abolition. In those troublous days Professor Stowe's house was often a refuge for escaping slaves; indeed became at times a station of the perilous underground railway; was suspected, watched, and even once surrounded by a mob.

It was from such stirring scenes as

these that the family migrated to the quiet town of Brunswick in 1850, where Professor Stowe was called to Bowdoin College. At that time there was no one to take his place in Lane Seminary, and he was forced to remain a few weeks longer in Cincinnati, so Mrs. Stowe courageously undertook the journey, partly by train and partly by boat, with three small children, innumerable trunks and baggage, and all the family furniture, arriving in a strange place, fagged and with scant resources, there to settle and make homelike a cold, draughty house that was at that time minus all conveniences. Competent help was not to be had; and if it had not been for kindly neighbors the staunch little woman would have fared ill. Eight weeks later her son Charles was born, and the hand that rocked his cradle still continued to minister to the needs of those about her. The unfailing optimism and blitheness of Mrs. Stowe kept the household cheery, and from the first, in spite of the discomforture and discouragement of her bleak arrival, Mrs. Stowe loved Brunswick, and found it a source of inspiration and energy. She liked its people and its atmosphere, its keen stimulating air that was tonic alike to mind and body. The sea was near, and she was never weary of it. People who knew her still tell of her that she loved to rise early on summer mornings, and go off on long jaunts with her children. The still hours, the dawn, the birds, the blue waters of Casco bay, the lonely reefs tawny with sea-weed—all were a delight to her, tranquil images that dwelt with her in after years, and afforded her infinite solace. One may still see the winding way that was her favorite road. It is fringed with bayberry and sweetfern; redolent with breaths of salt and pine, and each turn of it gives new and alluring vistas of ocean



Interior of the Congregational Church in Brunswick, Maine, where the idea of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first occurred to Harriet Beecher Stowe

and sky.

In spite of her gift for tragic emotion there was always in Mrs. Stowe a love of the simplest pleasures. Throughout her long life, with all its cares and burdens, she kept the heart of youth. Often she joined her children at their sports. She took a child's delight in the great glittering mounds of snow that winter brought to Brunswick, and the hollow behind her house on Federal street formed an excellent hill for coasting. There, on crisping nights, with eyes a-dance, curls bobbing, and cheeks ruddy from the nipping air, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" used to take turns in sliding down the drifts on a large tea tray—the merriest of all her merry young brood!



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Lucky it was for her that her heart was made of dauntless stuff; she had need of all the courage she could muster in the trying and never-to-be forgotten winter of 1851. For, however drab and uneventful her life might look from the outside,

inwardly it was illumined by the fire of an unalterable purpose, a fire that mounted and grew as the weeks went forward, and that finally burst into a flame which revealed the depths of slavery as they had never been revealed before. To quote again from Mrs. Stowe: "In reading an ante-slavery magazine there arose in me a purpose to write some sketches which should show to the world slavery as I myself had seen it."



THE HOUSE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE ON FEDERAL STREET, BRUNSWICK, WHERE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN

The first part of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that was ever committed to writing was the death of Uncle Tom. This scene presented itself almost as a vision while Mrs. Stowe was at the communion table of the Brunswick church. Afterwards she hurried home to put the vision into words, and from that time on plot, scenes, and conversations rushed into her mind with thrilling vividness. Incidents that had long lain dormant now flashed into being, tragedies that passed under her own eyes while she was a passenger on an Ohio steamboat. The escape of a woman and her child on the ice of the Ohio river had been told to Mrs. Stowe years before by someone who had not only witnessed the scene, but who had helped the woman to the Ohio shore. This was the "Eliza" of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nor was she the only character drawn from life. While Mrs. Stowe was in Cincinnati she had had occasion to write letters for a former slave woman to her slave husband in Kentucky, and this slave husband impressed Mrs. Stowe so deeply that he became the prototype for Uncle Tom. Yet even Mrs. Stowe's advocacy of a passionately loved cause was tempered by justice. Against the brutalities of Legree were balanced the Southern chivalry and high-mindedness of St. Clair and the Shelbys. As for little Eva—but that is a story in itself! Mrs. Stowe in speaking of one of her

brothers after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published naively said: "He is greatly disturbed lest all this praise and notoriety should induce vanity. Dear soul! He need not be troubled! He does not know that I did not write the book. It all came to me in a series of visions, one after the other, and I put them down in words. Someone once reproached me for letting Eva die. Why! I could not help it! I felt as badly as anyone could. It was like a death in my own family, and affected me so deeply that I could not write a word for two weeks after."

That the book was ever written at all remains a miracle. It was the burning ardor of its author, her passion for justice that made it possible; for every circumstance was against its ever being penned. As Mrs. Field, Mrs. Stowe's biographer says: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written while Mrs. Stowe was in the midst of heavy domestic cares, teaching her own children besides a number of pupils, and struggling with untrained servants."

The house on Federal street was not always well-heated. Mrs. Stowe worked in the dining-room—the warmest room in the house, yet even there great gusts blew across the floor, and she had to sit wrapped up in shawls and blankets, her fingers often so benumbed that she could hardly hold the pen. Yet in spite of all these drawbacks the book surged forward. The first chapters were published in "The Era," June, 1851, and for its serial rights Mrs. Stowe received the modest sum of three hundred dollars. The weekly installments were always read to her family before they were sent away, and members of her class in literature were also permitted to listen. All were intensely interested in the progress of the story; yet it is doubtful if even the most sanguine of authors could have foreseen the enormous hold that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to have on all classes of people when it was finally published in book form by Henry P. Jewett, Boston, 1852.



CASCO BAY. THE FAVORITE DRIVE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE WAS ALONG THE SHORES.

Its success was immediate and stupendous. America was shaken; Europe stirred. Countless letters began to pour into the white colonial house on Federal street; the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe went ringing from continent to continent.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was more than a book; it was a gospel. It touched the deepest instinct of the human heart—the



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
PORTRAIT OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

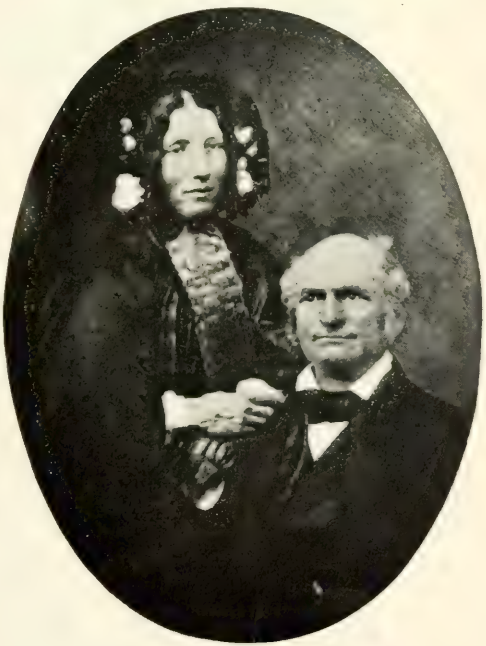
desire to right a wrong. Never were the evils of slavery more poignantly pictured; never was a cry for freedom more passionately voiced. It was a book written for neither money nor fame; yet it brought its author both. Its appeal was universal. It was for the humblest as well as the highest. It was read in the stateliest palaces of London, and by tallow dips in low-roofed peasant homes in far hamlets of the Scottish mountains. It was a book that created no half-way feelings. In America its advent gave rise to the mutterings of a storm that was soon to break. In pro-abolitionist circles Mrs. Stowe was denounced, berated, condemned. Open attacks were made upon her in pro-abolitionist papers. She was held up to ridicule and scorn.

Yet neither censure nor praise swayed Mrs. Stowe, whose sole thought was for the cause. Never was a woman less vain, less up-lifted by personal achievement though her first visit to Europe in 1853 was a triumphal progress. In England, Scotland and France whole towns turned out to meet her; bells were rung in the steeples; crowds followed her carriage; women strove to touch the hem of her cloak. So great was the enthusiasm she inspired that large sums were collected and sent to the American abolitionists for the furtherance of their plans.

Meantime slaves were being put up and bid for in the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, his devoted parishioners first paying for them, and then giving them their liberty. In the years that followed, (1853-59) Mrs. Stowe herself supported anti-slavery lectures, maintained anti-slavery publications; and established and endowed colored schools. In 1860 she returned from her third sojourn in Europe, and found her own country a house divided against its self. The civil war had begun—dark, terrible days full of suffering for North and South through which the nation's Seer beheld a vision of the light beyond.

A book about a cabin caused a country to be rent and torn; but man born in a cabin was destined to draw its wounds together, to bless and heal.

It was not till 1862 that Harriet



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
PROFESSOR AND MRS. STOWE

Beecher Stowe and Abraham Lincoln met, and of what those two great souls said to each other that day in the White House there is no record, save that Lincoln on seeing Mrs. Stowe came towards her, crying out: "Is this the little woman who made the great war?"

All through the days of struggle Mrs. Stowe's zeal had been unflagging; she had given time, money and energy; had worked and written far beyond her strength; had sent her son, Captain Stowe, to the Union lines. What wonder that at the close of the war a friend said of her: "She was tired far into the future." Nevertheless she still continued to write; there was need of money for her growing family, and it was not uncommon for her to have two books on hand at once, working first on one, and then on another, her publishers urging haste.

Next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her most popular novels were undoubtedly "The Pearl of Orr's Island" and "Dred," the former a story of the simple fisher folk of Casco bay. Besides these her published works comprised sixteen other volumes.

The play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" earned millions of which Mrs. Stowe never received a penny, as she had neglected to reserve her dramatic rights. In her later years she was forced to add to her income by lecturing, a task for which she confessed herself absolutely unfitted. Of the sales of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she only received ten per cent, and though her first check was for ten thousand dollars the amount she received in sum total was far from the large fortune it should have been considering that "Uncle Tom's Cabin was the best selling book in the whole range of literature.

A life devoted to the service of humanity, an up-hill road traveled cheerfully; deep griefs met with fortitude and patience—this was the vista on which Harriet Beecher Stowe could look back in her later years, which she spent partly in Hartford and partly in Florida, her summers in the former and her winters in the latter, at a place called Mandarin. Memories, sad and happy, thronged about her, till there came a time when even memory grew dim. The fires of life faded; the images of the past became blurred and misty. Her letters grew more and more fragmentary; in one of them she wrote: "My sun has set. The time of work for me is over. I have written all my words and thought all my thoughts." It was her premonition of the end which came quietly in 1896.



HOME OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE IN HARTFORD, CONN., WHERE SHE DIED IN 1896

Indian Bearers

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

I

White was the world as a winding-sheet
The day we buried Parson Treat.

Sunday it was, as the new days go,
That there fell the first of The Great March Snow.
We marvelled that God chose his holy morn
To empty the grains from his hunting-horn,
Powdering all the soft Cape air.
Deep was the horn he emptied there.
A day and a night came down the snow
Light and idle as feathers blow.
A night and a day it fleeted and flew
Like a swarm of white bees escaped from the blue,
Globing the cabins and furring the trees.
Then the spray on the cliffs set in to freeze,
And keen as arrows the angry flakes
Whirled wild as the foam when a springtide breaks.
Few, thereafter, had craft to tell
When the morning rose and the even fell,
For the skies gloomed mightily; surges tore
Ancient rocks from the shrieking shore;
Tall red cedars were snapt in the gripe
Of the wind, as a foeman snaps the pipe
That shall puff no longer the smoke of peace.
Men had forgotten that storm could cease,
When the sun looked out through diamond sleet
On a world as white as a winding-sheet.

II

That bitter gale from out of the East
Bore our father's soul to the White God's feast.

As far as the reach of an Indian's gaze
Shrouded were all the familiar ways;
New were the hillocks, the hollows were new;
Nor fox nor squirrel had ventured through;
Never a track nor a trace was there
Of the little feet that our wood-paths share;
But steadily on through that printless snow
We dug a road for our friend to go;
Through the deepest drifts we cut an arch
Six feet high for the burial march;
The up-flung snow, as our rude spades ploughed,
Fanned out about us, a shimmering cloud.

Whenever a gust would the pine groves thrash
Till the icicles, thick on their boughs, would clash,
Or a snow-laden fir give a sudden crack,
We started as if his laugh came back;
For a merry heart had old Parson Treat,
Though his voice was rough as the blasts that meet
On the plains of Nauset; he laughed as he died,
As his soul went out on the ebb of the tide.
But now by that crisped and sparkling road,
SLOWLY WE CARRIED A SILENT LOAD;
THROUGH THOSE WHITE ARCHED TUNNELS,
WITH MOCCASINED FEET
WE WALKED OUR LAST BY PARSON TREAT.
Crystal-floored was the pond we crossed;
Muffled with snow and sealed with frost
The fields he loved; and the grave below
Was draped in white by the drifted snow.
It glistened and gleamed in the tingling air;
When we shut our eyes for the white man's prayer
Our friend had taught us, we saw it yet.
It stung our eyes till our eyes were wet.

III

It was love of him that held us tame
When every leaf whispered King Philip's name.

Long ago, when the heads now hoar
Slept in their mothers' necks, our shore
Was sold to the palefaces; long ago
Were set the bounds where our fires might glow.
They came from Plymouth, the stern chiefs seven,
Friends of the terrible God of Heaven,
Came for the woods where we loved to rove,
For our eight fresh ponds and our shellfish cove.
They bought Namskaket of Mettaquason;
From our sachem of Nauset his all they won
Save the width of a cornfield out on the Neck
That the great waves beat and the soft foams fleck.
But we longed for the hunt as we plied the tillage;
Caged wolves were we in our Indian village.
Ever the spring wind called to our blood,
And our longings surged like the tide in flood;
But level or upland, sunny or dim,
The paleface deemed it was made for him.
Wheresoever he found a hill,
He set the sea-wind tending his mill.
If we cut the pine-knots to make us tar,
Or dug us clams where the beach stretched far,
It was trespass against the settlement law.
We were as the mouse in the white owl's claw.
They felled our reaches of oak and pine—
Fools! for the storm-wind, bitter with brine,
Buffets the soil from coast to coast,
Wreaking its wrath like a foeman's ghost.



Drawing by Leslie L. Benson

"Slowly we Carried a Silent Load"

Wherever we went, whatever we did,
Still was the Indian checked and chid.
Closer and closer they marked our bounds,
Driving us back from the hunting-grounds
Where our fathers had wandered beneath the sun
Since first the ways of the world begun.
They gave us a portion of cod and wheat,
But the scorn of their eyes was sharp as sleet.
They burdened our hearts with strange, new shame;
Red faces were fair till the paleface came;
And our hate grew rank as the river-flag grows,
Till when thirty winters were nigh their close,
They thought they had store for a minister's meat,
And they called our Eliot, Parson Treat.

Little by little they eked it out,
What might suffice for a soul devout,
—Fifty pounds with upland and mead,
A share in whatever the sea should breed,
A parcel of marsh, a strip of the shore,
And firewood piled at his cabin door.
The wood was for us to gather and stack,
And winter by winter he knew no lack,
For he gave good words and wise was he
In the fashions of forest courtesy;
But when he prayed his Great Spirit to pour
Grace on the heathen, it puzzled us sore.
Weary to us were the white men's prayers;
Unfit we were for that heaven of theirs;
The redman's tongue it is hard to trim
Out of the warwhoop into the hymn;
The redman's muscles were made of steel
To chase the game and not to kneel;
Better the war plumes in our hair
Than the trickle of holy water there:
Yet we hearkened the words our father spoke
And bowed our necks to the White God's yoke.
Oft have we stood at the meeting-house door
When the Parson's voice would the seas out-roar,
While the Cape children, lulled by stormy sounds,
Would sleep till the tithing-man went his rounds.
'Twas a wonder to hear our father shout
As he hammered the White God's anger out.
Yet in every wigwam his voice was sweet;
The pappooses nestled between his feet;
And ever he soothed the sullen brave,
And the railing squaw with a smile forgave;
As soon as he saw her black eyes flash,
He would tease for a taste of her succotash.
The villages blithened when he came;
We hung the kettle and fanned the flame.
Ten mile afoot through the deepening sand
Makes a hungry guest; then the hearty hand
He would strike in ours, while from chest so stout
Ever the big laugh rumbled out.
Reading and writing he taught our young,

While he learned of our elders the Nauset tongue.
In the meeting-house that was twenty feet square,
Thatched and loop-holed, he taught us prayer.
He would bring the wild grapes of Mongmoyick
All the way to Truro's sick;
In Sawkatucket he used to praise
First their faith and then their maize.
From Pochet down to Provincetown tip,
Where first was seen the great winged ship,
He would trudge to strengthen a soul for flight;
He loved the red as he loved the white.

But oft in our villages while we heard
Our father thunder the awful word,
Our hearts were stirred by a longing dim
That the fierce White God were like to him.
Vessels of wrath we were, boomed he;
God would torment our souls with glee;
Laugh at the helpless that cried for aid;
Mock the coward that cringed afraid;
Much as our sires, I ween, would make
Their mirth of a captive burned at the stake.
So sinners, he said, God like briers would cast
Into a fire that ever should last;
He would make them the butt of his arrows; the weight
Would be heavy on them of his endless hate;
His heart to their groans would be harder than flint;
His fury would never know pause nor stint;
Not as a man would he meet his foe,
But deal him an omnipotent blow.
At times he would preach of a land of love,
But left us in scanty hope thereof,
For from Roger Williams the word had crossed
That probably Indians all were lost.

As the White God would, it hath come to pass.
Our spears are blunted; our minds—alas!—
Are all confused between wrong and right.
We loved our father; we would not fight
Against his people, not we, his band
Of Praying Indians, though the sand
Was hot with messengers, though there came
On a stormy wind King Philip's name.

IV

Sons and daughters had wept and gone.
On a rough new mound the sunset shone.

Our sorrow was full of undercries.
We lifted our looks to the glowing skies,
To the beautiful sun that gleamed so red,
The sun our fathers worshippèd;
For the sun rose to us and to us set
Ere ever the paleface came to fret
Our woods with his axe and our hearts with his law;

Good was the world that our fathers saw.
For them their God made the starlights burn,
Sowed for their covert the wild sweet-fern;
When in heavy sands tired feet would sink,
Perfume arose from Mayflowers pink.
But the white man's God was a foe to ours
Who grieved as the rain for the broken flowers,
But trembled like rain in the blow of the wind.
Were our fathers granted their God to find
In the Happy Hunting Grounds green and free
Where they wander safe by a wider sea,
Too wide for the white-winged ships to cross?
Do they lie in the moonlight on red-cupped moss
And husk the corn with laughter and tale,
Or still doth the strong White God prevail?
There, as here, doth his haughty frown
Look strange on the Red God and face him down?

We were of the best in bookman's wit,
And read the sermons the Parson writ
In a hamlet here or a hamlet there,
To the white man's God prayed the white man's prayer;
But our people wilted like corn in drought;
They perished like fish when the tide is out.
Our store of simples availed no whit,
Nor the white man's leech could benefit
The redman's ill; and our father sighed
By the deerskin beds where his converts died.
And still, bewildered and strangely sick,
We die in Meesham and Monomoyick.
We die as the autumn leaves are shed
From the oaken boughs, poor tribes of red.
The long sky-river our last look views
Is crowded bright with our star-canoes.
We know no more than the mown beach-grass
Or the broken sprays of the sassafras
Why we are cut from the white man's path,
How we have vexed his God of Wrath.
Our father told of one far away
In some unseen land, on some bygone day,
Who cured the sick; it may be thus;
No hands of healing are laid on us.

Strong is the race of the great White God,
But ours has come to its period.
Our wigwams shall vanish from these our lands;
Our paths be lost in the blowing sands;
Our tragedy hidden in time's dim blur,
And only a name be remembrancer
That the Red God once had a people here.

Will they not miss us, the fox and deer?
Will not cedar and juniper
Murmur together of days that were?
Will the paleface care, as we, for these
Soft whirrs of wings and fragrances,

Wraiths of cloud that go drifting by
In the pearly-misted undersky,
Blush of the brier-rose when it peeps
From tangle of green where a nestling cheeps,
Golden stems through the April land,
And tawny autumn's enkindling brand?

We have heaped the earth in the Parson's grave;
We have given him love for the love he gave;
We have prayed the prayers that he bade us pray;
Now we reach our arms to the God of Day.
Our hearts are bitter and clamorous.
Red Sun, Red God, O comfort us!

JIMMY'S PREDICAMENT

By ARTHUR JEROME EDDY

J. HENRY SMITH was in a great hurry. His appointment down town was at ten; the hands of the clock indicated nine thirty-five, but then, as every one knows, all the clocks in the Waldorf are set five minutes fast.

He had overslept. The night before he had dissipated to the extent of going to see the latest musical comedy success, "The Girl with the Goo-Goo Eyes," afterwards a dozen oysters with a dash of tabasco,—pleasures innocent enough if taken with only a dash of tabasco.

Whether it was the "Girl" or the oysters, or the unquiet sauce, he could not tell, but he had had dreams and did not sleep well. When he did doze off toward morning he did not awaken until fifteen minutes of nine. In forty-five minutes he shaved, dressed, bolted his breakfast, and read the morning paper propped against a carafe.

At nine-thirty he was about to start for the Subway when his conscience, a little sluggish from the unwonted dissipation, began to smite him.

He had not written his wife.

When away from home he never failed to write each day, that was one of their unwritten compacts, one of the conditions, so to speak, upon which she tolerated his spring and autumn business trips to the city.

He had not written the night before because it was nearly one o'clock when he thought of it and once, just once, he had sent Mrs. Smith a letter rather late and the careless Post Office had stamped the envelope "Mailed 2 A. M." That was a libel; he had slipped out of his room and dropped the letter in the chute about midnight—he was not sure how far about; it was not his fault if the collector did not make his round until after one; however, he could not make Mrs. Smith understand the workings of the New York Post Office. For a long time, she persisted in throwing that stamped envelope in his face,—quite literally. She kept it hidden, a sort of concealed weapon. Once, in a fit of jealousy, she exclaimed,

"I could get a divorce on that."

"Nonsense, my dear—"

"I could,—if I only knew what you had been doing all that time."

"I told you, I went to the theater,—didn't I send you my program?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I went to bed."

"No, you didn't."

"Yes, I did."

"I know better."

And so the dispute would rage.

More than once when she was out of

the house he had searched her desk, her bureau, the closet on their room, trunks, boxes, chests, in the effort to find that internal envelope and destroy it, but all in vain; it was safely yet most conveniently hidden; it could appear most unexpectedly and disappear most effectually. His wife, when angry, could flounce out of the library, be gone not to exceed sixty seconds by the watch and reappear with the tell-tale envelope, yet he could not find it.

Not that these scenes occurred very often, no oftener than such jealous moments should occur in the marital lives of two young people devoted to each other,—is not jealousy the barometer of love?

It was the recollection of the foregoing that deterred J. Henry from writing his wife the night before. He had lingered over his oysters a little too long, his mind pleasantly occupied with the airs he had heard and the attractive—seemingly attractive—young women he had seen. When he rose from his little supper he thought of writing, but in a spirit of caution he carefully read the hours of "Collections" printed on the card fastened to the front of the huge mail box in the corridor and saw that the next was not "due at Post Office" until 2 A. M.—fatal hour.

No, no, none of that for him; he would rather take the chances of writing in the morning,—brilliant thought! He could date the letter a day ahead and let the baffled Post Office do its worst.

A long prelude to a short story.

He dropped down before the writing desk in the corner near the candy stand and hurriedly seized the first sheet of paper in the rack,—it was a sheet of folded note, small, dainty, with the monogram of the hotel in gold.

He had no time to write a long letter, just a line or two to say he was well, a word or two about the "Girl with the Goo-Goo Eyes,"—"not bad,—not half so bad as the papers make out," he urged apologetically. "While you would not care for it, it is just the show for a tired business man,"—the phrase had caught his fancy; he did not know that to the tired business man is charged all the trash produced behind the foot-lights.

He filled the first and last pages of the folded sheet, bit the pen-holder and glanced at the clock, he had twenty minutes to get down town. He really could think of nothing more to say, he would write later in the day. He quickly addressed his envelope, sealed it and mailed it.

When Mrs. Smith opened the letter she read those two pages with more than casual interest.

She had the sharpened curiosity of a woman, a wife, a young wife, whose husband, alone in a great city, had skipped a day in his correspondence. This very natural curiosity was whetted to razor-like edge by the apologetic references to "The Girl," etc., etc., an entertainment so notorious the local papers had printed sensational reports concerning it.

"The tired business man, umph!" she exclaimed beneath her breath. "How about the tired housewife?"

Many things flashed through her mind as she re-read the two-page letter,—he had never before written less than three or four pages.

Half mechanically she opened the folded sheet and there—

Well! in a small feminine hand the following:

"Dear Old Harry:

You are the sweetest chap in the world to send me all those flowers and the note tucked away inside. I will wear the violets to-night and look for you in the front row. You must take me to Rector's for supper.

Your own,
'Girl with the G. G. Eyes.'

Thursday."

And that was the day he didn't write. That was the night he went to the theatre.

It was all plain now, flowers, theatre, supper at Rector's. No wonder he mailed that first unlucky letter at 2 A. M., an hour when respectable married men are in bed and asleep. Time, in a measure, had blurred the memory of that first offence, she had even persuaded herself his explanation might be true, the Post Office might have been at fault.

For nearly a year that envelope had rested undisturbed in the toe of an old shoe on a shelf in the closet,—a shelf Harry had searched more than once without suspecting the shoe. Now she drew it from its hiding place and put it side by side with the horribly incriminating note.

The one proved the other, both demonstrated the duplicity of the man she loved,—man who, under pretext of going to the city on business, indulged in midnight suppers, gave flowers to actresses, wrote compromising letters, sat in front rows, behaved, in short, as unprincipled men are reputed to behave.

The first offence was more or less obscured by a fairly plausible explanation, the second admitted of no explanation,—it was too palpable for words. She would not give him an opportunity to explain, she would act at once, she—she would go to a lawyer, that was the only thing a self-respecting wife could do.

She went to her father.

Her father had been a druggist. In his day he, too, had made periodical trips to the city for the latest nostrums—and mild diversion.

Of all men—next to physicians—druggists should be charitable toward human frailities.

As a matter of fact he was charitable and he did his best to heal the breach. To his daughter he pointed out how easily she might be in error, that no particular Harry was mentioned, etc., etc.

"But, papa, he—"

"Yes, my dear, I know, it looks as if he did, but appearances are deceptive. He will explain everything, you see if he doesn't. He's not the man to do that sort of thing."

His tone almost carried conviction.

She looked up at him with tears in her eyes, "Oh, papa, do you really think so?"

To his son-in-law, he sent a brief note, "You —— fool, you better come home."

When J. Henry Smith received that note he knew trouble was brewing. His father-in-law had never addressed him in such familiar language but once; that was early in the envelope episode when he asked in accents of profound contempt, "You blamed idiot, why don't you let some one else mail your letters?"

He took the afternoon train for home. The ex-druggist met him at the depot with a cynical smile and these words,

"My advice to you, young man, is to tell her the truth."

"The truth?" J. Henry exclaimed.

"There ain't no way out of it this time."

"Out of what?"

"Oh, that's all right, I've been to town once or twice myself, but I never made such a blamed fool of myself as you have."

"See here, I don't know—"

"There's no need of you and me wasting words. I've got her into a forgivin' frame of mind an' she's waitin' for you, —make a clean breast of it."

"What on earth?—"

"The more you hold back the worse it'll be."

"If you will only tell me—"

"That's all right, Jimmy," about town, he was 'Jimmy', "I've taken 'em out to supper but I never writ no notes, nor threw away good money on bouquets,—I wasn't that kind of a Johnny."

"Look here, you hardened old sinner," J. Henry was getting mad, "I don't know what you are talking about and what's more, I don't believe you do,—you're crazy, that's what's the matter with you."

With that, J. Henry grabbed his satchel and made for the nearest public conveyance, an old four-wheeler that had seen better days; he was so mad he would not ride in his father-in-law's eight-horsepower automobile.

His wife did not meet him at the door as usual. Nor, when he called, did she answer. He found her in their room upstairs, seated near the front window where she must have seen him come in.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, when she did not rise to greet him.

"I'm waiting," was her only response, in a voice so hard it almost cracked.

"Wating for what?"

"For you to tell me."

"Tell you what?" this atmosphere of calm conviction was beginning to get on his nerves.

"About her," his wife continued in lugubrious tone.

"About her! Who?—what under the sun are you talking about, Matilda?"

"Oh, Henry," his wife called him Henry in moments of tension, otherwise and usually, "Harry,"—"oh, Henry," she repeated.

He dropped down in a chair near her and heaved the sigh of a greatly injured man,—at least that was the sigh he intended to heave, but to her ears it sounded like the soughing of guilt.

"If you will be so good as to tell me what is on your mind perhaps I'll be able to relieve you—" he was sarcastic, but she went on as if he had not spoken.

"Is she pretty?"

"Pretty!—" that was all he could do, just echo her words.

"Did she like the flowers?"

"Flowers!—"

"What did you have for supper?" her anger was getting the better of her,—he, too, was beginning to feel the strain.

"See here, Matilda, I've had about enough of this talking in the dark, your father met me at the train—"

"Dear papa," she wiped her eyes.

"And talked like an old ass—"

She flared up.

"You needn't call papa names; if it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't have found me here."

"What do you mean?"

"I left this house for good, my things —some of them—are over at papa's yet; he made me promise to forgive you if you told me the whole truth and promised never—"

He had risen. J. Henry was aroused. He resented these nameless charges.

"Matilda," he stood right in front of her, "if you don't tell me what you're talking about, I'll—I'll—" he didn't know what he would do, neither did she, hence the awfulness of the threat.

"Henry," she replied quickly but with dignity, "I had made up my mind to forgive you if you told me the truth at the outset, but if you persist in denying—"

"I don't persist in denying, I don't know what I'm charged with."

She shook her head mournfully, "Just like the other time when you mailed that letter at two o'clock."

He groaned. "You're not going to rake up that old letter."

"No, there's no need raking that up,—there's another."

"Another! At two A. M.!" he collapsed.

"No, this one was the next morning, so much the worse, as papa said, to think you could do such a thing the next morning when you were sober."

"Sober! Sober! The old idiot, I was never drunk in my life, and what's more, I never sold whiskey through a soda fountain." That was a hot one for the ex-druggist.

"Henry!"

"Well, I never did, and I'd like to know what business he's got poisoning your mind—"

"He hasn't poisoned my mind, poor papa, you'll break his heart."

"I'll break his head if he comes around here interfering—"

"You needn't try to get out that way; if you won't tell, then I'll have to do as I said I would, leave you forever."

He looked at her speechless.

"But before I go," she continued in the same dramatic manner, "I want to ask you if you recognize this letter?"

She drew from her bosom the letter he had written.

"Of course, I wrote that letter," replied he testily. His conscience had pricked him when he wrote it: by some subtle law of association the blood rushed to his cheeks now, he looked guilty; she noted the look; he noted her look, and blushed more furiously.

"You still persist in keeping silent," she gave him one more chance.

"Tilly," he protested more earnestly, "if you will only tell me—"

"It's no use," this time she stood up in the attitude of a woman who had made up her mind, "You are unrepentant, you don't want to be forgiven, well, there is your letter, it won't help you to destroy it," she hastened to add as he took the folded sheet, "for I have a photograph of it—in my kodak."

"That's mighty good of you, Matilda, to photograph my letter, but why?"

"Look inside and you will see,—that is the side I photographed."

He opened the sheet of paper and read the note from the "Girl with the G. G. Eyes" to her unknown Harry. He stared

at the sheet a moment in dumb amazement and then began to understand.

"Did you think that was written to me?" he asked, with a laugh that was not much of a laugh.

"It says 'Dear old Harry,'" she replied in a tone of certainty.

"She never wrote me,—it was meant for some one else; she must have left the note on the desk, and I used the paper without looking inside," as he spoke, it all seemed quite clear to him. He even recalled the dimly lighted corner in the reading room, and how hurried he was. "I never noticed," he added, and was going on in most matter-of-fact tone, it all seemed so natural, he even laughed to think he had written a letter to his wife on the back of a note from "The Girl, etc., etc."

"You think that is a good story," his wife interrupted frigidly, "but the court may not agree with you," and before he could say another word, she was out of the room, out the front door with a bang, and down the front walk. Half dazed, he watched her turn up the street in the direction her father lived.

Later, the old gentleman called; he wasted no time debating the matter.

"James, when a man is caught with the goods on him, there's no use trying to wriggle out."

"I never got that note," Jimmy repeated doggedly.

"You must have, for you wrote your letter on the other side."

"I tell you I picked up the first sheet that was handy, I didn't open it."

The ex-druggist winked and shook his head.

"James, I put it to you as a man of some—not much—common sense, is it reasonable to believe that girl would write such a note and go away and forget it? Now, is it?"

Jimmy was obliged to acknowledge it was not a reasonable supposition, "but she must have," he urged with such an appearance of earnestness his father-in-law looked upon him as beyond redemption.

"Very well," he said at length, "I warned you. I gave you a chance, if you had followed my advice and made a clean breast of it, Matilda was prepared to forgive you—on certain conditions she would have continued to live under your roof, as it is there's no telling what she'll do."

He rose to go.

"Do you mean to say she won't come back?" Jimmy could not believe his ears.

"Come back! Come back!" the old man shouted in what sounded like a burst of righteous indignation, "would you expect my daughter to live with a man who consorts with actresses?" Then in a more matter-of-fact tone, "James, you are more kinds of a —— fool than I thought you were; you don't know women; all you had to do was to own up and promise never to do it again and she would have cried herself to sleep in your arms, —as it is you are in for it."

And so he was.

A few days later, he received a note from her lawyer. He and Jimmy had known each other all their lives; they were the best of friends.

The lawyer eyed him over the rims of his glasses very much as he would eye a boy caught stealing apples.

"This is a bad business, Jim."

"I say, old fellow, that note wasn't meant for me," Jimmy's voice had lost its ring of assurance, his tone was almost pleading, as if he was begging the other to believe him.

"Of course I wouldn't expect you to own up to me; I'm acting for your wife."

"You don't really mean she wants a divorce," Jimmy leaned forward anxiously.

"Um—um—not exactly a divorce, that would leave you free to marry the woman in the case—"

"There isn't any woman in the case—"

"A separation will answer," the lawyer continued calmly.

"By jingo! I'll fight it,—I'll fight it," Jimmy was slow to anger but once aroused, well! "She can't prove anything on me."

"This letter," the lawyer slowly drew the tell-tale letter from a large envelope on his desh.

"I tell you, it was never—" Jimmy began excitedly, but the other held up his hand.

"I know, I know, but even your father-in-law does not believe that and he is—

ahem—a man of the world,—a man of—"

"A hoary headed old reprobate, that's what he is, if he thinks I'm guilty," Jimmy retorted hotly.

"Don't get excited, don't get excited, I sent for you to say that even now if you would go to your wife and confess your—"

"Confess nothing!" Jimmy shouted, jumping up, "when a man has done nothing do you want him to say he has?"

"I'm sorry, Jimmy, circumstances are against you, and I had hoped you would not persist in an explanation that, to say the least, is rather improbable on the face of it."

Jimmy bolted out the door and rushed across the street to Judge Truley's. The judge was reputed the best lawyer in the county,—he was certainly the shrewdest. With his feet on the window-sill and chewing the stub of a cigar he had seen Jimmy go up the stairway of the block on the opposite side, and had watched him come flying down again and start across the street.

The judge guessed the cause for the whole town knew Mrs. Smith had left her husband on account of something he had done in New York.

When Jimmy entered the judge's office he was excited; he wasted no time in preliminary remarks.

"See here, judge, can a woman get a divorce from her husband when he's done nothing?"

"Why, certainly not,—sit down."

"That's what I told Blivvers over there, —he don't know enough law to last him over night."

"I thought Blivvers always attended to your business."

"Oh, yes, he's done what little collecting we've had to do but when it comes to divorces,—I want to say right now, if they go ahead with this business I want you to represent me; we'll give the old man the fight of his life; he's putting Blivvers up to this, 'tisn't Matilda."

"Tell me all about it," the judge leaned back and shifted the butt of the cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"Well, you see, it was like this—" and Jimmy began and told the story from the beginning exactly as he had told it to his father-in-law, his wife, and to Blivvers,—except that with each repetition the details stood out more clearly; he forgot nothing—not even the tabasco sauce on the oysters. He did not know it, but this very wealth of detail excited, rather than allayed, suspicion.

When he finished he looked at the judge anxiously; he could not help feeling the atmosphere was surcharged with scepticism.

The judge was looking out the window chewing the stub of the cigar. When he spoke it was in a kindly, a fatherly manner, as a gentle teacher might address an erring child.

"Jimmy, the story does you credit, but, —mind," he hastened to add as he noted Jimmy's gesture of protest, "I don't say I don't believe it, but,' he paused and eyed Jimmy out of the corner of his eye, "we'd have a devil of a time getting a jury to believe it."

"Do you mean to say—"

The judge did not allow him to finish but put a few terse questions.

"You went to the theatre?"

"Yes!"

You sat in the front row?"

"Yes."

"You saw the girl?"

"On the stage."

"You had supper after?"

"Alone."

"You wrote your wife about it?"

"Yes!"

"The mistake you made was in writing your letter on the back of the one the girl wrote you."

"But she didn't—" Jimmy protested; the judge did not let him finish.

"I'm your lawyer, am I not?"

"Yes!"

"Then we'll drop that story; if you had only come to me in the first place I might have fixed up a different explanation; it's too late now." There was a mournful ring to the judge's voice, the tone of a man compelled to handle a case that had been badly bungled.

"What 'm going to do?" Jimmy at length asked; he began to realize the futility of his defense,—it seemed clear enough to him for it was the truth, but his wife did not believe him, his father-in-law did not believe him, the lawyers

did not believe him, no one believed him; it was town talk he had been to New York and had a dickens of a time with an actress. His friends would wink at him as they passed, or dig their elbows into his ribs and chuckle, "You're a gay one, old man."

The best advice the judge could give was, "Make it up with her, own up and she'll forgive you."

"Own up to something I never did;" the note of protest, of outraged innocence, was not so strong as it had been in Blivvers' office; Jimmy was beginning to feel the relentless pressure of circumstances; he even began to doubt his own blamelessness,—was it possible he had sent the girl flowers and taken her to supper? He passed his hand across his forehead in a dazed way and left the office in a state of bewilderment.

Three days passed. He did not like being alone. The woman who did his cooking treated him coldly and fed him as if he was a convict. The experience was a refinement of the "third degree," he could not stand it, he would confess to anything rather than go on,—and why not? Everybody, except his wife, seemed to look upon the alleged episode as, in a sense, a feather in his cap; the men envied his acquaintance with so famous a stage beauty.

On the fourth day he went to his wife and humbly admitted everything.

"You sent her the flowers?"

"Yes."

"You took her to supper?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how could you?" she sobbed.

"I dunno, I just did."

"The brazen hussy!"

"That's what she is," he assented warmly.

"Was—was she pretty?" she asked with a woman's natural curiosity.

"So—so—" he replied indifferently.

"A blonde, the papers say."

"Yes, that's right, blue eyes and golden hair."

"I hate blondes."

"So do I."

"Then why—?" she could not go on, but burst into tears.

"I was a fool," he said, and folded her in his arms.

They went back to their house, the current of their lives moved on without a ripple, save now and then she would persist in asking for additional details concerning that unlucky night,—what they had for supper, what she said, what he said, and so on, and so on, as only a loving and jealous wife can pursue a rival's memory.

At first it required no little ingenuity on his part to repeat the minor details without disconcerting variations, but in time the story settled into well-worn grooves and without an effort he would answer. He stumbled once over "Bluepoints," and for one whole day, he and Mrs. Smith were estranged, "You know you said Cotuits," she snapped and left the room.

The ex-druggist betrayed more curiosity than a man of his years should have exhibited concerning midnight suppers. Jimmy took a malicious delight in describing the girl as a creature bewitching beyond words, young, pretty, fascinating.

"By jingo, I don't blame you, Jimmy," the old man murmured.

Time passed. The phenomenal Metropolitan run of the "Girl with the Goo-Goo Eyes" came to an end and, as ever happens, the company took to the road.

It was billed to appear at the local opera house the following Monday.

From the first announcement in the local papers, Jimmy looked forward to the event with apprehension, but he said not a word. As the date drew near his friends would smile at him and say, "I suppose you are going to see your girl," or "Don't forget to send her some flowers," and so on until he dreaded going on the street.

Matilda maintained an ominous silence. He knew she had something on her mind, something she would spring on him sooner or later; he waited in a state of gloomy foreboding.

Sunday passed, not a word. Monday morning, not a word. He came home for dinner in the middle of the day, she was as sweet as ever, but evidently preoccupied.

After dinner she said calmly, "That girl is in town."

"Yes," he assented meekly.

"I'm going to see her," she went on with decision.

"Oh, my dear, I'm sure you wouldn't like the show."

"I'm not going to see the show, I'm going to see her."

"But you can't see her without seeing the show."

"Yes, I can, for I am going down to the hotel and you are going with me; she's there now."

He nearly fell off his chair, "Going down to the,—why, Matilda, you are crazy."

"No, I'm not,—get your hat."

He made heroic efforts to dissuade her, to convince her of the impropriety, the ridiculousness, etc., etc., but his arguments fell on the deaf ears of a woman whose mind was made up.

"There's no use of your talking, I'm going to see her,—come along."

They went.

At the end of the hall on the fourth floor, they knocked at a door, and knocked again loudly. At the second knock, a sharp voice shouted, "Come in."

Matilda entered boldly, he followed reluctantly.

There was a strong odor of some kind of cheese and of fried onions. Breakfast dishes, recently abandoned, littered the table in the center. In a chair near the window a frowsy, middle-aged woman, in a faded wrapper, sat mending a pink silk stocking.

Matilda drew back, "I beg pardon, I was looking for Miss Violet Bellefleur—"

"You needn't back out,—I'm Miss Bellefleur."

Matilda was so surprised she could only stammer, "You—are you the Girl with the—?"

"Goo-Goo Eyes? That's me," the woman laughed.

"But you—you aren't a—blonde."

"Well, I should say not,—no peroxide for me off the stage."

"He—he said your eyes were blue," she was on the point of crying.

"Who said that?" the woman dropped her stocking and looked at her callers in amazement.

Matilda could only point to Jimmy and say, almost choking, "My husband."

"Listen to that! What in the world does he know about my eyes?"

"He—he sent you flowers, and—and took you to supper," this time she did cry.

The woman jumped up and put her arms about Matilda in motherly fashion. "You poor thing, I never saw him in my life," then she turned on Jimmy fiercely, "What do you mean telling your wife a lot of stuff like that?"

"She made me tell her," Jimmy replied with some asperity, he began to feel that he was getting more than was rightfully coming to him.

Matilda drew out a crumpled letter, "Didn't you write him that?"

The woman looked at the note she had written, thought a moment, then called out in her loud voice, "Harry, Harry."

"What is it?" the voice came from the adjoining room, it was the voice of a man who did not wish to be disturbed.

"Look here."

"Can't, not dressed."

"Stick your head through the curtains."

Harry's head, when thrust between the velour portieres, proved to be very bald with a fringe of red hair framing a fiery red face.

"If here isn't the letter I wrote at the Waldorf over a year ago and never sent —now, I hope you'll believe me."

Harry blinked his eyes and looked at the letter doubtfully.

"The old fool—he's my husband,—accused me of writing some one else; get your clothes on and come out here."

The bald head disappeared.

"So your husband wrote a letter on the other side of my note and you thought I was writing him! It's as good as a play,—but," she turned to Jimmy, "why didn't you tell her?"

"I did."

"And she wouldn't believe you,—made you own up to a lie,—just like a woman; it's better'n a play—such things couldn't happen on the stage,—what are you going to do about it?" The "Girl" wasn't young, she wasn't pretty, but she had a sense of humor. The situation caught her fancy.

"I don't know," Matilda sobbed, "everybody thinks—"

"That he took me out to supper,—there wouldn't have been any harm in that even if he had, now, would there? I'm most old enough to be his mother. But he didn't, so you can rest easy. As for the rest of the town, it will be an awful come-down if they find out, you'd never get over it; just let them go on thinking he did. Both of you come tonight, sit right down in front; I'll manage to throw a few goo-goo eyes in his direction and everybody will talk about what a fellow he is, and what a wonderful wife you are to put up with it all,—you will have the laugh on your side."

The suggestion appealed to Jimmy; Matilda was too dazed to comprehend it at the moment.

Once in their own house she found words for her indignation.

"To think you have deceived me all this time," she burst out amidst sobs.

"I—I—" Jimmy stammered in amazement, "why, I told you—"

"No, you didn't, you said she was young and pretty—"

"How could I tell she wasn't?"

"That she had blue eyes and golden hair—"

"I didn't know she wore a wig."

"And you said you had those—those oysters for supper."

"So I had—by myself."

"I'll never forgive you—never so long as I live."

"What! for not doing the things you thought I did—for behaving myself?—I call that pretty tough, a man might as well—"

"When they see her the whole town will laugh at you."

"Oh, no, it won't," Jimmy replied confidently, "she's a beauty on the stage."

"People will laugh at me for being such a fool."

"That was your own fault," he replied unsympathetically, "you would have it that I took her out to supper."

"What are we going to do?" she asked helplessly.

He thought a moment, then with conviction, "The best thing to do is follow her advice and no one will be any the wiser."

And that is what they did. Jimmy purchased two seats in the front row. The Girl was so radiantly beautiful with her golden hair and pink cheeks, and made eyes at him so pointedly that he blushed violently. Every woman in the house looked at Mrs. Smith sympathetically; every man eyed Jimmy enviously; a bunch of property flowers in the second act was attributed to him.

The next day his father-in-law said, "James, my boy, she was a peach."

To an over-solicitous old maid, Matilda said with dignity,

"I called on Miss Bellefleur, she is a charming—ahem—woman."

Matilda could not bring herself to say 'young'—why should she tell a lie?

Dumb

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

Life's silent friendships oft are best:
Love seals some lips from speech
That they when words would fail by deed
Some untouched heart may reach.

Derby Day

By CARL S. HANSEN

"DARBY DAY" is an English institution and has no parallel in American sports, either in racing, football, or baseball. In fact, its national character is so unique that one could scarcely describe a Derby at all merely by telling of the races, which are merely a nucleus for a vast gathering of people whose presence is an event far overshadowing the races themselves in interest. Without its scores of thousands making a pilgrimage to Epsom Downs and giving it the color and fascination of a medieval Canterbury pilgrimage, the Derby would have no more significance than a meet in the midwinter mud at San Francisco.

Strictly speaking, the Derby is but a single race of a series lasting four days, at Epsom Downs, a town fourteen miles southwest of London. The races come at the end of May and the Derby, the most important event, occurs on the second day. It was instituted by the Earl of Derby, in 1779, and the course, like several other tracing courses in England, is free to the public. It is doubtless this last feature that has made "Darby Day" so popular. The Englishman does not feel like an uninvited guest, or that he must pay, but feels it his right to be present. In consequence, Derby Day is an unofficial holiday and everybody goes, from king to cockney. A procession begins to leave London at three in the morning and lasts until noon; it begins to return at five and does not cease until midnight. Everybody carries a hamper to contribute to what is, perhaps, the biggest picnic in the world.

Of course, there are trains, special and regular, to carry one those fourteen miles; but the custom of walking and driving down to the course was established long before the primitive English train service was dreamed of, and it is still the custom to go by "road." And when one considers the edition de luxe prices which the English trains demand for their sleepy service, and the clumsy, cattle-like "compartments" for all classes, none of them much better than the cabooses used on western prairies, one does not wonder that the Londoner prefers to walk or to drive. Between the local English railway and a donkey, the Londoner, at least, appears to prefer the donkey.

It is a marvelous trek out from London, early on Derby Day. Tally-hos, motor-cars, bicycles, four-in-hands, provision wagons, antiquainted omnibuses, vans, and vegetable carts, aid the thousands of pedestrians to kick up a dust. Every conceivable class and caste is represented as the hurrying procession winds along the green-hedged roads. Smart folks in six-cylinders honk a demand for the right of way, the men wearing black ties and the women black under their dust wraps, by way of mourning for the late king. A man and a woman on a tandem bicycle go by, with bands of crape on their left arm, both laughing heartily. A number of "clarks" have hired a coach, with a man in livery who carries a long horn, and they don't mind letting the world know that they own it for the day. Three costers, one male and two female, sit in a low-wheeled vegetable-cart driving a pair of tiny donkeys; and in a tiny box, on top of the donkeys' hay, are two more costers. They urge the little beasts forward and voice their admiration of the immense hampers slung to the back of a four-horse coach which is hurrying by them. "Ite! Kisses o' beer!" exclaims one of the girls, in awe; "Ite!" She and her female friends are wearing the inevitable black flat straw hats and furs of their class. "'Arriet" has arrived as soon as

she owns a bit of fur, of any kind, and she exhibits it as proudly in summer as in winter. All the party in the donkey-cart are full grown but undersized, with a tendency to stoop, and their necks seem unnaturally short. The slum type seems machine-made, all of a low stature, with dumpy hands and feet and not half enough nose; but they are a jolly set, these costers, free from care so long as

first, for he, too, has but one leg; but he is more enterprising and is balancing himself on his crutch and beating out a clog dance with his single foot, on a piece of stone laid on top of a low table, to the time of a barrel-organ. A man with white hands and blackened face, brilliant green tam-o-shanter, dress coat, and red-and-black striped trousers, beats the luminous void with tunes from his banjo,



Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE AT EPSOM DOWNS

the world is not too hard upon them.

You pass into Epsom Downs through a lane of beggars, minstrels, and hawkers, many of whom have been waiting for you all night, as the ashes of their camp-fires, scattered every few yards, testify. A sailor with only one leg stands, cap in hand, calling: "I'm the lucky sailor! Give the lucky sailor a penny, and be lucky all day at the races!" A few feet farther along is another sailor, as unlucky as the

but in vain. Two blind musicians, one playing the violin and the other an organ, demand a gratuity. Three youthful singers with white caps and shoes, gracefully dance and sing, and hold up a violet plush bag for pennies. The only one who is not begging is a forlorn-looking boy of about nine, sleeping in a sitting posture beside the road, with one leg curled beneath the other, exposing five dirty pink toes and a naked sole.

By the time you arrive at the race course, the whole town is after you. Villainous looking tramps with wild eyes, unkempt beards, and clothes that beat Joseph's coat for patches, swarm out of the bushes and offer to lead you to places where you don't want to go, for sixpence. Everybody is offering you chunks of this and that to eat, at prices from a penny up. You can have cold hard-boiled eggs, cold fried fish, or broiled lobster—the last at a shilling. A jellied-eel man will give you four spoonsful of a substance sworn to be jellied eel, which you are at liberty to pepper out of all taste and suspicion. You compassionately watch an Italian vending America's latest invasion of England—penny ice-cream sandwiches; and you reflect that it will take five years for him to educate a trade of sufficient size to afford a living.

When you look out over the green race-course, built in the hills, you catch your breath. One hundred and fifty thousand people are picknicking on both sides of it, walking as they eat, or sitting in the daisies, or perched on top of their vehicles, some of the latter being the "motor 'busses" you ride in when in London. Then you begin to see the usefulness of a vehicle on "Darby" Day; it is a means of conveyance, it will carry a hamper that you couldn't possibly stagger under, and it is a glorious private grandstand. A third of the fun of Derby Day is in the fact that it is a picnic. You see plenty of people sitting on top of the hoods of taxicabs, fishing stuffed pickles out of slender bottles and drinking everything from proof spirits to hot tea; for the Englishman is miserable beyond the possibility of smiling if he can't get his tea, whether he needs it or not.



Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE START FOR THE DERBY RACE AT EPSOM DOWNS, ENGLAND

It is only twelve o'clock and you have more than an hour before the first race begins. Off to the right is a grandstand a hundred and fifty feet high. The prices of admission are correspondingly high,

being a modest five dollars a seat. All about you is a chaos of sound and color. You hear the most infernal din to which you ever listened, and wonder what is up. Also, you try to make out what lies on the other side of the oblong course, within the inner circle, with its hundreds of tents of all shapes and sizes and its seething masses of people; and after a little you make out that it is a duplicate of what lies around you, a mushroom city, with streets in squares, occupied by thousands of bookers. I say "thousands" with my hand on my heart. The course is a mile and a half long, and it is paralleled with rows of men standing on soap-boxes, as close as they can stand, taking in bets. You rub your eyes. It is like the "side-show" of a huge fair. Every man Jack of them is spieling for all he is worth, giving odds to the people at a shilling a chance.

Behind each of these spielers stands a banner bearing his name, also a blackboard repeating the name in brass letters. He carries a satchel strapped about his neck, also a brass plate engraved with his name in black and red, with letters six inches high. Often he wears a silvery-white silk hat, with his name on the band, in letters of gold. In fact, he has a perfect genius for finding places to stick his name all over himself and the surrounding landscape. He also has a companion with a big book who "books" the particulars of each bet, while the better receives only a numbered ticket.

Each spieler, like a vaudeville artist, goes in for oddity. He craves a startling personality. Thus, one confident spieler with about nine showy signs, conspicuously proclaims on each: "This is Fred Bailey." Fred wears a very low-crowned silk *derby*, a gaudy purple bow tie, fancy vest, heavy gold chain, and those wonderful checked knickerbockers that you read about in the comic papers. Next to him is modest "Jim Fells," looking as much like an Admiral as a London tailor can make a London cockney look, covered with gold rope and gold braid. As if this were not startling enough, Jim has wound about his middle a leather sash, seven inches wide, studded with half-crowns. Next to Jim is "Your Old Friend Harry." Harry isn't old, at all. He's about thirty, and, despite the heat, he is encased in a heavy white woolen sweater, white ducks, and soft white cap. On Harry's left is "Jock Fergusson, Cock o' the North." Jock wears a feather, a plaid around his cap, and a heavy plaid sash, and he looks like Harry Lauder or one of the "Campbells is Comin'."

Scores of thousands of spectators, of all castes, place bets with these spielers. It isn't such a mad thing to do, nor very expensive. It's a good deal like "ringing" canes at the fair, only this fair is a stupendous one, with horses to be ringed. The women bet with more gusto than the men. They pick out an unknown horse with a morning-glory sort of name, lose, and look aghast.

The crowd is happy and careless and not tremendously concerned, either with the races as races or with their shillings as shillings. They put up their shillings and pay very little attention to the mushroom spielers of the mushroom city, with their brass signs and fictitious names and residences, embracing every town in the United Kingdom. The crowds bet regardless of morals, faith, class, pocketbook, or previous experience in betting. Everybody bets, farmers, costers, housekeepers, charwomen, ministers, and princesses. It is the second third of the fun at the "Darby." Remember, we agreed that the first third was the picnic lunch. There's only one-third left—the races—and they haven't started yet.

I saw five of these mushroom bookmakers "welch." The first had a wonderful spiel, one that would make a showman sick with envy, and he gave reckless odds. People flocked to his stand and he must have taken in on the big race, before it started, at least twenty and possibly forty pounds. A moment before the horses came thundering down the course and while everybody's necks were stretched to view the great event, this bookmaker quietly closed his valise and dodged behind a refreshment stand. Thirty seconds later a cry was raised, but he had disappeared. Five minutes after I saw another "welcher" running and twisting his way through the crowd, everybody roaring after him "welcher!" But nobody in pursuit. It chanced that he was not wanted where he was running,

so no one held him and he got off, although he was probably hooted half way to the station. A third man, half an hour later, did not fare so well. He had closed his shop quietly, leaving his banner, blackboard, brass and all behind and slipped under the rail upon the course, which was then being cleared for the next race. But a score of men who had placed bets with him spied him and gave chase. The "welcher" appealed to the policemen, who were clearing for the course, for protection. Now, policemen, despite their affiliations with law and order, are of the people and have their prejudices, and one of their prejudices is a dislike of "welchers." Using the excuse of clearing the course, they pushed the chap back to the fence. He wanted to sit on the grass, away from the crowd, but the police were relentless and pushed him under. Instantly the crowd fell upon him. The way of the Superman is hard —when he's nailed. They blacked his eyes, kicked and cuffed him, and all but killed him. One man came out of the crowd with skinned knuckles, panting: "Well, I got *my* shilling's worth out of the fox!" After a time the police rescued the welcher and put him behind a motor car, out of harm's way. "Clear off!" they said to the crowd; "he's got what's coming to him! Now let him alone!" So the crowd let him alone. After the races I saw this "welcher" sitting among the daisies with his black eyes, taking matters philosophically. He had lost no teeth, he was still alive, and he still had the crowd's money. Perhaps he made twenty-five dollars to pay for his licking, and many an amateur prize-fighter takes a harder drubbing for less.

The racing events on Derby Day are usually five, coming at intervals of three-quarters of an hour. Immediately after each event the throngs file on front of the bookmakers to receive their shillings or to invest fresh ones, or else they swarm over the course itself. On the course, "tipsters," or tippers appear in astonishing profusion and with every variety of spiel, offering to give advice (for a shilling) as to which horse to bet on in the next race. Of the remaining third of the three parts of interest in the race, you ungrudgingly give these artists a share.

The "One-Eyed Scot," warranted sound (except in eyesight), for twenty years adviser of rich and poor alike, stands aloof and disdainful, with twenty medals (from the junk-shop) on his breast, wearing jockey clothes, while two brisk Scotchmen with bagpipes and in the full regalia of the Highlander, prance around him in a circle. Four forlorn hoboes bear aloft the banner of the "One-Eyed," and four more reverently lay other banners upon the grass within the circle, all proclaiming the infallibility of the tipster. Presently the Scot begins his spiel, to a throng of three hundred. He laughs at the timid, who failed to buy his advice in the race just run; everybody would have had money in his pocket now, if he had bet on Maxine, as he advised. It is a hard world, and he feels his situation deeply; in fact, he feels much like a reformer who knows what is good for the people, but to whom no attention is given. Will people continue to be timid? Will they refuse to take the tip of a man of twenty-two years' experience, who has reduced horse-racing to a science? He hardly thinks that even the British public, so noted for its folly, will continue foolish, when his help is offered. He sells a circular, warranted to bring you back to London if you have walked down, on a motor if you have come with a donkey, and with a bank-account if you have come on a motor.

Next to him is a spieler with "inside information." He is the real thing, and he looks it. He is a gray old man, with a tall silk hat, a buttonaire, and a faded overcoat reaching to his heels, the collar and cuffs being deeply fringed with fur. He is bronzed, has a nose like an Indian, and is distinguished by a Gladstone collar and a field glass carried on a strap. He tells you the plain truth, and doesn't work it out by mathematics, either; in brief, "some one" has told him who is to win the next race, and he will tell any man for a shilling.

Next to him is a boy with all his front teeth knocked out, who goes around in a crouching attitude, turning an overcoat over and over, who tells you in a hard, sneering voice that he is a jockey and that nobody but a jockey can pick a winner.

And you can get still other things for your money, or without money if you don't care to pay. For a penny you can throw balls at cocoanuts perched on wire frames, and keep all you knock down. It looks easy, but it isn't. You can also throw light wooden rings, five inches across, at a table chock-full of London candy and New York alarm-clocks; ditto, as above. Or you can ride on the hides the runners, as a twisted stream everything else there. Part of this course hides a boat race; and the short home-stretch (the favorite stand of sightseers) has a declivity that would be a delight to the scorching bike fiend. The horses come thundering down this short decline, kicking up the turf and the pretty daisies shamefully, their bodies hissing as they rush by, with a mad flash of jockey



Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

TICK TACKERS AT WORK

merry-go-round, or watch an old pirate of a man, with a bald head and gray whiskers, tie himself into a thousand knots and then bawl for coppers to be thrown upon the grass before he will consent to free himself without assistance. Some old men are *so* foolish.

As for the races themselves, in which your interest is now reduced to about one-thirteenth, they are different from anything in America. The course is laid over beautiful, gentle, rolling ground, with several steep places and almost no level stretch at all. It is simply a course laid on the low hills at Epsom, and it is handsomely carpeted with daisies, as is colors and boyish voices urging the steeds on. And as usual in each race the most conspicuous horse is that solitary animal that comes in last, about thirty lengths behind the pack. Any way, he's usually *my* horse.

Real lords and dukes, and sometimes real kings, compete; and the character of the patrons is said to be so high that none of them would run a crooked race. If you lose your shilling, you may be sure it wasn't their fault. Last year, Edward VII. won the Derby and everybody was so pleased that they poured over the course (real common folks, with pens behind their ears brought from their



Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE FINISH OF THE 1910 DERBY

counting-houses, and real ordinary fellows who carry the hod when their unions have no grievance against anybody) and just slapped the King on the back and said: "Bully, old boy!" They were that pleased; and King Edward was that pleased with himself that he let them do it.

SYMPATHY

By MURIEL E. WINDRAM

Ah, mute and clogged and helpless I,
Who know how much you bear!
I see your cell of suffering
But may not enter there.

If all the tears that I might shed
Were balm to ease your pain,
How quick I'd weep my heart away
And smile for you again.

The Sister

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

BOOK II.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Thank thee," Ruth turned on him with a little courtesy. "It is most kind of thee to say so."

He laughed, "And let me tell you, that I think your way of speaking is the sweetest I ever heard."

"It should be," said Ruth gravely. "It is the speech of the Bible, of the disciples and their Master."

"That is true, it is much like the English Bible, but of course, Christ and his disciples first spoke in Hebrew or Greek—" Then he stopped abruptly, Ruth's eyes were turned full upon him, her lips were parted in amazement.

"Why—I—are you sure?"

"Why yes, as sure as one can be. That is if you mean—" She changed the subject rashly with a little frown still on her brow. "Then thou didst not like my sermon itself?"

"Yes, indeed, it was most excellent."

Again she turned and studied him with her wide, soft eyes. Then she shook her head, turning away. "Thou art keeping something back, I see it."

"What will you give me if I tell you?"

"I have nothing to give, save my thanks."

"But you may not give me your thanks when I tell."

"Nay, I am not vain," cried Ruth.

"But if I flatter, I fear to displease you too. What shall I do?"

"Give me the truth," cried Ruth; she stopped in the path and turned on him. "The truth is always helpful."

"Few women mean that when they say it."

"I am not like—" cried Ruth, then she caught her breath and looking at him, laughed charmingly. "Indeed I am like the vainest woman. Why should I care what thy thought is. I am most foolish." She drew up her head and walked on, but he was still at her side.

"I will tell you," he said quietly. "It was an excellent sermon, but it was not wholly pleasing to me to see a young woman deliver it. A woman's best preaching, I think, is not done in that way."

Again she stared amazed at him. What new doctrines were now being presented!

"Wherefore?"

"Because it seems to me that a woman works best quietly, without the applause of the public; that her place is in the quiet of the home making a family happy."

Then a subtle change came over the sweet, innocent face drinking in his words. She gave a soft tinkle of a laugh and threw up her head.

"Oh, thou dost not understand," she explained sweetly. "It may be so with some women who must needs live a worldly life, but for us who have been taught of the spirit there is something far higher—to feed men's souls. We live above the seen and temporal in the unseen and eternal." She spoke in the sweet tone she could not lose, but very decidedly.

"Pardon me," he said pleasantly. "I see. I had thought there was nothing better for a good, sweet woman than to help some man along in life."

Ruth shook her head at him with her certain little smile. "Oh, nay, the Sister's best followers never marry. They live a happier, higher life as I shall."

He looked at her with his deep black eyes for a moment without speaking, and Ruth excused herself quickly. "I hear voices, the people have almost overtaken

us. I have indeed loitered. I am sorry thou didst not like my sermon." She gave him a little nod over her shoulder.

"I said not so," he cried; "before you say goodbye tell me when you preach again, and I will not try to speak to you then, I came to tell you that I did not know that it was against your Sunday custom."

She shook her head mischievously, looking back at him. "Nay, nay," she said, "not because thou didst speak, but because I could not speak before thy disapproving eyes, I shall never invite thee. Farewell," and she was gone.

He stood watching her slender figure, until it turned by a gray tree-trunk. He stood watching this one tree, until a voice sounded behind him and he turned to see a young man in the brown garb facing him.

"A pleasant walk," said the young man bowing at him with a curl of his lip.

George Trowbridge did not answer, his gaze passed over the young fellow as if he neither heard nor saw him. Then George Trowbridge took a shorter path through the woods to his home.

Ruth arrived at the door of the Sister's house just as the Sister's carriage drove up the street behind the funeral train. At her door it stopped and Caleb Brown was helped out and into the house. Mary Bennett, at the door, was receiving the Sister's orders before Deborah went on to pray at the grave.

"Make him lie down in his own room, Mary. He is well now, but weak."

Ruth left Caleb to Mary. The Sister's household knew his weakness well.

"Hast thou missed me mother?" asked Ruth, as she came at once into her mother's room.

"Nay dear, I am resting," said her mother smiling faintly from her pillow, "and Mary is a kindly nurse."

"Mother," said Ruth suddenly, sitting down by the bed and smoothing the thin hands with their swollen veins, "did thy married life seem to thee a sorry burden?"

"All things seem to me now a burden," said Sarah.

Ruth rolled her bonnet strings nervously for a moment then said, "Thou wouldst not have me marry, wouldst thou, mother?"

"Nay Ruth, not unless thy heart compelled thee. Marriage is an awful thing that none but God should help or hinder," her voice fell to a whisper.

"Mother," said Ruth, she too spoke in a whisper, "why didst thou name me Ruth? I have never told thee, but I do not like the story. A woman who would go after a man and at the bidding of her mother-in-law; why mother I think she was a poor, weak thing—"

"Ruth, regard the Holy Word. Thou didst not read it right," said her mother's horrified voice.

Ruth, without argument, rose to put away her cloak and bonnet. But while she was busy here she suddenly gave a startled "Oh," then after a moment:—"I forgot quite,—but she did not forbid me, and I may teach him—surely I should try, but to-day I fear he taught me—" A little gleam came into her eyes and the little hollow to the corner of her lip—"surely he did try."

When the Sister came home from the funeral, she brought a command for Ruth to preach the next Lord's day.

"Oh, but I cannot," said Ruth feebly. "It is so near—there is so short a time."

"I will excuse thee from all other duty," said the Sister decisively. "Even as thou didst write the other sermon, thou didst tell me there were other thoughts in thy mind. Prepare for it at once."

There was no appeal from Deborah's most decisive voice, and Ruth prepared for the service with a troubled mind.

But Sarah noting Ruth's anxious face, questioned her and expostulated with Deborah. "It is too much for the child. She is weary with watching over me and two sermons in a week at first are too many."

"Do I not know what is best for her, Sarah?" asked Deborah calmly. "Have I not done much more than this in the interval of my labors? If she will follow after, she must learn the hard as well as the easy things. And hard spiritual work will divert her mind from worldly channels."

When the Sabbath came, Ruth was not well prepared; she was weary in body, and anxious over her mother. But as

she stood in the pulpit as on that other Sunday morning, again the Sister's commendatory words were ringing in her ears, as she braced herself for her duty. After the dreadful first moments she went on well, with the inspiration of listening faces to help her.

Then in the midst of it, the door opened and George Trowbridge came in. Ruth's hands clutched at the velvet cushion, her nails dug far into the cloth; she forgot her sermon, all she could think of were the words: "It was not pleasing to me to see a young woman deliver it."

She moistened her lips that were parted and had turned white, but they could frame only those words; her eyes grew wider and wider, her lips dryer and dryer. The color left her face. She made a little sound in her throat. Her ears sung loudly, though her heart seemed to have stopped all sound. The mild quiet faces in front of her were a blur, only his face stood out. She would go on, what did she care for him? "There is nothing better for a sweet woman than to help a man." The knuckles stood out whitely on her hands. The church began to swing slowly around, perhaps it would turn all those waiting people on their expectant heads. If she could only die or feel the space below open.

Then Deborah's voice sounded behind her. "Let us repeat the ninetieth psalm." Ruth sank into the chair behind the pulpit and buried her hot, shamed face in her hands.

When the service was over and Deborah walked out, Ruth followed her as ever; but now with hanging head and slow step.

But when they came to the space between the church and the house, and Deborah would have turned to speak with Ruth, she found that she was not there; she saw her cloak flying across the field toward the wood.

Deborah smiled and walked calmly on; then she grew grave again and entered the house with head deep bent in thought.

Ruth flew into the first green shade, and flung herself on the ground at the base of a great pine. She buried her face in the rough pine needles and clutched at one of the many roots of this hundred-rooted tree.

"Oh, I hate myself, I hate myself, I hate myself!" she told the listening sods between her clinched teeth. Then there was a sound near. Could anybody be coming? Had she not exhibited enough of humiliation?

She sprang up with lithe quickness and stood facing George Trowbridge.

"Why art thou here?" she cried at him, her voice had its shrillest note. "Was it not enough to see me mocked in church? And it was thy fault, thine, thine." Her hands moved at her side, her eyes flashed at him. "It was because thou didst not approve that I could not go on. Go, I pray thee, go away. I can never hold up my head again."

"I am sorry," he said with real pity in his tone. She could not stop him just now for she was afraid her voice would break in sobs and that her eyes would melt with tears; he should not see her cry again this day.

"I will go as you ask me, Miss Wil liams, but if at any time I can be of service to you, I shall be only too happy.

"I hope I may never need service of thee," her voice still shrill, was difficult to control. "Only leave me I pray thee, leave me."

CHAPTER VI.

A Forlorn Hope.

During the bitter days that followed her failure, Deborah spoke no word of it to Ruth. She was gentler and sweeter to her than ever before, with infinite pity seeming to speak in the tones of her voice and to look from her eyes. Ruth found it hard to recover from the shame of her discomforture. Beulah was her world, her future, her life work, and before it she stood convicted of failure. And to the shame of what now seemed to her the downfall of her future, was added the mortification of having spoken rudely to George Trowbridge and of having made him the cause of her foolishness.

"What must he think of me? If I could but see him and apologize and tell him it was not his fault that I stammered and broke down. Of course not, indeed!

He must think my mind is centered on him. 'Twas watching with my mother and being weary and anxious." For her mother's condition was growing more critical; she daily grew weaker and it came to Ruth that the little pricks of wounded pride were nothing before the great problem at life's end.

One day she came into her mother's room, to find the Sister sitting on the edge of the bed, holding the weak, sick face before her with the strong light of her eyes. Her mother's head was thrown back against the pillows and she seemed to be struggling for words, but only little inarticulate sounds came from her convulsed throat.

Ruth cried out, "Mother!" She seized one of her mother's hands, and Sarah shivering, with a little broken cry opened her closed eyes and looked at her daughter.

Deborah rose then and said, "Your mother scarcely seems to desire help. The spirit that is in her will not meet my spirit. I would have thee go with me soon, Ruth; I am to hold a service with the Indians to the North."

Ruth half followed her to the door, her mother watched her with her tired eyes. "Must she go at once?"

"I shall not leave for an hour at least," said Deborah.

Then Ruth came back to her mother, and sat down on the bed beside her. Sarah looked up at her with wet eyes. "I am no longer of use to the Sister," she said brokenly, "my power is gone. I can see naught of the future, Ruth, she would have me tell her of. I can see little beyond, my eyes are closing on earthly things."

"What art thou speaking about, mother?" asked Ruth.

"Didst thou not know that I foretell to the Sister what is about to happen. I have looked forward for her many years."

"I thought she herself had the spirit of prophecy."

Sarah smiled. "I have kept her secrets and my own well, Ruth, even from thee. Perhaps because we have not seen each other so often alone as many a mother and daughter. I tell thee this now, that thou may'st not blame me if thou dost hear I no longer see visions."

"I would not hear that," said Ruth shaking her head; her eyes studied her mother; she spoke as if thinking, while she formed her words. "The Sister would not tell me. Yea, mother, thou hast kept much from me, but I am a woman now."

"It has come to me of late," said Sarah softly, "that it was not so much my power, as it was her power of making me forecast her thoughts, and then her own will makes her carry forward the forecasting."

"She will need thee," said Ruth.

Sarah smiled. "And so it seems not right for me to leave her, Ruth? But I cannot stay, I am summoned and my power even with her mind and eyes upon me, is gone—it is gone and I too—must go."

Ruth sprang up from the bed. "Stop mother, stop. Thou couldst be healed if only thou wouldst give thyself to the Sister's power, but thou dost not wish for healing. Quick, mother, get well. I will go with thee driving in the Sister's coach some day."

"Thank thee, Ruth; but not to-day, I am too tired," she gave another little smile and Ruth suddenly stooped to kiss her, so unusual a thing that the mother was not ready and did not meet her daughter's lips, but turned for the first time for many days, red against the pillow.

"I must go now with the Sister, mother, farewell."

But there was no answer from the pillow.

They rode to the reservation ungenerously provided for the Indians by the rich young nation, Deborah and Ruth, on horse-back.

They rode out of Beulah along the road by the river, then straight on toward the north. They had no bodyguard; the Indians were peaceful and knew the Sister well. Deborah still made a splendid figure on horse-back, with her long flowing robe against the horse's white flanks, her unbound hair, her tall beaver, her erect figure. She rode rapidly and smiled with pleasure of the motion, and Ruth with pinker cheeks and brighter eyes rode on beside her. Summer had

not yet come to take up her abode with them, but there was seen a print of her footsteps where, in the hollow of a rock, the purple violets thickened, or a branch her cheek must have brushed, was unfolding earlier than less favored twigs.

When they reached the spot appointed, the Indians had already gathered in the natural temple of the woods. Then Deborah dismounted, and Ruth, holding the Sister's horse, sat upon her own, during the service. Deborah stood on a little mound and spoke to them with the same eloquence, the same vibrant, changeful intonations that she used toward her fairer audiences. An interpreter stood beside her and translated her words with a music of his own. It was like a responsive service; first Deborah's alto, then the man's bass. The Indians listened to her with their melancholy disappointed faces, where repose had given place to stolidity and pride to disappointment.

"I am come from the Great Father and he has given to me a spirit which looks into all men's hearts and knows all things." The Sister went a little beyond her ordinary claims here. "I am one who sees all hearts." Her clear voice paused and the Indian's thicker accents sounded after her. But before his word had died on the air, before Deborah's ready lips could form her next syllable, there arose, from where he had been sitting impassively against a tree, a tall old man with a face seamed and lined, but a voice unbroken.

"The great white Sister says that she knows all hearts," he said in his clear remarkable English, "also that she knows all things. Why then can she not speak to these of our brothers who know not the English tongue in their speech? Does she not know it? Why must our brother stand by her side and change her words for us?" Whereupon turning his face from Deborah, he looked at his people and spoke in his native tongue.

Ruth at first dared not look towards Deborah, so startled and confused was she for the Sister's sake; but when at last she did lift her eyes, Deborah was standing as ever, with her calm smile unsobered, and her splendid eyes undaunted.

"She is like an Indian herself," thought Ruth.

There was a stir among the Indians, some were rising with little gestures of half-contempt, nodding their heads toward the squaw, who was after all nothing. Others looked at her angrily with threatening, gutteral sounds. Ruth's color left her; they were two lonely women.

But Deborah's white hand was extended over them. "Wait," she said in English, and at her persuasive accent certain of them paused. It was like hearing a chord of music. Then she looked at the interpreter with her dazzling smile that the years had only rendered more subtle.

"I have much tobacco waiting for the one who does my bidding," she said to him. "Tell them, that thou didst mistake me. Thou thyself art not so clear in the English tongue, nor thy brother who would mock me. Speak to them and tell them the Great Spirit doth not make me know all things, but all needful things. That this is not a needful thing for me to learn their speech, with this interpreter at my hand whom the Great Spirit made for me. Tell them I know the speech which the Greatest Spirit spake and tell them I know all hearts, and I see into the heart of the brother who would cast me down, and I see it is not an unkind heart toward me, but a sad heart that questions much and I do forgive him."

And all the while the interpreter, eager for a reconciliation, was repeating these words, her smile was softly beaming on the penetrating old man.

"I would not anger the old Indian," she said to Ruth when they were riding homeward after the meeting. The trees that seem to hold sound longer than any hand-made temple, still reverberated with the melody of the last psalm which Deborah had chanted to them. "He is a powerful man. Didst thou not note his interest after?"

"Yea," said Ruth slowly, "but didst thou not say thou didst know all things? I too didst understand thee so?"

"Didst thou?" asked Deborah, she turned her great black eyes full on Ruth with that innocent, blank inquiry that silences all questions, and Ruth stammered and looked away.

After a moment Deborah went on: "If thou wilt follow me Ruth thou must be strong, that is thy great lack—strength. The battle is to the strong."

Then Ruth lifted her eyes and looked into Deborah's. "Oh, dost thou think that I can follow thee—still—after my failing—" she could scarcely speak of it without tears.

"Why yea, Ruth; dost thou not know that some must learn by mistakes. As I have said, strength is thy need to make thy failures a help not a hinderance."

When they came to the point in the road where one way led toward Beulah, and the other toward the town past Dame Beekham's and George Trowbridge's houses, Deborah turned toward Ruth.

"I would have thee go on, to widow Beekham's and see if she be lonely and comfort her in her affliction; tell her also I have appointed James Foster to keep her company. I must go on to Beulah and rest and meditate. But remember, Ruth, no farther than Dame Beekham's. But thou hast learned thy lesson, I know full well thou dost now understand what snares come to those who have to do with those of the world."

Ruth's cheeks were like fire; she turned her horse and went quickly down the road.

She tied her horse to the post by the Beekham's gate and came in by the usual side door that led to the kitchen. She knocked, and then, thinking she heard a call to enter, pushed open the door. But as she looked into the room, the color crept into her face, her lips fell apart in amazement and she stammered, half-withdrawing:

"Pardon—pardon, I did not know—"

But what she saw was Dame Beekham and Caleb Brown sitting side by side on the settle in front of the fire, he with his arm about her waist, as far as it could reach, and she with her large moon-face on his shoulder. They started apart before she had retreated, and Caleb called out:

"Come in, come in, Ruth, I am comforting Dame Beekham, praise the Lord!"

Upon this, Dame Beekham began to sob forlornly and the tears at this short notice began to roll down her ample cheeks.

"It is so sad to be left alone in the world," she moaned.

Poor Ruth stood in the door-way not knowing whether to advance or retreat. "I—knocked—I but came on an errand, I will not stop—" she began, but even as she spoke, the two stout uncomfortable figures on the settle casting longing glances at each other and annoyed ones at her, were too much for her; she turned precipitately and fled. When she reached her horse, she buried her face in its mane and a ripple of laughter filled the space about the gate.

There was a step beside her, she lifted her face, striving to steady her dancing eyes and lower the corners of her smiling mouth. George Trowbridge was looking at her over the horse's neck. Was it the past humor or present gladness, that suddenly made her burst into rippling laughter again. Laughing was a hidden talent of Ruth's at Beulah, but it was nevertheless one of her most beguiling gifts. The young man now joined and laughed with her. At last he said, "Is it so very amusing?"

"Very," said Ruth. Then suddenly she sobered. "Oh, I should have rebuked them. It is dreadful to be making love so soon."

"Why is making love so amusing, yet so dreadful?"

"Because it is Caleb Brown and Sister Beekham and they are both so large, the settle will scarce hold them and she is so lonely and he is so comforting. But it is not love," she said suddenly with a little curl of her merry lip. "Or if it be love, it cannot be much."

"Love is much," he said, with his eyes on her sweet face.

She was grave in a moment now, with a quick turn from a dangerous subject. "I am glad to have met thee," she smiled radiantly. "Because I would apologize for my temper. I—I am not always ill-natured. I—I think I show my worst to thee." Why did she always want to appear so well before him?

"Then what must be your best!" he cried.

She laughed. "Perhaps thou wilt know some day," then she bit her lip. "But—

I meant—I should not have been so angry with thee—it was not thy fault—at all—it was because I was tired and weary—and foolish. I did not mean to be"—with an upward glance—"rude."

"Indeed I understood," he cried; he took a step forward as if to come around the horse and no longer talk over the great brown back.

"Oh, I forgot," she said suddenly, "I must go back, I must tell Dame Beekham, —the Sister, bade me,—that James Foster is coming to stay with her and comfort her in her loneliness," with another gurgle of laughter,—"I will knock thunderingly."

She did; she knocked valiantly, and this time she heard a voice call, "Come in."

Dame Beekham was alone, sitting in a rocking-chair and looking with absorbed interest out of the window. Caleb had disappeared by the side door and gone through the wood-path.

"Nay, I—must not stop. But the Sister sent me to say that James Foster would come and stay with thee, in thy—loneliness."

"I hope thou wilt not tell the Sister how Caleb—"

"Comforted thee?" asked Ruth, her eyes dancing.

"Yea.—I fear she would not be pleased."

"Dost thou not think she should know?" questioned Ruth gravely.

"Why, nay, I see no need—" The broad face was anxious.

"Trouble not thyself, Dame Beekham, I will not tell, but when James Foster comes—"

"I do not want James Foster. He is not old enough to be a comfort."

"The Sister wished James Foster to stay with thee," said Ruth. "But now, farewell," and she went down the path to the gate.

"Must you go?" asked George Trowbridge waiting there.

"Yea, at once," answered Ruth.

"Let me help you," and the next moment Ruth was in her saddle.

"Oh," she breathed, flushing above him. "I should not have let thee."

"Why? 'Tis a most ordinary service; any woman would accept it."

"Pardon," she made a little bow over her saddle and laughed quickly. "I forgot thy fashionable friends, I am so simple—"

"No, no;—but kind," he cried laughing, "never kinder than now."

"Farewell," she said, and then she was sorry that she had looked straight in those eyes when speaking; she touched her horse and went quickly down the road.

But when she drew up at the Sister's door, 'twas strange to see James Foster, hurrying across the field between the meeting house and the Sister's dwelling. Ruth watched him as he came, and gave her horse half-heeding into the care of the man, Caleb, who came forward with a queer little gleam in his eyes. Ruth met his glance with becoming gravity and they neither of them spoke. But as Ruth would enter the door, James called pantingly, "Sister Ruth."

Ruth turned on the steps and waited for him. He came nearer: "Wilt thou not come this way, I would speak with thee."

Ruth came a little haughtily from the step toward him; but something in his look moved her to pity and her face softened.

"What is it, James?"

He looked at her so eagerly that she drew back a little.

"Ruth, I want to tell thee, I understand. Wilt thou not walk a space with me?"

"Nay, I cannot James," she said gently.

"I would ask thee, Ruth, what is the attraction of the world for thee? I would also tell thee, that I am of the world. Thou dost not know, but thou wilt some day. I too despise those bonds that bind us. If 'twere not for thee, I should long since have gone whither my ambition calls me. I too understand the allurements beyond." He nodded smilingly at her.

The pity died from Ruth's face, she drew back and looked at him "James Foster," she cried, "I do not understand thy parables. Nor do I wish to. Whatever evil be in thy thoughts, do not tell me of it, lest I lose all liking for thee." Then with high head she turned and left

him.

But later as she was hanging in her closet her cloak and bonnet, she saw from her window, just over the front door, James Foster come up the path. Her door was open and she heard his voice ask for Deborah.

Then from that day it seemed to Ruth she was kept a close captive. All through the rich, glorious summer, she was watched by Deborah's piercing eyes. Wherever she went, she had a guard of certain inhabitants of Beulah. She only now and then met George Trowbridge, and his bow and smile made her both strangely pleased and discontented with life, until she came back to her mother's room and her latest burden fell on her, and before her mother's illness she forgot all other troubles. Indeed she felt little resentment at her secluded life; it seemed so necessary to be with her mother that she even longed to refuse the demands the Sister now made on her time.

"Ruth," said Sarah softly one night, while the candle was burning low and Ruth sat watching her tired face, "I am going before my Judge. Thinkest thou I have lived well?"

"O mother," said Ruth brokenly, "I have never known a better woman, thou hast naught to fear."

"But Ruth," said the weak voice, low but persistent. "I was not good to thy father. It all comes back to me now and it seems to me I can scarcely die in peace if I have not his forgiveness. Oh," with a long sigh, "if I could see him and hear him say he forgives me."

Ruth sat thinking with her brown eyes on her mother's face.

"Thine eyes are like thy father's, Ruth. I have many dreams of late. That was why I did at last go to my bed, though I would not tell the Sister. I had so many dreams and they did weary me, so many all the time that I could not tell them all, and they so ran together that my head was ever weary and seemed no part of me."

"Poor mother," said Ruth bending lower. Her face was in the shadow, but the mother knew the pity in the soft eyes

"I dreamed to-night of thy father, Ruth, and with him was a younger man with darker eyes. He was a kind young man, kind to thy father, and kind to—thee. But I could not reach thy father, Ruth, though I travelled far to overtake him, but my voice could not reach him when I cried out to him to forgive me. He was happy once and I made him unhappy. Oh, Ruth," went on the intense whisper, "How can I die except thy father forgive me?"

"Couldst thou keep alive till I could find him?" asked Ruth with a quick inspiration.

"Nay, Ruth, I meant not that. Neither his coming nor going can change my time. But, oh Ruth, if I could hear him speak but once before I go. Thou didst see him not long since. Couldst thou find him?"

"I know not," said Ruth with her fragrant breath against her mother's sunken cheek. "But perhaps I might try to find him, mother."

Sarah's face lighted happily. "If thou couldst find him, Ruth, I could rest in peace."

"And yet thou didst not love him."

"When thou dost look death in the face, his countenance doth change the faces of others,—I know not. Ruth, listen to me. I was a weak thing to love, save toward thee—and I have tried to share thy love. When thou lovest Ruth, be strong whether it be the Sister or thy —husband. Be sure, Ruth and then do not waver, for any woman—or—" Her voice trailed away.

"Mother," said Ruth, "how can I go on without thee to tell me."

"Thou hast the Sister," said Sarah as in surprise—then after a moment she began softly. "I would go before my God with clean hands and a pure heart."

Ruth laid her lips on her mother's hand. "Thy hands are clean and thy heart is pure," she whispered, but her mother did not speak again through the long night.

The next morning Ruth walked quietly out of the house while the Sister was in the council room, Mary Bennett cleaning industriously, and her mother asleep. She went through the fields to the path in the woods, walking swiftly with little glances behind and an anxious face.

Past the Beekham's house she went

and straight toward George Trowbridge's place. She remembered the dog, but that was the least of her fears. The dying glory of the woods with the futile fluttering of short-lived leaves, the fields shorn of their fruitage at the harvest time, saddened her. The death of these once brightly living things struck at her heart where the thought of her mother lay heavily.

She came to the Trowbridge place. The dog, like all his kind, omnipresent to the stranger within the gates, came at her as before. But this time as Ruth spoke to him, to her surprise he stopped growling and began to wag his tail in greeting. Then she saw his master, on the pillared porch. He came toward her at once.

"'Tis strange he knows you, seeing you so seldom," said the young man smiling at her.

Ruth did not smile. Her soft round chin quivered.

"Wilt thou walk down the road a pace with me?" she asked. So as on that other day of spring, they walked down the road together.

"What is the service I can do you?" he asked beginning at once.

She looked up at him gratefully. "How didst thou know?"

"I know 'twas only the need of service that would bring you so far."

"Indeed I am ashamed to ask thee. It seems like too much. But I know not what to do?" The appeal in the sweet face moved him.

"Nothing but to tell me what you would have."

"Oh,—dost thou think that thou couldst find the man—the man that I was frightened at—that thou didst knock down and took home—Dost thou think thou couldst find him?"

"I really do not know," he said looking at her thoughtfully. "I meant to speak of him that day of the funeral, but seeing you drove all other thoughts out of my head."

The flattery was lost on Ruth. "Hadst thou something more to tell me of him?"

"Yes, that he returned my horse safely from town and when I asked them there they said he went on in the direction of the city. It was little I could find out about him."

"It is too much to ask," she smiled on him gently. "It would be too hard,—I did not mean to ask thee to do so great a task, but I wanted to see him much."

"No," said the man slowly, and taking his eyes from her face. "You do not ask me too much. I will see what I can do. I will go and try to find him although I cannot promise anything except that I will do my best."

"Oh," she turned upon him in the road and clasped her hands, looking at him with a mist in her lovely eyes. "How can I thank thee!"

"Perhaps you can do me a service some day," he said smiling at her grateful face. She colored a little under his glance.

"Indeed I hope that day may soon come," she cried. "I shall be too glad to return thy kindness. I—I think I must tell thee why I would see this man."

She looked toward the wood, as now they walked across the field, past the Beekham's house. Her white throat was swelling above her brown cloak. "'Tis for my mother—she—she is very ill—" her voice sank. "He—he was my father—but I did not know it that day." Then he saw that the tears had overflowed her eyes.

He made a slight movement nearer her and spoke with hearty sympathy in his tone. "Indeed I will find him—I will find him if it be possible. And I was but jesting when I spoke of favors. It is not much you ask and in a few days I was going toward the city, and I have ever loved adventure. I will gladly take your commission." He stopped in the path smiling at her.

She looked up at him. "Oh, thank thee again—and farewell." She held out her hand. He took it and looked down at it, then up at her, smiling a little. Then stooping slightly, he lifted her hand toward his lips. But when it was very near it was snatched away, she held it covered against her heaving breast, and her sweet, child-like face flushed and paled.

"Oh, thou must not, it would not be right."

"Very well, good-by," he said gravely. Then just in the path of his turning a white hand was extended and a fluttering, timid voice said:

"I forgot, I must not be selfish. Thou

art doing me—a great favor and even this—is a poor reward."

As he kissed it, he looked up gravely at her, and something stirred in her face. Then she said, "Farewell," with the air of a princess.

He stood in the path looking after her, though he could not see that again her hands were crossed on her breast, and the one he had kissed was covered by the other.

CHAPTER VII.

The Sister Reigns.

The autumn went so swiftly, that it seemed to Ruth, before she had begun to watch the blaze of golden trees and bright plumes of autumn flowers, the trees were stripped, and only rustling stalks shivered in the meadow. And then a cold fierce winter set in. Beulah was cut off from the outer world for many weeks at a time. No word came to Ruth from George Trowbridge, nor could she get word to him. James Foster, who stayed with Dame Beekham, now and again came to Beulah, but Ruth scorned to ask a question of him. Caleb Brown for some reason made no further effort to comfort Widow Beekham and Ruth waited impatiently until Caleb's ardor should increase or she herself be able to go toward the Trowbridge place. And yet she felt that if George Trowbridge had indeed returned, he would, by some means or other, get the news to her.

Day by day Sarah Williams was failing. She had long periods of unconsciousness, and when she was sometimes aroused she was often not in her right mind.

One day she awoke to see Ruth looking down on her with wet eyes, but held close in Deborah's tender embrace.

"Yea," said Sarah, in the far-away voice that was hers most of the time now, "it is right for Ruth to love thee the most. She is more thy child than mine. And—yet—I suffered for her—she loves me a little—a very little."

"Nay, mother," cried Ruth withdrawing from Deborah's arm and kneeling by the bed. "Nay, mother I love thee dearly, dearly."

But Sarah seemed not to hear her. "Dost thou not think, Deborah, that since I have been so good to thee and given thee my daughter, I will be forgiven. Thou wilt pray the Lord for me, wilt thou not? Thou art so great he will hear thee."

"The Lord hears all those that cry unto him," answered Deborah's comforting voice.

But it seemed to bring no comfort to Sarah. "I did treat my husband wrongly. If he would but come and forgive me. Dost thou think he will come and forgive me Ruth?"

"Yea, mother," cried Ruth with her eyes opposite those eager ones on the pillow. "He will come and forgive thee, he is coming."

Then Sarah lost consciousness again.

"Ruth," said Deborah in her room a little later. "Thinkest thou it is right to deceive thy mother with regard to thy father's coming?"

"Nay," cried Ruth, "I think he will come, I am not deceiving her."

"Thy father is dead Ruth," said Deborah calmly.

"How dost thou know?" cried Ruth. "We do not know; I think he will return to my mother."

"What reasons hast thou for this thought?" Deborah's black eyes were on her.

"I have sent for him," said Ruth; she lifted her head; but her eyes went past Deborah's and fixed themselves on the little table behind, and on the key-hole in one of the drawers.

"Thou hast sent for him?"

"I have sent for him, by one who knew him, who had succored him in his distress."

There was that curve at the corner of Deborah's mouth that might have helped to make a smile, yet never did. Ruth had noticed that Deborah's smiles came not that way. "Thou shouldst be careful how thou dost ask young men to help thee, Ruth. They are selfish beings, all men; they do naught without prospect of reward."

"It may not always be so," said Ruth, still with her eyes on the table but striving to speak stoutly.

(To be continued.)

Legends of the White Mountains

By MARY CUSHING

ONCE upon a time many years ago, a red man who had been hunting for many days without finding any game dropped exhausted on the ground, awaiting death. After a while, he fell asleep, and dreamed he saw a beautiful country where birds, beasts, and fruit were plentiful. At daybreak he awoke, and, looking around the wilderness, in despair he cried out: "Great Master of Life, where is this country I have dreamed about?" As he spoke, the Master of Life appeared, and gave him a spear and a coal which he instantly dropped. A fire spread from this coal, and the leaves, sticks and rocks burnt with dense smoke. The Master, in thunder tones, bade the mountain arise. The earth heaved, and the terrified hunter saw the hills and crags lift until they reached the tops of the clouds. Suddenly, out of the clouds, came a voice, saying: "Here shall the Great Spirit live and watch over his children." Water leaped over the rocks, and laughing, ran into the valley. As soon as the smoke cleared, the leaves on the trees unfolded; the birds sang; the butterflies flitted to and fro; and the hunter looked in rapture on the mighty peaks of the mountain. Thus runs the legend of the birth of the White Mountains.

The Indians reverence the White Mountains as the home of great and blessed spirits. Mount Washington was their Olympus and Ararat, for it was to them the home of the Great Spirit, and also the mountain upon which the chief and his wife lived who alone were saved from the Flood, and from whom were descended the whole race of red men. This couple had sent out a hare to see if it were safe for them to descend from the mountain.

It was to Mount Washington that Passaconaway was summoned when his life's work was ended. At the age of one hundred, he left his tribe and lived in a lonely wigwam among the Pennacooks. One winter night a pack of wolves came dashing through the village, harnessed to a sledge of hickory saplings, with a tall throne spread with furs. The wolves stopped at Passaconaway's door; the chief came out and got upon the sledge, and was borne away in triumph to the summit of Mount Washington. As they neared the summit, the wolves disappeared; the chariot burst into flames, and shot towards the sky, and was lost amid the stars.

The Indians believed that any one who trespassed upon the holy mountain was punished by the Deities by being made to wander for ages among the cliffs.

The cries of the condemned one so disturbed the white settlers of 1784 that the women of Conway petitioned the clergymen to allay the spirits.

The Indians believed also that huge monsters lived among the mountains. Devil's Den on Mount Willard was supposed to be the hiding place of a strange winged creature, who strewed the floor of his cave with skeletons of men and animals, after feeding upon the flesh.

There is a story that a man from the town of Oxford, Maine, instead of going to church on the Sabbath, strolled into the wood among the mountains. On the mountain, now called from this occurrence Sunday Mountain, he was devoured by bears who were assembled for that particular purpose.

Mooselauke was declared by the chief of the Pemigewasset tribe to be the home of the Great Spirit, and when the red men tried to reach the summit of the mountain, they returned in fear, saying that "Gitche Manitou was riding home in

Editor's Note.—This very meritorious little article is the graduation essay of a girl thirteen years old. At this season of closing schools it is particularly interesting.

anger on a storm," and in a few days, a terrible storm spread over the whole country; after that, very few Indians dared to climb the mountain, and the first fruits of the harvest were offered to the Deity.

On the eastern side of Mount Monroe shone the Great Carbuncle which could be seen by day for many miles. The Indians said it was the soul of a red man who had been killed to guard the spot. In the time of Ethan Crawford, the men who tried to climb the mountain returned without any treasure and sorely bruised. The value of the stone also tempted many to climb the mountain. The rocks with crystals that were thought to be diamonds were readily despoiled of their treasure, but the Great Carbuncle shone far above like the glare of an evil eye. One day a man who had searched for many years came to a place where he could reach it. Some men who also came in search of the Carbuncle saw him kneeling with arms extended, as in rapture. They called to him, but he did not answer. He was dead of joy and triumph.

One day as a Mr. Lovel was splitting rails on a mountain which afterwards was named for him he found he was surrounded by six Indians, who told him that he was their prisoner; he said he would go along quietly if they would let him finish the big chestnut log he was at work upon; they consented, and he said if they would help him pull the log apart, he would be ready to go sooner. Mr. Lovel drove a wedge into the log, and told the Indians to take hold to pull it apart. After this had been done, he knocked the wedge out and their hands were shut closely in. He soon killed the six Indians, and went to work again, splitting rails.

Chocorua was chief of the Pequaket tribe. One day as he was preparing for a journey, he left his son in the care of a Mr. Campbell. While the boy was walking about the house, he found a bottle of poison which had been prepared for the foxes, drank it, and soon died. When Chocorua returned, he believed Campbell had killed his son, so entering his house, he killed the white man's wife and children. When Campbell found what had happened, he went out in search of Chocorua, and found him at the summit of a mountain, which now bears his name. Chocorua was unarmed, and he knew he would be killed if he tried to escape; so, standing erect, he invoked a curse upon his enemies. A curse upon you white men. May the Great Spirit curse you when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Lightning blast your crops! Wind and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil One breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the warpath of the Indians! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit; his curse stays with the white men. So saying, he leaped from the cliff. The curse seems to have had its effect.

One of the most attractive of Hawthorne's tales is his story of the Great Stone Face. It is the life story of Ernest, a boy born under the shadow of the Great Stone Face. He grows to manhood, gazing at and loving the noble features of the Old Man of the Mountain, and waiting for the fulfillment of a prophecy as Hawthorne states it—so very old that even the Indians who formerly inhabited the valley heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the treetops. This prophecy was that at some time in the future, one of the natives of the valley would become the greatest personage of his day, and his features would resemble those of the Great Stone Face. Ernest waits patiently, but is disappointed repeatedly, as the rich man, the soldier, the statesman, and the poet are hailed by the people as the image of the Great Stone Face. At last, it is discovered that Ernest, himself, is the image.

The grand portrait in Profile Notch was regarded with reverence by the red men. When the white men saw it, they said it resembled Washington, and a Yankee orator is quoted as saying, "Men hang out signs representing their different trades; jewelers put out a monstrous watch; shoemakers, a huge boot; but up in Franconia, God Almighty has hung out a sign that in New England, He makes men."

Joseph Fels, a New Type of Philanthropist

By JOSEPH DANA MILLER

SOME day some one will write an article on "The Psychology of Money-Giving." Why should one with a habit of giving restrict his donations for the most part to libraries, another to hospitals, another to universities? Why should yet another keep a tight hold on his purse-strings and unloosen them only at death for certain specified charitable purposes? It is all very puzzling; and it would be of interest to know just why this or that wealthy philanthropist selects one worthy object to be aided rather than another.

In Joseph Fels, of New York and London, a new type of philanthropist, we have no such perplexing problem. For he takes the world into his confidence. He speaks with amazing candor. He condemns all charity, all philanthropy. These spring, he contends, not from the head, but from the heart. Society is sick, but is not to be healed by giving, but rather by ceasing to take. For the rich are robbers—not all the rich, and not because they are rich, and not by individual acts of their own—but because society by its laws has enabled the few to rob the many. "Cease talking charity and stop the robbery."

What manner of man is this—himself a multi-millionaire—who classes himself with robbers? He has made some noise in the world. He has raised his voice in Guildhall, in Hyde Park, in Copenhagen, right opposite the Danish Parliament buildings, in Chambers of Commerce of a hundred cities in America, in Paris at a great meeting to consider the causes of unemployment—always with the same blunt characterization of himself and his class and fierce denunciation of the unjust distribution of wealth which he insists flows from one single cause—the divorcement of man from the earth. And he has been harshly criticised by other philanthropists, scored by Tory journals in England for trying to influence British elections with American gold (how funny this seems to those who recall the days when the Cobden Club was accused of trying to carry American elections with "British gold!") denounced in the House of Parliament, and even regarded with some trepidation by John Burns himself as too great an influence in British politics. Certainly a group of very rare distinctions for a very little man physically, and—God forefend us!—who has made a fortune in "trade," and of all things trade in soap!

Picture an active, undersized man, with a short beard, a remarkably searching eye, a quick and positive manner of speech, a blunt but genial humor, flitting from country to country, with constant caustic and candid criticism of his fellow millionaires and the conditions he asserts they help to perpetuate, and dropping here and there his contributions for agitation to such knots of men as are organized for land reform, doing it all with the same business like celerity and masterfulness that characterizes his attention to the details of his world-wide distribution of "Fels Naptha"—such is Joseph Fels, citizen of the world, and latest disciple of the philosophy of Henry George.

"Don't speak of me as a philanthropist," said Mr. Fels—"that I am not. Philanthropy means helping people to bear unjust conditions without moving to abolish them. So do not call the work I am doing philanthropy."

"Then, too, don't give me credit for liberal giving. I am not conscious of being generous—what I am doing does not spring from generosity. I am spending my money in this way because to spend it so gives me more pleasure than the giving of libraries, for example.

Now," said Mr. Fels with that quiet twinkle that comes into his eyes when he has a thought of this kind, "isn't it a sort of mockery to give men libraries when their bodies are underfed, when they are pinched so sorely by material poverty that they have no leisure for the great world of books. They ask for bread and the Carnegies give them not stones, it is true, but books—which is not much of an advance on the first kind of philanthropists who proffered their stony gratuities.

"This is my doctrine about human cussedness. There isn't any such thing. Some day men will realize the truth that far more than one-half of human depravity is due to social conditions. It is a strange hallucination to think that men driven as they are by cruel necessity created by unjust laws should cultivate the finer graces of humanity."

Mr. Fels' activities are not confined to any one country, as we have intimated. There are two Joseph Fels, one an American citizen, knowing keenly the politics of his country and meeting everywhere in the public forum the defenders of the privileges he assails; busy day in and day out with the details of a vast and extensive business, and finding his chief recreation in building for a new and better day. Then there is the Joseph Fels of England, hobnobbing with members of Parliament and arranging for demonstrations like the monster gathering in Hyde Park of a year ago that aroused London during the elections as London has not been aroused for many a day. Here he meets the forces of privilege entrenched in government, and he does not move as rapidly as he would like in the direction of his hopes, but he moves, nevertheless, and sees in the British Budget the first step in the freeing of the land—in the realization of the dream of Henry George, who taught the gospel which he cherishes—this shrewd business-like Jew, with all the acquisitive instincts of his race—as a religious conviction which he translates into dollars and deeds—into vigorous and intelligent speech-making, into practical and efficient marshalling of such forces as his executive ability which has won for him fame and fortune in manufacture enables him to command in a far more difficult field—that of political and economic education.

His convictions are bluntly expressed. "I will not give to charity. I am a Single Taxer. That is, I believe in the doctrines of Henry George, and would take land values for public purposes. For the real cause of low wages, poverty and industrial depression is the control of the nation's resources by the few. In this country we do not see this so clearly as in Great Britain where the evil is more obvious. Here we have such a vast empire of land not yet subdued by the ploughshare, that we only here and there feel the pinch of poverty that covers Great Britain like a blight.

"In the recent elections in Great Britain," said Mr. Fels, "thirty-two adherents of the Single Tax were elected to Parliament. This is only one indication of how the people are waking up to the doctrines of Henry George. Our movement is now in the realm of practical politics in Great Britain. Premier Asquith and Lloyd George are firm believers in the doctrine that the land values belong to the people, and a revolution is preparing—a peaceful revolution, but none the less far-reaching because unheralded by the tramp of marching legions."

Though Mr. Fels steadfastly refuses all aids to charity he nevertheless is willing to assist that kind of charity which is allied to his own clearly defined doctrine of social reform. For this reason Mr. Fels purchased several plots of land in the heart of London and loaned them to the Public Utility Department of the city. These plots, which cost from ten to twelve thousand pounds, were laid out into five acre lots and large numbers of unemployed men with their families were enabled to utilize them for market-gardening on the payment of a small rental. This was a means of bringing directly home to the people the importance of the land question. For the same reason the Vacant Land Improvement Association of Philadelphia received from Mr. Fels substantial aid out of his constantly growing fortune.

Mr. Fels is a contributor to the Single

Tax cause in every country where it has obtained a foothold. The amount of his benefactions may be estimated at a thousand dollars a day! In England, the United States, Canada, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and the Australian colonies his splendid gifts have infused new life into the movement in those countries.

The mere giving of the vast fortune he has devoted to the cause of land reform as advocated by Henry George would not of itself make of Mr. Fels the power he is. Indeed, there would be a danger in money so lavished were it not for his own strong and lovable personality.

"I want no special consideration for my money," he said recently. "If the efforts of Joseph Fels as an individual are not worth something, then I want no consideration at all. I want credit only for what I am able to do. I want you to believe that I am sincere in this cause. I want to do something for my fellowmen, so that when I go into the ground to enrich the daisies there will be something else engraved on my tombstone, that Here lies Fels Naptha!"

Mr. Fels' animating ideal is justice. The justice he believes in is the abolition of land monopoly. Perhaps it is because he is Jew that he feels so strongly on this point. The traditions of the Jubilee Year, of the Mosaic dispensation, is part of his intellectual inheritance.

And how fiery he can be at times. In one of his moods this man, working physically, intellectually, and morally at the highest tension, supplied the dramatic element that was sadly lacking in a great gathering. It was at the World's Conference on Unemployment in Paris. Discussion at interminable length had been spent on statistics. There had been seventeen speeches, all of which had consumed the time of the delegates fruitlessly in the examination of reports, points of detail, numbers of men out of work at various periods, moneys spent in poor relief, etc. There had been speeches in German and in the Latin tongues. Then for the first time there was heard an Anglo-Saxon voice, as Joseph Fels mounted the platform and thundered out: "Mr. President, I protest against this waste of time. You cannot cure unemployment by statistics. What we want to do is to discuss the cause of unemployment. How can you remedy a disease until you know what the cause of it is. There is only one remedy, and that is the Single Tax. I am not ashamed here upon this platform to raise my voice in defence of the teaching of that great man, Henry George."

There are many good stories told of Mr. Fels, and there is room here for one of them. He was being shown through a rival establishment by its superintendant. The latter thought that the many conveniences established by the firm for the employes, the gymnasium, library and reading room, etc., would interest Mr. Fels, but that gentleman surveyed them all with languid interest. "Well," said the superintendent, "what do you think of it?" "It don't interest me," said Mr. Fels, with indifference. "Then," said the superintendent, somewhat nettled, "what does interest you?" "I will tell you," snapped Mr. Fels—"better pay and shorter hours for your workmen." "But," said the superintendent, his irritation increased, "we pay as much as we can afford and as much as you do." "No, you don't," said the little man; and then he gave a few facts and figures showing that while paying higher wages he nevertheless secured an increased production from the labor of his workmen. The superintendent was not an economist, or he would have known the reason, so he persisted. "But how do you explain this?" "Easy enough; pay men higher wages and they are more willing; they put forth greater exertion, and, ergo, there is an increased production—and more for the employer." Then the superintendent fired his final shot—this time with a good deal of satisfaction: "Well, Mr. Fels, if that is so, and you get though paying somewhat higher wages a greatly increased product from your workmen, *why don't you pay them more?*" Was the little man bowled over? Not for an instant. With that quiet little twinkle in his eye, he said, very earnestly: "I will tell you—*I would but for my contemptible little Jew soul.*"



THE SOUHEGAN RIVER

Photograph by Powers Studio

Milford, or the Beautiful Souhegan

By DANA J. MILLS

A REMARK of Honorable George A. Ramsdell, the able historian of Milford, expresses nicely the feeling with which the writer has undertaken the preparation of this article. After describing the depression which we experience in not a few of our smaller communities where "all about us are evidences that at some former time there was more thrift, intelligence, and a solid acquisition than at present," he says, "but in our own history it can truthfully be said that much as the present is debtor to the past, and much as we revere the men who laid the foundations of present prosperity, their descendants, with new blood from almost every quarter of the compass, are proving themselves equal to the task of making the town all that has been hoped for and prophesied of it in the past."



Henry H. Barber,, President
Souhegan National Bank

And this is true. The Milford of today is a better town than it ever was in the past. I can think of no particular in which this statement would require qualification: better churches, better schools, better homes, larger and more prosperous industries unite in forming a community that for wealth, beauty, public spirit and usefulness would utterly astonish the worthy fathers.

Under its present town name, at least, it is not one of the more ancient of the New England settlements. It was very near to the nineteenth century before Milford was born, the town having been chartered in 1794, there being about seven hundred inhabitants and one hundred and thirty-nine tax-payers within its limits.

The territory of which it was formed had been so variously affiliated and chartered as to illustrate almost every phase of early New England history. A goodly portion of this early chartering, both here and elsewhere in New England was rather carelessly done. The old town of Monson, which went out of existence of its own accord and the greater part of the territory of which is now within the boundaries of Milford, never had a sufficient excuse for existence, and was most unfortunately formed. The heart of the town was an untillable tract and whatever inhabitants there were lived on the borders and were totally without common local interests. The town of Amherst, however, of which Milford was long a part is a fine old town with a worthy and dignified history. The overwhelming importance of traffic by rail has left the old hill town somewhat isolated and commercially subservient to the youngest of her daughters, but no well-informed citizen of Milford can fail to be proud of the fact that the early history of his town was identified with that of Amherst, long the shire town



THE STONE BRIDGE, MILFORD

of Hillsborough County, the home of many able men and a powerful influence in the public business of New Hampshire. In the words of Colonel William B. Rotch of Milford, "At the opening of the century, Amherst, in whatever light it is regarded, was emphatically the 'Hub of Hillsborough County.' It was the busy place of all towns in the interior of the state. It was more important than Concord, and of larger mercantile business than any other town in the state, saving perhaps Portsmouth and Exeter. Located at the terminus of the Second New Hampshire Turnpike, it was the most important business point between Windsor, Vermont and the seashore, and its traders did a thriving business." In this early importance, and in the traditions of Amherst, Milford has a just share.

But if the laurels of antiquity rest on the brow of the mother town, the advantages of location and of natural resources are with Milford. Situated in the beautiful valley of the Souhegan, at a fall in the river which affords abundant water-power, Milford not only enjoys that advantage, but occupies a position on the natural route of travel and is served, in consequence, by two railroads, the Boston and Maine and the Fitchburg.

It is located fifty-one miles from Boston on the Nashua and Keene Branch, Worcester, Nashua and Portland Division of the Boston and Maine, and on the Milford Branch of the Fitchburg. The time to Boston is one hour and fourty minutes and the passenger service consists of eight trains daily.

This accessibility makes Milford the natural gateway for the beautiful districts among the surrounding hills that are attracting increasing attention from tourists and summer and winter outing parties. Many beautiful summer residences as well as fine hotels attest to the popularity of the region in this respect. The location of Milford itself is most attractive, and the village is favoured by many pleasure seekers who prefer its diversified interests to the more rural localities which surround it. But whatever may be the choice of the tourist in this respect, Milford profits largely, and

will increasingly profit by the outing business of the entire district.

In addition to these very great advantages Milford is surrounded with hills from which is quarried a granite which has no superior, if indeed it is equalled, in our country. And this great resource is being developed with enterprise and skill. Some thirty firms are engaged in the business of quarrying and cutting granite in and about Milford. The stone is of a fine texture, free from iron and from the faults that commonly belong to fine grain stone. It is found in abundant quantities in several shades. The white is a beautiful stone, cutting and finishing with great perfection and unsurpassed for monumental purposes. There is also a pink and a blue granite. The latter shows a stronger contrast between the polished and unpolished surfaces of any granite known. The stone is excellently adapted for paving, and large quantities are quarried for this purpose.

The wages paid to quarry men and stone cutters are high, and the granite business is unquestionably one of the greatest sources of Milford's prosperity. I cannot forbear at this point to speak of the Italian element in the granite industry. Many of the leading firms are under their control, and no citizens of the community are more enterprising, intelligent or more highly valued in the community where they have come to be known and respected. The most skillful of the stone cutters are very largely Italians, and they are thrifty and eager to own property, educate their children and enjoy the advantages of our great country.

The history of Milford as a community among communities may be said to begin with the settlement of Reverend Humphrey Moore, D. D., as pastor of the church in Milford October 13, 1802, or just eight years after the granting of its chapter.

A number of overtures had been made to clergymen previous to this date, but all had declined settlement. In Mr. Moore, however, not only did the church find a pastor, but the town a citizen, who was to assert an influence for good felt far beyond her own borders. He was a preacher of the old school, wrote treatises on Calvanistic divinity, taught school, managed a large and productive farm, represented his town in the state legislature and attended to the spiritual needs of a widely extended parish. In an autobiographical sketch of great interest, he left the following account of one of his own anti-slavery speeches in the New Hampshire legislature:

"I was requested to speak. It required but a few words to persuade me to comply. No sooner had I begun than there was great excitement and confusion in the House. A majority of the members had no sympathy with the remarks I made. They used every imaginable effort to put me down. They shuffled and stamped with their feet. Some kicked



Birthplace of Horace Greeley at Amherst, N. H.

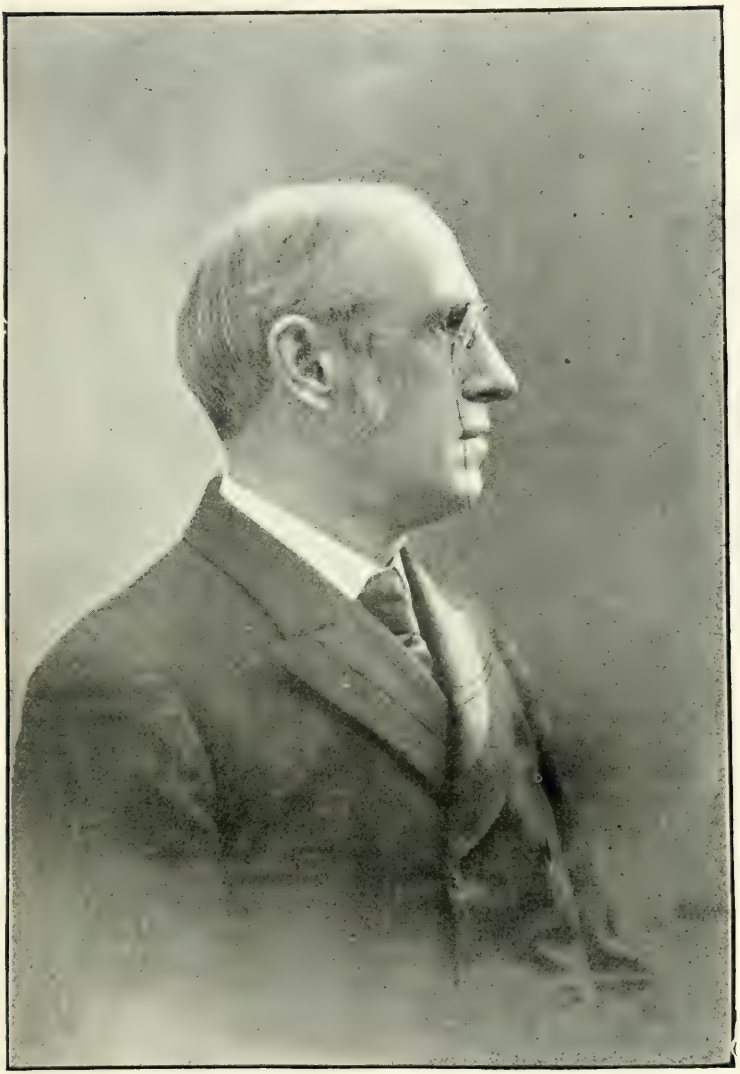


RAISING A HUGE MONOLITH AT THE LOVEJOY QUARRY, MILFORD

the spit boxes which were near them. There was a roar of confusion. But I was neither intimidated nor embarrassed. I raised my voice to its highest pitch and its greatest strength, but it was overwhelmed by a flood of mixed noises. When I could not be heard on account of the tumultuous confusion in different parts of the house, I appealed to the speaker by expressive looks. He commanded order. But no sooner was it restored and I began to speak than the same farce was acted over again. At length an enraged opponent, to sweep me from the floor, called me to order. The speaker decided that I was in order and might go on. I went on until I had finished my speech amid the clamor of the opposition."

Such leaders as these soon succeeded in creating a strong anti-slavery sentiment in New Hampshire. And from Milford was to emanate an influence in this direction than which no political force in the history of our country is more unique and picturesque. I refer to the world-famous Hutchinson family of singers. These marvellously gifted vocalists whose triumphs extended over two continents, were able to command a hearing where argument could not enter. They sang the political propaganda of reform. The music, judged by modern standards, was thin and crude. The art of the singers had received but little from the training of the schools. But with voices of marvellous sweetness and power they carried their messages of love and mercy to the hearts of their hearers. In Great Britain they were entertained in the homes of Charles Dickens, Harriet Martineau, William and Mary Howitt and other friends of humanity. Between six and seven thousand persons attended their concert in the great Free Trade Hall of Manchester. By the marriage of Miss Abby Hutchinson in 1849 the quartette, which was often spoken of as "the tribe of Jesse" (being the children of Jesse Hutchinson) was practically broken up. Their contribution to the anti-slavery and temperance causes was of incalculable value, and in them is to be found an answer to the oft-repeated criticism of the New England temperament as unmusical. For sheer native genius of song, the members of this remarkable family have rarely if ever been excelled.

Again we find ourselves constrained,



JUSTICE WALLACE OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SUPREME COURT

in the development of our story, to emphasize the influence of individual men. The outbreak of the war of the rebellion brought to the front, among New Hampshire leaders, Colonel Oliver W. Lull of Milford. This patriotic and energetic man had already attained considerable eminence in the practice of law. He was an ardent supporter of the Union cause, engaged actively in the work of raising recruits, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers. He died from a mortal wound received while he was leading his men in an attack on a fortified position. When told by the surgeon that he must die, he exclaimed, "Thank God, I die for my country!" The Lull homestead, a fine manor house with extensive grounds, has been left by his widow to the town of Milford, and will become a repository of historic collections, and a perpetual inspiration to patriotism and civic spirit.

The stirring scenes of the war of the rebellion were not all enacted in the zone of hostilities. It was in this period of



UNION SQUARE AND TOWN HALL, MILFORD

aroused public feeling and continual and increasing demands that Milford, like many another community, first came to vital civic consciousness. In securing enlistments, raising funds for bounties and filling the Milford quota on each successive call of the President for troops, we find the name of William Ramsdell very prominent. Captain Ramsdell was a unique and forceful man whose career had been as picturesque as it was useful. Born in Salem, he had been trained in navigation and served first as super-cargo and later as mate and finally as commanding officer of a ship in the Mediterranean trade of which Salem was then mistress. He had been in hand to hand encounters with Malay pirates, suffered many hardships through all of which he passed triumphantly, thanks to his indomitable courage, good sense and great physical strength. At Milford he was engaged in farming, but his experience in handling men as well as his ability to command attention in public gatherings were of great value to his adopted town. As the war was protracted and voluntary enlistments were replaced by enforced drafts which brought about an active trade in substitutes with much unprincipled speculation in town bounties, Captain Ramsdell was a tower of strength and his services to Milford worthy of grateful remembrance. His son, Honorable George A. Ramsdell, claimed rather by Nashua than Milford on account of his later residence, became governor of New Hampshire.

In speaking of the awakened civic consciousness of the community, a powerful factor and one to which the very highest credit is due, was and is the local paper, now known as the Milford Cabinet, and which has enjoyed an uninterrupted existence of more than a hundred years. The present proprietor, Colonel William Rotch, is a direct descendant of the founder of the paper, and his son, a graduate of Dartmouth college, is his father's able assistant. Colonel Rotch, who gained his title as an aide on Governor Ramsdell's class, came into full management of the paper in 1891, uniting the old Farmer's Cabinet with the Milford Advance and the Wilton Journal. Under his enterprising leadership the paper has extended its influence and confirmed its establishment as one of the recognized institutions of the town. The citizens of Milford are very proud of

what Colonel Rotch has done, and it would gratify them to see him in the state senate where his wide knowledge of New Hampshire affairs and soundness of judgment would be of great value. Colonel Rotch is President of the Milford Board of Trade, an organization watchfully interested in the welfare of the city and particularly in its industrial development—concerning which something more will be said later on in third article. The latest achievement of the Board of Trade is the location in Milford of the plant of the Hawkins manufacturing Company, makers of baskets, an industry which had previously flourished in Milford as a side product of the McLane factory.

In the State Legislature of New Hampshire during the most trying period of the war, Milford was represented by Mr. Frederick T. Sawyer, long Cashier of the Souhegan National Bank of Milford, and a citizen universally respected and trusted. Mr. Sawyer's early training was mercantile, and his strict integrity and painstaking habits fitted him to a remarkable degree for the responsibilities involved in the cashiership of the most important bank in a wide territory. It also enabled him to be a very useful member of a war-time legislature.

The Souhegan National Bank of Milford was organized as a state institution in 1855, and became a national bank in 1865. It is a very strong institution, is United States Depositary for the district and enjoys the confidence of a wide circle of depositors. With a capitalization of $100,000, its total resources June 7th, 1911, were $629,994.22. The bank is abundantly able to care for the banking business of a growing industrial centre, and its strength and the breadth of its policy are to be counted among the leading Milford assets by any one who is considering the advantages of the location for business operations. The bank carries on a high class brokerage business in United States Government and other high grade bonds and executes orders for the purchase and sale of stocks and bonds in the New York or Boston markets.

The present officers are H. H. Barber, President; F. W. Sawyer, Vice-president and Cashier; and M. G. Jewett, Assistant Cashier.

Mr. F. W. Sawyer is the son of the veteran cashier of the bank of whom we



Milford High School

have just spoken. He has "grown up" in the institution and is a thoroughly trained banker with expert knowledge of the needs and special requirements of the district served by his bank. Although still a young man, Mr. Sawyer possesses the confidence of the business community to a very marked degree, and is one of the factors in making the town the bright and busy little place that it is.

At this bank was perpetrated one of the most sensational hold-up robberies that ever disturbed the quiet of a New England town. At two o'clock in the morning Mr. Sawyer's residence was entered and he was violently attacked while still sleeping and securely bound. Other members of the family, including his wife and an infant, his son, the present cashier of the same bank and a servant, were forced into closets, where they were kept quiet by threats of instant death. Mr. Sawyer was brought to terms by a twister placed about his throat. Having been strangled into submission, he was forced to obtain the bank key, which was kept at the post-office, admit the robbers and open the safe. A large sum in cash and negotiable securities was taken, and the booty successfully carried off. Six masked men accomplished the daring feat, which involved breaking into Mr. Sawyer's house, overcoming the entire household, passing with their prisoner through the heart of the town, breaking into the post-office, opening the bank and rifling the safe and getting away unhindered.

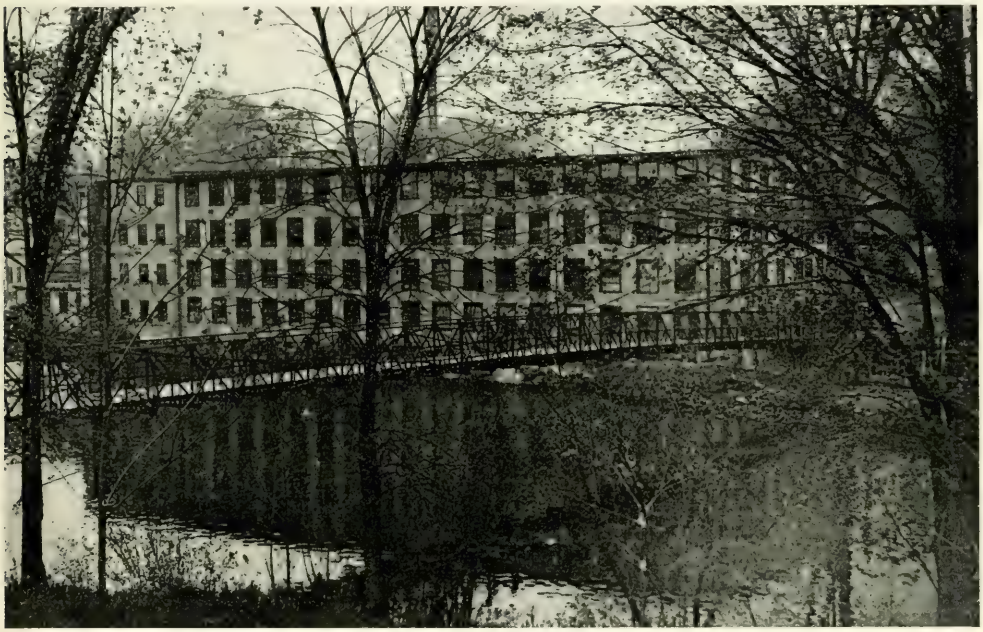
By means of advertising, negotiations were entered into by the officials of the bank for the recovery of the securities, and this was finally accomplished by the payment of a cash consideration. The president of the bank himself was taken, blindfolded to the hiding-place of the thieves, and personally made the exchange. The incident made a great stir throughout the entire country and was one of the last big breaks known in the east. The invention of the time lock occurred soon after. To a stranger reviewing the story at this distance, the courage and adroitness of the bank officials appear to much greater advantage than the persistence or skill of the police.

Milford was in the line of migration of the Scotch-Irish colonists to whom has



SOUHEGAN BANK AND BUSINESS BLOCKS

been attributed so much that is most constructive in the early struggles of state building. Honorable John R. McLane was a man of that stock. Although a later accession, he signally illustrates the continuation of an inflow into our country of those who make our strength as well as those who make our problems. He was born in Lennoxtown, Scotland, February 27, 1852, and brought by his parents to this country while he was still an infant. These worthy people located in Manchester, N. H., and young McLane was reared in that city and educated in its public schools. He displayed a marked aptitude for mechanical pursuits and became a skilled wood-worker. In 1876 he established himself in a business of his own in Milford, manufacturing post-office furniture and equipments. The business grew to very large proportions and is still prosperous under the direction of his son, Clinton McLane. Mr. McLane was a man of liberal instincts. He gave freely and gave his best, always. He was a supporter of the Congregational Church, a most hospitable entertainer, gave to his four children the best education which the country could afford and held many public offices of importance, culminating in the governorship of New Hampshire in which capacity he served with distinguished success. In all of his work he was ably seconded by his wife, who was Miss Ellen Tuck, the daughter of a prominent Milford family. His recent death is a loss not only to Milford but to the entire state of New Hampshire. Almost without exception the men of whom we have thus far spoken were builders in church as well as state affairs and were identified with the old Congregational parish. But another strong force in Milford's religious life was the new religious societies which sprang up to the apparent confusion but, no doubt, to the real quickening of spiritual activities. And these societies also contributed strong men to the community. Such was Mr. David Heald who came to Milford as a journey-man cabinet maker in 1846, and ten years later established a small, independent factory for the manufacture of furniture. This has since grown into the important industry which bears the name of French and Heald, and is one of the most widely known furniture manufacturing estab-



The "Swing Bridge" and French and Heald Factory



THE MILFORD CREAMERY

lishments in New England. This industry is an important contributor to the prosperity of Milford. Mr. Heald was a faithful member of the Baptist Church and a respected and public-spirited citizen. His son, Mr. Edward Heald, is now in charge of the factory.

Another important contribution to the name and fame of Milford from the Scotch-Irish fold is Honorable Robert M. Wallace, associate justice of the Supreme Bench of New Hampshire. Judge Wallace's family came by the regulation Londonderry route, and among his ancestors is the picturesque and resolute figure of "Ocean-born Mary." The story is that the ship in which this party of immigrants sailed had been captured by pirates, but the pitiable plight of Mary's mother so appealed to the better feelings of the pirate captain that he not only permitted the party to proceed on their way, but presented the infant Mary with valuable gifts. "Ocean-born Mary" was the great-great grand mother of Judge Wallace, who began legal practice in Milford in 1871. There he formed a partnership with Bainbridge Wadleigh, United States Senator, who later removed to Boston after which Judge Wallace practiced alone. He served in the state legislature, was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1889 and for ten years from 1883, or until he was appointed by Governor J. B. Smith to the supreme bench. Judge Wallace is held in the highest repute as a jurist, and his career adds distinction to his adopted home.

As one approaches Milford by rail from Nashua, its importance as a granite producing and working district becomes at once apparent. At East Milford Station the long line of stone cutters' sheds begins, continuing in an almost unbroken stretch of over a mile. Along the track to South Milford the sheds continue, and there are few scenes that afford a more vivid impression of man as a toiler and builder, a transformer by virtue of indomitable industry, than the moving about and shaping into forms of regularity and beauty the intractable masses quarried from the great time-eroded hills beyond. We now climb the hills themselves, where the great derrick arms swing and the gleaming rock is laid bare in ledge after ledge, and all with the accuracy and precision of perfect control. Here a huge monolith

is being lifted by an 80-ton derrick and placed like a pillow on two flat cars waiting to receive it, here a man—man or gnome—white with quarry dust is splitting paving blocks, and as a matter of fact, few specialties in the way of stone work calls for more expert hands. Highly paid workmen these, with wages that would give many a perfumed city clerk dreams of affluence.

In visiting the leading quarries on the hills at South Milford, a convenient route will be to go first to the Lovejoy quarry, whose tall derricks rise conspicuously above the forests that cover the sides of the hills. Here is probably the heaviest equipment for handling stone among the Milford quarries. A fine seam of granite is laid bare, and its possibilities would only seem to be limited by human ability to handle masses. From this quarry was taken the beautiful stone monoliths that adorn the treasury building at Washington. Mr. S. A. Lovejoy, the treasurer and general manager of the company, is an expert quarryman capable of doing anything that he calls upon his workmen to do, a manager of the best type. He is a prominent factor in the granite business of Milford. From the Lovejoy quarries one may cross by a footpath to those of the Pease Company. Here also a beautiful sheet of stone is being worked. The good, clear stone lies remarkably near to the surface, and this, indeed, is an important feature of the Milford stone and lends itself to economical working. If the stone were flexible, like the blubber of a whale, one could imagine some huge giant with his skining knife peeling off the entire blanket and rolling it up in one piece. The Pease quarries are amply equipped with machinery and trackage and are capable of the prompt filling of the largest orders. Another short walk through the woods and we are at the Kittredge quarries. It is all much the same story to the inexpert, but to the keen eye of the veteran granite man, there are differences of the most marked character in almost continuous seams of stone. This, he will tell you, is the finest paving stone in the world, and another that seems identical to the untrained eye, excellently fitted for carving, "cutting just like cheese." Mr. Kittredge is an expert in all the ins and outs of the granite business and no small part of his success lies in his ability to select the proper stone for the work required. Close by, in the same group of quarries, is that of the Tonella Company. Mr. Tonella also has a cutting shed of his own and from his



THE LATEST ADDITION TO MILFORD'S INDUSTRIAL ESTABLISHMENT



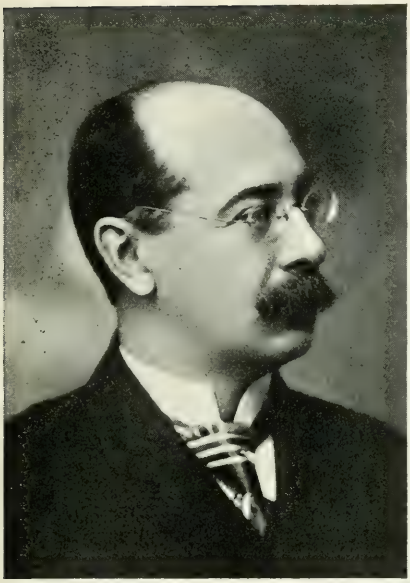
FREDERICK W. SAWYER

own quarries selects the stone for the beautiful monumental work produced in his sheds. The granite closely resembles that of Westerley, R. I., if, indeed, it is not actually superior to that celebrated monumental stone. For cut work it has an advantage over almost all known granites in its absolute freedom from iron stain in weathering. Many very beautiful pieces of monumental work have been executed by this firm out of stone from their own quarries. The company frequently uses the brand name of "New Westerley granite."

The granite men of Milford are organized into an association of which Mr. George Burnett is president. Mr. Burnett is himself a cutter, his shed being one of those that make up the long line of sheds that border the railroad from Milford to East Milford station. It might be interesting to a few, but not to the majority of our readers, to develop the commercial history and the ups and downs of the various firms engaged in the granite business in Milford, but it would be wholly aside from our purpose which is to emphasize, first, the high quality and varied uses of Milford granite and, second, the existence of a large number of strong firms capable of readily and promptly handling the heaviest orders. We have spoken in a former part of this article of the prosperity, good-citizenship and business acumen of the Italian cutters. Undoubtedly a factor in this prosperity is the Granite Savings Bank of Milford with its 1550 open accounts and its deposits June 30, 1911, of $318,461.11. This bank was incorporated in 1897 and opened for business April 4, 1899. Mr. William T. French has held the office of President and Mr. Arthur L. Keyes that of Treasurer since the organization of the bank. Mr. C. S. Emerson is the Vice-President. The bank strongly favors home investment, and its directorate includes many leaders of local business and professional life.

The mercantile life of Milford is wholesome and strong and enjoys the patronage of the surrounding country. Many of the merchants have amassed comfortable fortunes and are men of standing and mark in their community. Mr. W. F. French, the president of the Granite Savings Bank, is a druggist, Mr. C. S. Emerson, its vice-president, is a furniture dealer whose business extends over a very wide territory. The president of the Souhegan National Bank, Mr. H. A. Barber, is the proprietor of a large department store and one of the foremost business men of the town, interested in all of its enterprises, and a prime mover in most.

Round about Milford, and particularly on the road to Wilton, are some of the most beautiful farm lands in the state. Here also a number of men of wealth, "gentlemen farmers," as our modern journalism rather un-Americanly dubs them, have built beautiful homes in the midst of broad and well-tilled acres. Such is the Crosby farm, long occupied by William Crosby, one of Milford's most public-spirited citizens, and by him left to his twin sons, Frederick and Freeman Crosby, who lived upon it until their



Col. William B. Rotch

death when the beautiful property became the home of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Anderson, Mrs. Anderson being the daughter of Deacon Freeman Crosby. This is one of the finest farming properties in the state of New Hampshire. A little farther on toward Wilton is the beautiful country residence of Mr. C. H. V. Smith, a gentleman of means who has taken an interest in a number of Milford manufacturing enterprises. Mr. Smith's residence occupies a commanding site and is one of the most attractive in the entire district.

And this notice of the beautiful farm lands and fine estates of the Souhegan valley brings us naturally to a closer consideration of the attractions of the district to the summer visitor, that very important factor in the prosperity of rural New England. The Souhegan is a lovely winding stream, bordered by fertile lands, while on either side the land rises, at first gradually, but with increasing abruptness, into those forest-covered hills that are the glory of the Granite State. "Seven miles up and three down," as the saying goes, is the road to Mount Vernon, a glorious hill-top, where freedom's eagle ought to have been born if it wasn't. The road to Mount Vernon is a succession of delights to the lover of rural scenery, and the fine, old hilltop itself, with its fresh, cool breezes and wide, panoramic views, the very ideal of a restful change for the toiler in the heat of noisy and low-lying Boston or New York. Here are to be found excellent hotels, notably The Grand, which is the largest, and the Bellevue. Points of interest abound inviting to drives and walks, and every amusement is provided. From the two Marden brothers, Honorable George Marden and Mr. Frank Marden, Mount Vernon has enjoyed a devoted, tireless and generous care which has played a large part in transforming the old village into the beauty spot that it is to-day.

Quite different from Mount Vernon, but equally charming in its own way is Ponemah, an exceptionally well-managed and deservedly popular hotel resort about



The Late Gov. John R. McLane



THE HISTORIC MILFORD MANSE

three miles to the east of Milford. Ponemah is fairly built in the woods and offers the beauty of the nearby as Mount Vernoon of the distant view.

By all odds the most interesting developments of New England life to-day is that which joins industrial development with the "return to the soil" movement in both of the manifestations of the latter. I say in "both of the manifestations of the return to-the-soil movement, because I take it that the eager seeking of out-of-door recreation in close touch with the earth in its beauty, is really a phase of the same spirit that is leading us to re-examine and re-appraise our farm properties in the light of modern scientific knowledge and intensive farming. With the growth of this movement the development of the Souhegan valley is assured.

I have purposely omitted from this sketch many of those things which commonly appear in similar articles. I have tried rather to speak of those things which Milford enjoys in some unique or different manner or degree.



ONE SOURCE OF MILFORD'S WEALTH

As They Were in the Beginning, Are Now, and---

By MARGARET BURROWS MARTIN

I HAD a rotten time, simply rotten. The only cherry in the whole sunday was Jimsie Hepburn. Say Aunt Agnes, he's simply *grand*. I'm plain crazy about him. He sure can have me."

The fresh girlish voice, too penetrating by far, rang out over the veranda. A close observor might have seen the perfect hands of "Aunt Agnes" tighten on the arm of her chair though her answer came in a voice of the older generation, perfectly modulated, serene and gracious.

"My dear, oh my dear! You should not speak so, and where did you meet James Hepburn? I understood you were going boating. You dressed for that you know," with a depreciating glance at the scarlet sweater, the low throated Middy blouse, the bared round arms and the absurdly coiffured hatless head.

"Yes I know, but Aunt Agnes, Percy Williams is such a ninny, a regular molly coddle, Teddy's prize sample. He wouldn't go beyond the breakwater. Said *it wasn't safe* and we all can swim like Robert Chambers' heroines. So we got miffed and made him put us ashore on the other side and then we took the car out to Yale Field and Jimsie Hepburn was training and he was the whole thing. Believe me! I'm just crazy about him. Just my luck, I barely met him. Nan Heppelworth, stingy thing, monopolized him the little time he was blanketed."

Perhaps the serene voice was less serene as Mrs. Chrisbaum, otherwise Aunt Agnes, looked questionly at her very pretty, very youthful niece perched securely on the veranda rail swinging her high heeled slippers, sample sizes, and said, "I don't think I quite understand, dear. What do you mean by 'blanketed' and—"

But again the clear voice interrupted, "Oh, Aunt Agnes, you sure are a perfect darling, but there is so much you don't understand. Jimsie was *training,* and between runs when he came to the side lines, the men, the dear little freshies, tried to beat each other to it, and hang a perfectly gorgeous real Navajo blanket over his dandy shoulders. If I get to know him real well, I'm going to have that blanket for my rug, see if it don't. I'm just crazy to be 'next' with him. He's perfectly stunning in his track suit," and the little heels clicked together by way of emphasis.

"You mean,—" and now the beautiful voice held still less of serenity. "You can't mean dear that you were talking to those young men and to James Hepburn of all young men, while he was so improperly dressed. "You—"

A merry little laugh, refreshing in its unconscious charm silenced the distressed voice of the elder woman.

"Improper, why Aunt Agnes, his costume was quite en règle. Men can't wear tuxedos and pearl studs on the athletic field and he is just too fit for anything in gym shirt and running pants. I didn't talk to him; Nan Heppleworth, stingy thing, saw to that. I just met him, but I saw nothing else afterwards. He's just grand, I could love him to death —um—m—m."

"Agnes!" and now the graciousness was lost in stern dignity. "You simply must not speak in that outrageous manner. You do not know this young man at all. I had hoped your meeting him would be very different. He is to dine here to-night. His mother is my dearest friend and for generations the family has been one of the proudest in New Haven. This questionable honor of being on "The Trock team" I believe you call it, has almost turned the poor boy's head and the girls of the families we, of

course, do not know, are continually disgracing themselves by showing him attentions. His mother was here this afternoon and she was telling me that they actually call him up by telephone at his home and a group of girls, she did not of course name them, come for him repeatedly with their car. I rather fancy she referred to the Heppleworth girl you saw at the field. We, his mother and I, have been quite distressed about the whole matter. He has been very dear to me since but a small boy and we have seen so many promising young men wreck their futures here at Yale on account of unworthy girls that we know the danger to the best of boys. However, his mother was telling me this afternoon that she believed he was becoming satiated with attentions of that kind and she hoped he would soon feel the disgust we do.

In my day, dear, things were very different. Your mother and I were brought up to believe that ladies never allowed themselves to be interested in men until the men showed them most marked attentions. Your mother, dear, was that rare thing to-day, a perfect lady and I had hoped dear, that when you came to me, you would be different than the girls here. I wanted James Hepburn to find in you his ideal woman. Had my own little girl lived—"

There the sweet voice faltered and ceased. Slowly the girl on the rail slipped to her feet.

"So that is it, Aunt Agnes. You believed I would be like you and—and mama—instead of dear, dear daddy who was both mother and father to me until he, too, died. You thought I was different, and now you are perhaps sorry you sent for me, but I just cannot help it. I could not be like you if I tried a hundred years. I somehow just *must* act as I feel. I think I am really interested in your James Hepburn. His big shoulders and big mouth and clean straight teeth and straight legs make me think of father and the men out West that I have always known. You have so many perfect-ladies-of-men here in New Haven. He seems different, and Aunt Agnes, Daddy has told me many, many times that he and mama fell in love at their first meeting. Maybe he didn't know that until after but anyhow that is how it happened for Daddy, himself, said so." Then the temporarily saddened eyes sparkled again. Yes, I am quite crazy about Jimsie Hepburn and if you keep me here Aunt Agnes you will just have to let me run my own show. You know Aunt Agnes I am not quite so awful as I sound. You have been so sweet and you dear old darling, I will promise not to call up your paragon on the 'phone or take him riding, or *quite* disgrace you. Girls must have been different in your day," this with a sigh that touched the elder woman, "but I can't be like them, Jimsie Hepburn or no Jimsie Hepburn, so there! Who beside this poor girl-hunted Mr. Hepburn is coming to dinner to-night?"

Mrs. Chrisbaum sighed, then smiled indulgently at the wholesome girlish face turned to hers.

"Just a little party, dear; Miss Bradley, she you call, I can't think why, 'The Curled Mayonnaise' and the curate. He is very, very pleasant and cultured and musical, dear." She hesitated over her description of the curate trying and failing to see him with her niece's bright eyes.

When the little high heeled pumps clicked their way down the white treaded mahogany railed stairs that night, James Hepburn boyishly handsome in dinner attire, started forward smilingly to bow over the little hand extended in response to her Aunt Agnes' tentative introduction.

"Miss Lindsey, I had the pleasure of meeting you at the Field to-day. I am delighted."

The fresh girlish voice, to her aunt's bewilderment, in its childish habit interrupted, "Mr. *Hepton*, oh yes, how stupid of me to forget; after our long talk too, but never mind when you get over being a freshman and turn horrid senior *you* will not remember first meetings. You freshmen are such a comfort and there were so many of you out there to-day. Aunt Agnes was quite distressed about my having gone so I suppose I shall not go again."

James Hepburn, senior track team idol, looked the bewilderment "Aunt Agnes" felt as one by one his perfectly inflated tires of vanity were punctured by the silvery thrusts. He watched the slender figure, childishly gowned in baby blue, bordered daringly with clusters of pink rose buds move across the long New England front parlor and greet Miss Bradley, whose eyes in turn wandered disapprovingly over the beautiful girlish shoulders as Charla Lindsey turned from her to meet the admiring gaze of the curate.

It was on the curate's arm Charla moved to the dining room and not until the end of the second course did James Hepburn, striving desperately to follow Miss Bradley's essay on the value of soul beauty as compared to obvious physical charm, have an opportunity of realizing fully the obvious physical charm of the face turned so persistently and happily (judging from the little laughs that bubbled intermittently) to the little curate.

James Hepburn as he sat in the back parlor after dinner and tried rather unsuccessfully to keep a four-handed conversation with his host and hostess and Miss Bradley from dragging, was uncomfortably conscious of the rapt admiration in face and voice of the little curate who was assisting Charla Lindsey rearrange great piles of music. Finally piqued beyond endurance, he rose and approached the pre-occupied pair.

"I say, Miss Charla!" he said with clumsiness quite new to him, "you seem so interested in music. There's to be a very good concert at Woolsey Hall tomorrow afternoon. May I send you tickets and perhaps enjoy it with you?"

Charla, evidently with difficulty withdrawing her mind from the curate's last remark, raised eyes which James Hepburn was sure were the brownest in the world and answered, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Hepburn, Auntie says I had your name wrong before. We," with a dazzling smile at the beaming curate, "are going to the church-on-the-green to-morrow afternoon. I am to try the big organ there. I am going to spend all my spare time there. I am just wild to begin."

When Mrs. Chrisbaum kissed her niece good night some hours later, she hesitated and then asked, "Charla, would you mind telling me why you were-a-so-*pleasant* to the curate to-night and so-a-*distant* to James Hepburn? I thought, indeed you were so emphatic about your admiration for him this afternoon."

Charla Lindsey studied her aunt's beautiful cameo face before replying. Then, while a quick flush deepened the rose tints of her cheeks she leaned forward impulsively and kissed both the pale cheeks before her. "Oh, Aunt Agnes, you are too sweet, too dear to be real." She hesitated and then the deep brown eyes sparkled. "Didn't you see James Hepburn had his hair parted in the middle to-night? I *detest* men who wear their hair so. Out on the field his hair seemed to illustrate that old hymn, 'In heaven above where all is love, there'll be no parting there.' You need not worry darling, My Lady. I shall not disgrace you by a crush on James—the irreproachable."

Mrs. Chrisbaum sighed as she let down her soft white threaded hair that night, vaguely discontented. Her last thought before she knelt by the great mahogany bed which had been the pride of her grandmother was "Girls are so different than in my time."

As the weeks went on she grew more reconciled to this difference. It was strangely sweet to have the old house filled with youth and flowers and laughter. Even the slang she found so offensive at first began to have new meaning as she associated it with the bright eyed, wholesome girl, who day by day became more dear to her. She came to understand the innate womanliness which all the children in the neighborhood had recognized instinctively as their clinging devotion to the girl constantly emphasized.

Only the lack of enthusiasm about her old favorite, the son of her dearest friend, dampened her joy in the new companionship.

Charla was in every truth what her mother had been, a belle; only now the phrase was, like the curled bangs of that time, hopelessly old-fashioned. Charla's

every day, every hour, proclaimed her the modern belle. "A popular girl," Mr. Chrisbaum exclaimed one night when at last the great veranda was deserted. "Yale surely is growing apace. I did not know there *were* as many freshman as come here to see Charla and say, how many men have The Skull and Cross Bones now?"

But although the freshmen came—and the sophomores—and the juniors—and the seniors, one senior, he of the track team fame and Skull and Cross Bone affiliation, arrived with the most persistent regularity and frequency and invariably Charla met him with a sweet childlike surprise,—a Why-are-*you*-here manner that made him swear he would not come again, even while he planned some new way to interest her, for each plan he offered found her otherwise engaged.

One day, one beautiful clear day shortly before commencement, he brought a look of eagerness to the clear brown eyes by proposing she take a run with him in a racing dory.

"The water is fine," he said, "just enough wind. I heard you say the other night you had never had a sail in one of our dories. There is no danger and I can manage this one easily; only put on something you don't care about keeping dry. We are liable to get plenty of spray. Please say you will come. I wish I knew why you dislike me so."

Aunt Agnes coming into the room at that moment and catching the last sentence thought for the hundredth time of the center-parted hair and longed to tell him, but she felt it would not be loyal to Charla. "Such a strange fancy," she mused, "and so different than she would expect from the girl; to persistently discourage such devotion for such a trivial cause."

She did not realize that her entrance had saved her favorite a premature declaration and Charla's eyes were lowered and none could tell whether her woman's instinct had warned her of the mingled love and longing and wounded vanity crowding for utterance.

It was a perfect day off Morris Cove. The wind driving around Light House Point, formed waves, the breakwater only partially subdued and white caps broke frothily on the palisades around the bend. The little dory tacked and doubled and cut clean and sharp before the wind. A group of men in oilskins whose broad cat-boat with brown sails crossed their course looked in frank surprise at the little figure in blue middy blouse shifting easily from side to side as the narrow dory dipped and cut into the waves.

"It is fresher than I thought. They are rolling in—kind of choppy.—I'm afraid you'll get pretty wet. Shall we go in?" asked the bronze skinned track man in jerks as he kept his eyes on their sheet.

Charla's eyes danced and sparkled, "Go in!" she cried, "Not for *worlds*. This is like things I dream of. You must go outside of the breakwater. I am wild to get in the big waves."

James Hepburn sent a judging glance over the growing waves, "I think we can try it," he said. Then with a look that brought a flush to the salt sprayed cheeks, "I must not take you into danger. Can you swim?" Charla turned her eyes out over the long breakwater.

"Of course we will try it. Yes, I can swim—a little—I used to swim in the tank at the school." Perhaps it was the memory of the gay times—the tank at school with the girl friends now far away, perhaps 'twas the thought of the long, before breakfast swims which were too dear in memory to speak of, with Father in San Francisco Bay, those happy little girl times with the daddy she adored, the daddy who would never more hold her close and whisper, "My little girl, my darling little girl," that brought the stinging tears to the great brown eyes.

They were outside of the breakwater now and the sail reefed closer, James Hepburn thinking of the difference between swimming in a twenty by forty bath-tub in a girl's college and in the waves here in Long Island Sound with a puffy squall on, turned in time to see the big tears overflowing.

"Charla, my little girl, why what—" he exclaimed and then—it happened—

When James Hepburn's eyes were again above water he saw a wet blonde head crowned with sodden ribbon fifteen

feet away. She seemed to be making futile efforts to swim, keeping just above the waves between them and gazing appealingly at him.

They seemed hours, ages, aeons, those minutes before he reached her and then he trembled with fear because she yielded so quietly to his rescue. "Poor little girl, she is almost exhausted," he thought. "Fool! Damned fool, I was to risk it. She will never forgive me after this; but oh, if she is all right, I will be satisfied."

He gained the breakwater easily and climbed with difficulty to its great stone top with his burden. The white lids covered the brown eyes now and as he laid her on the sea splashed stones, he knelt in agony by her side. "My little girl, my darling little girl. Oh, what have I done and I loved you so. I never meant to hurt you, never. I love you so! I love you so! What *can* I do?"

The face beneath his turned deepest rose. The little wet mouth trembled. The white lids lifted and a pair of most laughing, happy eyes looked into his.

"Oh, you did that splendid, Jimsie Hepburn, but I was *much* more comfortable before you laid me down on these hard stones."

James Hepburn rose to his feet. The great drops still fell from his glossy head. One hung suspended on the end of his nose. His great jaw dropped. The flannel outing trousers clung unevenly to his muscular limbs. For fully a half moment James Hepburn stood and looked in amazement into those laughing challenging eyes.

Then—but the cat-boat sailors coming in haste to rescue "them tarnal fools" never told what they saw and after all Jimsie was just proving that he could do other things "splendid."

When James Hepburn brought "his little girl" dressed in the good fisherman's daughter's best dress, home to her Aunt Agnes and claimed that fair lady's kiss and a blessing, she looked in amazement from the happy girl to her old favorite.

"But, my dear, his hair is still parted in the middle."

Charla, whose mind and heart held naught but her lover's words and the memory of the shelter of his arms looked in honest bewilderment at the elder woman.

"Why Aunt Agnes! What has that to do with it," then, remembering, a peal of merry laughter filled the old front parlor. "Oh, Aunt Agnes, Aunt Agnes, you are TOO sweet to be REAL."

Aunt Agnes looked long and tenderly into the radiant eyes and then a light from other days dawned in her own.

"I believe I understand dear. You precious little Charla! Girls are no different than they were in my time."

Sunset Contemplation

By DORIAN HYDE

Ever with rapture and longing salute we the passing day
In its hour of majesty and splendor;
Radiance soft and amber suffusing the sky of gray
Awake now the soul's intensities solemn and tender.

Borne up in yonder glories fain would I drift away,
Only to still the vague unrest which thralls me;
Of surety Divine assurance bespeaks, yon crimson o'er tranquil gray,
That distant realm of soul's enchantment calls me.

The soft wondrous voices of my heart, sublimely and peacefully now
Join song with all Nature at Beauty's shrine kneeling;
In contemplation mellow, I gaze to the graceful cathedral spires
My soul quite silent, awed, with unutterable feeling.

Butterflies and Moths and How to Photograph Them

By L. W. BROWNELL

A BUTTERFLY has long been the symbol of all that is useless, in life; the name a synonym for pleasure seeking and thoughtless frivolity and senseless prettiness, and yet, in reality, these dainty little creatures are not the mere useless mites of beauty that we are apt to consider them, they are not brought into the world simply to flit away their short lives in a succession of carefree days with no other aim or reason for their being.

Nature, in her far reaching scheme of existence and the continuation of life, has a place for the butterflies and a duty for them to fulfill, making them of some real importance in the world. It is to them and the bees that she has assigned the labor of fertilizing and cross-fertilizing the seed-bearing flowers of our plants that they may continue to reproduce their species and not die out, as they would inevitably otherwise do.

Have any of us ever stopped to consider, I wonder, what this earth would be bereft of its vegetation? Without its vegetable life there could be no animal life, and it would whirl through space an absolutely dead body, like the moon. It is to perform their by no means small part toward preventing the consummation of this that the butterflies are allowed to exist and they attend to this duty so well that many flowers depend entirely upon them for the fertilization of their seeds. But they also play another part in the world which, though of no real importance, is, nevertheless, the one by which they are best known to the majority of people; that of helping to make perfect, by their presence, the beauty of a summer's day for, although we now accept their presence in the summer landscape almost without realizing it yet, I imagine, were they suddenly to be eliminated we would greatly miss them although at first we probably would not be entirely cognizant of what had gone.

But the moths, what part do they play in the economy of nature? Their duties are similar to those of the butterflies although, I am sorry to have to say, there are many species of moths that do infinitely more damage to the vegetation than can be counteracted by the good that all the rest do, and against whom constant war must be waged. Of this type are the brown-tailed moth, the gypsy moth (which species have caused immense damage to the vegetation in New England during the past few years), the tent caterpillar and many others. Just why Nature allows them to multiply with such alarming rapidity that they are rapidly becoming a very serious menace to our shade and other trees, or why she allows them to exist at all is past the comprehension of man, for they are, apparently, of absolutely no use.

When one speaks of a moth the only idea that it conveys to the mind of the majority of people is of the little fellow that makes himself so obnoxious to the housewife by persistently eating holes in our garments so carefully laid away for future use, and to these people it always comes as a surprise to learn that among the moths are some of the largest of our Lepidopterous insects; huge fellows whose wings when spread often cover an expanse of from ten to twelve inches. These, however, are the night fliers and so successfully do they hide themselves during the day that they are seldom seen during that period and when one catches sight of them flying in the dusk he is very likely to confound them with the bats.

And what, I hear someone asking, is the difference between a butterfly and a moth? The technical differences are many,



THE MILKWEED BUTTERFLY, OUR MOST COMMON SPECIES

too many to explain here, but suffice it to say that the majority of moths are nocturnal in their habits while all the butterflies are diurnal. The moths have feathered antennæ, or "feelers," and heavy, thick bodies, while the antennæ of the butterflies are thread-like and clubbed at the tips and their bodies are slim and small. Moreover the scales on the wings and bodies of the moths are thick and soft, many even resembling feathers, giving to the wings a downy appearance and a soft velvety feeling to the touch, while those of the butterflies are thin and lap each other closely.

There is scarcely an American boy who has not, at one time or another, started a collection of butterflies. None of these collections ever amount to anything more than the killing of a few hundred of the dainty creatures and the final consignment of their dried bodies to the ash barrel. It is not until the boy has reached an age of knowledge that he can start the making of such world-renowned collections as those that were gathered together by Mr. Neumoegen and Mr. Edwards, the former of which contained specimens of nearly every species known to science.

The making of a collection of butterflies or moths is an undertaking that requires skill, unlimited time, and the greatest care, not to speak of an immense outlay of money. There is another way of collecting them, however, and one which is open to every man, women or boy, and that is the taking of their photographs. This is not so difficult an undertaking as it may at first seem, but, on the other hand, neither is it entirely easy. It requires the expenditure of some little money and considerable time, but the enjoyment that can be derived from its pursuit amply justifies the expenditure of both these commodities. I am going to give some hints to those who wish to undertake it that may be of some material aid to them.

Of course the moths, being extremely



LUNA MOTH JUST AFTER EMERGING FROM COCOON

difficult to find in the daytime, cannot often or easily be photographed out of doors. Their larvæ, or caterpillars, are to be found plentifully everywhere, however, feeding upon the vegetation, and, with a little care, they can be kept in captivity until they pass through the various stages to the perfect insect. To watch and study them day by day during this transformation, or metamorphosis as it is called, is not the least of the pleasures to be derived from this pastime. Moreover there is plenty of opportunity for the making of photographs of them in series showing them in all their stages from the small worm to the perfect insect, and such a series is of great interest.

When the Imago, or perfect insect, first emerges from its chrysalis there is an interval of some three or four hours during which it is absolutely inert, for it takes that length of time for its wings to dry and strengthen sufficiently to be used in flight. During this time, if it is handled with care, it can be transferred to any resting place upon which the operator may desire to photograph it and it will remain there perfectly motionless. Naturally, under these conditions, one may be assured of obtaining absolutely perfect, even life-sized portraits of it with but little or no trouble. All this may also, of course, be done with the butterflies as well as the moths and, in fact, I consider this the really ideal method of making photographs of the Lepidoptera for by no other means can they be so accurately reproduced.

There is another feature that serves to distinguish a moth from a butterfly besides those already enumerated: the larvæ of the butterflies are always smooth bodied although some of them have horny excrescences and fleshy filaments protruding from different points of their anatomy, while the great majority of the larvæ of the moths are provided with a more or less heavy covering of hairs. This cannot be absolutely depended upon as a distinguishing feature, however, for many of the moth larvæ are smooth bodied also, but we may be certain that any hairy caterpillar that we find will ultimately turn into a moth.



Male and Female Cevopa Moths, One of the Largest of Our Native Species

Furthermore the caterpillars of the moths, when about to enter into the second or pupal stage of existence, always weave for themselves some sort of a covering of silk. This is called a cocoon. In some instances it is flimsy in the extreme, only sufficient to hold the two edges of a leaf together or make a scant nest beneath whatever place of concealment the caterpillar may have chosen. Frequently, however, as in the case of the silk worm, it is substantially and beautifully made. The larvæ of the butterflies never do this but merely attach themselves to the underside of some leaf; to the stem of the plant upon which they are feeding; to the bark of a tree; or secrete themselves beneath some stone or loose leaves; underneath loose bark, or in some one of the many numerous places in which they choose to pass the pupal stage, and there change to the pupae without the covering of a cocoon.



Tent Caterpillar, a Destructive Pest

It is an easy task to rear larvæ if one will but exercise a little care with them. All that is necessary is to keep them well supplied with fresh leaves but these should always be the same kind as those upon which they were originally found feeding. They should be kept in cages made of very fine mesh netting in order to keep them safe from the attacks of the parasitic flies that are always searching for them, and these cages should be kept clean, for a caterpillar is a cleanly creature. This is all the care that they require and they should be handled as little as possible. I usually have kept small bottles of water in the cages in which to place the leaf bunches for my captives to feed upon. This keeps the leaves in a fresh condition for much longer than if they were just thrown into the cage, but the mouths of the bottles must be kept closed in some way so that the caterpillars may not crawl into them and be drowned.

In photographing butterflies afield, and

this is far easier than it may at first seem, some very beautiful pictures may be obtained. First it is necessary, however, to know something of the habits of the butterflies so that we may know just when and where to look for them. Each species has its chosen habitat and one might almost as well think of finding a fish on dry land as to look for one of the swamp-loving species in the high dry woods or vice-versa. Also the different species appear at different times of the year and some of my readers may be surprised to learn that some species may be looked for as early as the latter part of March.

However, July and August are the gala months for the butterflies and then one can hardly go amiss in looking for them. They are everywhere from the sunny open places to the deeper woods and from the swamp-lands to the high hills, and their name is legion.



One of Our Most Beautiful Moths

Take your camera on some fine, still day, for a day on which the wind is blowing is a poor one for butterfly photography, and go to the nearest piece of flower-covered lowland. It is here,

where the Joe-Pye and Ironweed, the thistles and thoroughworts, the milkweeds and sunflowers bloom in profusion that you will find the largest congregation of butterflies. Having once arrived there you need not leave that field until you have every plate you have brought with you exposed, for you will find some conspicuous bloom, one that stands well above its fellows, for these are the ones that are most frequented by the butterflies. There are always plenty of these more conspicuous blooms in every flower covered field. Having selected your flower, set up your tripod and attach your camera with the lens about two feet from



THE BLACK SWALLOW TAILS PAPILIO

plenty of material. One should be immune to the rays of the sun on a quest of this sort and a broad brimmed straw hat, while it may not add to the stylishness of your costume, will be found of considerable service in protecting your head and face, which is more to the point.

Having arrived at your destination the first thing to be done is to search out and slightly above the flower so that it may be pointing downward at it on a slight angle. In focussing upon the flower, if your lens is a very fast one, you can afford to stop down a little so as to get the entire flower in sharp focus. If, however, your lens is not fast enough to stand this then you must move your camera back until you have every part of the flower clearly outlined on your



THE LARGE YELLOW SWALLOW TAIL PAPILIO TURNUS

ground glass. It is much better to have the image of the butterfly small than out of focus and fuzzy, and it is remarkable to note, when you have focussed on only one part of the flower, how religiously the butterflies seem to avoid that particular spot. Now set your shutter at about one-hundredth of a second speed, insert your plateholder, draw the slide, cover the whole camera well with the focussing cloth (and it is well to do so also with an extra piece of dark cloth so that there may be no danger of fogging your plate) and all that is left to be done is to wait for some butterfly to visit your blossom when you may make the exposure. Unless you are very unlucky you will not have long to wait unless you move about too much, for a butterfly does not generally object to the near presence of a human being.

Butterflies and moths stay with us as long as the flowers last, and some species even longer, so that there is work for him who would photograph them from early spring until late fall. Even during the winter one need not be entirely idle for there are always the cocoons and chrysalids to be hunted and photographed and by keeping these in a warm place their inmates can be forced to emerge much earlier than they naturally would.

The Domestic Instincts and the Man of the Future

By ALBERTINE FLERSHAM VALENTINE

THIS is a critical age, a skeptical age.

Every body and everything of public interest must bear the glare of the search-light, and survives with glory or falls with shame according to its real value.

Instead of being the wicked age that many try to make us believe it is, it seems to me that we have reached the enlightened stage of being so thoroughly dissatisfied with the old order of things that we are demanding as we never have before, a nearer approach to ideal conditions, and our constant demand coupled with public investigation must be productive of good results, so that in looking ahead we seem to have the promise of cleaner politics, saner religion, more honest business methods, more general educational advantages from the kindergarten to college, more sanitary conditions in factory and tenement, shorter working days for women and purer foods and drugs.

In the general investigation, the family as an institution has not escaped discussion, nor should it, for it is the foundation of the whole social order. The ideal toward which we are moving is the family, where father, mother and child are equal members of the trinity—the result of which is an intimacy and a sympathy unknown a century ago—and a home where the parents are performing their joint yet differentiated work wisely and in true harmony. The problem of the home of to-day is to educate the boys and girls of the present generation so that they may be prepared to take their respective places in the home of to-morrow and to fill them adequately.

Much has been written concerning the deficiencies of the rising generation and particularly of the training or lack of training of the girls to prepare them for their duties as wives and mothers. Is there not something to be said about training the boys to be husbands and fathers?

Quite outside the training of boy or girl for other vocations and for other usefulness is the necessity for instilling in both a sincere desire for the best kind of home life as the life which offers the most satisfying happiness, accompanied by an intelligent appreciation of the true duties and functions of the individual for that life and a resolve to live up to the highest standards of living.

Though this longing for and understanding of domestic life is of equal importance in the training of boy and girl, it is, in more or less of a haphazard way, to be sure, oftener included in the upbringing of girls than of boys. Whatever one's theories may be in regard to the education of girls, whether he advocate technical training in the art of home-making or college education, or both, all agree that girls should be so trained to think and to act that they can preside efficiently over their homes.

As children, little girls have the domestic and maternal instincts strengthened by their games. The game of playing house with its stage-setting of household furnishings and with dolls and doll carriages as important properties, has apparently always existed and has never been supplanted by the many new and fascinating games put on the market each year. Most girls look forward to marrying as a matter of course. I do not mean that they, or their parents bend every effort to affecting an "advantage-

ous match" though this is undoubtedly the case in some circles, but the average girl in looking to the future is apt to say: "When I am married, I shall do thus and so." Without much thought she knows instinctively, that her highest happiness and fullest development lies in wifehood and motherhood, notwithstanding the fact that there are now so many other fields open to her which never were before.

Marriage is fortunately not the economic necessity to girls which it once was, yet it is to most the real goal of happiness.

Do boys look forward to marriage in the same way? I believe that they do *not,* generally speaking, and is it not a fault in the social fabric? Are not husbandhood and fatherhood the natural instincts of the man? They undoubtedly were meant to be and they surely develop his character as nothing else does. His natural instincts have somehow become perverted.

Beginning with childhood, the training of boys all seems to point to their interests outside the home. Boys rarely join in the game of playing house, or, if they do, it is only before they are old enough to realize its nature, and, not wishing them to be effeminate, we do not encourage them to take part in this pastime though it would seem that they might take a role that would be in accord with masculine nature.

On the other hand, they are universally fond of playing with steam engines, building blocks, electric motors, and even toy aeroplanes, and at an earlier age each year we see them becoming proficient as base-ball and foot-ball players.

We encourage them in their athletic sports for they are of physical and moral benefit and we often imagine that we see architects and engineers in embryo when we are called to see the results of a rainy day in the play-room.

We have long known that a man cannot hope to achieve much as physician, surgeon, lawyer, preacher, architect, artist or musician without special study along these lines, and special preparation is now almost necessary outside the professions, too, for besides the professional schools and schools of technology, there are trade schools for boys and girls which are gaining in favor, the school of business administration at Harvard, and there are trade magazines full of helpful articles for the man in commercial life.

All good mothers and fathers ought to try to send their boys into the world specially trained for their prospective vocations so far as is possible, and equipped with lofty principles and good health, and ambitions to accumulate all that they can by honest methods which are not detrimental to the happiness or success of others.

Ambition to succeed financially is an almost universal desire. It is a very normal desire. It may easily amount to greed but within legitimate limits it is a most impelling and necessary factor of real success. In the few cases where it is lacking, it is the duty of parents to stimulate their sons to action by impressing on them the duty of self-support, a duty to their families and to the community. It is my opinion that intelligent parents are giving more and more thought and attention to these subjects and are sending their sons into the world as well prepared to earn a living and to be good citizens as their incomes permit. There are also wise parents, and their number is growing, who are realizing that, just as it is important to prepare their daughters for wifehood and motherhood, so is it essential to teach their sons that their noblest calling is that of husbands and fathers and to develop latent domestic instincts often submerged by selfish desires.

They are also teaching them to spurn the dual standard of morality proclaimed by a false and decadent philosophy and by preaching the value and possibility of control over natural instincts they are laying the foundation for men of such character and stamina that a more beneficent form of family life is bound to be the result.

Whereas special education is not tangible nor practical to develop highly efficient manhood with the domestic instincts strengthened, it is a problem for parents to deal with, and there are several forces that can be recognized as inimical

to domesticity and as such should either be modified or eliminated as dwarfing to well rounded character. The domestic instinct, like all other important traits of character, must, of course, be inculcated before manhood dawns, so the forces for discussion are those presenting themselves during childhood and boyhood and early manhood, and the complexity of modern life is responsible for many of them.

Beginning with infancy, we see in many families, the baby turned over to a nurse in whose care he is left until he is ready for school. I am not in sympathy with some of the present day writers who feel that all nurses for children are an abomination, resulting in too much leisure for the mothers. There is a perfectly reasonable place that the child's nurse fills in order that the mother may have some leisure which can be put to good uses, and it is only the superficial woman who is lacking in a feeling of the responsibility of motherhood, who leaves anything but the drudgery to a nurse and the result is an equal loss to mother and child.

To prolong the nurse's stay after the boy's mental development has really begun is the first step in the *child's consciousness* toward destroying the personal relationship of the child toward his parents and his home and in doing this, parents cheat themselves and their boy from one of the most satisfying of human relationships.

The next influence that many boys meet which gets them out of touch with the life of the family and the home is to be sent to boarding school at an early age. Much can no doubt be said of the advantages of boarding schools and there are contingencies to meet which they are a necessity, but to the boy living where there is a good day school, the other advantages are as nothing compared to the loss of his parents' comradeship and the lack of an intimate interest in the home, which he must suffer at this most impressionable and plastic age.

The going to college comes all too early, and the boy cannot have too solid a foundation laid to carry him through these next four years without drifting from the influences that are just as necessary to his future usefulness as his academic course and his enlarging college friendships. At college there are practically no influences toward domesticity. All the surroundings bear in the opposite direction. The well-to-do student in these modern days finds himself living with all the comforts and conveniences of our best hotels while the less affluent ones do not suffer in the college boarding houses where their needs are probably met as well as in their own homes, without any effort on their part. The fraternities or clubs provide entertainment and meeting places often luxurious in their appointment where he who has the money may be well served at the pressing of a button and with no thought or idea of how and at what expense it is all managed.

On leaving college the boy, now called man, goes home; he enters business or a profession; if this does not take him out of town to live, he is apt to find his home and his own family a little dull and simple compared to the life he has left or his family who have never really been part of his life and who have gone their own way without him do not quite know what to do with him. They have their own friends, he has his. They feel that they have done their duty in giving him an excellent education and a "good start in the world" and parents and child go their separate ways. As soon as he is able he joins the local clubs, or before that time comes, his father makes him a member of one or more of them, and there he spends much of his time, again out of the home.

Whereas clubs perform an excellent function in some respects, when used in the place of home they add one more demoralizing force against domesticity. The average young man's business or profession is sufficiently engrossing in itself to make him feel that he has no time for the details of the home, and by the time he marries—if he marries—he has drifted far from the fundamental interests of home life. Often he does not marry; his business, his clubs, and a selfish spirit resulting from little or no influence having been brought to bear

on his moral responsibilities and his debt to the world have choked the original instincts for family and home.

This is an extreme and a black picture for all these influences do not often surround the same boy exclusive of influences in the other direction. There are many wise mothers, who, beginning at infancy *own* their own children and take a direct part in their care and who at least after the baby days feel, and enjoy and assume the responsibility of being companions to their children, answering the first inquiries of the growing inquisitive mind. They keep their boys at home until they are ready for college and during these seventeen or eighteen years they lay a foundation not easily shaken by later influences. Here the father has an important role to play, too. He must make a companion of his boy, be interested in his studies and his sports, talk over his own business and his own interests with him so that the boy feels that he is an important member of the home where his ideas are heard and given proper weight.

We all know that service quickens interest, and just as this is true in church or club, so is it in the home and the boy whose duty it is to attend to the furnace or the snow or the garden or the carpentering, or the electricity with the weekly allowance *earned,* is more a part of his home and has a greater interest in it.

Unfortunately the apartment has taken away some of these possibilities and the increased number of servants kept in houses as well as the artificial restrictions of conventionality are obstacles to overcome. Parents should also want their children to know their friends and they should know their children's friends, and when the day comes for the boy to go to college one of the greatest duties of parents is to make their letters bridge the gulf of time and distance.

Affection and advice are not the only qualities necessary in these letters. Details of the life at home, of improvements, changes and plans for the future, of the diversions enjoyed, of even the trials borne, of people seen, all keep the picture of home vivid and attractive.

Then, when the business life begins to make the boy feel the responsibility that should be felt as soon as there is any earning power, and to start the habit of saving, some part of his earnings, no matter how small, should be contributed toward household expenses. That he may know the value of money, he should be told what these expenses are and how the family income is distributed.

These things sound small. They are little in themselves but they all tend to develop something in a man without which he not only amounts to little in his home, but also receives little. They give his character a warmth and a depth and give him longings for a home of his own where he can carry out what he has experienced and improve upon it. Educated to be domestic, to regard clean manhood as essential to self-respect and to public welfare and to regard money-making within certain bounds a distinct duty, the man of the future will occupy a bigger place in the world than ever before.

His vision will be broader, his emotions deeper, and his capacities larger.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Jocelyn Cleaveland

By ELLEN STRONG BARTLETT

IN the August days of 1860, a little poem appeared very quietly in the columns of the "Berkshire Courier." People read it, and stopped to think. It was printed soon after in the "Congregationalist," and more people read it and stopped to think; and then it was carried across the Atlantic, and there, having been seized on with avidity, and printed and reprinted, often without the author's name, it was wafted back to its own country as an alien, and traveled about in American publications as the work of an English writer. After some trouble, it was reinstated in American citizenship, but that did not diminish its popularity. It was published in attractive booklet form of many kinds; it was garbled to fit the ideas of different theologians, and became a household word, through its great circulation.

Such has been the career of "No Sects in Heaven," written without an expectation of such results, by Mrs. Elizabeth H. Jocelyn Cleaveland, who was a woman endowed with gifts of inheritance and character that made her little sermon in verse, so gladly listened to by the world when she had no thought of preaching, the expression of her gracious and tolerant nature.

At the time when "No Sects in Heaven" was published, there was rather more narrowness of view about denominational differences than now; and, whatever people thought, it was more the fashion than now to say that "orthodoxy is my doxy"; thus an utterance like that poem struck the public as a daring expression of very advanced opinion, but of an opinion that many were glad to welcome and approve. It was not an entering wedge to split apart the bulwarks of religion, but a friendly pressure to bring healing to the wounds caused by dissension.

Mrs. Cleaveland was the daughter of the noted portrait painter, Nathaniel Jocelyn, of New Haven, and had been reared in an atmosphere of culture and love of freedom.

She came of the fine New England stock that we like to think has been a "little leaven for the meal." Her mother, Sarah Atwater Plant, a woman of great force of character as well as personal beauty, was descended, through the Gorhams, from John Howland of the Mayflower, Mrs. Cleaveland basing her membership in the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants on this lineage. Nathaniel Turner, too, of the "Phantom Ship," was another ancestor. Among the branches of the family tree are the Baldwins, Pecks, Judds, Harts, Mileses, Higleys, and Gorhams; some coming from old Norman families, some furnishing one of the "Seven Pillars" of their respective towns in the New World; as William Peck, who came in the "Hector" with Eaton and Davenport, and was one of the first deacons of the First Church in New Haven; Richard Miles, another early deacon of the church; and Richard Baldwin; the last two being commemorated on the Memorial Bridge in Milford.

The Higleys owned an estate in Simsbury five miles long, and were mainly responsible for working the coppermines at Newgate. Doctor Higley was a pioneer in science; and was, too, a leader in artistic and financial ideas, being the designer and coiner of the famous "Higley coppers" of which a few cherished specimens are in the Philadelphia Mint and the Connecticut Historical Society. From him were descended both John Trumbull, the painter, and Nathaniel Jocelyn.

Mrs. Cleaveland's grandmother, Dorothy Gorham, was married in the house



MRS. CLEAVELAND AT THE TIME OF WRITING "NO SECTS IN HEAVEN"

on York Street, in New Haven, in which her daughter and granddaughter were born, a house standing on a part of the Gorham land that has been held by members of that family for two hundred years.

Descended from Thomas Joceline, who came to Hingham in 1635, himself descended from a French family of great antiquity, the Jocelyns had strongly marked artistic talent. The grandfather of Mrs. Cleaveland, Simeon Jocelyn, born in New Haven, had not only extraodinary mathematical powers, but composed music, compiled a hymnbook, and was a skilful watchmaker. His wife was the daughter of Lieutenant Smith, of Southington, Conn., Luceannah Smith, whom Rochambeau had chosen for his partner at a dance, saying that she was the most beautiful girl that he had seen in America.

But of all the factors in Mrs. Cleaveland's character, her father must have been the most important. Born, like his father, in New Haven, he had an in-

timate and lifelong acquaintance with many of his sitters; and his native and acquired talents made his portraits famous, giving him a prominent place in America's art for two generations. He exhibited for years in the National Academy of Design, received honors in his own state and other states, and numbered among his friends such men as John Trumbull, the painter, S. F. B. Morse, William H. Seward, the poet Percival, Reverend Doctor Leonard Bacon, Arthur and Lewis Tapwan. To the end of his life, he had a studio in the Yale Art School. He studied several languages, and had the advantage of foreign travel when it was not common. He must have discussed the theory and practice of his art in the presence of his daughter, and some of her early stories show this plainly.

In youth he had learned the engraver's art; and one view of his character shows him as a man of affairs, being one of the founders of the American Banknote Engraving Company, now the United Banknote Engraving Corporation; and he spent many years in New York at the head of the Art Department of that business.

Beyond this, he was a man of outspoken Christian character—a public-spirited citizen. Besides the illuminating spirit of his art, his life was touched by the divine flame of the reformer, and in the anti-slavery movement, he was a faithful friend of the slave.

Into such an atmosphere of love of beauty and loyalty to duty came his daughter, Elizabeth. She was born in the house on York Street, in New Haven, which had been the home of her mother and grandmother. Undoubtedly, she listened intently to the family traditions that must have breathed from the walls. There were several older sisters, and too much gayety resounded in the house for what was deemed then the proper upbringing of a child; so Elizabeth, when only eleven, was sent to the boarding-school of Miss Comstock on the opposite side of Crown Street from the school of the Misses Gilbert, afterwards the Misses Edwards, in which her two older sisters were at the time resident pupils. When Miss Comstock removed her school to the house on York Street, built by Mr. Salter, on land bought by him from the Gorhams, and thus became a next-door neighbor of the Jocelyns, Elizabeth was a day-pupil only. In this school, she showed that she had the pen of a ready writer. Evidently, she was a kind of laureate, being called on to contribute poems on subjects that interested the school community, and especially those tokens of social favor, Valentines.

At a later period, she was enrolled among the pupils of the late E. A. Andrews, of Latin Grammar fame, of whom his scholars used to say, with bated breath, that he "dreamed in Latin."

In Professor Andrews' school, the literary talent of the pupils blossomed forth in a publication called "The Bouquet." Probably the pretty girls of the day were in a pleasant excitement, while writing their poems and stories,



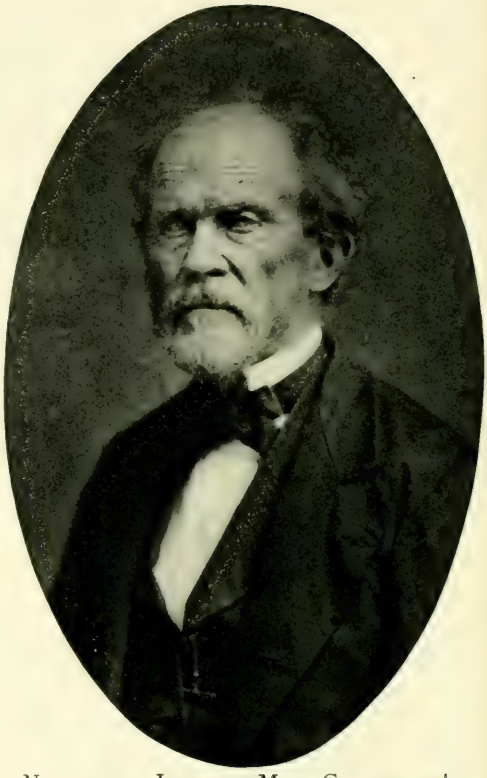
MRS. CLEAVELAND'S BIRTHPLACE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

and hearing them read in public.

This work suited the taste of the young poet, Elizabeth Jocelyn, and many a dainty conceit did she put in verse for "The Bouquet." Among her contributions was a poem, "The Dewdrops," a poetic idea gracefully expressed. It seems that a committee of girls sat in judgment on the contributions for their school-paper, and for some inscrutable reason, the "Dewdrops" failed to please these young judges, and was returned with harshness. Not at all daunted by repulse, the young poet composed a satirical rejoinder. Just at that time, the learned Professor Andrews was sitting for a portrait to Mr. Jocelyn, who jokingly referred to the literary adventures of his daughter. Professor Andrews promptly countermanded the fiat of the committee, and insisted that "The Bouquet" should be sparkling with "Dewdrops," and should include the reply to the refusal.

Valentines were then an elegant compliment, quite different from the gaudy jokes that can be bought now for a few cents. Elizabeth Jocelyn's pen was kept flying in the perpetration of those mysterious missives, and very likely she was often called on to help some schoolmate who had invoked the muses in vain. Evidently, St. Valentine did not forget to return to her as many messages as she gave him; and one of her replies shows a penetrating wit for one so young.

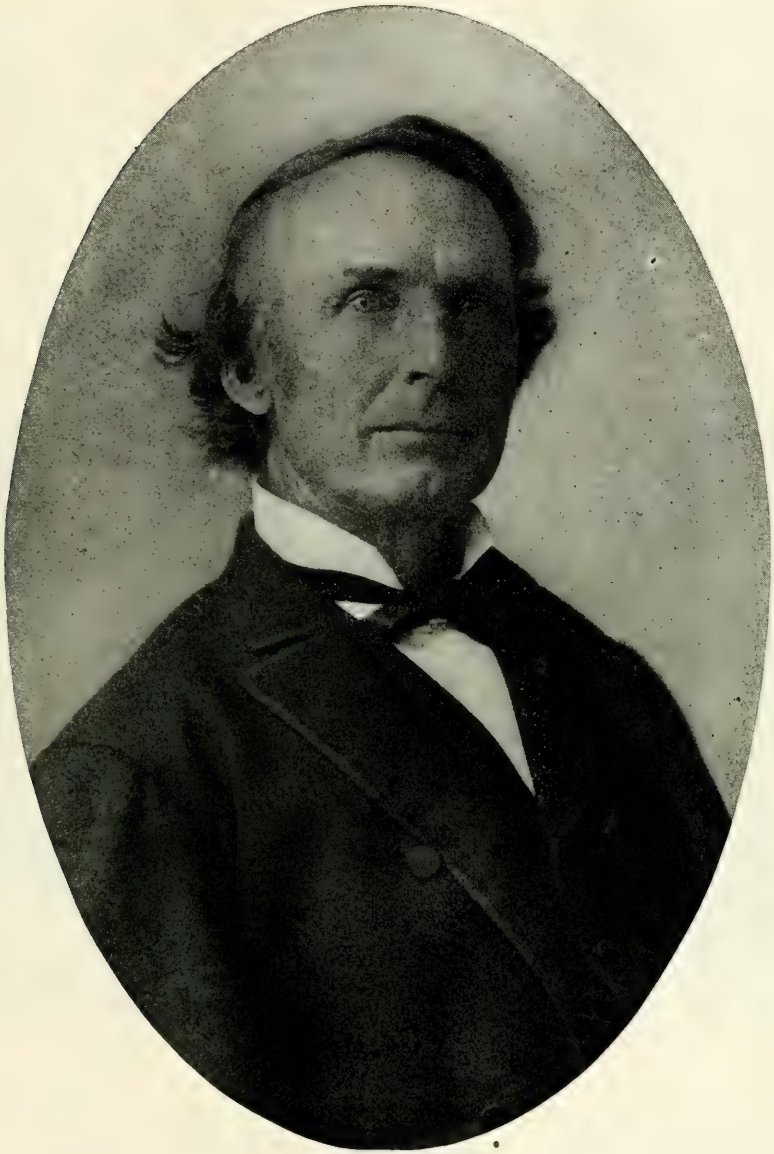
"If all the lines that are writ were true,
Why! what should we poor mortals do?
We could not promenade the street
For fear of soiling our fairy feet;
If a rude wind blew and a hard shower fell,
Our rose-leaved cheeks a sad tale would tell,
And in the heat of a summer's day,
Our waxen faces would melt away;
Our eyes of fire, without any doubt,
One drop of water would quick put out;
And many a luckless head be sold
For its teeth of pearl and its locks of gold.
In short, there's nothing but bears a trace
Of an angel's pen in our mortal face,
But without such falsehoods I can't divine
What would make up the Valentine."



NATHANIEL JOCELYN, MRS. CLEAVELAND'S FATHER

But that was not all. When between twelve and sixteen years old, for the entertainment of her companions, she was in the habit of reeling off stories, or novelettes, that make one wonder. These stories were written in little books, made by herself, in printing hand, and stand now as she wrote them without revision, at first draft. She must have had remarkable ability to plan her plots and characters and sentences, for never do they show a trace of hesitation or blunder. The personages move through their allotted experiences in accord with the characters assigned to each, and the denouement seems to be the legitimate outcome of the beginning. Moreover, the graceful diction flows on without a falter or a repetition.

Like other young writers, she depends on imagination, not observation or experience, for her story. With one excep-



Rev. James Bradford Cleaveland

tion, the scenes are all laid in England, among the parks and venerable estates that fascinated her fancy as differing from her own new country. What a reader of novels she must have been! has been often said by those who have been permitted to see these tales. Far from it. She was reared when fiction was looked on askance; and, in fact, it had been so securely barred out from her home that Scott's "Tales of a Traveler" had been the only example that she had been allowed to read. It was a sporadic case of inventive power.

In "Confidence" the familiarity with a painter's studio is betrayed. She knows just how easily the artist, by a few strokes, can transform the portrait of his blonde wife into a brunette beauty, and then change it all back again.

"Edith" shows that she was living among those who remembered the im-

pressions left by the Revolution. It begins with some words addressed to the heroine at her mother's grave, the diction being in the elaborate style of the time.

Edith looked up and almost shrieked with terror on beholding the tall, commanding form of a British officer bending over her. "Nay, start not, fair one," he continued, "I only meant to comfort you for your loss, but were your mother as pure and gentle as yourself, methinks it would be vain for me to attempt comfort!"

Fearlessly she answered, "My mother, peace to her slumber, was pure as yonder stars and gentle as the white dove that dips her pinions in the waters of my own blue Delaware."

"Admirable, admirable!" exclaimed the officer, as he drew closer to her side. Edith started and looked at him with surprise. "Can he be making a mockery of my feelings?" thought she, and laid her hand on her mother's grave and wept. The stranger again offered consolation, but as Edith's eyes rested on his long, sheathed sword, a shudder ran through her frame, and rising, she drew up her slight and graceful form to its utmost height, and exclaimed, "I like you not, sir, and your words bear no more comfort to me than do the whisperings of the idle wind, or the wail of yonder nightbird." She paused, and a cloud passed over the soldier's noble brow that sent a chill through her veins.

"There may be danger if I offend him," thought Edith, and changing her tone to one of melancholy tenderness, she added, "I am an orphan, sir, and has not God promised that he will be a Father and comforter to such?"

"But does he not sometimes send his servants to do that duty?" asked the stranger eagerly, and stepping towards her as he spoke.

"But are you God's servant, sir, and is it your duty to scatter death and destruction over the dwellings of our land? methinks, sir, you have mistaken your proper duty, or knowing it, have not chosen to perform it. Indeed, I never knew before that war was a comfort to the afflicted or the sword a symbol of peace and consolation to the mourner." After further advance and hesitation on both sides, he attributed her gentleness to her mother, but asks whether her father might have been a "rebel"!

Edith's brow reddened, and drawing around her the folds of her mantle, she exclaimed with a quivering lip and a



PARSONAGE IN SOUTH EGREMONT, MASS., WHERE "NO SECTS IN HEAVEN" WAS WRITTEN

tearful eye, "The customs of your country may differ from ours in many respects, but there is one, I believe, that is universal—that is—such a feeling of pity for the afflicted, if not of regard to the dearest ties of life, as restrains anyone possessed of true politeness from expressions of disrespect to the deceased!"

This reproof brought a contrite apology from the redcoat, on his knees, and, on the following day, a peace offering in the shape of flowers on the grave. After repeated attempts to win favor, for several weeks, the officer at last asks why she avoids him, why she refuses to place his flowers on her mother's grave.

"I do not feel bound to account to a stranger," said Edith, "for anything that I may do, much less for a thing for which his own heart must tell him I had a sufficient reason." Edith looked up as she said this. Never until then had she observed his noble and handsome countenance. But while she gazed upon him, she observed it, and she thought, "What a pity that he is a British officer! The officer himself, perceiving that he had made no very disagreeable impression, at least, thought that he had better withdraw before doing so.———His "Farewell, I knew it would be all in vain," left her wishing that he would return. At the dear grandmother's request, Edith and her friend go to pick berries in the dell, and there they meet a hag, who offers to tell their fortune, and leads Edith away on her boat to secure more complete retirement for the fortune-telling. She skilfully draws out the feeling of the girl for a stranger whom she may have met, and at last, by implying that he has drowned himself for love of her, brings her to a climax of agony, and then asks, "Would you return the love that caused his unhappy death?" Edith could forgive any fancied rudeness to herself, but she says, "It is because he is a British officer, and my father fell by an English sword, and my poor mother died of a broken heart."

Quickly then did the disguise of the hag disappear, and the resplendent uniform of the British officer reappear, while he pleaded his cause. "What a moment for Edith! Half inclined to listen to the officer, and still knowing that she ought to go, she stood with one tiny foot deep in the red sand, the other resting on the edge of the boat."

Although the American girl is not won even then, she yields at last, when she thinks that her lover has really left her. Finally, she marries the officer, Jasper Linsley, and leaves her grandmother's cottage. The tale ends in England. "It was at the hour of sunset when they entered a magnificent grove, and as they glided swiftly under the arched canopy, Edith now and then caught glimpses of the high battlements of a lordly castle. 'Whose place is this?' asked she of her husband, who was eagerly gazing out of the window. 'Dunmore Castle, my love,' answered he; and then, with an arch smile, he added, 'O, Lady Dunmore, welcome to your future home.' Edith started, and as she gazed inquiringly at her husband, he took both her hands, and exclaimed, 'Forgive me, Edith, I have again deceived you, for under the assumed name of Jasper Linsley, you have wedded Lord William Dunmore!' "

Well did the youthful author portray the characters of the American girl, keen, but guileless, spirited, and able to defend herself with her tongue, the type that, since then, has walked through miles of fiction to a place of fame; of the British soldier, proud and impetuous; of the rural grandmother and girl-friend, upright and simple; how deftly did she catch the special charm of the English landscape, its trees and old castles! It is not more unreal than many a romance of to-day; and that such tales should have been written in a careful copper-plate printing hand, without revision, in English that fits the thought as the glove fits the hand, is very remarkable, and leads one to suspect that a novelist was spoiled in an uncommonly good minister's wife.

A girl of twelve or fifteen who could arrange her ideas so consecutively and express them in so finished a style as in these stories, whether she had read many novels or not, must have had uncommon powers. If these powers could have been turned to portraying the people and scenes around her, what a treasure of

pen-pictures we should have!

Her literary proclivities did not make her a recluse, and she was a leader in the gayeties of the time. Every generation of young people delights in amateur theatricals; and in New Haven, had they not had the example of no less persons than Nathan Hale and James Hillhouse taking part in such sport?

When the fever reached her set, Elizabeth Jocelyn wrote a play. In accordance with the taste of youth, it was a tragedy. The playhouse was her father's dining-room, and Elizabeth was the directing genius of it all, diffusing her ideas and inspiration on all sides, transforming some old sea-chests into a stage, hanging sheets as curtains so that they really drew, improvising and making all the costumes, carrying out as far as possible the notions of stage management derived from the dramatics at Mr. Lovell's school, then considered a model in all respects. Let it be remembered that these constituted her sole experience of theatre-going. The admission tickets were pins. After heroic struggling, all was ready, and the pin-paying audience, old and young, had assembled to enjoy the treat. The orchestra, composed of a drum made from a barrel, played by means of potatoes on sticks, had performed an overture. Contrary to the habit of Shakespeare's time, the players were all girls, with one exception, a neighboring boy, Lemuel Punderson, then a youth of fourteen; afterwards, the dignified deacon of the North Church. His role was that of a bandit, who was put down to carry off a neighbor's child who had been pressed into the service. He in turn was to be driven out by Bandit Number Two in the person of Elizabeth Jocelyn's sister, dressed for the part, who was to rush in and carry him off to some unknown cave or dungeon. But when the tragic moment arrived, Lemuel Punderson's sense of masculine dignity asserted itself, and he utterly refused to be overcome by any girl; and struggling and kicking, broke up the play by dragging his assailant off the stage. We can fancy the confusion and consternation attendant on this tragedy within a tragedy, although it requires a thousand horse-power imagination to think of Deacon Punderson as the cause of it.

In school she had excelled in mathematics, a gift doubtless inherited from her grandfather, Simeon Jocelyn; and under the instruction of Professor Andrews, had become a fine Latin scholar, besides studying Greek. After leaving school, she continued to study, and thus acquired French and a fair knowledge of Italian. So interested was she in such pursuits that many years later, in advanced age, she attended German classes in New Haven, and enjoyed thus making herself acquainted with another language. During her young ladyhood, many a poem did she write, sometimes on the events of the day that roused her, as when, during the famine in Ireland, she apostrophized the ship that went out in 1847 to carry food from the United States to the starving Irish, "Speed on to that isle of sorrow, speed!" So the loss of the steamer President, in 1852, called forth a poem; and sometimes she was tempted to try her hand on Bible themes, as "Moses smiting the Rock," and "Ruth's Vow."

In 1852, she was married to the Reverend James Bradford Cleaveland, of Yale, 1847, and Divinity School, 1851, a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford. He was a man of congenial tastes and fine character, had made an enviable record as the principal of the Washington School in New Haven, and was ever regarded with respect and affection by his parishioners. Wherever he followed his divine mission, he was sure of a notable coadjutor in his wife, who did not fall back on the time-honored plea that she did not marry the parish; but was ever ready with sympathetic or uplifting words to enforce in practical Christianity on week days the lessons that were heard from the pulpit on Sundays.

Durham, Conn., was the first home of her married life, and to that peaceful village, the bride and bridegroom drove, in quite idyllic fashion, after the wedding in New Haven, a double wedding, because at the same time, her sister Frances was married to the Reverend David Peck. Not long after, Mr. Cleaveland was

called to South Egremont, Mass., where the sojourn was long enough to make much impression on the mind and writings of his wife.

The beauty of the Berkshire mountains and valleys inspired some of her best poems, as "Bashbish Falls," a picture in words of those dashing waters among rocky walls, "the crumbling dome of a vast cathedral in ages gone," and "Twin Lakes," "lovely in sleeping, those wild forest daughters." In forest rambles in the spring, she found that gem of New England flowers, the trailing arbutus, and she sang:—

"Wake up! wake up! O violet,
Open your sleepy eye,
'Tis thus the sweet arbutus sings
As she goes trailing by.

* * * * *

Where ope its petals, pearly pink,
Only the wildwood knows;
Will some kind fairy tell me where
The sweet arbutus grows?"

It was in South Egremont that she wrote, "The Atlantic Cable," "The Hidden Path that men have made and daring laid, across the pathless sea." The closing lines disclose the millenial feelings with which the world hailed the achievement:

"The sea hath passed away,
And hand in hand,
The nations stand,
One brotherhood to-day."

And there she wrote, "No Sects in Heaven," which achieved instant and lasting popularity, and spread her name and fame abroad, as has been said. Nature was not her only study there; for human nature was unfolded before her like an open book, as is shown in her "Shibboleth" in which she gently satirizes the insistence of each group of Christians on its own pet tests of spiritual goodness.

"A sudden cry, and a sudden gleam
Of a glancing sword by the crimson stream,
And 'off with his head!' they vengeful cry,
He is an Ephraimite, let him die.
And quick despatching with all their might
Just as another one comes in sight,
Glad welcome give to the next who stands
With the 'bread of life' in his pious hands,
In his pious hands, and they hear him through
We believe it all, and so do you,
But this—it is not enough to say,
We must have it said in a particular way."

It is in the same line of thought as "No Sects in Heaven." While she sees the frailties of us poor mortals, she is not harsh and bitter. She laughs, but does not denounce when she sees her fellow-Christians over-zealous.

It was in South Egremont that she heard that some of the people were afraid that the minister's literary wife would not know how to keep house. That called forth, "Oh, that my enemy had written a book!" which was certainly a witty reply.

"If I had the power a foe to curse,
I'd wish for my enemy nothing worse,
Than to write a book for the world to read,
And this would be a curse indeed."

The fears for her housekeeping were quite groundless, for she was exceptionally noteworthy in the care of her house and family, being punctiliously exact in the fulfilment of all such duties, so that everything about her was neat and orderly, putting to flight, on acquaintance any idea that she was a blue-stocking. That was about the time when the wife of a certain neighboring minister, not so happily situated as was Mrs. Cleaveland, undoubtedly goaded beyond endurance by the stabs of jealous parishioners, and the annoyances and anxiety attending insufficient salary, had poured out her woes and tried to supplement her means by writing a novel, "Shady Side," which became a kind of slogan, the counter battle-cry being taken up in a story by another



FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. CLEAVELAND

minister's wife, "Sunny Side." Perhaps these things were in mind when Mrs. Cleaveland wrote her little poem, "Trials."

"What are called trials by ministers' wives
Are never called trials by me,
They are the breath of the idle winds,
Or the ripples upon the sea.

No shady side has the pastor's life,
If happy he be at home,
When the fire burns bright on the hearth at night,
There can no shadows come.

I call it a trial when to our door,
A messenger comes from God
For the dear little infant upon the breast
And lays it away in the sod."

She was not spared such trials; for a son died in childhood, and many years later, she lost her first-born son, Jocelyn Plant Cleaveland, a lawyer of promise in New Haven.

These afflictions were borne very bravely, and undoubtedly deepened the sympathy, already true and tender, for others who were in sorrow. Often some parishioner who was mourning a loved one would find solace in a poem written by her that would express in verse what he knew not how to say. Sometimes these laments in verse were printed and distributed widely. She was always ready to give this comfort by means of her pen, and was apparently just as much inspired by the grief of a poor working woman whose child had died as by that of anyone whose name was found in blue books.

Like the troubadours of old, she always composed her poetry mentally, not on paper. She might be looking from a window, gazing on meadow and sky, while her lips, guided by her ear, were framing some of her graceful stanzas.

She played the piano and sang; and, moreover, understood the scientific side of music so well that she could often, by examining the score of some song, tell where it was faulty. It happened that the birthdays of her father and her son, Livingston, afterwards Judge Cleaveland, coincided; and musing on this, she wrote "Sire and Son."

"Father beloved, thy daughter gives
Glad welcome to the morn
That ushers in this happy day
When sire and son were born.

Thou standest on the mountain top
Thine eye is youthful still;
While he, a helpless babe, doth take
His first steps up the hill."

Among the parishioners was Mr. Goodale, then a bachelor, afterwards the father of Elaine and Dora Goodale, the poets. To his "Sky Farm" on an elevation of the Taconic range, Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland were invited for a Christmas dinner, which led to the poem, "Christmas on the Mountain." One of the last social pleasures of Mrs. Cleaveland's life was receiving and entertaining Dr. Eastman, the husband of Elaine Goodale, and recalling the days that made his visit interesting to her.

From South Egremont, the Cleavelands went to the beautiful town of Goshen, thence to New Hartford, and to some other parishes in Connecticut, Bloomfield, Kensington, Granby and Oxford.

In spite of all the varied cares that fell to their lot, the growing family, the loss of dear ones, and the duties and anxieties that are a part of a minister's life, they kept up their studies and in morning prayers, used to read Bible passages in Bibles in various languages; Mr. Cleaveland, generally in Hebrew or Greek, Mrs. Cleaveland, in French or Italian, each turning the passage into English at the time. Guests were often asked if they would like to take part by selecting a language most agreeable to them. Mrs. Cleaveland was, nevertheless, very unostentatious, never parading her literary gifts; and often friends who had attained a degree of intimacy were surprised to find that she had ever written a line.

Through all these years, Mrs. Cleaveland was an ideal pastor's wife, identifying herself with the life of the people, not seeking the dignity of official position, but making all feel, by the warmth of her personal interest, that she sorrowed with their sorrows and rejoiced with their joys, and desired to use her talents for the use of those around her. Needless to say, she was greatly beloved wherever she lived, and was looked on as literally the minister's helpmeet. By her cheerful and efficient ministrations, she drew all the people to her in lasting bonds of friendship, and admiration for her beautiful character.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland removed to New Haven in 1888; and in the next year, after a life of honor and usefulness, Mr. Cleaveland died. His early work among the colored people of New Haven was remembered with especial gratitude. The establishment on a firm basis of their church, first on Temple Street, afterwards on Dixwell Avenue, was greatly owing to his efforts. With her remaining son, Judge Livingston W. Cleaveland, Mrs. Cleaveland passed the remaining years of her life most happily in New Haven, retaining to the last her ability to enjoy her friends and to be enjoyed by them. Her only daughter, Susan Trowbridge, had married Mr. Robert L. Rice, of Granby, and they having returned with their five sons to New Haven, enabled Mrs. Cleaveland to be in the midst of her own family circle.

For fifteen years she was a bird of passage, seeking the mild climates of Lakewood, Atlantic City or Florida; and the summers found her at different watering-places on the Maine coast and along the Sound. Travel was a pleasure to her, and wherever she went, she enjoyed the experience and made friends. She was always ready, the trunk was always easily packed, and her arrangements were quickly made; so that her departure was not spoiled by delay and confusion.

Likewise was she prepared for the last journey, and her going January 19, 1911, after a brief illness, was like her life, tranquil and cheerful.

She was one of those fortunate mortals who pass through the world shedding the radiance of a bright and cheerful spirit around them. Well and happy she was so busy in accomplishing her own duties that she had no time for fretfulness or faultfinding. Her keen insight into the freaks and follies of human nature did not prevent her from being hopeful, buoyant, and optimistic, always seeing the bright side of this old world of ours, and looking for good in all mankind.

Such a life is a blessing to the world, and an example to be diligently studied by those who would follow in her footsteps. Above all that she accomplished in word and deed was what she was—a light shining out in this murky world with the steady brilliancy that comes from the lamp well-trimmed and filled. In the midst of life's changes and human nature's fickleness, there was something delightfully restful in the abiding strength and peace of the character of this sweet singer.

When the Coward Spoke

By A. JERROLD TIETJE

At every bend of the narrow trail between the post-oaks the horseman's lithe body strained eagerly forward; constantly his restless gray eyes strove to pierce the low-drooping pendants of Spanish moss. At length as the trees thinned, his search made out, over the hill at the creek, the windmill whirring as busily as when a year previous its arm had seemed to wave him a mocking farewell. Then, while he passed the rise, almost in a flash there leaped up unchanged to greet him all the other adjuncts of the tiny Texan ranch—the ramshackle hog-pens, the huge watering trough half-hidden by pushing, lowing steers, the unpainted barn, the patches of corn and sugar cane, the one sickly orange-tree in the yard. Beyond, crude under the noon-day sun, lay the rough little cabin.

"Dick!"

"Jennie!"

As the rider sprang from the creaking saddle to the black, cracked soil beside the makeshift porch from which the woman had so hastily risen, his arms closed hungrily about her. Yet in a second, after the first clinging welcome, the woman drew back. "No," she warned slowly, "yo-all'd better not."

In his turn the man retreated a step. There, one hand flung over the mare's neck, he paused, while relentlessly, in a scrutiny the woman's tanned cheeks faintly resented, he studied the slender, none-too-tall figure before him. Steadily his gaze noted the worn crack-whitened shoes over bare ankles, the cheap print dress, the garish cotton handkerchief pinned about the lean throat; unaffected, it traveled on to the face, bronzed and sharp as his own, yet alive with a beauty too deep-rooted to be entirely erased by the hard South-texan world—a beauty lingering most in the large, soft, brave brown eyes; and his look rested, still with a calm appraisement, on the carelessly-piled masses of equally soft brown hair. But when suddenly the man's eyes fell to the hands reddened and knotted by daily combat with the prairie realities, they hardened.

At last, fingering with his free hand the glossy silk handkerchief loosely tied about his own sinewy neck, he spoke—also slowly. "Yo-all is sure ready, Jennie."

"For what?" The return question was non-committal.

"To come with me."

For a moment in reply to the simple longing in her lover's tones there welled into the deep eyes all the hope still springing in the woman's soul. Then it sank. She sighed wearily. "We-all"—rapidly her toil-bruised palm swept over the surrounding panorama from the outlying alfalfa pasture to a distant field where bunches of white marked the initial bursting of the cotton bolls—"ain't been lucky this year. The crops is poor. There's been storms—"

Over the man's forehead had been flitting a chaos of emotions—pity, anger, impatience, love. Suddenly he seized the woman's hand, covering almost intentionally a thin dull band upon her third finger. "Jennie," he began vehemently, "it's been a year since I was here last; though it's been almighty hard, I've sure kept my promise to stay away off. I've been in San Antone and I ain't even writ yo. For yo-all said no—I should wait. But before that, there was three years. And yo-all kept sayin' no. And before that"—the cords in his throat tightened—"it was six years while yor devil-husband was alive. We-all ain't very young and we-all's waitin' mighty long."

Though the woman's hands grasped convulsively at her dress, the great eyes met his as courageously as ever. "Is yo-all tired waitin' for me?"

Dick stooped so that his chin was level with hers. "Yo-all knows!"

But again the woman, after the slight concession, slipped aside. Her voice sank into a peculiar monotone, as though of phrases so many times iterated that all personal emotion had subsided. "Dick, I swore the evenin' he died that every dollar he'd stole from the post-office should be paid back. Yo-all remembers? He laid dead in there on that cot"—over her shoulder she pointed beyond the open, unscreened cabin door—"and yo-all and me was left alone, watchin'. Just a bit before he died he'd told us—the neighbors was still here then—that for two years he and I'd lived on stolen money." The pitch of her voice rose a trifle, then dropped. "I swore on the big Bible."

Dick nodded gloomily. "And I begged—"

"I've paid a hundred dollars—nigh half!" The interruption was hasty.

"In four years!"

Once more the tanned cheek flushed, yet the monotone flowed evenly in the familiar channel. "Years don't count; it's the payin' of the money. No"—she swept aside his gesture of dissent—"if yo-all paid, as I've told you—"

"For four years!"

Dispassionately the brown eyes roved over the coco-grass luxuriating wherever the yard was not bare and black. "Yes. For all those years yo-all's offered to pay, and I've told yo the same thing—no. It is hard to pay, too; it means savin' and scrimpin'—"

"And never wearin' nothin' but that rag and eatin' stuff the hogs'd turn from." Dick's tones were bitter.

"Maybe. But, Dick, time and all that don't alter the facts. If yo-all paid, it wouldn't be the woman what lived on the money that was payin' it back."

The same helplessness that had always overcome the man when face to face with the woman's insistent code, grasped him anew; still, before her stubborn conscientiousness in shouldering the burden of the payment his hot desire was beaten back. In vain he voiced the old feeble expostulation. "When yo-all was spendin' it, yo-all didn't know he'd stole it. Yo-all believed it was from his uncle."

"It's not that believin' any more than the years. I spent the money and I swore to pay it back."

Baffled, the man turned away. Then he whirled sharply. He spoke rapidly, eagerly. "Has yo-all forgotten that when yor husband laid dyin', he said he'd had a partner in the stealin'? Well, yo-all's paid half!"

In spite of the sun, the woman shivered a very little. "I guessed yo would use that this time, Dick. But yo-all knows mighty well that we-all hereabouts don't believe that. Yo don't and I don't. "A masked man whose name he didn't know what asked him to help rob the post-office"—them's his own words. Is they likely? He was a coward and he couldn't bear to own up the whole trick even when a-dyin'—that's all."

The man's response was too low for her to catch.

For a space she hesitated, then she went on, quietly still, but more hurriedly. "Dick, it's been four years now, not countin'—well, yo-all knows what—that yo-all's asked and I've answered; and we've always got about this far in our talk. I reckon there'll be more years—this year ain't goin' to count much toward the payin'—not even the cotton's worth pickin'. And I ain't hidin' it's harder and harder to say no. I guess I might's well tell yo all the truth now as last."

Dick started, then twirled a spur deep into the baked earth that broke but never crumbled. He kept his eyes upon the clods. "I fancy so, Jennie."

"I wonder sometimes"—the woman's beginning was abrupt—"how it is with yo men when yo wants to marry. Can't yo-all see, Dick"—at the rising note in the query the man glanced up sharply—"that beyond everythin' a woman wants to be clean when she marries—that I want to be clean when I come to yo?"

"Clean?" The words vibrated with amazement. "Yo-all's cleaner already than—" He halted, in quest of a simile.

"Oh, not that-a-way. Most women's clean that-a-way, I guess. I mean there's

more than one reason why I'm payin' the money.

"I needn't tell yo," she hastened on, "what my life was till yo-all came. Round here yo-all's heard a good bit about them two years after I run away from Dallas boardin'-school with him, and my folks wouldn't have nothin' to do with me. And yo-all's figured out more, I reckon. So what'd be the use of bringin' up all them days"—around the woman's mouth shaped itself an added line of bitterness—"while I was findin' him out for the liar and coward and dog that he was? Only—it was harder'n yo-all knows to keep trust in—God!" The word was whispered.

The woman drew a long breath. Dick was staring savagely at the cot beyond the unscreened door.

"Then, four years before he stole, when I was just a-dyin' here in all this"—with rancor the brown eyes took in the pens from which were already lifted long grunts of hunger, the flaring windmill, the rude sheds, the sagging fences—"came yo-all from El Paso way and—before I guessed it, I was lovin' yo. I fought it then—I knowed it was wrong—but I just couldn't help it. For you I lived. I hoped he'd die. Of course I wouldn't go with yo-all, but ain't that lovin' a reason why I got to pay the money?

"Then a year later he stole that money. Of course I didn't fancy he got it that-a-way; if I had, does yo-all s'pose I'd lived on it? I'd eaten jack-rabbit and armadillo first. But that don't make the stain no less."

More viciously the man twirled his spur; in a hole half a foot deep the earth still split, never crumbled.

"But, Dick, there's a bigger reason yet." As in her excitement the woman leaned forward, the heavy masses of hair tumbled and hung, rich and shimmering. "I want to be clean in my own eyes, God knows. But, more yet, I want to be clean for yor sake. It's the woman in me! And surely yo-all wouldn't want me this-a-way!"

Dick's lips parted.

As if frightened, the woman rushed on. "Oh, I know yo-all thinks now yo wants me—just anyway. But yo-all *really* don't! I know yo don't! When the money's paid—and it'll be paid—I can marry yo clean!"

"Is yo-all done?" The man had stopped twirling his spur and was regarding her curiously.

The woman nodded.

"Well, why didn't yo-all tell me before how yo felt about it?" The query held only a puzzled tenderness.

Instinctively the woman shrank back. "Some things a woman don't say till she must, Dick."

The puzzled look deepened. Then, before she could ward them off, the strong arms were drawing her closer and closer. "Jennie," the man cried passionately, "what do I care for all them reasons? I want yo! It's all foolishness, gal! He's been dead four years! Yo-all's worked and slaved! I know yo-all loved me when he was alive, but we-all never loved wrong! As for the money—"

Abruptly he stopped, silenced. The old calm, the constant adherence to duty was deadening the surprised rapture in the brown eyes.

"Who's that?" In quick relief, as the muffled patter of hoofs reached their ears, the woman wrenched herself away.

"Howdy, Mrs. Sewall. Howdy, Dick. When'd yo-all blow in from San Antone?" The newcomer stopped, a grin not altogether of embarrassment upon his honest features.

"Howdy, Mr. Wright." The woman's tones were smooth. "Any news?"

"You bet." The grin broadened. "Mighty good news for yo-all, I reckon. Bein' the postmaster, I brought it myself. Yo see, we've just had a letter from Trinidad, Colorado. It says they've hung a man for horse-stealin'. In his confession—yo-all knows they's brisk with horse-rustler's out there—he owned up to stealin' from the post-office here two years ago along with yor—" He stammered a moment, as he turned his horse. "That's all, I reckon."

After the two had watched the postmaster disappear over the rise near the post-oaks, the woman spoke—very softly. In her eyes shone the light Dick had never seen. "I'm clean—at last, Dick. Is yo-all glad?"

The Forest Maiden

By MARGARET WENTWORTH LEIGHTON

Before the sombre evergreen,
Wind-swept you bow, with stately mien.

You throw your mantle palely green,
About your stems of silvery sheen.

Within its folds of light and shade
The oriole's dainty nest is made.

Upon your swinging, swaying spray
The blackbird pipes his roundelay.

When autumn mists make sunbeams pale
You don a wondrous amber veil.

When streams are locked and storms are wild,
In all the land no sylvan child,

So pure, so graceful and so fair,
Can with my Forest Maid compare;

In robe of glittering jewels dressed,
You stately bend to all the rest.



Prison Culture

By JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN

THE prison library is unique in this respect; its borrowers of books can always be found, and every missing volume can be located. It is not necessary to send a policeman or scout to look up the possessors of borrowed books, for lo, here we have a school without a truant. The prison library is almost as well equipped as the library in the outside world; it has its card indexes, cabinet files and catalogues. Reverend Herbert W. Stebbins, Chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison, in speaking of the library at that institution says:

The library, which is under the care of the chaplain, contains 10,000 circulating volumes and 5,000 text books. There have been 37,142 issues of library books during the year ending September 30, 1909. Through the generous courtesy of the Honorable Horace G. Wadlin, librarian of the Boston Public Library, who has supplied us with the last 11 annual catalogues of the library, we receive monthly not fewer than 50 books selected by the men, which are retained for one month. These have been of great value to those pursuing special studies. The loan of a choice selection of books by the Society of Arts and Crafts and the loan and gift of art books by others has brought further inspiration to the art workers. The nearly 30 monthly magazines and the numerous

Institutions	Average No. of prisoners	No. of Vol in Library
State Prison	839	8,935
Massachusetts Reformatory	968	3,437
Reformatory Prison for Women	251	1,961
Prison Camp and Hospital	93	——
State Farm	1,313	1,400
Barnstable Jail and House of Correction	14	90
Boston Jail	310	1,064
Cambridge Jail and House of Correction	345	1,360
DedhamJail and House of Correction	90	557
Deer Island House of Correction	1,523	6,421
Edgartown Jail	——	——
Fitchburg Jail and House of Correction	115	500
Greenfield Jail and House of Correction	38	150
Ipswich House of Correction	49	75
Lawrence Jail and House of Correction	151	500
Lowell Jail	123	236
Nantucket Jail and House of Correction	——	——
New Bedford Jail and House of Correction	274	527
Newburyport Jail	11	50
Northampton Jail and House of Correction	55	200
Pittsfield Jail and House of Correction	74	723
Plymouth Jail and House of Correction	117	208
Salem Jail and House of Correction	141	——
Springfield Jail and House of Correction	246	900
Taunton Jail	49	141
Worcester Jail and House of Correction	203	625
Total	7,392	30,060

weekly papers for which the administration has subscribed have kept our population in touch with the current thought and activity of the "outside." The day school with two grades of studies has 120 pupils. The correspondence school, offering courses of instruction in 32 branches, has 220 pupils in 23 classes.

A spirit of determined purpose to use the unusual educational advantages offered here, and a hopeful uplook and outlook at the present time, characterize the educational, moral and religious life of the institution.

Libraries in Prisons.

During the year the library at the State Prison has been thoroughly rearranged, under the direction of the chaplain. Duplicates have been eliminated, and volumes unsuitable for use have been discarded. Nearly 500 volumes have been sent to other institutions, so that, while the number of volumes is less than reported last year, the efficiency of the library has increased.

The Massachusetts Reformatory has not expended the special appropriation for renewing the library, which was granted last year.

The Salem House of Correction, which last year reported that books had been destroyed by fire, has not made any new collection.

Table showing the average number of prisoners for the year ending September 30, 1909, and the number of volumes in the library of each prison.

Prison Journalism.

The prison magazine has a peculiar field of its own. Its editor is usually a college man who has strayed from the straight and narrow path, and its literary standard is as high if not higher than many of the so-called first class magazines in the outside world. No bad poetry or doggerel can get into its pages; the waste basket is always ready to receive specimens of badly written English. To obtain a place in its columns the contribution must have decided literary merit. A glance at the contents of the magazines published in the various state prisons of our country will prove my assertion. "John Carter," lately a convict in the Stillwater, Minnesota prison, easily obtained publication for his literary efforts in such high class periodicals as the "Century" and "Lippincotts." There is published in prisons to my knowledge the following periodicals: "Our Paper," Massachusetts Reformatory; "Mentor," Massachusetts State Prison; "Star of Hope," Sing Sing, New York Prison; "Reformatory Record," Huntingdon, Pennsylvania Prison; "Summary," Elmira, New York State Reformatory, and the "Reflector," Jeffersonville, Indiana Prison.

Genius and Jails.

Asa W. Russell writing editorially in "Case and Comment" says, "Genius is generally erratic, and often has a fine disregard for conventionalities and laws. This attribute has led many a man, highly endowed by nature, to a prison cell. A few months ago it was discovered that a young man in a western penitentiary was a gifted poet, a more than potential Villon or Wilde, one whose lines suggested the fiery rapture of Swinburne's verse. He had been imprisoned, when but nineteen years of age, for stealing a small sum of money when he was starving. Executive clemency was asked and obtained in his behalf.

Another prisoner showed himself able to produce in a far northen latitude wonderful results with lemon trees. He succeeded in raising, in the prison yard, lemons weighing two or three pounds. For him also a pardon was asked.

Another penitentiary contained a mathematical genius who claimed to have discovered "the reduction of the general equation of the tenth degree to an equation one degree lower."

If he has made this discovery, hitherto believed impossible, he has made a name for himself as great or greater than any mathematician, living or dead.

Such instances as these bring up a delicate question as to society's duty to a criminal under such circumstances. Having found a genius in a prison cell, shall it leave him there to work out his time? Or shall it open the doors on the ground that his brilliant writings or rare discoveries have discharged his debt and "assoiled his shame?"

While genius ought not to confer immunity from punishment, it may well be considered in abridging the penalty of the law, especially if the offender is willing to make amends for the past and become an honest law abiding citizen in the future."

Literary Favorites of Prisoners.

Dumas is easily the favorite among prisoners, both on account of the vividness of his style, and the general interesting nature of his work. Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" still holds a warm place in the convict's literary affections. Dickens is still a favorite author, but not to the same extent as Hugo and Dumas. Of the poets it is hard to say which one holds the foremost place; tastes differ, and the average convict is something of a budding poet himself like the spring poet of fiction. But he cannot perpetrate his bad poetry on his fellow inmates because there is a constitutional law against cruel and unusual punishment. In the western states when travelling on railroad trains it is a dangerous thing to show an intimate acquaintance with the English classics; you are suspected of having an academic degree from a penal institution, and within a few minutes you will find your companions as scarce as a red Indian on the shores of Manhattan Island.

Prison Wit and Humor.

As the ancient writer gracefully expresses it, "cantabit vacuous coram latrone viator" the empty traveler will sing in the presence of the thief, so the vagabond stroller will laugh at the display of authority by mere judges and magistrates, and when cornered will use his ever ready wit to extricate himself from whatever trap the officers of the law may set for him. He can hold ready conversation with prince and pauper, philosopher and fool, and the brilliancy of his conversation never seems to dim, notwithstanding his hardships and dissipation. He can detect a soft spot or sympathetic strain in the composition of a judge quicker than the most astute lawyers. I give herewith specimens of vagabond wit and humor for the entertainment of the reader.

"What is your nativity?" asked the magistrate. "I ain't got any, yir honor," said the blear eyed vagrant, "the police took everything I had."

Judge H—— who had been rather fast in his youth, took occasion one day after the jury had retired to ask a scamp what had become of all their former playmates. The rogue replied, "all hanged my lord except you and me."

When Brennan was confined in jail in Ireland on a charge of burglary, a banker whose notes were not held in very high esteem in the community, paid him a visit, and sarcastically remarked that he was pleased to find him at home. Brennan quickly replied, "My bankrupt caller, when every one in the country refused your notes, I took them."

Talking Himself Free.

An itinerant player, possessed of more wit than money, was a short time ago driven by that hard master, hunger, to commit the crime of poaching in the neighborhood of Birmingham, and was unluckily detected in the act, and was carried forthwith before a bench of magistrates, where the offence was fully proved. The knight of the buskin, however, being called on for his defence, astonished the learned justices by adapting Brutus's speech to the Romans on the death of Cæsar, to his case, in the following manner: "Britons, hungry men and epicures, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect for mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say that a player's love for hare is no less than his. If then that friend demand why a player rose against a hare, this is my answer, not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more. Had you rather this hare was living, and I had died starving, than that this hare was dead, that I might live, a jolly fellow? As this hare was pretty, I weep for him, as he was nimble, I rejoice at it, as he was plump, I honor him, but as he was eatable, I slew him." Here the gravity of the court was obliged to give way; prosecutor, spectators, and all burst into laughter at the ready wit displayed by the poor actor, and the information was withdrawn.



A SUGGESTION WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

In many a New England village where the comfort of the summer guest is a prime consideration, a campaign of the kind outlined below would be of great value.

"It seems hardly a titanic task to get a community of about seven hundred householders (not population, mind you) interested in ridding itself of the pestiferous mosquito. The task was tackled by the Board of Health of Glen Ridge, N. J., last March with a result that is more or less encouraging according to the way you look at it. Although only about fifteen per cent of the dwellings in the borough were represented in the responses received to the circular sent out it seems likely that by starting soon after the first of the year the next campaign may result in the disinfection of every cellar in the community. It is interesting to know how the Board of Health went to work in this matter.

The first page of the circular issued in March presented the matter squarely in clearly displayed sentences:

"Will YOU assist to rid Glen Ridge of mosquitoes?

If the mosquitoes were merely an annoyance it would be worth one dollar and fifty cents to do away with the pest.

The mosquitoes are a greater danger than they are an annoyance.

Glen Ridge can be rid of them—if everyone will help—if YOU help.

Do not read page two unless you WILL help."

Then of course everybody did read page two, which was headed "The Mosquito—Our Problem," while the opposite page began "And How to Meet It." Page two showed from the report of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station that the ordinary cellar often furnishes ideal conditions for the mosquito mother to pass the winter and for her four hundred possible offspring to live when the warmer days come. Pages three and four dealt with the method of extermination, and appealed to civic pride to reduce this pest to a minimum by killing every mosquito (culex pipiens) seen in the house during the spring, by painting screens with citronella oil, keeping premises free from stagnant water, closing rain barrels and cisterns, and by having cellars fumigated with vaporized "culicide," made of equal parts by weight of carbolic acid crystals and gum camphor. Three ounces of culicide is sufficient for every thousand cubic feet of space, and may be volatilized in a simple apparatus over an alcohol lamp placed on some non-inflammable material such as bricks in a tub of water.

About one hundred and ten people responded to the appeal. Some of the householders replied that there were no mosquitos in their cellars as the openings were well screened. A few of the people attended to the disinfection themselves, but the majority indicated on the printed postal accompanying the circular that they desired to have the Board of Health assume the responsibility of the fumigation at the nominal expense of $1.50 per house.

Such cases were promptly attended to by the local plumber employed by the Board of Health. Each cellar disinfected was kept closed for three hours. Herein lay the greatest difficulty—that of making the cellars reasonably tight. Many of the older houses had openings between the plastered walls and the outside sheathing which led directly to the attics. It was practically impossible to stop up these

openings, and consequently a large part of the vapor went to the upper part of the house without any appreciable effect on the mosquitoes. In the houses fumigated by the Board of Health newspapers were spread to catch some of the murdered mosquitoes. The exhibits in some of the houses were very interesting. Thousands of mosquitoes were killed, but many other thousands are still enjoying their wonted diet of commuters.

The Board of Health will keep watch of the breeding spots throughout the summer, and all places where water is standing will be filled, drained or oiled. A beginning has been made. The fact that many people have discussed the matter of mosquito extermination counts for a good deal, and makes it easier to renew the war next season."—From The American City.

THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ABROAD

The flattering reception of the Boston Chamber of Commerce in the cities thus far visited, speaks volumes for the growing unity of commercial interests. A far-sighted observer of the present trend will foresee the time when a commercial barrier between Boston and Berlin would no more be tolerated than the existence of such an obstacle to trade between Boston and Bangor.

But the principal object of the present pilgrimage is to enlist the interest of trans-Atlantic chambers of commerce in an international convention of chambers of commerce in Boston in 1912, and to gather hints and make friends for Boston.

The plan is a wise one. Boston must, increasingly, develop her splendid advantages as a world port. As the New England Magazine has again and again insisted, Maine, New Hampshire, Nova Scotia and Europe must be the prime sources of Boston's commercial expansion.

HONORED BY DARTMOUTH

Among the honorary degrees conferred at the commencement, this year, the recognition of Mr. Theodore N. Vail by



THEODORE N. VAIL

Dartmouth College will interest our readers and meet with the warm approval of the New England public who know of Mr. Vail as a sound, constructive, statesmanlike business man of the type that makes us wish that we had more big corporations rather than fewer. Mr. Vail has shown a deep interest in educational problems, is an ardent agriculturist and a patron of the arts. His name may usually be found near the head of the list of those interested, when any good work is going forward.

FIRST CANVAS CANOE

Carefully sewed up in burlap with large wads of excelsior in between to prevent their being chafed on their long journey, four canvas canoes recently started from Old Town across the continent, en route to Alaska. They had been ordered by the United States government for geological survey work there and were the handiwork of E. H. Gerrish, the pioneer canvas canoe builder of the world, who, until five years ago, conducted a canoe factory in Bangor, Maine.

Although Mr. Gerrish sold out his business at that time he still turns out an occasional craft at his farm at Cardville not far from Greenbush. It is hard for the veteran to keep away from his bench and when the government request for four canoes for Alaska came in, he agreed to make them. They are built extra strong, painted a dull slate drab—not unlike the war paint of a battleship—and

they will stand all that any canoe ever built will stand. Mr. Gerrish is sure of that.

Canvas canoes are in use in many parts of the world to-day but they were originated in Bangor by Mr. Gerrish about thirty-four years ago. The best ones in the world are still made here and in the factories at Veazie and Old Town. A number of different firms are engaged in the business hereabouts and there is not much to choose between the canoes made by any of them. They are all constructed of the best of materials and by the most skilled workmen.

But few men can equal Mr. Gerrish in his knowledge of the Maine woods and the conditions which prevail in them. None can excel him. From boyhood he has hunted deer, moose and bear and has tramped through almost every portion of the northern Maine wilderness. Early in life he became an expert in the management of a birch bark canoe such as the Penobscot Indians still build on their island reservation at Old Town. It was from these birch bark craft that the idea of a canoe of canvas first came to Mr. Gerrish.

Although the canoes which the Indians used were excellent in design and serviceable, they had one fault. The birch bark with which they were covered would occasionally split if it came forcibly in contact with a rock or some obstruction just below the surface of the water. The leak could usually be stopped with pitch, to be sure, but this was something of a task. As time went on the barks would become dry and split easily.

While pondering over these disadvantages of birch canoes one day the thought of covering them with canvas suddenly came to Mr. Gerrish. The more he thought of the idea the more feasible it appeared and it wasn't long before he had carried his idea into execution and the original canvas canoe was being tried out in the blue waters of the Penobscot. So successful was the trial that Mr. Gerrish soon afterward began building them for sale. The business has now grown to such an extent that thousands of them are sold every season and almost every inland body of water in the country has its flotilla of canoes.

The most popular length for a canoe is eighteen feet, although they are made from sixteen to twenty and even larger. An eighteen foot canoe, when it is finished, should weigh in the neighborhood of eighty pounds. This is quite as much as the average man wishes to pack on his back across a three mile carry, particularly when the path is obstructed with rocks and logs. It must not be supposed that the substitution of canvas for birch bark has rendered the modern canoe indestructible. This is far from the case. Sharp rocks are exceedingly apt to tear jagged holes in canvas as well as birch bark.

The ribs and interior of the canoes constructed hereabouts are of cedar and most of it is native grown. It has been found that western cedar is not as adapted for canoe building as that which is found in the state of Maine. It is much more apt to warp and is not as serviceable, so the canoe builders say.



Apropos of the death of Gustav Mahler, the *Mittag Zeitung,* not without bitterness, publishes a long list of "Victims of the Dollar"—that is to say, of German artists who have gone down before the insatiable demands of the American concert stage. The list includes Henriette Sontag, Leopold Damrosch, Anton Seidl and Heinrich Conreid. To which the Etude replies that most of us would rather die of overwork than of starvation. Very true and the Mahlers in their native city do not appear for all their fame to have amassed much of a fortune. Still his widow will receive a handsome pension from the Vienna court opera. And there is no denying that American stage life is run on the "whoop it up" plan, "high art" not less but rather more than low comedy—if the whole spectacle does not deserve the latter title. But the American dollar is appreciated, and some even express substantial gratitude. Mme. Schumann-Heink, who was neglected by Europe until American re-



Detail from Bela Pratt's Group, The Army Nurse

cognition gave her wealth and fame, has announced her intention of endowing a home for aged singers and actors, a most worthy and suitable philanthropy. And there is no diminution in the eagerness of foreign artists to avail themselves of the enterprise of American impressarios. It has already been announced that Felix Weingartner, who is certainly one of the foremost conductors of the age, has been engaged to conduct a series of Wagner performances by the Boston Opera Company the coming season. And now it is hinted that Debussy may visit Boston to conduct *Pelleas et Melisande*. Further color of truth is given to this statement by the unrestrained superlatives of admiration with which the correspondents of the New York papers are describing Debussy's new work, a setting of D'Annunzio's San Sebastian. The London Times says that the music is a distinct failure. We shall see. Certainly, a very well trained lot of men are these New York correspondents! They know their business, with an emphasis on the last word, pronounced "peeznes."

ART

Mr. Bela Pratt is again to the front with a very notable piece of work, the statue of Doctor Edward Everett Hale, for the purchase and mounting of which the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars

has already been subscribed. And, by the way, has any other city than Boston ever found itself in the mood to commemorate in this manner three Protestant divines, and *will Boston ever do it again?* That is to say, is it possible under existing conditions that a local pastor can attain to that kind of universally recognized leadership that gets itself done into post-mortem bronze? Does the Church of to-day afford a platform for the kind of work that attracts that kind of a man. I think that it may fairly be said that this monument to Doctor Hale is erected to the memory of the last of his line.

Does not a suggestion of that appear in Mr. Pratt's work? Who is this man of indifferent garb with his sturdy stride and vision-inspired eyes? He is one less remove from the founders of our national life than are we. The pioneer flavour is still about him. He has the downright directness of an age that could not bother with frills, and the dreamy gaze into the future of one who is conscious that he is working for the future. Can any clergyman of to-day work with that intense feeling of blazing the trail with which this bronze giant is striding into the future? Clearly, this is a figure from the past—from a more remote past than the dates that the pedestal will carry, signify. For in that aspect of his work Doctor Hale was a last survivor, and no small part of the interest attaching to his unique personality was due to this fact. It was a past that men loved and in many of whose phases they believed more profoundly, trusted with a stronger faith, than they do the things of to-day, wrongly or rightly.

This figure, hat in hand, has a reverence for the eternal things that another generation may recover, but that is sadly in abeyance in the present. And that was something more than a clever device, to reveal, at once, the dome-like head of his subject and to add another appeal to the imagination. It is a touch that reveals a true artistic instinct. I anticipate that this statue will prove to be one of the most popular in the city, not only locally, but among visitors to Boston. Its appeal is much more direct and comprehensible than the work of St. Gaudens in the Phillips Brooks memorial.

We are presenting in connection with this sketch a photograph of the ideal head of the nurse from Mr. Pratt's group, The Army Nurse, to be erected in the State House. As a strongly contrasting subject to that of the portrait head of Doctor Hale, illustrated in our frontispiece, it reveals the scope of the sculptor's mastery.

I think that a large part of the charm of Mr. Pratt's work lies in the fact that it is so clearly and thoroughly thought out.



"THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

This "best seller" of the season is from the pen of Jebery Farnol, an English author and comparatively unknown. The success of the book both in England and here can only be explained on the assumption that people were getting hungry for a really good novel. There is no comfort for those who proclaim a dying out of intelligent popular interest in good fiction in the sales reported by the publishers of "The Broad Highway."

Many people place a book most easily by some comparison that places it in a class with which they are acquainted. "The Broad Highway" is in the class of big books—full of life and incident and action, storm and passion and humor. It is some such a book as "Lorna Doone" in its poetic charm and rural setting, but not so remote from daily life as that charming romance. It possesses a number of characters that stand out, such as "The Ancient," "Black George," "The Blacksmith," "Peter," the hero and lover, and "Charmian," the heroine whom the author has not only declared to be beautiful, but has visualized into beauty—and he has dared to describe her at that:

"Tall she was and nobly shaped . . . a wonderful face, low browed, deep-eyed, full-lipped. The eyes were dark and swiftly changeful, and there was a subtle witchery in the slanting shadow of their lashes. . . .

"Where the light touched her hair it woke strange fires, red and bronze, and it was very rebellious hair, with little tendrils that gleamed here and there against her temples, and small defiant curls that seemed to strive to hide behind her ear, or, bold and wanton, to kiss her snowy neck out of sheer bravado. . . .

"I might tell you that her nose was neither arched nor straight, but perfect none the less; I might tell you of her brows, straight and low, of her eyes, long and heavy-lashed, of her chin, firm and round and dimpled; and yet that would not be Charmian, for I could not paint you the scarlet witchery of her mouth with its sudden bewildering changes, nor show you how sweetly the lower lip curved up to meet its mate. I might tell you that to look into her eyes was like gazing down into very deep waters, but I could never give you their varying beauty, nor the way she had with her lashes; nor can I ever describe her rich warm coloring, nor the lithe grace of her body, . . . I beheld Charmian standing with the glory of the sun about her—like the Spirit of Summer herself, broad of hip and shoulder, yet slender, and long of limb, all warmth and life, perfect with vigorous youth from the leaves that crowned her beauty to the foot that showed beneath her gown."

The author takes us indirectly into his confidence about his own work:

"Young fellow," said the Tinker, glancing at me from the corners of his eyes, "are you sure you're a gen'us?"

Now when my companion said this I fell silent, for the very sufficient reason that I found nothing to say.

"Lord love you!" said he, at last, seeing me thus downhearted—"don't be dashed afore you begin; we can't all be gen'uses—it aren't to be expected, but some on us is a good deal better than most and that's something after all. As for your book, wot you have to do is to give 'em a little blood now and then with plenty of love and you can't go far wrong!"

Now whether the Tinker's theory for the writing of a good novel be right or wrong, I will not presume to say. But in this book that lies before you, though you shall read, if you choose, of country things and ways and people, yet, because that part of my life herein recorded was a something hard, rough life, you shall read also of blood; and, because I came, in the end, to love very greatly, so shall you read of love.

Wherefore, then, I am emboldened to hope that when you shall have turned the last page and closed this book, you shall do so with a sigh.

The publishers are Little, Brown & Co., and the price of the book is $1.35 net.

KINGEDWARD AS A SPORTSMAN

This is one of the most sumptuous volumes that the coronation interest has developed. And it is a significant and worthy publication, for the English are a sport-loving people, and their king, as a true representative of the national character, should be a sportsman, and that King Edward was in the best sense. The volume traces his career and records his exploits with gun and rifle, at home and abroad, his interest in racing and yachting, and the many stirring scenes in which he participated.

The chapters on shooting will not appeal very forcibly to American readers. They savour too strongly of the preserve and the game keeper and the beaters—and there is too much meat and too little wood-craft and field-craft to fit in with the American sense of true sport with the gun. But in the chapters on horse racing and yachting there is quite another note. The king was a sincere devotee of both of these fascinating sports and followed them with success as well as eagerness. When "Persimmons," the king's horse, won the Derby, the delight of the people was unbounded, and the king himself as near to the common pulse of humanity and as far removed from the constraints of royalty as well can be. Walter Scott describes the lion-hearted Richard wrestling with his yoemen in hearty and honest give and take, as man with man, and something of the same feeling of honesty and sincerity charms us in these chapters on King Edward's experiences on the turf and as a yachtsman.

The book is copiously and beautifully illustrated and is published by Longmans Green and Co., at $6.00 net.

The Rattlesnake's Mate



By Helen Tompkins

(NOTE FOR NOVELETTE)

Read this story. You will like it, it is different. I know that I hear some of you say that a detective story that is different does not exist. The universal acceptance by writers of a stereotyped construction made famous by the great masters of the art, has taken away all semblance of originality from this very popular form of fiction. And this is true. Given certain raw material to be worked up into a detective story, and nine writers out of ten will evolve identically the same product. Imagination is stifled and originality crushed in this servile following of an accepted form.

But that is just why the Rattlesnake's Mate is so entertaining. The author has not lost sight of the great essentials of a new situation, vividly imagined and told in quick moving, never flagging narrative. The characters are unique, the tone wholesome, the interest unfailing. Boys will like it, men will like it, women will like it, girls will like it. And it leaves no unpleasant taste in the mouth. It is just a good story and would be worth your while, if recreation and refreshment counts, if you had to buy it in book form for one dollar and a half, instead of in the New England Magazine for fifteen cents. Our next novelette is an adventure story, equally original and refreshing. It will appear in the September number.

The Rattlesnake's Mate

By Helen Tompkins

CHAPTER ONE.

Four Miles Off the Main Road.

She was a thin, angular little woman, with wide, terrified eyes and a crooked mouth. Prepossessed as I was against her, I must confess that my chief feeling as I looked at the woman was one of pity. I had frightened her I knew, from the quiver of the unsteady lips and from the fact, perceptible enough, that the draught-blown flame of the candle which she carried, scorched her fingers without her being conscious of it.

"My name is Burton, madam," I said as hurriedly as possible, in order to prevent the closing of the heavy door in my face. "I am a sewing-machine agent, and on my way from Emmett to Fulton, have been overtaken by the night and the storm. Can you give me shelter until morning?"

I saw her lips move in a soundless sort of way, and I chose, whether correctly or not, to interpret it as an invitation to enter the house although I had fairly to push the woman aside rather rudely in order to do so. The fact is my name is *not* Burton neither am I a sewing-machine agent. My real name is Ratteree, and too-partial admirers have flatteringly called me more than once one of the keenest men on the force. Of course I am not *that*. It is true that my connection with the Mills' Mystery has been the cause of a great deal of very favorable comment. Still—

The woman hesitated—then moved a little aside in order to allow me to pass her. "My husband is away from home for the night," she said to me uncertainly. "He is—not overly-fond of strangers."

I chose to appear injured. "I was told at Emmett that your husband usually cared for wayfarers who chose to break their long journey by stopping with him over night, instead of attempting to make the trip from Emmett to Fulton in a single day," I said shortly.

"My husband!"

"Yes, your husband. 'You can stay with the Greshams,' my friends in Emmett told me—"

A change, baffling and inexplicable and yet tinged with a perceptible shade of relief, crossed the woman's meagre face. "And you took this place for the Gresham's, and this road for the direct and public thoroughfare leading from Emmett to Fulton?" she asked hurriedly.

"Most certainly."

"That explains it all then," she said more easily. "You must have quitted the main road, just before you crossed the river nearly or quite four miles back. We are out of the way of the ordinary traveller, Mr. Barton. My husband's name is—Butler."

I had schooled my countenance well, I flattered myself (I ought to have been able to do so without any trouble after my long and hazardous apprenticeship

to my chosen calling) and at the corroboration of my own suspicions as to the woman's identity, I am sure that my face betrayed nothing except the precise amount of disappointment and chagrin that the occasion demanded and that I allowed it to show. "Butler!" I said concernedly. "I was not told anything about any—Why, I must be miles out of my way, and just at a time when I was especially anxious to make a hurried journey too. Well of course it cannot be helped now and one might as well take it philosophically. I beg your pardon I am sure, Mrs. Butler, for mistaking your house for an inn and for intruding upon you so unceremoniously. I assure you—"

The woman turned her face away from me and set the candle down upon the table before her a little uncertainly. When she spoke again however, her voice had changed and a certain reluctance had slipped from it. I fancied her quite as anxious to have me stay now, as she had been five minutes before to have me go.

"It is all right and the mistake was a perfectly natural one," she said hastily in a jerkey, nervous sort of way. "Once having lost your way back there at the river, the rest was of course inevitable. You are heartily welcome to stay the night, sir, and I will make you as comfortable as I can. You say that you have never heard of my husband?"

I shook my head glad to see the refusal to follow her lead bring the relief to her tired face. "I knew a family of Butlers over in Sebastian county a couple of years ago," I commented. "And a young fellow whose name was Butler worked for me a few months nearly five years ago. I think that his name was Frank."

The woman had slipped back and away from the table which held the lighted candle so that her face was partially in shadow. I thought however, perhaps because I was on the watch for it, that I saw a spasm of pain contort for a moment the woman's twisted mouth.

"They were not relatives of my husband," she said with an effort. "He and I—moved here from the Territory two years ago. We have lived in this one place ever since. He—there is considerable prejudice against my husband. You may have heard about it. The people hereabout speak of him usually as Rattlesnake Butler."

I was still on my guard and knew that to evince ignorance of that name, as much as the yellow newspapers of the state had exploited it for weeks, was to give the keen-eyed woman before me grave ground for suspicion, "Rattlesnake Butler—is it possible!" I said incredulously. "The man whom the police connected with the Galloway affair?"

The woman's hand went to her twisted mouth—perhaps to hide another spasm of the shrunken muscles. "He was supposed to be connected with the Galloway affair—yes," she said and turned and looked instinctively over her shoulder in an evident and unsuccessful effort to penetrate the shadows. "I thought that you could not know that you were asking shelter of Rattlesnake Butler's wife!" she added more bitterly. "People hereabouts who know my husband, or who *think* that they know him, would tell you that you had better brave any sort of a road and face any sort of a storm, rather than to risk the things which you would risk under this roof!"

Criminal or abandoned as the woman was or may have been, I was still conscious of feeling a thrill of pity for her. "It makes no difference to me, you understand—your local prejudices," I said more gently. 'If I remember rightly, I took little interest in the case and cannot remember, twelve good men and true established your husband's innocence in the Galloway affair beyond a reasonable doubt. I am willing to accept their verdict as final."

"The rest of the world is not!" she flashed out at me sharply and in the shadows her eyes burned with the dry brilliance of a drug-fiend. "The Galloway affair wrecked us both, Mr. Barton—my husband and I—in purse as well as reputation. That was the reason that I hesitated about allowing you to enter the house tonight. My hus-

band has always been quick-tempered, and lately curiosity and comment have all but driven him wild. Either is about as hard to bear as the rasping of cold steel on a raw sore."

There was nothing in the world that I wanted so much as to encourage the woman to talk—there was nothing of which I was so much afraid as the untimely fanning of the embers of her scarcely-laid suspicion into rising flame. "I shall not annoy your husband by either curiosity *or* comment," I said still gently. "Shelter for the night for my horse and myself and a couple of meals is all that I want. Really I am an old campaigner and would not ask even that if I had not had premonitory symptoms all day of the recurrence of an illness to which I am subject, and which exposure and fasting would be sure to precipitate and aggravate."

The woman seemed scarcely to have heard me. She had thrust a chair forward, and when once she had seen me seated, was busying herself preparing supper for me. The house in which I found myself was an old one; the room in which I sat—half kitchen and half sitting room—was wide and long, grid-ironed and cobwebbed overhead by huge oaken beams weather-stained and smoke-blackened between which the heavy rain dripped and collected in little pools. It was mid-summer but in that mountain region there was a decided chill in the air.

I studied the face of the woman as she busied herself about the room, keeping herself as much as possigle in shadow. I shall relate in detail presently why it was, that after the Galloway case had apparently been closed by the bringing in of a verdict of "death from causes unknown" by the coroner's jury, and after an utter failure to prove Butler in any way responsible for the man's death, I had been employed to investigate the affair. I was wise and experienced enough in such matters to know from even the cursory examination of the woman's face that the dim light afforded me, that some trying ordeal through which she was either passing or had lately passed, had served to almost utterly wreck a nervous organization never very strong perhaps even in the beginning. Had the Galloway affair had anything to do with that mental shock? I meant to find out.

The woman set a smoking meal upon the table in a very few minutes—a meal to which I did full justice. "What does wour husband do for a livelihood?" I asked presently. "Is he a farmer?"

The woman had retreated into the shadow again, so that only her brilliant eyes were visible—eyes that shone luminous in the gloom like the eyes of a vicious cat. "He's—not doing anything just at present." she stammered. "Perhaps I had better be quite frank with you, sir. I'll answer any questions that you may like to ask—aside from the Galloway business."

"I assure you that I am not interested in any of the Galloway name—dead or alive," I said decidedly. "Nor am I inclined to make my conversation offensive to you in any way. I owe too much to you for your kindness in taking me in."

"You owe me nothing whatever!" The woman stumbled blindly forward a little and dropped into a low chair facing me. She had gripped her hands so tightly together against her knees that the knotted knuckles showed bloodless. "I—am glad that you are here, sir. I am alone and I have been half-terrified out of my wits at times. I am afraid that the storm has delayed my husband —he may not even be able to get home before daylight. I am an old woman, sir—old enough to be your mother I dare say."

"When did your husband expect to reach home?"

"Possibly some time about dusk or shortly after. He knows what a coward I am and he would not leave me alone at all if he could help doing so."

"Do you own this place? What is it called? It must be a very lonely life for you."

She shuddered as if with a chill and a little sick pallor crept about her twisted lips. "We bought this place from a loan company," she said. "My husband had never seen it and he did

not know how lonely it was. They called it the Bluffs in the advertisement which my husband saw. I suppose it was called that from a high wall of rock that rises straight in the air from the back of the house. There is a lot of land—one hundred and sixty acres I guess—but it does not seem to be worth very much. It lies mostly in the valley. We would get away if we could but my husband spent all that we had been able to save for years for the place."

She stopped twisting her fingers together nervously and stared at me impulsively. "I am old enough to be your mother, young man," she reiterated helplessly. "I think that I would like to talk to you plainly a little while if you are quite sure that you are a stranger about here."

"I am quite sure of that," I said quietly. "I was never even in this county before. It is a new and untried territory to me."

The woman's lips seemed to have grown dry. She licked them furtively with her tongue, and again I caught her quick investigating glance—not so much at me as at something which she had feared she might see back behind me in the thick shadows of the wide room.

"You see, you may have fairly guessed it from what I called my husband, John used to hunt rattlesnakes for their skins and oil," she said stiffly. "We lived down in Louisiana then and he made a lot of money at the business. He had a new way of handling the snakes. He usually skinned them alive—"

"Pleasant thing that—for the snakes," I commented dryly.

She flushed—a slow, painful, purplish flush that made her plain face plainer. "I hated it all," she protested. "He knew how I hated it—the business—the uncalled for cruelty—the whole thing!" There was a ring of passion in the low voice. "I begged him to stop it. I used all of my influence which was little enough at best, God knows! It was all to no effect. He had an idea that taking off the skin while the snake was alive, gave it a peculiar lustre and rendered it more valuable. He never would listen to me no matter how much I pleaded. He invented a sort of harness which held the snake down and helpless after he had captured it and so he was enabled to work at his leisure."

"It was fiendish!" I said crudely.

"I know it. I told him so, to no purpose as I have already told you. The thing got onto my nerves so that I couldn't sleep nights. And I couldn't bear to be alone, so I had a little child who lived in the neighborhood to spend most of his time with me. And one day a huge rattler enraged by torture struck and struck and struck—!"

"The body of the snake was found when people came in alarmed by my screams. The body flayed and still—The boy didn't die but he came very near it and they made us leave the country. My husband has been a changed man ever since. He was never irritable or nervous before that, and now he is often both—even with me."

"Does he—follow his old calling—here?" I asked delicately.

Again the woman shivered—again I caught the old furtive look beyond me and into the gloom where the shadows were deepest. "My husband has never touched a snake since," she said hurriedly. "You see he loved the boy too—almost as much as I did. The sight of the little thing's suffering and danger was harder for my husbband to bear than his own danger at the hands of the mob. He told them so. We have had a lot of trouble, he and I, with that—and other things. I wish that I had held out against him and had never seen the Bluffs."

The subdued passion in her voice fairly startled me. I pushed my chair back from the table. If I cared to gain the woman's confidence at all, it would never do to arouse her suspicions. "I had better go out now and see about my horse," I said.

"Very well," she said indifferently. The momentary animation had died out of her face. She thrust her own chair aside with a little nervous gesture which I soon found was habitual with her. "There is a lantern hanging outside the door there on a nail and you will find

a plain path leading straight to the barn."

I opened the door and once outside, closed it behind me without speaking. Already the clouds were passing and above the wall of rock which gave the place the name of the Bluffs, a single star shone. Somewhere within the compass of its shadow, lay the solution of the mystery of the death of Arthur Galloway. But the way to that solution was thick-sown with peril to the man who dared to brave old Rattlesnake Butler, and his mate almost as savage and suspicious as he, in his rocky den. Was I man enough to face and conquer the mystery—single-handed and alone?

CHAPTER TWO.

The Double Knock.

By the time that I returned to the house, Mrs. Butler's disposition to taciturnity had evidently taken possession of her with redoubled force. She barely spoke to me, simply telling me that my room was ready for me, and that she would call me next morning in time for breakfast.

Was I given the room which poor Galloway occupied the night of his tragic death—the room that he had occupied for nearly a week before he died? I am not imaginative as a rule, but sitting alone in the wide, many-shadowed room at the Bluffs that night, and straining my ears in vain for some fugitive sound from the other part of the house, there were a few moments when I allowed my fancy full rein. The circumstances within themselves were oddly-tragic enough to warrant perhaps many vagaries and freaks of the overwrought nervous system.

I had not known Arthur Galloway personally—I had not even known his family except by reputation. They were largely wealthy people who spent money very freely and usually gave full rein to their desires. As a consequence, young Galloway himself at the age of thirty-two was a dipsomaniac with a deep-seated trouble of the lungs, that threatened to take him away prematurely to a place where the Galloway fortune and the Galloway name alike would do him little good.

With all his faults however, he was a likable young chap enough and he had many friends, some of whom at least cared enough for him to brave his displeasure in order to attempt to save the man who for all his weakness was well worth saving. Among these friends and ranking rather high among them in point of influence, was Geoffrey Hargis, a young physician. When Galloway consulted him professionally, Hargis laid down certain inexorable, iron-clad rules. He told Galloway that a radical change in his manner of living—the pure air of a higher and more bracing climate—a rigorous surrender of liquor and a certain prescribed amount of healthful exercise, were absolutely necessary to save his life. Otherwise he had possibly a year to live—certainly not longer. Young Galloway had implicit faith in his physician and was terrified to learn the gravity of his own physical and mental condition. He renounced his boon companions—surrendered entire control of his business interests—and went to the Bluffs to live for an indefinite period with Butler and his wife, whose advertisement he had read or heard of in one of the eastern papers. Butler had himself become alarmed by the fact that he was not making expenses, and had inserted the advertisement, he explained afterwards, with the hope that a couple of summer boarders would help to reimburse him for the expense which he had so foolishly incurred by his hasty purchase of the Bluffs.

The greater part of what I am narrating of course, came to my knowledge later after the tragic incidents accompanying the peremptory ending of Galloway's stay under the Butlers' roof, became public property and the subject of common gossip. I had known as little about it personally, as I hal known of Galloway himself.

Galloway stayed with the Butlers a little over three months. He was a genial, clever-witted, generous sort of chap, and Mrs. Butler herself, in her evidence before the coroner's jury

testified that both she and her husband grew to be very fond of him. His general health improved rapidly and he began to speak at times of a speedy return to his place in the business world. and all this brings us down to the evening of the thirtieth of May, 1901.

That entire day, according to the testimony of both Butler and Butler's wife, Galloway had seemed possibly less well than usual. He was surly, uncommunicative and seemed, as Butler expressed it afterwards, when he was put upon the witness stand, to be nervous and very much out of sorts. He asked Butler twice during the coure of that day, if he—Butler—had slept well the night before. Butler had, and said so, at which Galloway for some reason seemed dissatisfied. He asked Mrs. Butler the same question later in the day, and from her as it happened he received the same answer that he had received from her husband. She had heard no unusual noise during the night and had not been disturbed in the least in any way. Had he?

It was a question however which he, seemingly, did not choose to answer. It was not his general custom to linger long usually after the evening meal was over, with his host and his host's wife, who were both after all, simple, unlettered folk, who could have had but little in common with the man whom ill-health had chained an unwilling prisoner to their home at the Bluffs.

This evening—the evening of the thirtieth of May, 1901—proved to be no exception to the rule. Young Galloway left the supper table a little earlier even than usual, and withdrew to his own room which was quite across the hall from that occupied by the others of the household. For a little while after he was gone, the others—the woman engaged in washing her supper dishes and the man smoking his pipe—heard their guest moving about, shifting a chair now and then, they judged from the sounds which reached them, or adjusting a window-shade to his liking. After that they heard his voice raised a little and the Butler woman smiled a little at her husband across the blue platter which she was putting away in the cupboard. Both he and she had grown, at least partially, accustomed to Galloway's play-acting ways. At first, during the earlier days of his stay under their roof, a scrap of song—the sound of an exaggerated, profane exclamation—the rolling, sonorous tones of a prettily-turned sentiment—had caused the two to doubt either their guest's sanity or his sobriety —or both. Later they had come to understand him better, and his play-acting ways and foolery helped to excuse many a bit of eccentricity in the man, who for all the weight of his years and mistakes was after all little better than a scapegrace boy.

That night—the night of the thirtieth of May—however, Galloway had evidently retired earlier than usual. Butler himself was sure, as was his wife, that no sound was heard from his room after nine o'clock. Both Butler and his wife, according to their own statement sat up a little later than usual. Butler was depressed—possibly by the fact that Galloway had virtually declared an evident intention of returning to town within a week, and Butler's wife shared to an extent in his melancholy. They had planted a crop, but their sterile, hillside farm promised little return for their hard labor. The season had been a singularly unfavorable one. The weather had been unusually hot and dry, and even their supply of water which they had all along fancied was practically inexhaustible, was beginning to threaten to run short. The huge spring at the back of the house near the rock-paved porch, had shrunken until its sparkling flood would scarcely have brimmed a gallon pail, and the thin thread of moisture which for weeks had scantily fed the little clump of ferns and swamp-pinks below, had dried up until its rocky path was bleached like the backbone of some desert-nurtured animal. If the past back in Louisiana looked dreary to the Butlers the future looked scarcely less discouraging.

The couple went to bed after a time and slept much as usual. It was very hot as I have said, a thing unusual in the mountains even at that season, and

perhaps they did not sleep very soundly. The Butlers' dog—a nondescript cur on the worthless order—whined and yapped about the outer doors that were kept wide open for the sake of coolness and ventilation, and once when it was nearing midnight (both Butler and his wife were able to approximate the time nearly from having just before, heard the rusty, jangling notes of the old clock in the hall striking the hour of eleven) he flung himself in a fury of canine rage out of the back door barking like mad. No sound however either preceded or followed this outburst. If Galloway was disturbed by it in any way he gave no sign.

The Butlers rose early the morning of the thirty-first and prepared breakfast. It was nothing unusual for Galloway to disregard the breakfast bell. He was still a semi-invalid, and if he cared to rise with the others he did so—if he had slept badly at all, or if he was feeling less well than usual, it had been his custom to remain quietly in bed until he chose to rise. There was no established rule in the matter.

So that morning of the thirty-first, when he did not appear at the breakfast table, Mrs. Butler, remembering his surliness of the night before, was scarcely surprised. She put his breakfast aside with a sigh to keep warm and went quietly about her other household tasks. Her husband, at work on an axe-handle, seated himself in a low chair just outside the door, with the dog still strangely nervous and agitated huddled closely at his feet. And thus the long hot, enervating forenoon passed slowly away.

When however, the summons to the noon meal was disregarded as the summons to the morning meal had been, Mrs. Butler grew very uneasy. The door of their guest's room was not locked, she knew—no door at the Bluffs was ever secured in any way for the matter of that—and she finally succeeded in convincing her husband that something was gravely wrong, and in persuading him that it was his duty to investigate the matter and see what that something was. He did so with some little reluctance. And just inside the room, lying at the foot of the bed which had not been slept in and the covering of which had not been disarranged, he found the swollen and blackened body of Arthur Galloway—dead, according to the doctor's opinion as expressed a little later in the day—for nearly twenty-four hours!

The part which the Butlers played in the affair from this time on was entirely beyond criticism. Truth to tell, it was that very thing that awakened my own suspicions in the first place, when the Galloway family employed me (too late to attend the inquest or to anticipate the verdict of the coroner's jury) to investigate the circumstances surrounding Arthur Galloway's tragic death. Butler had borne a bad name in the community, although he had never been charged with a deliberate and overt violation of the law, and his wife was scarcely better liked than he. Every effort was made to trip them up in their testimony—to trap them, examined separately, into some incautious statement—to lure them into some verbal disclosure which might break down their carefully-reared wall of reserve and help to bring out the truth about the tragedy. And all to no purpose.

As I have said, I was in another part of the State at the time when the thing happened. A young man named Coleman represented the family at the inquest—examined the house where the tragedy occurred and the dead body as well—and did everything that he thought was possible to sift the thing to the bottom. He was a clever young chap, but—I have heard more than once that detectives are born—not made.

The physician who examined the body to determine the cause of death was a stupid sort of fellow, with the pre-conceived, bull-headed idea that Galloway had died with heart failure. Consciously or unconsciously, unconsciously I dare say for I afterwards found him to be a decent sort of fellow enough, he had swayed one half the men on the coroner's jury into his own way of thinking. And by the time another chap who knew better was sent out from town,

what with the lack of a little forethought and common-sense, and what with the state of the weather, the condition of the body was such that the cause of death was as utter a mystery as the identity of the noted man who "struck Billy Patterson."

The verdict of the coroner's jury after that was the shortest way out of it. The shortest way even if it was a very unsatisfactory one to Galloway's few friends. The dead man's family took charge of the body and Butler and his wife went back home to the Bluffs. Aud when the burial was a thing of the past Miss Jane Galloway, who was Arthur Galloway's paternal aunt sent for me.

"You know just about what I have sent for you for, Mr. Ratterree," she said heavily. I saw tears in the old woman's eyes for as keen and hard as they were. "The Galloways deserted Arthur when he most needed them and I was among the first to go—more shame to me! But he was my brother's child and my brother's blood was in his veins and he was not a bad sort after all—if he had only been strong enough to leave liquor alone. If he has been foully dealt with—"

"Have you any particular reason to think that he *was* foully dealt with?" It is my custom to speak squarely and to the point and my words struck the old woman fairly between the eyes like a bullet from a gun. If there were any supposedly dead issues in the Galloway history that had been kept decently buried during the inquest, I meant to drag the shroud from them if I could.

"No I haven't!" The old woman's sentence was as short and as snappy as my own. "If my nephew had any enemies aside from himself I do not know whom they were. If he had any vices aside from an inordinate love for liquor, he was clever enough to keep those vices hidden from us and from the world. I give you carte blanche, you understand, Mr. Ratterree. Either find poor Arthur's murderer or satisfy us that he died a natural death—a a death due to natural causes. Prove that and then claim whatever pay you will."

I had not fancied then that the task would be so hard as it had proven afterwards to be. I had in the beginning I soon found, to fight a preconceived and utterly unfounded personal belief in the guilt of the Butler woman and her husband. And preconceived ideas and personal opinions are rather nasty things to fight and are apt to take a fellow unfairly by the throat at the most unfortunate times and under the most unfortunate circumstances. No one seemed to know anything exactly about Galloway's money matters—that is whether he had any money in his possession at the time of his death or not. He had been very lavish with his expenditures and no money had been found on his person when his body was examined after death. I was forced to admit however even to myself that that fact in itself amounted to but little and proved nothing whatever.

That night—my first night at the Bluffs I am speaking of now—I sat and waited in the darkness a long time, trying to arrange the very few facts of which I felt assured about the case into a logical sequence. Everything practically—with one or two exceptions of course—pointed I was forced to admit to the young man's death from heart-trouble. One of these exceptions was Galloway's mental disturbance during that day preceding his death, another was the conduct of the dog. Was some one prowling about the Bluffs during the early part of that night of the thirtieth of May? I told myself frankly that if I wanted to prove that Galloway's death was the consequence of natural causes, both these circumstances could very easily be explained away. Galloway himself, although on the highway to complete recovery, had been a confirmed dipsomaniac and as such, extremes of depression were naturally to be looked for in spite of his radical change of habits. So far as the dog was concerned all the evidence went to show that the night was a particularly sultry and enervating one—the precursor of a violent thunder storm which, as a matter of fact, swept over the Bluffs the next afternoon while the

coroner's inquest was being held. And dogs of all animals are, I have found, the most sensitive to atmospheric conditions: The uneasy actions of the brute that night might have meant nothing else.

On the other hand, brooding over the matter in silence, twisting theories and facts about alike to suit myself, instinct told me that there was something wrong. The actions of the Butler pair at the time—the haunting, consuming fear frozen upon the woman's face even now, weeks after young Galloway's death, was strong presumptive evidence to my mind that there was something *very* wrong indeed—Something that had not been brought out at the inquest —something sinister and damning.

The hours crept on. Not a sound reached me from the other part of the house. I would have given much to have been able to investigate the building at my leisure—much to have gone over, inch by inch the room where poor Galloway met his death. But I dared not risk awakening suspicious espionage by my actions.

At twelve o'clock Rattlesnake Butler had not come home nor had the faintest breath of sound to denote that any one in the house was awake come to my ears. We were miles from the nearest neighbor I knew and the house was singularly still. Not a wing flickered nor a leaf stirred in the branches that touched my open window—not a velvet footfall pressed the fallen leaves of a past winter's storms—not a cricket shrilled—not an insect rustled wings of diamond-starred gauze—not a bat-wing fanned the shadows. An ominous stillness, born of the dead, sultry air and the mid-summer heat, held the Bluffs cradled in its secure keeping.

And then suddenly—so suddenly that I started as if a thunder-clap had sounded in my ears, there came a loud yet muffled knock upon the back door. It sounded once—twice—and then before the startled night had ceased to play shuttlecock with the echoes, a woman's shriek split the silence—a single scream so blood-curdling that my own heartbeats answering to that agitated summons almost suffocated me. And after that, neither knock nor shriek again. Only silence.

CHAPTER THREE.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE CANDLE.

I am no coward. I did not wait to wonder just what had caused Mrs. Butler's alarm. I knew that it was she who had screamed for I had recognized her voice. Had her husband returned in a murderous mood? I had only time for the one thought before I had thrown the door of my own room open, and still fully dressed save for my unshod feet, I plunged out into the hall.

It was absolutely dark now save for the spot of lesser gloom at the back where the hall door stood ajar. I remembered then in a flash that the front hall door was closed but not locked—possibly to keep out the rain which earlier in the evening was being driven by the wind from that direction. The single scream had died away into a low, choking gurgle that filled me with new terror. Was Death, velvet-footed and mysterious, the Death that had done for poor Galloway, stalking other prey at the Bluffs—and would my own turn come next?

Just then the door across the hall was thrown open and the woman herself appeared, carrying a lighted candle in her hand. Even in my confusion I noticed that she held the latter upside down, and that a little stream of melting tallow was spattering the floor at her feet with heavy, greasy spots. She was too frightened herself to notice this, even when a tiny tongue of sperm-fed flame leaped from her wrist to her faded sleeve. "For God's sake what is the matter?" she asked in a shaken voice.

She was so nearly beside herself with terror that I forgot momentarily my distrust of her. Instead of the accomplice of a suspected murderer, I saw only a broken, frightened old woman. I crossed the floor and took the candle gently away from the poor, gnarled old fingers. "It is I who should ask that question, and not you," I said sternly. "What was it that frightened you so

just now? Who is in this house tonight besides yourself?"

My words at least gave her a new direction in which to turn her thoughts, and directed and diverted her fears to a new quarter. She was mowing and gibbering like an idiot, and she clutched at her weazened, yellow throat as if she were choking before she answered me.

"I did not scream!" she managed to say at last flatly.

"You did!" The barefaced lie filled me with a sort of unreasoning rage. "You screamed as if something had all but terrified you half out of your wits. What was it? Was it your husband who knocked at the back door just now?"

"I heard no knock."

"I did!" I said shortly. "And so did you. It's no use denying it. Who was it knocked?"

She was staring at me oddly, still so terrified—so near insane from fright—that she lacked the wit to resent the insult of my words. "I don't know *what* it was!" she whimpered. "I don't *want* to know! It is just because I feel sure that I am going to *have* to know some day, that I am so terrified!"

"Give me the candle and let me go outside and see what it was."

To my surprise she flung herself at my feet and clutched me about my knees, slobbering senselessly over my hands when I would have thrust her roughly aside and whimpering over and over. "O, no for God's sake! For God's sake don't look! Don't—*don't*—DON'T!!

I pushed her away not over-gently I am afraid. "Was it your husband who was trying to get in just now?"

"My *husband!*" I acquitted the woman there and then of any attempt to shield the man at her own expense. "O, no,—no, NO! Why should *he* do anything so foolish? It is a screen door, you know and it is not even latched on the inside. Why should he not enter it whenever he likes?"

I had pushed her quite aside by this time, still whimpering, and had turned away myself still holding the smoking, guttering candle in my hand. "Stay here and let me go and look outside." I said shortly. "You need not be afraid for me. I am fully armed. I am not going to allow anything to harm either of us for the matter of that if I can help it. Only be patient and remember that I will not be gone long."

She did not try to detain me further. Perhaps I had convinced her of the uselessness of attempting to do anything of the kind. She still lay on the floor just as she had fallen when I had torn my hands from her grasp. Her gray hair was dishevelled and wild and she was moaning in an abandoned, animal-like fashion that was due partly to exhaustion and partly to sheer terror. The sound had very little of the human in it, and the whimper followed me down the long hall where my shadow, thrown by the feeble flame of the sickly candle, preceded me.

An instant later I had thrown the screen door open wide and holding the lighted candle high above my head, was trying as best I could to see beyond the ring of yellow light that framed the rain-soaked foliage of the honeysuckle, and the branches of the cedar that were heavy with frosted purple fruit, as in a circle of tarnished gold. To this day I cannot smell the odor of rain-drenched honeysuckle without a sick tremor, knowing how near I stood to death that night, and that if the ring of candle-flame had only fallen a little farther—

As it was, I examined things as carefully as possible. If a man had stood outside the door and knocked upon the screen that night, I knew that he had had plenty of time to take alarm and get safely away while I was talking to the old woman in the hall and trying to soothe her. Really I was not foolish enough to expect to find anybody waiting for me when I went outside, or I would hardly have carried a lighted candle to enable a man to shoot the straighter. I had done the thing as much for the moral effect upon the terrified woman as for anything else.

Still I decided that anything that was worth doing at all was worth doing well, so I loosened my pistol in my belt, not knowing exactly what to expect in such

an ill-omened house, in order to have it handy should I chance to need it (which I did not have the slightest idea of doing) and went quite round to the other side of the house. There was a narrow path, possibly a couple of feet wide, fringed with some stiff, sweet-smelling grass of some kind, and paved with slippery but rough stone flags. Once around on the other side of the house, I found everything as light as day from the moon which held the building in a close embrace as if it were drowned in a pool or submerged in a soft, shallow silver sea. It was so light that I noticed even the little slimy trail of snails across the rough flags, as though a soft brush had been dipped in quicksilver and drawn across it. The atmosphere was so clear after the late rain that I fancied that sound must have carried far and a long way. I was but little accustomed to country sounds, but somewhere to my right I heard the flutter of a bird's wing and the faint rustle of a rheumatic cricket, brushing the moisture from his wings and getting ready for a new day. Below me in the valley, little torn wisps of fog drifted about here and there like fragments of the oiled-silk bladder of a wrecked and stranded balloon.

"There is nothing outside," I said to the woman as I set the candle down again upon the little table in the hall. "I doubt if there ever was anything—if it was not your husband, I thought—"

"My husband is hardly likely to get home much before daylight now," she said. Her voice still trembled but she had regained, at least to some slight extent, her scattered wits. "I want to ask you to forgive me, Mr. Barton for lying to you just now. I *did* hear the knock, as of course you must have known. I had heard it before and it terrified me tonight just as it terrified me then. My husband does not like for me to talk about it. He says I am nervous and over-wrought—that I was nervous and over-wrought before when I fancied that I heard it. He is very kind to me mostly, but he will not allow me to fasten the door, not even when he is gone, for fear of encouraging me in what he calls my wild fancies. And he will not allow me to talk to him about it. I hope that if he comes before you go away, that you will not say anything to him about it."

The unmistakable terror in her twitching face made my head ache vaguely with pity for her. "Your husband must be a nasty-tempered brute," I said shortly.

"No, he is nothing of the kind. On the contrary he is usually very kind to me. But he had a sister once who lost her mind, and he thinks that her mental trouble which was very slight at first, was hastened and aggravated largely because people always sympathized with her and talked to her too much about it."

"It's useless to think about sleeping any more tonight," I said grimly. "I must admit, Mrs. Butler that I have had a nervous shock if you have not. You need suffer no more uneasiness tonight. And you may trust me to say nothing to your amiable husband about your fright."

She looked at me wistfully. "May I sit out here in the hall with you?" she asked pleadingly. "If I only dared lock the door, you see, I would not be so easily terrified. But I am almost as afraid of my husband, as I am of that—other—who waits out there in the darkness and knocks—and knocks—and knocks, and yet never comes in!"

"Who—the other man?" I asked carelessly.

She flashed a quick glance at me, a fluttering glance which held quite as much sly cunning—the sly cunning of a criminal as it did the frank deceit of an ignorant child. "The man—yes!" she faltered. "What does he want out there, Mr. Barton? Is it some one whom my husband has wronged some time—long ago and before I ever knew him? I never harmed anybody in all my life—willingly."

I did not trust the woman, nor did I hope to understand her for all her trickery and deceit. "Where is your husband?" I asked. "You told me when I first came that you expected him home tonight. Was that a lie—too?"

She did not even wince—a fact which gave me a further and more unpleasant insight into her character. "My husband went across the river to sell a load of wood." she said simply. "There could be no reason, you know why I should lie to you about *that*. If he had started home before the rain came up, he would have reached the Bluffs in time for supper. That he did not come, means that the rain raised the river and that he will have to wait now until it has had time to run down. It will not take very long. It has not rained any now since about nine o'clock and my husband, I am sure, will not leave me alone all night. The stream ought to be low enough for him to cross it about two o'clock. I expect him to get home now in about an hour or an hour and a half."

"You may trust me to say nothing to him about either your fright—or its cause," I said again, possibly with the intention of gaining time and for the want of something better to say. "I don't understand the noise myself, Mrs. Butler. I heard it too you know, as plainly as you did. Do you mind telling me just when it was that you heard it before?"

She flashed one quick suspicious glance at me and I could tell that she was weighing the matter seriously in her own mind before she answered me. "I do not know just why I should mind answering that question," she said slowly. "It is another whim of my husband's that I should hold my tongue regarding the Galloway affair. *I* am willing enough to talk about it myself. I heard the very same noise that I heard tonight, just as John and I were getting ready for bed that night of the thirtieth of May."

"And since?"

"I heard it once since then—only once before tonight."

"Was your husband away from home then?"

"No, this is the first time that the thing has happened when he was away from home."

"Has he heard it—both times, I mean when he was in the house?"

"He heard it the second time. He was winding the clock when the sound came and it startled him so much that he stopped short and dropped the clock key. We could not find it until the next day and so the clock did not run all night, the very first time that a thing like that had happened since we had been married. 'What was that noise, John?' I said to him that night. 'It's that devilish dog out on the back porch trying to drink out of the water-pail, I guess,' he said."

"Well, maybe it was."

"No, it wasn't. He and I both went out in the hall to see, and we could hear Rover whining under the front steps. It sounded like he was having a nightmare.'

"And it was—about what time did you say that you thought it was?"

"It was just about nine o'clock I guess. No, I should think that maybe it was a little later. I guess that Mr. Galloway must have been asleep for I didn't hear him stirring about any—after that."

"And you saw nothing whatever when you went out into the hall?"

"Not a thing—nor did I hear the sound again that night."

"Was there a light anywhere in the hall?"

"Not until we carried one out there—John and I."

"Was there a light in Mr. Galloway's room, did you notice?"

"The door to his room was nearly closed but not quite. There may have been a light in his room and I dare say there was. Mr. Galloway usually left a lamp turned down to little better than a mere spark and burning in his room, when he went to bed."

"Did either you or your husband go out on the back porch that night?"

"No, neither of us did. I said, 'Why, John I hear the dog now! He is lying under the front steps.' And he said yes, and that he supposed that Mr. Galloway must have dropped something in his room that accounted for the sound. 'Though I could have sworn that it was somebody knocking at the back door, Mary,' he said."

"Was the moon shining then?"

"Yes, the moon was shining then just about as it is now. But you see, sir, the light was like it is now—it was all on the front side of the house leaving the back in shadow. There was no light at all coming in at the back door. It was wide open, however, only the screen was closed."

"Was the screen hooked or fastened in any way?"

"The screen?" The woman's face altered and I did not understand the expression which it held. "Yes, it was hooked," she said.

"Did you tell all this on the witness stand?"

"No, I didn't—mainly because I didn't think that the matter was of any importance. Besides it was a whim of John's. He thought—"

"That other time that you spoke of as having heard the knock. Was that before the Galloway affair—or afterwards?"

"It was before—but not quite a week."

"And that was the only time?"

"That was the only time that I can be sure of. I thought that I heard the knocking once since then—just about two weeks ago. I was asleep and the noise waked me—either that or something else. John said that I had been dreaming and that he was wide awake and heard nothing. Since then he has seemed very cross and fretful whenever I have felt inclined to talk about it."

"Did you connect the knocking in any way with young Galloway's death?"

"No, I don't know that I did. But John was afraid that the jury might see more in it than there really was. That was the reason why he wasn't willing for me to say anything about it."

A sudden thought came to me. "I am going away early in the morning you know, Mrs. Butler," I said gently. "Would you mind, I wonder, showing me the room where young Galloway died? I—am rather interested in such things, you know."

"You will not mention to my husband that you have seen it?"

"Most certainly not. Why should I?"

She rose to her feet with some reluctance. "I have kept away from the room as much as possible since—then," she said fearfully. "I have no idea who killed Mr. Galloway, Mr. Barton. If he had an enemy on earth he never said anything about it to me. Sometimes I feel sure that he must have had a warning of some kind that last day—he was usually as agreeable and friendly as he could be but that last night he was—different somehow."

"Did he get any letters that last day?"

"He got some mail—a lot of it. John brought it out from town. I don't remember anything about any letters although he may have gotten them. They asked us both that question at the inquest. John couldn't remember anything about it and netither could I."

"Where do you get your mail?"

"We get it from Broughton Crossing—down on the river. That is where John has gone now."

"Can you remember who gave Galloway the mail that day—you or your husbband?"

"John handed it to me and then he went on to the stable and I carried the mail to Mr. Galloway. He did not open the bag while I was in the room. He was lying down on the bed and he did not get up."

I dared not wait any longer for an opportunity to see the room, for fear that Butler himself might return home. On the other hand I hated more than I could say to check the woman's flow of confidence. At any moment she might drop a hint that might prove invaluable to me. I closed my eyes resolutely to this fascinating possibility however. "Let's take a look at Galloway's room now," I suggested resolutely. "I am beginning to feel a little ill, and besides I do not care to antagonize your husband—needlessly."

The woman was busily thinking of something else. Perhaps—granting that she and her husband were alike innocent—were alike ignorant of the cause of Arthur Galloway's death—she was thinking of that last day and wondering if she had carried to him in that seemingly harmless bag of mail from

Boughton Crossing, any warning of his own impending doom. She preceded me across the narrow hall, carrying the candle with her, and threw the door of the room next my own open wide.

"This was Mr. Galloway's room while he stayed with us," she said with a side-long glance at me. "This is the room in which he lived for three months—this is the room in which he died."

CHAPTER FOUR.

The Post-card.

I made up my mind upon entering the room to see all that I could see—and in as short a time. I was younger than Mrs. Butler, and my hearing naturally was much better than her's. I had heard, just as we crossed the hall, a wagon-wheel slip jarringly on a bit of rocky road, the flick of a whip-lash and then the scream of a rusty brake. Rattlesnake Butler was returning home.

I was quite as anixous, moreover, to study the face of the woman beside me, as I was to study the appearance of the room which we were entering. I was unwilling as yet to assume that she was guilty of the murder of Arthur Galloway. I was still less willing to assume that she was innocent of that crime. There were many things about the affair that were incompatible with either assumption. I felt sure that if I could keep my eyes open, and my judgment unbiased, the next few moments would mean much to me.

"Do you want me to come inside the room with you?" she asked.

"Have you any objections to doing so."

"No, I don't know that I have. I do not know why I should be afraid of Mr. Galloway dead when I was never afraid of him living."

The words sounded forced somehow but I pretended not to notice it. I did not know how far away that strip of rocky road was, where Rattlesnake Butler had had to set his brakes in order to breathe his horses and where he had had such trouble to start them up again—even with an empty wagon behind them. But I knew that I had little time to lose, and that if there chanced to be a bit of vantage ground where he could catch the glimmer of the candle burning in the room where Arthur Galloway had met his death, I would have less.

The candle was not a very good one and it did not light up the place overly well. The room was a more comfortable one than mine, and there was a modern bedstead in it instead of a clumsy four-poster, and a comfortable Morris chair. The room was clean, but it smelled musty and uninviting and apparently no newspapers were ever either thrown away or burned at the Bluffs. There were stacks and piles of them upon the chairs and tables and even upon the floor. Some of them had never even been opened.

"Mr. Galloway was a great reader," the woman beside me was saying in a low voice. "I used to think that it would be better for him and for his nerves, if he would get out-doors more and read less."

"Was it his habit to read after he went to bed?"

"Sometimes—he didn't read any that last night though you will remember—that is if you happen to remember anything that came out at the inquest. He was found lying right here at the foot of the bed."

"Where was the candle when you entered the room?"

"It was over here next the window on the table. It was in a candlestick, you know, and evidently it had burned down until there was nothing left except a little puddle of tallow. He never lighted the lamp at all—the lamp which he usually kept to read by."

"How was he lying when you found him—on his face?"

"About half way on his face. From his position, John thought that maybe he had started to fall and had caught at the bed-post and eased himself down that way. If it was some sort of a fit—"

I thrust the flaring candle down closer to the floor. "What is that dark blotch down here on the matting?" I asked curiously.

"It is blood."

"Blood!"

"Yes. Oh, it didn't amount to anything of course. Maybe Mr. Galloway had the knife open in his hand for some purpose and cut himself in falling. It was clutched so tightly in his poor fingers—the knife was—that they had a lot of trouble getting it out after he was found dead."

"Where was the wound?"

"On the lower limb, sir. A little way above the ankle."

"I never heard of that before!" I said sharply. "I do not see how such a thing could have been overlooked—"

"It was not overlooked, sir. But it was so plain to be seen that the man had cut himself accidentally—"

"Yes, but the knife may have been poisoned in some way."

"It bled pretty freely, sir—the wound did, but the cut didn't amount to anything. Some of them thought that he had a fit of some kind and had opened the knife for some purpose, and then dropped it and fell on it afterwards. There are a dozen ways to account for it."

I was staring moodily at the dull stain on the straw matting. "And he still held the knife in his stiffened fingers when the body was found?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

The whole thing was such an utter surprise to me that I could not grasp the significance of it at first, and I did not like to awaken the woman's slumbering suspicions by dwelling too long upon it.

"Could you tell me what mail he got that last day?" I asked.

"I could not be sure about it, sir. You see, the mail was always brought in a little leather bag. I think that there wasn't any letters that last day. It seems to me that they asked the postmaster over at Boughton's Crossing about it. He said there was a couple of post-cards as he remembered it—the fancy, comic kind, you know, and a half-dozen newspapers and a circular or two. He wouldn't have remembered the cards at all only his little girl had been making a collection."

"Did they look up the cards—after the man was found dead?"

"Yes and they were both found. They are about here now somewhere if John hasn't burned them. Would you like to see them."

"I certainly would!" I had some trouble in even attempting to keep the eagerness out of my voice. "You see I've read a lot of detective stories," I added lamely in a vague attempt to account for my interest. "When I read in the papers about this Galloway affair, I formed some ideas—"

I held my breath anxiously. Ordinarily I knew just how thin and untenable a story like that would sound. But the woman to whom I told it was old, and her mind probably not overly-alert to grasp inaccuracies. Besides, my face burned hotly as I thought of it, I had been kind to her and she trusted me. The life of a detective is not as a rule inclined to foster one's good opinion of one's self. And I was beginning less and less to believe in the woman's actual guilt. An accessory she might have been—I was beginning to believe that she must have been an unwilling one.

She had dived down among some papers in one corner of the room. "Here is the mail that came for the poor boy that last day," she said but with very little interest in her voice. "John tied a string about it to keep it all together. There are four papers, the two cards that I told you about and one or two circulars. As I have already said there were no letters. If there—"

She paused in the attitude of listening and I saw her old face grow ashen. I had been listening for the sounds which I knew she heard and I only wondered that we had not heard them before. "It's my husband," she said with a little fugitive and fleeting gesture of her trembling fingers toward her heart. "Remember—"

After all she was—guilty or not—frightfully horribly terrified. " I shall not forget," I said hurriedly. "Let me have the papers, please. He will never miss them."

She thrust them into my hands and extinguished the candle by the simple

expedient of thrusting it into the bosom of her frock. For a moment her hand touched mine, clammy with the sweat of an awful fear. It drew me as resistlessly as if I had been a veritable child out of the door. For a moment the dank air of the rain-washed world came to me through the back door, drowning the heavy odor of melted tallow and scorching thread. Then I felt in the darkness for my own door—slipped through it—and closed it noiselessly behind me just as I heard a man's rough, impatient voice.

"Hold a candle here, Mary—will you?" Somebody told me back there at the ford that a man with a single rig had crossed the river coming in this direction. Is he here?"

The tone was devilish and made me reach instinctively for my pistol. But I had reckoned without Butler's wife. "Yes, he *is* here," she said boldly. "He asked for shelter from the rain and I gave it, knowing that there was not another house within a dozen miles—that you could not get home before daylight—and that you would be relieved to know that I hadn't been obliged to stay by myself all night."

"Is he one of them damned—newspaper fellows?"

His tone and his profanity gave the woman, who was a true daughter of Mother Eve, the advantage she sought and which she was clever enough to keep. "The man is a machine agent and has never been in this part of the State before," she said calmly. "Even the name Butler, meant nothing to him at first, and between State line and State line, from river to Gulf, I doubt if there is another man in all the country whom you could truthfully say the same thing about. I rather enjoy for a change talking to a man who does not see blood upon my hands."

She was speaking very little lower than she would have spoken had the two been quite alone in the house. I was not sure whether she was doing this to impress me with the fact that her husband would believe me to be asleep, or whether she was meaning it to be in some way a cue which she meant for e to follow. Under the illy-hung door I saw the thin line of light flare up that made me know that the two were still in the hall and that one of them was holding a lighted candle.

"I've put up the horses," said the rough voice now dropped to a lower tone. "I wish that you hadn't taken the chap in, Mary. You ought to have had sense enough to know that I wouldn't have stood for a thing like that. Did you put him in—Galloway's room?"

There was a sudden sound—half a strangled, terrified shriek and half a sob—and I heard the candlestick rattle on the floor. The narrow thread of light vanished instantly. "Put him—a man whom I never saw in all my life before and a man who had never harmed me—in *that* room, knowing—!" The words died away in an inarticulate gurgle as the man clapped rough hands over his companion's mouth.

"Shut up!" he said savagely. "Have you taken utter leave of your senses, I wonder, crouching here all day among the rocks like a bloated toad, that you go to pieces like this and tell everything that you know? It's not your fault that we were not both of us done for with that tongue of your's hung in the middle and rattling away at both ends like a rusty bell-clapper. You'll wake the fellow if you don't mind, and let me into another—job—like the last!" The door closed across the hall and I heard no more.

However I had already heard quite enough to convince me that whether the woman was guilty or not, there could be little uncertainty about her husband. There had been, moreover, more than malice in the tone in which he had mentioned Galloway's name—some emotion that overtopped hatred even when he thought of him. Was this other emotion fear?

In furtherance of certain plans of my own—plans formed by me before reaching the Bluffs and contingent upon being able to gain shelter beneath its roof—I had still about an hour to wait before taking the next step on the road which I had set my feet to traverse. I

meant to spend that solitary hour as profitably as possible.

Carefully screening myself from the doorway, lest the surly, suspicious man across the hall should feel any temptation to watch my actions, I lighted the pocket lamp which I always carried, and set to work upon the little package of newspapers which I had taken from the dead man's room. Had they any bearing in themselves upon the tragedy—if so how much? If possible I meant to find out.

I cut the piece of cotton cord that bound the papers together and tried to remember just what Coleman had told me—Coleman who had been so thoroughly satisfied with his own management of the case.

"They got the mail that last day from Boughton Crossing rather early in the morning," so ran Coleman's notes. "The old woman testified that she carried it into Galloway's room herself. When asked as to whether the letters or papers could have had anything to do with Galloway's surliness that last day, she only presisted in saying that she did not know. He—Galloway—was displaying a rather new phase of his character, it is true, but both she and her husband had fancied that it was possibly the old craving for drink that was gripping the poor devil. This seems to have been borne out to an extent by his remark that day—remarks which seemed to have indicated an intention to return to his home and his boon companions by the last of the week."

Coleman was a blatant idiot. Never a word, mind you, about that knife-thrust in the leg that had bled so profusely. Trifling as it seemed I felt sure that that same wound was responsible for the man's death. What had he been using the knife for? Was he aware of a reason to anticipate danger, and was he intending in this puerile, ineffectual way to meet it—when it came.

The light shone bravely on the little pile of papers on the table before me, as I attempted after an old, well-tried fashioned of my own (and one that has brought about remarkable results more than once) to marshal what facts I could about the whole affair and from these dry bones erect a skeleton which I might clothe at my will.

The dead man had been a nervous, broken-down chap to begin with—one who had known no law save the exercise of his own will. Had he made enemies, relentless ones, during his career? Undoubtedly. One can hardly go through life selfishly ignoring the rights of others—ruthlessly destroying dreams and theories and the more tangible things of which dreams and theories are a part, without making enemies and dangerous ones. That question in effect was easy—it answered itself.

Another fact taken from Coleman's rather copious notes was that Galloway was always exceedingly anxious and restless about the mails. Why? Beyond the scorched rim of the great bowl that held the valley and the little Boughton Crossing postoffice on the river, he had no relations beyond the two old women whom I have already mentioned, and no friends. He had forfeited these last in the Great Game of Life which he had played so illy. Was his interest in the great world which he had left behind purely an impersonal one—the interest that a beaten runner takes in the final lap of the course when the shouts are greeting the victor? I thought not. Neither love nor ambition waited for the man beyond the guarding mountain gates, where the white road crept like a wounded snake downward to the valley. Neither love nor ambition waited for him—neither friends nor associates—neither kin of blood nor tie of affection. There is something however that waits more doggedly, more persistently than any of these. Had this other written for him? And was the name of this other Death?

My first glance told me that the papers—there were four of them—had never been taken out of their wrappers. There were two circulars—one exploiting the merits of a certain automobile, the other a certain brand of old, well-mellowed whiskey.

I laid both these aside with as little real interest as I had laid aside the papers, and turned my attention to the

post-cards. There were two of them. One, the first, was sent from somewhere in France—from a little town the name of which I cannot remember. It was only signed by a couple of initials. There were a dozen words upon it written in a scrawling fashion which I felt could hold little interest for the man, chained prisoner by ill health and incipient insanity and forced to take sanctuary at the Bluffs. I read the words over the second time to make sure. "We broke down a mile from this place yesterday," so it ran. "We have a gay party and may be held here a week yet. Hope that your health has improved, and wish that you could be with us."

I laid the card aside disappointedly and picked up the other. I will confess that at first sight, it was the less promising of the two. There was no ivy-hung old buildings painted in garish greens on this—no smooth stretches of shallow, still water with women busy at the tubs. It was a plain post-card and the embellishments upon it were of the most humble and commonplace description.

On one side was the address written in pencil and in a clear running hand. "Mr. Arthur Galloway, Boughton Crossing, Haywood Parish, Louisiana." It had the Boughton Crossing cancelling stamp upon it, with the date of the mailing—the day before the tragedy.

The other side however, I must confess, engaged more of my attention. It would have possessed few charms as a work of art for the postmaster's little daughter, but to me the longer I looked at it, it seemed more and more full of devilish ingenuity. I grew to have a sort of admiring regard for the man who could use such a common vehicle as a post-card, to convey his thoughts, and who could at the same time say so much—and yet so little.

To begin with the card—the lines upon it I mean, for there was no writing—seemed slightly blurred. They had been made originally with a heavy, soft-leaded pencil, and the strokes were thick and unshaded. Looking at them at first, I fancied that there had been a rain about the time that the card was mailed. I rejected this idea almost at once however, remembering that there had been no rain for two weeks preceding the Galloway tragedy and the inquest. It is the policy of a successful sleuth to keep himself informed about anything and everything that may tend to have the slightest bearing on the case in which he is interested, and I had posted myself about the weather just as I had posted myself about everything else.

Failing this explanation, that might account for the blurred state of the card, I remembered that for one month—two weeks before and two weeks after the tragedy—the weather had been remarkably and excessively dry. Heat prostrations in town had been numerous and almost invariably fatal. This fact forced me to another conclusion. The card had been carried into Boughton Crossing to be mailed. The man who sent it had not lived near the postoffice. He had gotten the thing ready, and then uncertainty and doubt had played football with his intentions for several days.

Then at last, for some unknown reason, he had hurriedly and definitely made up his mind—perhaps while at work in the field—to mail the thing and have done with it. I decided that he was young and a little vain of his personal appearance, or he would never have donned a coat for his trip to the postoffice. That he had done so, was plain from the smudged condition of the card which the fellow must evidently have carried in his pocket.

Far-fetched? I grant you, but no more so than many a fine-spun theory woven of fiction and moonbeams and has been twisted into a heavy hangman's noose that has sent some poor devil to a strangled death dancing and swaying at the end of the hempen loop.

I studied the card carefully—studied it until the blurred lines smoothed themselves out and I was able to see just what the man was meant to see—the doomed man who waited for his mail that morning of the thirtieth of May.

In the first place a rough picture in white and black had been drawn upon

the card—the picture of a tramp, ragged, dirty, unkempt. His shoes were flapping bits of leather tied together by cotton strings, his hat a filthy, nondescript thing that looked more like a piece of mangy fur than anything else. Through holes in his dirty coat and dirtier trousers the wind penetrated to the man's flesh. In his face was the look of the brute animal—beaten, hounded, hunted and betrayed.

I took from my pocket a picture which Miss Jane Galloway had shown me of her favorite nephew—a picture taken only a few months before his death—and I laid it down upon the table beside the soiled post-card. The likeness between the two—the spoiled dipsomaniac and heir to the Galloway millions and the filthy human derelict, the sot and tramp, was absolutely startling.

I put the picture away again and looked at the card once more. As I have said, the tramp occupied the centre of it. Behind him, a thin line of forest showed. Before him, two gleaming threads of steel stretched away in the distance. On each side of the rails had been depictured a bit of marshy ground fringed with heavy reeds.

I looked at these reeds closely—looked and looked again, and at last my keen eyes, perhaps because I was looking out for a thing just like that, saw something which I will wager neither the Boughton-Croosing postmaster nor the Boughton-Crossing postmaster's little daughter would have seen in a year. The uneven reeds formed letters not easily noticeable unless one was studying the thing closely. I traced them out slowly one by one until the whole flamed out. The sentence read:

"I'm after you at last! Look out!"

CHAPTER FIVE.

The Name on the Hotel Register.

It was with great difficulty that I repressed a cry of satisfaction. There had been some one then—some one whose warning received early on the morning of the thirtieth of May, was sufficient to put Galloway on his guard, even if it did prove ineffectual to save his life. The explanation served to make many things clear.

I put the other papers abstracted from the dead man's room aside, but tucked the card very carefully away in an inner pocket. I was ready now for the next step—the step that would ensure me the right to stay at the Bluffs as long as I might care or think it necessary to do so.

I undressed as noiselessly as possible, and taking a tiny black pellet from a case in my pocket swallowed it hastily. Without harming me in the least, either mentally or physically, I had learned that it would simulate a desperate illness as to enable me to deceive a physician, no matter how suspicious he might be.

It had not failed me in an emergency before—it did not fail me now. In fifteen minutes a close scrutiny of my features by the aid of a little hand-mirror which I carried, convinced me that my preparations were now complete for the effect which I meant to produce upon Butler and his wife. My face was livid and swollen, my lips drawn and ashen, my eyes wide and staring, I uttered one or two loud groans, then waited for the result.

The result was exceedingly satisfactory. Possibly Butler and his wife had just fallen aslep, possibly they were still wrangling over my appearance at the Bluffs. At any rate my first groans went unheeded. I groaned again.

This time I was more successful. I heard voices, raised a little as if in hurried argument, the sound of an opening door, and later the soft pad—pad—pad—of list slippers in the hall. A thin thread of light shone under the door, some one fumbled doubtfully at the latch and the door fell open.

"Go in!"

"Not for the whole world!" There was more than decision in the woman's voice.

"Don't act the fool!" The man's rough voice was rougher than ever. "It was you who took him in! I want you to remember *that*. I heard him groan just now I tell you! Did he complain of being ill when he came?"

"No!"

"Then—something has happened. What do you suppose could hurt *you,* with me waiting here just outside the door? Go inside and see what ails the fool!"

"I will not. I—went in before to find—what I found! Another thing like *that* would land me in an asylum for the insane. It may not be too late for *him,* John—as it was for the other. Go in and see!"

The man seemed still irresolute. Fearing that they might both go away and leave me, I spoke feebly at last. "I am desperately ill," I said with a groan. "Come in one of you and do something for me if you can."

They both entered at this. I was lying with my eyes closed but I did not miss the terrified glance which the woman cast about her. Her keen eyes seemed searching the floor. For what?

It was the man however who spoke. Although his voice lost little of its grim roughness when he addressed me, his tone was evidently meant to be exceedingly sympathetic. "What is the matter, sir?" he asked. "Your appearance certainly would indicate that you were suffering severely. And there is not a doctor within a dozen miles of the Bluffs. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"No doctor could help me," I groaned again. "I am accustomed to these attacks and some day I feel sure that one of them will carry me off. I have been warned more than once. There is a bottle there in my grip marked, 'Heart medicine.' Give me a tea spoonful of that, please."

It was the woman who found the bottle, who poured the medicine, who lifted my head and poured the liquid down my throat. The man did nothing and I read distrust and sulky suspicion in every line of the fellow's grim, lowering countenance. I pretended not to notice his ill-temper however, but lay after that for some moments with my eyes closed.

"Are you feeling better now, Mr. Barton?" It was Mrs. Butler who asked the question.

I opened my eyes with a little start which after all was not wholly feigned. I was wretchedly sleepy—but I wanted her to believe that her tone—her words—had dragged me back from the very brink of unconsciousness.

"I am much better, yes," I said weakly. "The medicine always helps me."

"Is it—heart-trouble?"

"It is something—on that order," I said vaguely. "Really I am ashamed to have given you so much trouble, Mrs. Butler."

She glanced uncertainly at her husband before she spoke to me again. "The trouble does not matter in the least," she said then hurriedly. "I am only too glad to be of any help either to you or to any one else. Do you think that you could manage to get some sleep now if we were to go away and leave you alone?"

I thought I could and said so. "There is no need for anybody to worry about me," I said rather pettishly I am afraid. "I am used to these attacks and know exactly what to do for them. Unless I have another during the night, I will be able to get up as usual in the morning. If I do have another one—"

"If you do—"

I turned my face a little aside. "I have never had but one at a time," I muttered. "I presume that I would simply lose my head if anything of the kind happened."

"Don't try to get up even when you wake," said Mrs. Butler urgently. "Sleep as long as you can and I will bring your breakfast to you."

"We don't keep a common tavern, you understand," said her husband grimly. "Mary's health is bad, and it is about all that she can do to manage for me and for herself. At the same time I'm not going to have any man going away from this house and saying that he was treated like a heathen. If you're really sick, you're freely welcome to stay at the Bluffs until you are able to travel."

The words were gracious enough if the tone was not. "I'm bound to be in Wallaceburg tomorrow night to meet a fellow who is going to make a trip across the country with me," I said

faintly. "I couldn't begin to estimate the damage that it would cause me—and my people—if I failed to make connection. A man's got to make good in my line, Mr. Butler, or else give way and make room for a fellow that can."

It is possible that Butler already, his suspicions slightly lulled, felt ashamed of his churlishness. At any rate he muttered something about being irritated by a lot of fools until he had about come to be more of a brute than a human himself, and then followed by his wife he quitted the room.

Would he return? I asked myself that question more than once feverishly enough. To lock the door was only to invite suspicion and strengthen distrust. But the chances in favor of my being allowed to remain at the Bluffs another day were too slender for me to be able to risk them. The man against whom my wits were pitted was cleverer than I had thought, and spurred on by conscious guilt, threatened to be more than a match for me. I must investigate matters a little more thoroughly, and yet if I was caught doing so, a knife-blade under my ribs or a shot in my back would soon put a speedy and peremptory end to my part of the investigation of the Galloway affair.

I lay there on the bed for a long time, not daring to even doze lest I lose my chance altogether. When I felt quite sure however that the man was asleep, I slipped out of bed and dressed myhelf as hurriedly as possible. I did not dare to strike a light but moved about by a sort of instinct, managing to avoid contact with anything that might make a noise.

Forunately the windows, on a level with the floor, were wide open. There were wire screens, but they were easily pushed aside. There was a bed of feverfew under the window. I smelled the rank, bitter smell of the wet, crushed leaves as I swung myself to the ground. I wanted to assure myself first of all that I had nothing to fear from Rattlesnake Butler.

My very first step came near being a very disastrous one for me however—and for my plans as well. I heard a rustle just around the corner of the house, the sound of a guarded footfall, and I flung myself down on the ground holding my breath lest even the faintest noise should betray me.

The step did not come any nearer however. Presently I heard it, it seemed to me, quite on the other side of the house. Moving noiselessly, avoiding the splotches of quicksilver where the moonlight splashed in molten pools among the shadows, I moved around the corner to the other side of the building.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Butler, please," I heard a voice say. "Can you come outside the house for a little while?"

Inside the house I heard the creak of a bed-spring as Butler moved incautiously. "What in the devil are you prowling about here at this time of night for, Richard?" he growled.

"I want to speak to you on important business, Mr. Butler. I wouldn't disturb you of course, if I didn't think that it was absolutely necessary."

"I'll be out in a minute," grumbled Butler ill-naturedly. "I never spent such a night in all my life before. Look here, Richard, hold that tongue of your's will you, until I get outside. There is a chap spending the night here."

"I heard about him back there at the ford," said the lad called Richard sullenly. Framed in the dead white light of the moon, he looked slender and tall and I got a reasonably good view of his handsome, sulky, mutinous face. "That's what I came for tonight, Mr. Butler. I was afraid to wait until morning."

"Well I'll be out in a minute," said Butler again with a slightly conciliatory air. "We'll get away from the house a bit I guess to do our talking."

I was very grateful for the hint. Still carefully avoiding the merciless pools of moonlight that betrayed things so uncompromisingly, I swung round to the path which I had noticed the night before and which I knew led down to a large spring lying like a clear, sparkling jewel in the lap of the cliffs. They

would not venture in the other direction, since such a course would inevitably bring them under my windows. The older man might not be very suspicious—the younger most certainly was.

I had barely had time to secrete myself behind the huge grape vine that draped the front of the rock that overhung the spring when the sound of slipping gravel and the low repressed tones of masculine voices told me that the others were coming and that I had guessed aright as to the probable scene of their conference. Butler himself was in advance, and when he stopped in the shadow of the cliff, he was near enough for me to touch him had I held out my hand.

"Well, what is it, Richard?" he asked bluntly.

For a moment the younger man did not answer. "They told me down at the Crossing postoffice today, that Galloway's friends were going to re-open the investigation of the causes that led to his death," he said thickly. "They said that a fellow that was worse than a blood-hound had been employed to fix the guilt on *somebody*. Is that true?"

Butler cleared his throat noisily. "If there is any thing of that kind on foot, I heard nothing about it," he said evasively. "I talked with a lot of people who ought to have known about it if there was a thing of that kind in contemplation." He leaned forward and lowered his voice a little so that near him as I was I scarcely caught his next words. "What is it to *you* if the affair *is* re-opened?' he asked sharply.

"What is it to me?" repeated the younger man miserably. "Don't I know the breed to which that man belongs, Mr. Butler—this human brute whom the Galloway millions has unchained and set loose upon our track?"

"*Our* track?"

"Well, mine then!" said the boy hopelessly. "I don't know why it was that I escaped so easily before. I am an unlucky devil and it will not happen again. It will be Ratterree's business to fix the guilt on somebody. As well fix it on me—"

"You did not come here in the middle of the night for *that,* you know," suggested Butler sourly. He was standing so close to me that I could hear his quick breathing. "As for me, I am under suspicion too—if you come to that. What do you want with me?"

"I want that post-card that I was darned fool enough to send to Galloway the day before he—was killed," said the exasperated Richard hotly.

"*Killed!*"

"Yes, *killed!* O, you can't come the innocent dodge over me, Butler. You know as well as I do that Galloway was killed. He was an unspeakable cad and a degenerate and all that but he did not die a natural death."

"*I* don't know anything!" said Butler significantly. "It's my policy to know nothing about this affair, Richard—one way or another. *I* didn't kill him."

"I'm not so sure about that as you seem to be," said the boy guardedly. "By the time that Ratterree gets through with you, Butler, you may be glad enough to plead guilty to the charge of manslaughter—under the stress of strong and irresistable provocation."

Butler's quick breathing died to a mere flutter of the fanning nostrils. I was near enough to him to know that he was putting a very strong constraint upon his rising passions. "We needn't quarrel with each other, Richard," he said then coolly. "You've a right to think just what you please, you know—and so have I. What in the devil ails you tonight? Are you simply trying to provoke me beyond endurance?"

"I went to town yesterday as usual," said Richard still miserably. "I—thought that the whole wretched affair was settled and done with for all time to come. I met Mr. Howell at the postoffice—"

"O, that is it—is it!" said Butler comprehendingly.

"Yes, that is it. He was the first one to tell me that they were whispering—"

"Who?"

"God knows. I had no idea that any one—but *you*—suspected my connection with Galloway."

"Wait right there, Richard," said the

older man not unkindly. "I want to tell you flatly right now and here, that if any faintest breath regarding your row with Galloway has gotten out, I am not responsible for it. Understand?"

"Then who *is* responsible?"

"How in the devil should I know? You may have talked or Galloway may—"

"Not he. Galloway was not so proud of his part in the matter as all that."

"I dare say not. Come, Richard, we are wasting words you and I. Are you trying to tell me that that old fool, Howell is trying to put an end to your engagement to his daughter? Is that the gist of the whole thing?"

"That is exactly what I am trying to tell you. He told me that he had understood that the Galloway affair was going to be thoroughly investigated by a new man, who would not leave a stone unturned in his efforts to fix the guilt on *somebody.* And he added that he was not going to allow his daughter's name to be involved in what promised to be a particularly ugly business."

He frowned sullenly. "He added moreover, that Constance was of the same opinion as he in wishing the engagement at an end."

"Well, he's an old fool—and I must say that I really think that you have been hardly used," said Butler in an evident attempt to mollify the young man's temper. "Still I must say that I fail to see—"

"I tell you I want that fool card that I sent to Galloway the day before he died," said the lad again shortly. "Where is it?"

"It's up there at the house," said Butler a little doubtfully. "I'll get it for you just as soon as it is daylight, Richard."

"I don't want to wait until daylight!" said Richard doggedly. "I want it *now.* How do I know just who that is that you have got up there at the house?"

"He claims that he is a sewing machine agent and he says that his name is Barton."

"I don't care what he says—or what he *claims*—for the matter of that!" said the younger man fiercely. "I want that card, Butler. I was a fool to ever send it—to ever let it go out of my hand. And I want it *now*!"

"All right," said Butler pacifically. "Hang around until breakfast, Richard and you can get the card. *I* don't want it. It's still there in the room along with the other mail that came the day before Galloway—died. There is no need for you to act as if you had a grudge against *me.*"

"I'll have a look at that chap whom you were fool enough to take in—at the same time," said Richard still sulkily.

"*I* didn't take him in. It was Mary."

"It's all the same," said the other aggrievedly. "I'll have no playing fast and loose with me, Butler—please remember that. I'll have no tightening of the screws in the rack for me to save your own ugly carcass. If some one goes to the wall it will be because I cannot help it—and that some one *won't be me!*" He added the last words grimly.

I dared not wait for the interview between the two to close. I dared not try to reenter the house after I knew that it was being watched by two pairs of keen, merciless eyes. I slipped like a shadow from the vines at the base of the cliff and threaded my way as noiselessly as possible up the path in the direction of the house. Once a stone slipped beneath my feet. "Hush, what was that?" I heard Butler say incautiously, but the dying squeak of a rabbit or some furry, soft-footed creature answered him as a hugh owl fanned the air with heavy, clumsy, lumbering wings.

I heard Butler when he entered the house a few minutes later—heard him pause and listen just outside my door—heard him lift the clumsy latch—heard him cross the floor and knew when he bent above me to listen to my breathing. It was not very easy to do, but I managed to lie utterly passive, knowing in my heart that were his suspicions of me only a certainty, or even only a shade stronger than they were, my life would not be worth a minute's purchase.

Dawn was breaking when he quitted the room and in a few moments I heard

the old woman moving about in the kitchen preparing breakfast. I donned half my clothes and then, pretending to be utterly overcome by sudden and increasing weakness, I lay down again on the bed. I was sure all the time that some one, possibly Richard—possibly Butler himself—was watching my every movement, on the alert for the least false move.

It was the woman who brought my breakfast to me. I knew the moment that I saw her face, that the others—the men—had sought for the card, had failed to find it, and that from the hideous situation in which I found myself I was to escape, if I escaped at all, only by the slenderest margin and almost by a miracle. I knew that the woman was terrified lest her own share in the affair of the night before should become known. Her lips moved soundlessly as she looked at me.

"You had better burn them," I said below my breath. "Have they searched the room thoroughly?"

"Yes."

"You had better burn all the papers then—just as soon as you can."

"They are coming in now, sir—he and the other. For God's sake—you do not know my husband—say nothing to irritate him!"

"I am in no danger," I said lying gallantly. I never could bear to see a woman suffer. "Only hold your own tongue."

She took the bundle of papers and thrust them into her bosom just as I heard steps in the hall outside. "I am better—yes," I said weakly as if in answer to her question. "I think that I will be able to travel a little later in the day."

"Not until you are quite well again," the old woman said. But her terror for me—for herself—showed in her shaken, pasty lips that would tremble in spite of her. "Do you think that you will be able to eat some breakfast?"

"I will try to drink the coffee," I said with a groan. "That will do me more good—"

"I will look after the gentleman now, Mary," said Butler's rough voice. "I've a few words to say to him on my own account. It may be that after I've said them, he'll be inclined to keep us company a little longer than he thinks. It's a rough road that leads away from the Bluffs—*for some.*"

The woman darted out of the room like a scared rabbit. As she did so, Butler pressed past her into the room. Behind him towered the tall, well-knit figure of the man whom I had seen conversing with him at the spring an hour before and whom I had heard him address as Richard. The latter stared at me sternly, a dawning hatred in his handsome face.

"This is my friend, Carr, Mr. *Barton,*" said Butler smoothly. There was a thread of mockery in his level voice. "You never happened to see him before, I suppose—did you?"

For a full moment after that—I did not answer him—no one spoke. "I think that I never had the honor to meet Mr. Carr," I said then politely. "Hardly anything remarkable in *that* since I don't belong in this part of the country—and I take it that he does."

Carr was still staring at me, a flicker of something like recognition in his dark, sunken eyes. "I know *you,*" he said insolently. "At least I have seen you before—in town. I never forget a face and for some reason that I do not exactly now recall, your's made quite an impression on me. It was at the Grayson Hotel that I saw you and I asked the clerk who you were. He showed me your name on the register—the name that you had just written. It was *not* Barton. *What was it?*"

CHAPTER SIX.

The Crimson Peonies.

I had been in tight places before. For instance there was the time when, single-handed and alone I succeeded in capturing the First National thieves—Witter among the rest. And Witter of course—But it is neither the story of Witter nor the First National that I am telling now.

I had two courses open to me. One was to brazen the thing out, declare that

Carr was utterly mistaken and that it was some one else whom he had seen in Grayson's Hotel—and not me. In that event he might believe me, or he might not. More probably he would not. Or I might accept the gauntlet which he threw down and dare them to do their worst—to prove what they could. In any event it would take time. And time was what I wanted most of all.

"I was in town there at the time you mention and I was at Grayson's," I said coolly. "I always make that place my headquarters when I am in the city. I do not remember you, Mr. Carr, although there is nothing strange about *that,* considering that I am a poor observer and that I meet many strangers whose faces and names I make no attempt to fix in my memory. If I signed any name upon the hotel register it was my own. I am a very unimportant person and have never felt any necessity for a nom-de-plume."

Carr thought that I was lying—naturally. I read it in his dark face. At the same time he was not *sure,* and while he might have been a villain he was not a blackguard. He was willing perforce to give me the benefit of the doubt.

"I can write a letter that will settle the whole thing by tomorrow morning," he said to Butler guardedly and yet with a superb indifference which I could not but admire. He flung a sneer in my direction. "I would suppose now that you would rather stay here at the Bluffs all day, would you not?" he asked.

"I would leave now—this moment—if I felt physically able to do so," I retorted snarlingly. "I really do not feel such an overweening attachment for the Bluffs or its inmates as to be unable to leave either."

"Will you be able to travel today?"

"Judging from the severity of past attacks—no."

"That will suit me better then," said Carr relievedly. "By tomorrow morning—"

"But it will not suit *me* better!" urged Butler evidently tiring of the secondary part which he was being forced to play in the affair. "It's *my* house, you'll be good enough to remember, Richard—not yours."

Carr said something which in spite of my desires I was not quick enough to catch, and drew Butler out of the room. They talked together out in the hall for a long time, Carr evidently urging some measure to which his companion seemed reluctant to consent. I could not hear one word of what they were saying. The old woman passed through the hall once or twice in a hurried, frightened way, but she neither spoke nor was spoken to. I gathered that she was supposed to be slightly in disgrace for having introduced me into the house.

Butler went out after a while and harnessed the horses to the wagon, Carr helping him. "What are they going to do?" I asked the woman apprehensively once when she darted past my door looking not unlike some bright-eyed, wild thing of the woods.

"I don't know, but they are laying some sort of a trap. I don't know just what it is. I will let you know as soon as I find out."

Carr climbed into the wagon after Butler. He was still inclined to be sulky and surely and I believed that he resented Butler's attitude toward him.

I caught at the woman restlessly as she scurried back through the hall in the direction of the kitchen. "What kind of a trap?" I asked hurriedly.

"O, I don't know. Please don't make me stop to talk now! Maybe they are going to wire to the hotel in Wallaceburg to see if the clerk at Grayson's will substantiate what you said about the name on the register."

A deep pity filled my heart for the poor, faded little woman whose heart was fairly in her throat from sheer terror as she spoke to me. "Do they suspect *you* in connection with the disappearance of the bag of mail?" I asked gently.

"O, I don't know—they are planning something and I am afraid of whatever it is! Richard is fit for murder—nothing else since Howell has so bedevilled and badgered him."

"Strange that they would leave me

here alone all day, if they suspected *me,*" I said quickly.

"I don't know just whom they suspect—nor what. Look from your window, Mr. Barton. Can you see that bare, greyish spot down on the mountain side below that thin belt of green pines?"

I raised myself on my elbow. "Yes, I can see it," I said curiously.

"I wish that we had some field glasses, sir. I mean good strong ones. That is the Boughton-Crossing road there. In five or ten minutes you will see the wagon cross that bare strip of rocky hillside. I believe that they are playing a trick upon us. I believe that they will only pretend to go away and that while one of them takes the wagon and team and goes to Boughton Crossing, to wire to town, the other will sneak round to the back of the house and watch us both. I believe that John at least thinks that you will make an effort to escape."

I shook my head in dissent although the thought *had* come to to me, and in the shape of an almost irresistible and ungovernable impulse. "I'm not going away today," I said easily. "If you will look in my grip, Mrs. Butler you will find a rather good field glass. Yes, thank you. How long since the men drove away—five minutes—ten? Yes, it ought to be all of that I should say, since we heard them go. Now. I've got the glasses turned right and trained on that bit of road now. How long before they ought to cross it?"

"They ought to cross it in about fifteen minutes—that is if they keep the gait they set when they left here."

"Good. In ten minutes then I will begin to look for them." I looked at the helpless, shaken, nervous creature beside me, and felt a sudden thrill of pity for her. "You needn't be frightened, Mrs. Butler," I said earnestly. "*You* have nothing to fear, you know even if the matter of the Galloway tragedy were to come up again."

She twisted her knotted hands together so tightly that I saw a little quiver of pain distort her ashen lips. But she only shook her head.

"Mrs. Butler I am going to ask you a plain question. I want to be your friend, you know. I mean to be your friend, whether you really want me to be or not. But you can make things a whole lot easier for me if you will. Did Richard Carr have anything to do with the death of Arthur Galloway?"

"O, good God—*No!*"

"Do you *know* that he did not have anything to do with it?"

"Yes, I do. I'll be perfectly frank with you, sir. Richard hated Mr. Galloway—for reasons that I know very little about. He had made threats against him more than once—threats that Galloway laughed at."

"Then *how* do you know that Richard Carr didn't make his threats good? Somebody did for the man, you know. That talk about heart-disease is all rot."

"Because, sir, I *know* Richard. He could not deliberately harm a fly. He is nasty-tempered, Richard is and he harbors malice and broods over things a whole lot more than he ought. By the way, sir, time's about up—isn't it?"

In my interest in what the woman was saying I had forgotten the strip of gray road below the belt of pines. I trained my glasses on it and waited breathlessly. One minute passed—two—three—four. Another. The strip of gray ribbon stretched straight in the sunlight. And then—

"There goes the wagon," I said relievedly. "Both men are in it still."

The woman drew a long breath of relief. "There is another place farther down where you can see the road," she said simply. "It will take nearly twenty minutes more for them to reach there. And somewhere between those two points, either Richard or my husband (and I *think* that it will be my husband) will leave the team and come back. My eyes are pretty good for a woman of my age, and it has not been so very long since I could see anything moving on that first bend in the road and I am thinking that John will be remembering that. Just so soon as the wagon crosses that, he will come back."

"How long will it take him to return?"

"John is not quite as strong as he

used to be, sir, and he has asthma if he exerts himself too much. It will be all of an hour now before he reaches home."

"But suppose that it is not your husband but the other man who comes."

"It will be my husband, sir. Richard would know better than to play the spy on me."

Something in the hopelessness of her tone touched me. "During that hour we have much to do," I said decidedly. "You must burn those papers, Mrs. Butler and I want you to begin at the beginning and tell me the real story of that last day of Arthur Galloway's life."

"I told you—"

"Not *all*. And now I want every bit of it remember. You trust me, Mrs. Butler do you not? You believe that I would keep any trouble from touching you—if I could?"

She muttered something under her breath, but terror was twitching at her gray lips again. I could not understand what she said.

"Better make a clean breast of the whole thing," I urged. "Come, Mrs. Butler, use your mother-wit—your common-sense. They are reopening the question of the Galloway affair again and they are sure to make you tell all that you know. They've got your former evidence in writing, you know and the least inaccuracy will be used against you. Better tell what you know."

"Even if—it *seems* likely to get some one for whom I care—into trouble?" she asked.

"Even if it does—yes." I spoke firmly enough although my heart ached for her.

"It would be only *seeming*, you know," she said piteously. "In spite of appearances, John is no more guilty than Richard is. If I tell you all about that last day—*all* about it, mind—will you promise to do your best to help me to keep them out of trouble if I can convince you of their innocence?"

"Most gladly and willingly—yes," I said very, very gently.

"I'll tell you then, the whole thing I mean, even if John did say that it would only confuse things. I have forty minutes you know. You will watch for me, will you not, and tell me when the time is up? John would half kill me if he knew."

I laid the watch down open upon the table before me and drew the table nearer to the bedside. "I will keep watch for you," I said quietly. "I will not allow you to get into trouble on my account, Mrs. Butler—believe me."

She was twisting her fingers together again nervously. "The thing really began a day or two before Mr. Galloway's death," she said. "I think that maybe it was about three days before. John had been down to the postoffice and had seen Richard for the first time in several months. I don't know just where Richard had been, but it was out West somewhere. Somebody had told him about Galloway."

"Told him *what* about him?"

"Told him that Galloway was at the Bluffs. He told John what his grievance against Galloway was then. No, I don't know what it was. John wouldn't tell me. He took Richard's part though and there was a quarrel—"

"Between your husband and Galloway, you mean?"

"Yes. They patched it up some way but Galloway was furious. He said something about appealing to the law. But he was scared out of his wits too—you could tell that."

"Mind you all this was three days before his death. He walked the floor all day long that day, jumping and starting at every little sound he heard. I heard John laugh sneeringly and say that Galloway was afraid of Richard—that he was a bright sort of fellow but that he was a brute and that Richard ought to kill him. I am not hurting Richard any?" She turned her face to me appealingly.

"No, nothing that you can say, is going to hurt Mr. Carr very much," I said still gently.

"I was always a great hand for pets and I had some little day-old kittens there in a basket just inside the back door. They were such pretty little things that I couldn't seem to keep away from them. And every time that day or

that night that I stepped out in the hall I heard Galloway tramping up and down in his room. The kittens kept up such a fuss that I asked him once if they were keeping him awake and he said that they were not."

"My conscience hurt me though, knowing as I did how nervous he was, so I didn't sleep overly well myself. And once when I fell in a doze, with the kittens still whining, there came a heavy knock at the back door."

"John was asleep and he didn't stir. But it took me just about a second to get out into the hall. I had left a candle burning on the hall table, but it wasn't giving very much light. Just as I stepped out of my room, Mr. Galloway stepped out of his. He was fully dressed although it was past midnight, and he had a pocket-knife open in his hand. "What is the matter?" I asked him the minute he appeared."

"He looked at me in a terrified sort of way. 'It's that fellow, Mrs. Butler,' he said in a whisper. 'He'll kill me yet—with your husband standing behind him and backing him up. O, I hear him prowling about out there now. Don't you?' "

"Well I didn't and I told him so. Beyond that single knock, I hadn't heard anything. I begged him to go back to bed, and finally succeeded in persuading him to go inside his room and close his door."

"Did you go outside to see if you could find out who had knocked?"

"No, I didn't. I don't know that I was scared particularly. I did go to the screen door but I did not open it. I knew that if some one had been out there—not Richard, mind you, I never once suspected Richard—our voices would have frightened him away."

"I didn't open my door again that night. I do not know whether Mr. Galloway slept any at all or not. He didn't look as if he had, when he came to the breakfast table. He kept close to his room all that day and he and John didn't exchange upwards of a dozen words."

"The thing was fast getting on to my nerves somehow. The kittens were just about the only comfort that I had. I made up my mind though, that if they kept up any fuss at all during that next night, that I would do something with them on Mr. Galloway's account knowing what I did about his condition. I had a brother once who drank—"

"Well I don't know whether they made any particular fuss that next night or not. I didn't hear them if they did. But along about ten o'clock I was waked again by that knock on the door and I heard Mr. Galloway—"

"John got up that time although he vowed that I'd been dreaming. But for all that poor Mr. Galloway was walking up and down the hall shaking like a leaf and saying over and over, (you will pardon the language, sir) I'll leave this damned place tomorrow! I'll leave this damned place tomorrow!!' Over and over just like that—"

"John tried his best to argue with him but it was all of no use for he wouldn't listen. It was after that that John thought that maybe it was the dog and we heard Rover under the front steps—"

"John didn't go outside the house that night and neither did I. And because he wouldn't—Mr. Galloway said a lot of rather nasty things. They had an awful quarrel again and for a little while I thought that it was going to be worse than a quarrel. John said to him at last: 'I'd see you stay and rot in hell before I'd lift a finger, to save you!' and after that Mr. Galloway went inside his room again and slammed his door."

"The next morning both of them were up pretty early. John went to Boughton Crossing after the mail, and Mr. Galloway prowled in an aimless sort of way about over the house. I tried to talk to him but he was moody and sullen and suspicious and he wouldn't listen. About ten o'clock John came back with the mail and I carried it in the little leather bag that I told you about, to Mr. Galloway. He was lying down on the bed in his room and he didn't get up."

"I went straight from his room to the garden. It was an awfully warm day—one of the sultry kind with not a cloud

to be seen. I wanted some tomatoes for lunch and there was an abundance of them on the vines. I had my vegetables and flowers planted together and right next to the tomatoes there happened to be a bed of late-blooming peonies. The flowers were a deep, rich red and they had fooled me more than once—you may not have noticed that I am a little near-sighted. One time that morning I remember when I thought that I had a particularly fine tomato it turned out to be a peony blossom—"

"I had gotten all that I wanted though, and had turned to leave the garden when I saw what I thought at first was a rabbit tucked away among the vines. I leaned over a little and there stretched out within a foot of my face, was the biggest rattlesnake that I ever saw."

'I am no coward, Mr. Barton even if I am an old woman and I had a hoe handy as it happened. I killed the snake but I was very nervous—nervous enough before I saw the snake—and the sight of it brought all my troubles back in a flood. I killed the thing and buried it without saying anything about it to anybody and then took my tomatoes and went back to the house. Mr. Galloway was still wandering restlessly up and down looking horribly. And John was nowhere to be seen."

"That day was a long one. It passed at last however. Mr. Galloway grew more nervous than ever as night came on. He repeated what he had already said about going to town but John didn't speak to him even. He didn't eat anything at supper but drifted out of the room afterwards. I remember saying to John that he would about lose his mind if he didn't get away from the Bluffs and that he couldn't go too soon to suit me.

"And after that just what happened was this. I was determined to take no chances of allowing the kittens to disturb Mr. Galloway, so I put the basket with them in it in my own room. John went to bed early. And just about ten o'clock we both heard a shriek that was awful—more awful than anything that I had ever heard in all my life before. We both reached Mr. Galloway's room just about the same time. The door was standing ajar and Mr. Galloway himself was sprawled at the foot of the bed dead. He had an open knife in his hand and the blood was streaming from a wound in his left leg just above the ankle. He was already dead—he must have died as he screamed!"

CHAPTER SEVEN.

"How Firm a Foundation—"

I snapped the lid of the watch with a sigh. "Maybe you had better go now." I said slowly. "I thank you for your confidence in me, Mrs. Butler. You—have given me some ideas that I might have been long enough in picking up for myself. You had better keep away from me as much as possible now until the others come. If you have any reason to think that the men, either of them, have returned, I wish that you would manage to let me know in some way. I would rather not be taken off my guard."

"They'll come back—one of them will," she said confidently. "I am sure of that. And I'll keep a sharp lookout. When I am sure that one of them is on the watch, I will sing a verse of 'How firm a foundation.' It's a favorite of mine and no one will pay any attention when they hear it."

She went away still in that same stricken, terrified way and I lay down on the bed again. What with the mental strain that I was undergoing and what with the forced inaction, my head was aching dully. Something that had happened that morning, taken into connection with what the woman had said, had forced me to an utter destruction of preconceived ideas. I had been obliged to empty my mind of theories to which I had possibly grown more deeply wedded than I knew.

I can be sure—absolutely—that it was blind instinct and neither sight nor sound that told me of a sudden, that one of the two men had returned and was staring at me from one of the windows. It did not need the quavering line of 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,' to make the situation clear to me. And once clear, the

thought of remaining quiescent all day, waiting for that wire from the hotel clerk in Wallaceburg—waiting helpless like a cowed rat in a trap—became hideous and insupportable to me. Anything was better I told myself than the forced strain of inaction.

To think with me was always to act—and promptly. "Come in and let us talk things over, Mr. Carr," I said persuasively although I had not seen the fellow since he and Butler had driven away in the wagon. "There is no reason why we should be fighting each other—you and I—so far as I can see."

Somewhat chagrined, Carr walked in through the open window in quite the opposite direction from the one from which I had expected him to come. His brow was still black and lowering and the glance which he threw at me bitter and unfriendly enough. "I may as well tell you that Mr. Butler has asked me to keep an eye on you until he comes back—with advices from Wallaceburg," he said sourly.

I was thinking fast and reaching some rather queer conclusions. "Until he comes back with that name which you cannot remember and which was upon the hotel register?" I asked a little interestedly.

"Yes."

"Try to use that memory of your's to better advantage," I urged and raising myself on my elbow I faced the fellow squarely. "Was that name by any chance, Ratterree?"

I was unarmed but he flamed out upon me so suddenly that I—almost—showed him what I felt. And that was something nearer akin to fear than any emotion that I had been conscious of feeling for a long time. "It *was* Ratterree!" was the way he ended his comments viciously. "It was Ratterree—the detective. And thinly disguised as you are, you have dared to come *here*—

If for the moment I felt almost sure that I had for once in my life made a fatal and almost irreparable mistake, I was very careful not to let him know that I thought so. "Come, Carr, you are acting more like a peevish child than a grown-up man," I said sternly. "You are doing your very best in spite of my common sense to make me believe that you had something to do with Galloway's death—about which you really know almost as little as I. Don't be a fool!"

His face quivered once or twice with a vague stirring of the muscles and then settled inexorably into the old sullen curves again. "I have heard of your wheedling ways," he said bitterly. "I dare say it is all a part of your stock in trade. But you are wasting your time with *me*, Mr. Barton *alias* Ratterree. You need not try to practice any of your clever arts upon me."

I looked him squarely in the face. "You are a better man than I am, Carr," I said calmly. "In a straight, fair, stand-up fight, man to man, I dare say you could handle me with one hand tied. You can take possession of my pistol if you like. It is over there on the table."

The man reddened under my words. "It is a dirty calling—this scavenger trade of your's," he said still viciously. "It ought to put you beyond the pale of a decent man's contempt. Hawks do not consort with buzzards."

"I dare say that is purely a matter of opinion," I said mildly. "Scavengers and buzzards and the like are rather useful members of society in a way, my dear sir. Possibly the world could do without them quite as illy as the sharpers and swindlers and criminals and hawks, that you seem so anxious to protect."

He flushed again a little shamefacedly.

"Come, Mr. Carr," I said still mildly. "Don't you think that you are acting very foolishly—under the circumstances? I am the only man in the world who can help you, and you are doing your very best to make me believe that you are guilty. If I did not know that you were not—"

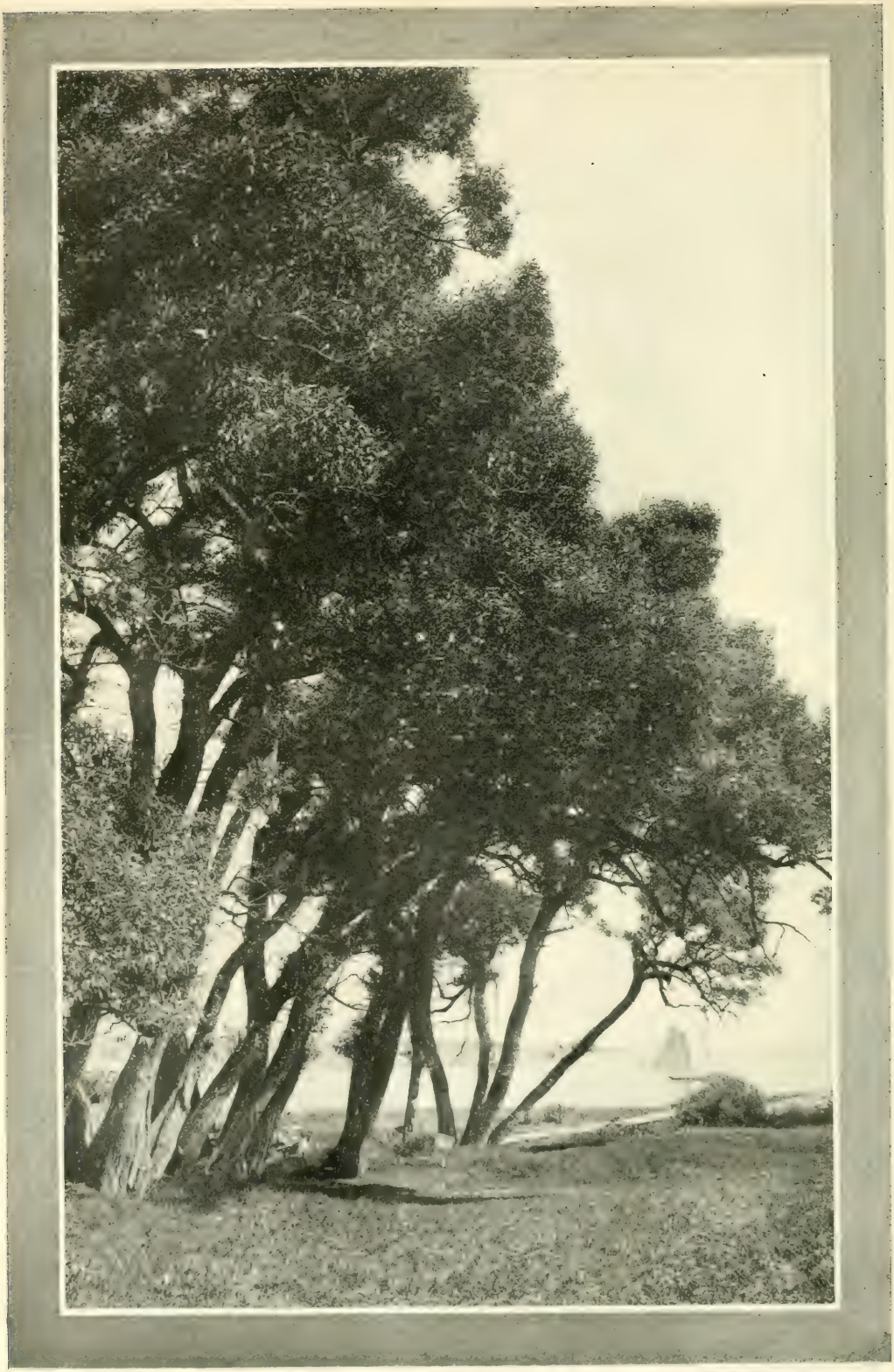
He looked at me dazedly but I knew that I had gained his quiet, intelligent attention at last. "If you did not know that I was not," he repeated incredulously.

(*Continued on page* 678.)

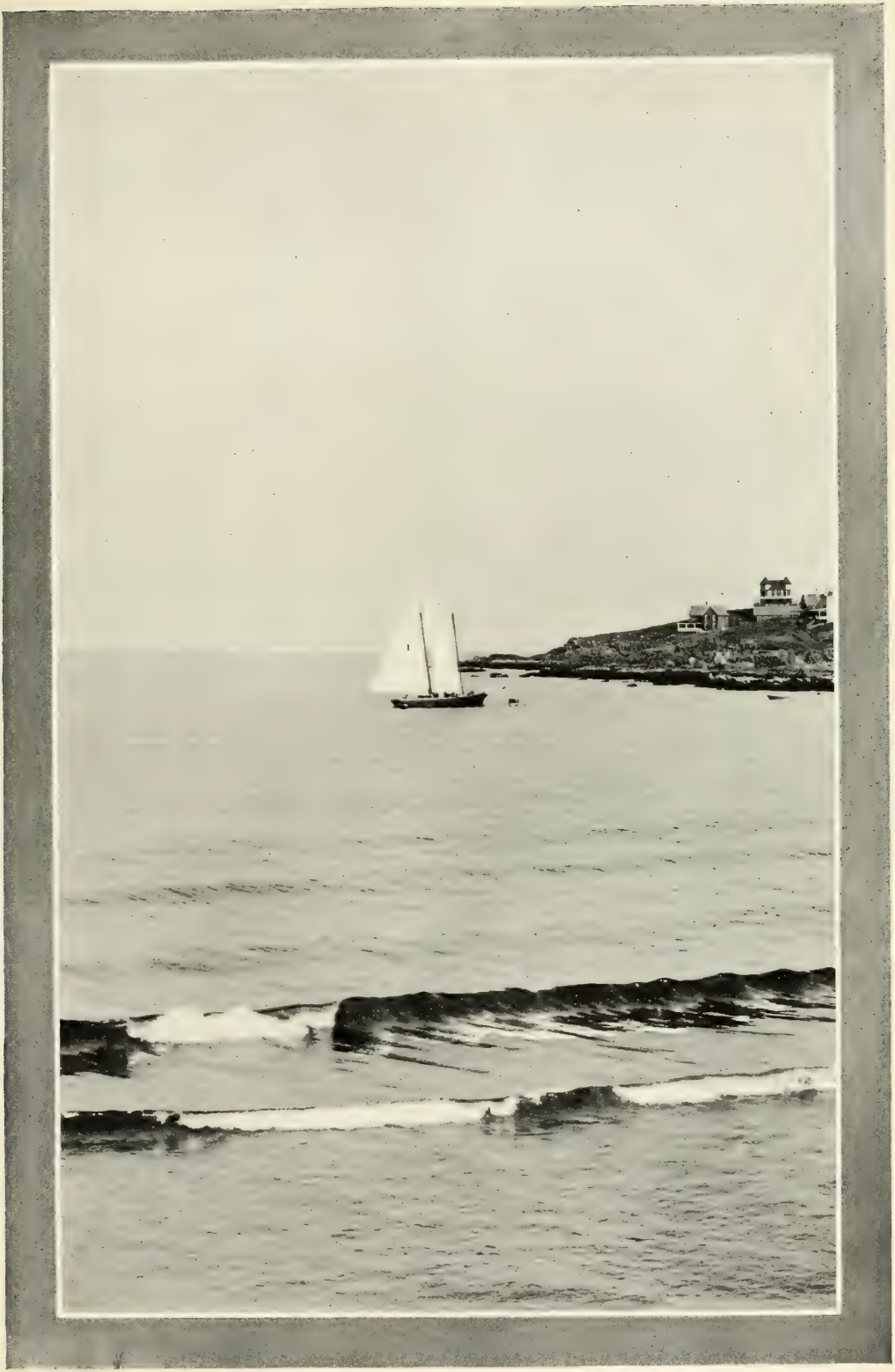


Beautiful New England





The Willows, York Beach, Maine



Concordville Point, York Beach, Maine



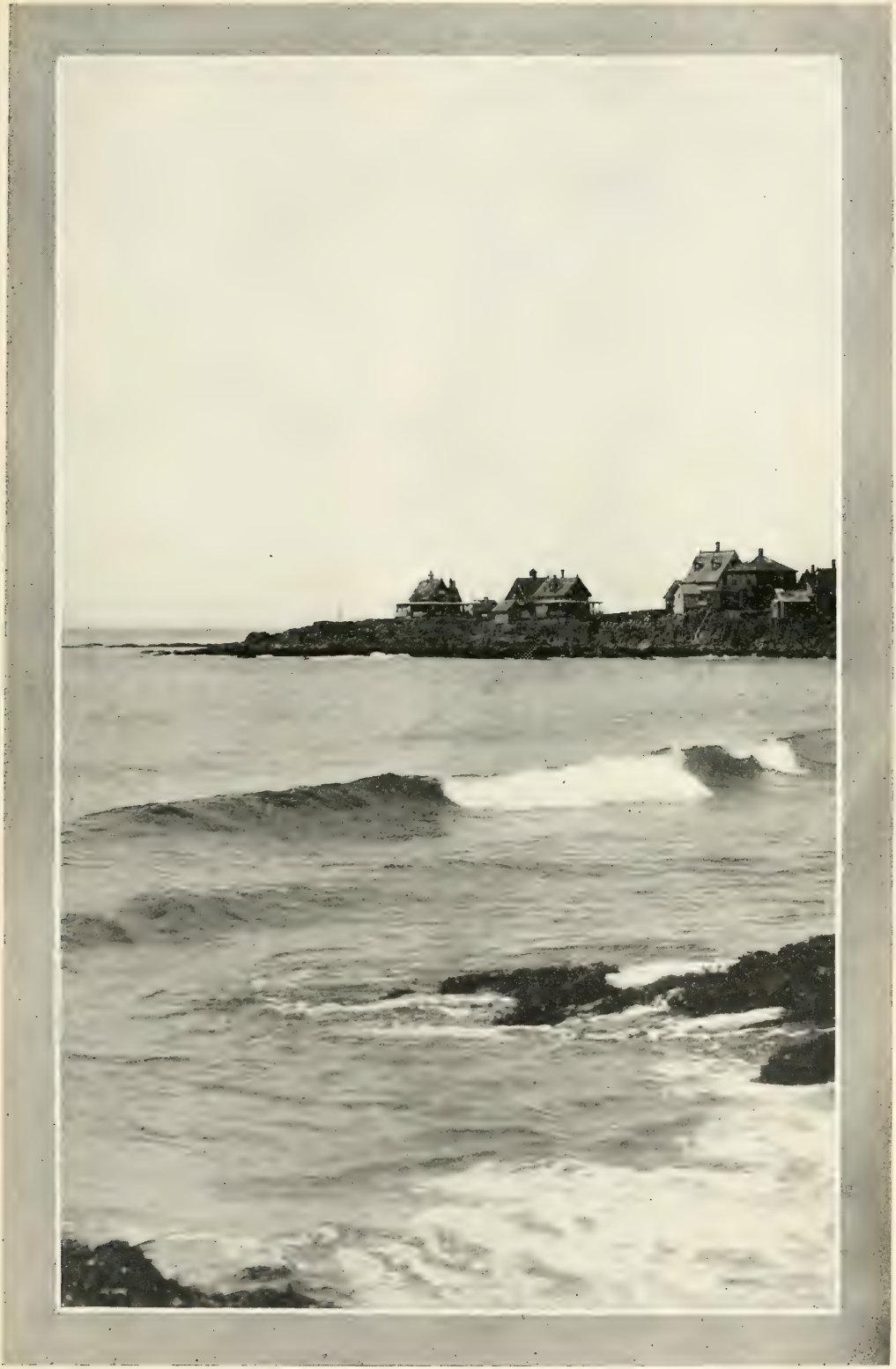
THE SURF, SCARBORO, MAINE



Oven at the Nubble, York, Maine



Pulpit and Flume, Bald Head Cliff, York, Maine



KENNEBUNK BEACH, MAINE



Army Wagon Train on Hike to Lean Springs

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ON THE BORDER WITH OUR ARMY

By WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

War correspondent and author of "The Burning of Chelsea," "Through Europe on 100 Dollars," etc.

PART I.—THE DIVISION CAMP AT SAN ANTONIO

WHEN the order for mobilizing troops in Texas was first made known, many thought that this Government would not have gone to such an enormous expense except with an idea of crossing over into Mexico. And many claim now that the mobilization was caused by state reasons. The first troops arrived in San Antonio on March 10th, and it is claimed that the reason for their being sent was over on the 15th. It has been stated on good authority that the true reason for the mobilization was the attempt of Japan to secure through a transportation company a coaling station in Magdalena Bay, Mexico, and that in return she was to furnish Diaz some mercenary troops to put down the rebellion. The reasons given at Washington, however, were that the difficulty of maintaining strict neutrality on the border required it.

Every preparation was made for an invasion into Mexico, and the situation was undoubtedly far more serious than the general public dreamed of. At all events the first of April found the Mexican border patrolled from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of about 1,500 miles, a Division located at San Antonio, Texas, and a Brigade near San Diego, California. There were approximately 20,000 troops in all. As months went by this vast body of men became known as the Manœuvre Division.

When I arrived in San Antonio there were about 14,000 men camped just beyond the city limits near Fort Sam Huston. I had expected to find the city a wild western kind of place surrounded by Alkali desert and cactus plant. But to my surprise found it the centre of many miles of fertile black soil, producing cotton, cattle, mohair, and wool, corn, millet, onions, and an occasional field of rice. Land that six years ago could have been purchased for thirty dollars an acre is to-day by means of artesian wells and irrigation producing 150 bushels of corn or a carload of onions to the acre and selling for $75 to $400 per acre. The city itself is, for a place of 100,000, a wonder. It is the largest and oldest of Texas cities, and possesses historical and picturesque showplaces, which in a foreign country would be visited by thousands of worshiping Americans. The city is dotted with pretty little plazas, twenty-one in all. It has several hotels which would compare favorably with any in our largest cities, and at night the streets are arched with electric light. The roof gardens are crowded with pretty women and officers and foreign attaches

in bright uniforms. The plazas are filled with Mexicans, and the soft music of stringed instruments may be heard coming from the open air restaurants where Chili con Carne, Tamales and many other foreign Mexican dishes may be purchased. But possibly San Antonio is best known as the home of the Alamo. Built in 1718 by the monks as a mission, it has withstood many attacks of the Indians, and in 1836 was the last rallying place of Travis, Crockett, and Bowie, and their devoted band of patriots, who fought for the freedom of Texas until the last man was killed. It is to the Southwest what Bunker Hill is to the East.

It is a bit disturbing to be unable to tell more of this interesting city for lack of space, especially when one's impressions are so favorable. But my story is of the Army, so I must only just mention the existence of a Mexican quarter, of a residential section with hundreds of fine homes, of the hot sulphur wells, clubs, and the famous Buck Horn Saloon.

The camp at San Antonio had been in existence several months when I arrived and was running as smoothly as any well oiled piece of machinery. I found it situated on a waterless, treeless, verdureless plateau of prairie land about five miles from the heart of the city, and near Fort Sam Huston, whose red tile roofs could easily be seen, with the church spires of the city in the background, to the south, while to the west and east roll unkept gray prairies. General Carter's Division Headquarters, where I reported for orders, were on a slight elevation giving a fine view of the camp which seemed to stretch to the horizon. Avenue after avenue of Khaki tents containing the U. S. A. rose like mounds of yellow desert sand covering thousands of acres. It was a beautiful morning, the sun not yet high enough to be uncomfortable. Bugle calls echoed across the wide spaces. Off in the distance a Cavalry regiment stood out against the sky-line. Half a mile away a line of infantry obeyed the command, "Open chambers and magazines," with simultaneous click. Half a dozen bands



MARCHING INTO LINE FOR A DIVISION REVIEW



THE PONTOON BRIDGE

practiced in different sections. Processions of loaded wagons and pack mules moved in different directions. The smoke from a hundred incinerators curled upward into the vivid blue sky of southern Texas. As I stood trying to accustom myself to the wonderful sight before me, a scouting aeroplane sailed like a great hawk overhead. All that I saw this first morning I soon found was simply a small part of the day's continuous activity, and in spite of the seeming disorganization I found all was regular and orderly. Everyone had his work cut out for him, all did their part and did it thoroughly, which explains why everything moves like clockwork in the great camp.

At Division Headquarters I received a memorandum of my assignment to the 13th Infantry to which regiment I reported, made my official call upon the Commanding Officer, Colonel Loughbough, and was attached to the 1st Battalion with Lieutenant Joe Tapham, who is well known at Sea Girt and other places for his shooting. The next few days I had much time to myself, which allowed me to ride about the great camp examining and questioning everybody and everything I saw. As I look back at what I did I marvel at the uniformly courteous and hospitable treatment that was accorded me by officers and men. There was no question too trivial nor any subject so complex but that the officers with whom I came in contact would devote themselves to providing me with the information desired. And I fear that in many cases they were really sacrifices on the altar of friendship. There are several ways correspondents may handle manœuvres, and of course the work depends to some extent upon what one's paper wants. One way is to sit close to headquarters; it doesn't weigh much, but from the copy appearing in many of the papers it is what a great many are doing. A division review had been ordered the evening of the day of my arrival. It took the division one hour and sixty-five minutes to pass in column of companies, and even to one familiar with military manœuvres on a large scale it was an awe-inspiring sight, to see the infantry march by with the precision of clockwork, to watch the cavalry men sit their horses as if part of them, and to behold the artillery handle their six horse hitches with every toggle taut. It might be well to add that division reviews since

the Civil War in the U. S. A. have been nearly as scarce as hen's teeth. No wonder then that the citizen who is fortunate enough to see one of these reviews feels as he sees regiment after regiment pass by with bands playing and colors flying, that his army is mighty and able to "lick" anything, especially when told that another force just as large and just as good could be put in the field in little time. But in this great review there were less than 15,000 men, and when you take up your history and read that in the battle of Gettysburg the loss on the Union side alone was 23,000, approximately one-half of our entire standing army to-day, you can see just how small it really is. The personnel of our army is the best of any army, and the officers and men would pass muster anywhere without particular effort upon their part, but what show would our army of 60,000 stand, however high in personnel or efficient in work, against Japan with 700,000 regulars, or Germany with over a million?



One of the Army's four-legged Soldiers

We have a fine nucleus for a great army, if the people will but come to their senses and allow it to be increased.

I was awakened shortly before Reveille the next morning, by the whir of an aeroplane passing over my tent, and of course hustled to get out to "have a look," but so accustomed had man and beast become to these great artificial birds that it attracted little attention. Soon my "striker," (as the private, who works for an officer in order to earn extra money is termed,) brought my Chow, and while I was eating, an orderly stopped before my tent, and with heels together and a "snappy" salute, presented the Colonel's compliments, and stated that the Colonel would be pleased to have the Lieutenant join him in a ride about camp, starting from regimental headquarters at 8 o'clock. Naturally the Lieutenant was pleased, and the ride proved a pleasant one. We spent the morning visiting all departments from the signal corps to the bakeries. At the latter place I watched the method of cooking bread in clay ovens. The ovens are made by placing two barrels end to end and covering with several inches of clay, wet to a consistency that made it pliable. A fire is then made in the barrels which consumes them and bakes the clay. They are then



Cavalryman Doing Stunts with his Horse

allowed to harden for a day or two, after which other fires are built in them, then withdrawn, and the dough placed inside, openings are closed and the heat from the clay bakes the bread.

Possibly the most interesting sight to the average visitor to the great camp would be the picket lines of the cavalry where nearly 7,000 horses were tied, but the sanitary arrangements were by far the most interesting to the writer. The health of the troops since the encampment at San Antonio started has been excellent, in spite of the fact that the local conditions were infinitely worse than those which were confronted at the outbreak of the Spanish War. The reason for this is that the army has made a study of hygiene since 1898. To start with, every bit of refuse has been burned since the first day. At the end of each company street a hole is dug about a foot deep, four feet wide and seven feet long; these holes are lined with stone and a fire is kept burning day and night. All liquid is poured on the stones, and evaporates, and the soluble matter is thrown on the fire. Oil is poured in the sinks each day and they are burned and then limed. Every officer and enlisted man has had the anti-typhoid vaccination as well as small-pox vaccination. As a result there has been but one case of typhoid and that was a teamster who had not been vaccinated. All water is boiled unless it has been pronounced pure by a surgeon. All food is kept covered where the house fly cannot reach it. The men are taught the necessity of personal cleanliness. Special attention is given to the teeth and feet. Each man is furnished with a First Aid package, and "K" packages are within the reach of every private. No soldier in the world is better protected than ours. In addition to our regular Medical Corps, there exists a Reserve Corps of surgeons, all having the rank of First Lieutenant, made up of practically every surgeon of reputation in the U. S. In time of war this Reserve Corps would remain at the base of supplies and act as experts on various subjects.

Recently a machine gun platoon has been added to each infantry regiment. The platoon has two guns, each gun can push out automatically more than 600 bullets a minute, as if a long continuous



Sibley Tents Opened to Air Bedding

rod of balls was being thrown out of the gun. It can also be made to sprinkle its shot as roads are watered by a hose. It can cover a larger or smaller space and fire to a greater or less distance as the gunner wills. The bullets are the same size as those used in rifles. They are inserted into a long canvas belt and this belt is loaded into the chambers of the gun; it works like a film of the vistoscope. When in action the noise sounds much like a compressed air hammer. In the Japanese-Russian War whole companies were wiped out with this gun. The gun has 145 parts. Lieutenant Powell of the 13th Infantry had trained his men so that they could take the gun apart in 36 seconds and assemble it in 48 seconds. This time is close to the record, but Powell is recognized as an authority on this machine. Several improvements on the original gun have been made by him and adopted by the Ordinance Department. The guns, which now after constant drill can be taken apart and put together again in less than two minutes, only a short time ago were considered so complicated, that it was thought necessary to send them to an arsenal to be taken apart.

About half a mile to the east of headquarters I found the field engineers at work erecting a modern redoubt. The old method of fortifying a city is obsolete in modern armament. First, because high powered artillery has made masonry, formerly a big factor in fortification, a danger rather than a protection; and secondly, modern tactics have been so modified as to make strongly fortified points a negligible quantity. Except in the case of our harbors, mountain passes, the Panama Canal, etc., the fort is a thing of the past.

This redoubt was nearly completed and as one approached was discernible only as a bank of earth. With this masked, as is done in warfare, practically nothing could be seen to the untrained eye. The ground plan of a redoubt is elliptic, and is divided into practically two parts, the bomb proof shelters and the parapet. The former are nothing more than chambers where the infantry defending a position may take refuge during a heavy artillery fire. These are six feet below the surface and seven feet high. The parapets are above the bomb proofs and level with the ground. These are five feet high and formed by sand bags against which is thrown the earth taken from the bomb proofs. As a rule a redoubt is built for two companies of infantry and four machine guns. Artillery is no longer employed in redoubts, and they will stand heavy bombardment, the sacks of dirt absorbing the heaviest of artillery fire without great harm. To make the approaches as difficult as possible another ditch, filled with barbed-wire entanglements is provided. The real purpose of the redoubt is for holding effectively important ground. Providing there are a sufficient number of men, and the ground yields easily to the pick and shovel, a redoubt can be built in forty-eight hours.

During the next few days I spent my spare time riding about the great camp always finding something new and of interest. Each regiment had at least one dog, all breeds, from a stray tramp mongrel, to some really fine intelligent and clever animals. No one could tell where they originally came from. They simply wandered in, were fed and petted by the men and soon became a fixture. Many were veterans of Cuba and the Philippines. They never got in the way. When the regiment was on a march or a parade, these fourfooted soldiers fell in the rear and kept their place as well as many of the twofooted ones. Not a man but gladly shared his ration with them, and they show their appreciation by a strong preference for the enlisted man over the officer, and as for civilians, why they passed them by as if they were the scum of the earth. The soldier man gets lots of amusement out of these pets and spends hours of his leisure time training them to do tricks.

One morning I accompanied Colonel Loughbough as one of his staff on a ride of twenty-two miles to the Hot Sulphur Wells, to ascertain if it was a suitable place for the regiment to go in camp. The thermometer read something over a hundred, and the glare of the sun on the white alkali soil was trying on the eyes, so that the natural sylvan park with its

growth of palms and tropical plants at the Wells was very welcome when we arrived. On this trip we timed our horses as to how long it took them to walk a mile, and also to trot the same distance. This method of timing the animal over a known distance is of much service in estimating distance afterward.

At these Sulphur Wells is a large ostrich farm. It has been said that an ostrich is humorous. He certainly is curious and wants to know what is happening. Like the old-fashioned Harlem goat, they will eat everything from a tin can to a cartridge. From the Wells we proceeded on foot through the woods to the banks of a dirty, sluggish river lined with weeping willows, oak and banana trees. Once our way was disputed for a moment by a great black water snake, while at almost every step lizards darted, with the speed of lightning, to safety. Crossing the river on a swinging barrel-stave bridge, we struck out at a good clip for the ruins of the Mission San José, a mile away in the fields, on a trail taking us over aqueducts and ditches dug by the monks nearly 200 years ago. This mission is the largest and most interesting of those about San Antonio. It was built in 1723, and the carving, or what remains of it, is wonderfully rich and effective.

To continue and tell all that I saw and did this first week, while at San Antonio, would fill a book. I visited the hospitals and attended Military Court—the officers' club where less notice is given to rank, and where a Second Lieutenant could meet socially a Colonel. I watched, talked with, and studied the enlisted man, and after seeing the conditions that prevail and what he has to put up with, I do not understand how people can oppose the re-establishment of the canteen at army posts. If the W. C. T. U. or that part of it that was instrumental (with the aid of money furnished, unknown to them, by the liquor interests) in having the canteen abolished, could see what they have done, I am sure they would try and atone for the harm they have done. At San Antonio, within fifty yards of the tents of some of the men, but just off the military reservation so that the army has no jurisdiction over the conditions, is a street lined with the lowest imaginable resorts to prey upon the soldiers. There were eighteen saloons in this one street. The majority of them had amusement rooms, in which were many lewd women. This condition could not exist with the canteen in existence, as most of the men would be satisfied with beer and soft drinks and remain in camp, where the amount they drink would be regulated and they would be taken care of, the profits going to the company fund from



TENTS AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE

which they benefit. As it is now, not being able to get what they want, they go outside, as they will have it, and instead of drinking four per cent beer they drink "third rail whiskey" or impure beer and bad gin, and the result is that the first thing they know they have gotten into trouble, "shot somebody up" and deserted, been promptly brought back and become prisoners. These "hell-holes" did not exist about our Army posts and Navy Yards in the days of the canteen, and they could not with its re-establishment.

About a week after my arrival the officers of the 11th Cavalry gave a dance to which I was invited, at the Menger (a hotel of the Spanish type, low and rangy with a beautiful courtyard). It was a wonderfully clear night with a full moon, and the sight was one you read about in story-books but seldom see. The palms, the fountains playing in the moonlight, the over-hanging balconies, with senoritas looking down, the brilliantly lighted ball-room opening off the court from which the music of the 11th Cavalry's band could be heard. The handsome women in decolleté, and the officers in their white or their full dress uniforms, together with the foreign atmosphere of everything, made a veritable fairyland.

Returning to quarters at about 1.30, I found orders were out for the entire division to move out at five o'clock for Leon Springs, first call at 3.35. Everything that could be taken must be carried in the bedding roll, weight limited to forty pounds. I had reported to my regiment with only necessities, but now necessities became luxuries, and luxuries traditions of the past, together with good water, changes of uniforms and beds. Before turning in, I packed my bedding roll, taking two blankets, for the nights are cold, even when the temperature is 110 during the day, a mess-kit, tin cup, knife and fork, toilet articles, and a change of underclothes.

It was after two when I lay down without undressing and slept like a night watchman until reveille.

(*To be continued.*)



TENTH U. S. CAVALRY CAMP, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

EGRESS

By W. EDSON SMITH

I

In my room there is a door
That has never yet been opened.
Neither wide, that door,—nor high;
One might idly pass it by.

II

As for me,—I question oft;—
What the other side is holding.
Are there men and maids asleep?—
Do they wide-eyed vigil keep?

III

I have dwelt for many years
In the light and in the shadow,—
Working out a little doom,
Compassed by this quiet room.

IV

Instinct with my very self,—
Every nook and corner teeming;
There are pictures—fine and fair;
And a hearth of ruddy glare.

V

Blank—the wall of the closed door!—
Not one window for my gazing!—
Wide, the casements toward the sea,
And the hills of heaven free!

VI

Well I know that—soon or late,—
I must dare that cramping portal;
Feel the chill air in my face:
Go forth to another place;

VII

And I draw back at the thought
With each faint, faint pulse a quiver,—
Farther back,—beside my fire;—
Filled with dread—yet with desire.

VIII

Can there be—beyond the wall,—
White-fired, perfumed gardens olden,—
Peaceful,—in immortal light?—
Doubtless, only dusky night!—

IX

There is frost within my blood!
Cold, I crouch beneath these rafters,
Though the hearth flame flares about!
What if Spring were gay without?—

X

What if a strange Gardener
Fashions blossomed ways and winding
For my pleasure when I go,—
Paths that wander to and fro:

XI

Planting shrivelled seeds of dreams,—
Grace and guerdon,—glow and gleaming;—
Those dear deeds I would have done,—
One by one,—ah,—one by one.

XII

He is silent at his task!—
I have listened closely—closely,—
Head bent,—and with hand to ear:
Not a small sound did I hear.

XIII

Now,—at last I throw it wide,—
Stepping out in shrinking wonder:
Leave my fire to die in gloom:—
Leave my sober-shadowed room:—

XIV

Knowing I will not return,—
(There will be no other tenant.)
Fearing future,—fearing past,—
At my heels, the door clicks fast.

THE RED BROTHER AND THE WHITE BROTHER

By PROFESSOR INGRAHAM

"THE only good Indians are the dead ones," exclaimed a boy of fourteen, in the positive tones, peculiar to his age.

"I think the Indians are human beings, like ourselves, and have good traits as well as bad ones," said a youth a year or two older.

"Boys," said grandfather, "if you want me to, I'll tell you a true story of my adventures with Indians when I was about your age. My companion was a noble Indian boy, whom I called my red brother. The story is so singular that some persons say it is without parallel in the early history of New England."

Grandfather was sitting beside the pleasant fire, in the old fashioned farm house near lake Winnipesaukee. We gathered around his chair eagerly, for a story by grandfather about his own experiences with Indians seemed much more real than a ficticious narrative from a book. He was almost a hundred years old and his recollections went back into the period when there were more red people than white people in northern New England.

Like all very old men, he was very fond of relating the adventures of his youth. He was still quite vigorous and his mental faculties appeared to be unimpaired.

Grandfather was remarkable for the manner in which he had obeyed and honored his parents, even after he became of age. Perhaps this was why he lived so long, for the holy Bible says:

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord, thy God, hath given thee."

"When I was a small boy," grandfather began, "my father, Eiijah Chamberlain, moved, with his family, from Barnstable, Mass., to Ossipee, N. H. I think he was the first white man who settled in what is now the shire town of Carroll county.

"The rich, rolling intervales, which are now dotted with pleasant villages, were then almost entirely covered with the virgin forest.

"A little more than a mile from our home in the wilderness was the wigwam of an Indian squaw. She was a daughter of a great sagamore of the Abenakis and had been the wife of the celebrated Red Bear, a chief of the same tribe.

"When Red Bear was defeated and slain, in a great battle, by Paugus, the terrible sagamore of the Sokpkis, she fled with her babe in her arms, into the forest. She traveled toward the west to this spot, where she had reared her son in safety, so far.

"The daughter of a great sagamore hoped that some day she might return to her people with her son, and say: Warriors of Abenakis, behold your chief, Red Serpent, the son of Red Bear."

"Her son was about my own age. We were playmates during childhood. We became so warmly attached to each other that he called me 'White Brother' and I called him Red Brother. As you will see, no boy ever had a more true and faithful friend.

"On the 27th of September, 1724, I became sixteen years old. My uncle, John Chamberlain of Barnstable, Mass., sent me a fine new rifle, as a birthday present. No gift could be more acceptable to a healthy boy of that age in the wilderness.

"I naturally wanted to try my new weapon. My Red Brother had a rifle which had been carried in battle by his

father, the great chief of the Abenakis. It was not so new and shining as mine, but it would shoot just as well. Indeed, Red Serpent would rather beat me at target shooting.

"We planned a hunting trip among the White mountains, whose towering peaks were clearly visible from our homes. For this trip we moulded about 300 bullets and bought a corresponding amount of powder. Then we found that we had just money enough left to get a bushel of corn meal. But we would have no use for money while in the mountain forests and we hoped to bring back many skins which we could sell.

"When I told my father of our plans for the hunting trip, he said, in a kind tone: 'My dear boy, I'm afraid that you do not understand how dangerous such a trip would be at this time. For two years a war has been going on between the red men and the white men of this region and the feeling of hatred between the races has become the most bitter for a generation. Many people have been killed on each side, many homes and even villages burned.

" 'Your route, as planned, would take you into Pequaket, at the head waters of the Saco, the territory of Paugus, the old sagamore of the Sokokis. He is the most merciless and terrible enemy of the white people in northern New England. He has many wariors, armed with guns as good as ours. If he should capture you, and he is very cunning, he would put you to death with the most fearful tortures. For these reasons, I feel that I must refuse to let you go into such deadly danger, for you are my only son.'

"This unexpected decision of my father was a very bitter disappointment to me, especially as we had already completed our preparations for this hunting trip. I am sorry to say that at that time, I was a very wilful and headstrong boy and I went from the presence of my father with my mind full of wicked and rebellious thoughts. I reasoned that my father was too old fashioned for these days. He didn't understand modern affairs as well as a bright young man.

"There could be no real danger in connection with our hunting trip, for we were not going near the Sokokis village at Pequawket. The Indians would not find us in the pathless woods among the great mountains. Besides, the dread warriors of Sokokis had more important affairs than to hunt for two insignificant boys.

"I brooded over these sinful thoughts until I made up my mind to run away and go in spite of the just refusal of my father and his kind admonitions.

"I found my Indian friend, the Red Serpent of the Abenakis, in about the same rebellious frame of mind. Among his people, the mother does not have as much control over her son as with us. But she described the dangers of our trip about the same as my father had, especially warning him against going into the land of the terrible Paugus, who had killed his father and was the most bitter enemy of his people.

"We knew better than to run away from our homes in the usual manner, for my father, an experienced hunter, would trail us and bring us back for the punishment we deserved. We decided to wait for the first snow storm. Then we would slip away and the falling snow would cover all indications of the course of our flight. To deceive my parents still more, I talked about a hunting trip among the great hills south of lake Winnipesaukee. These hills were then covered with hard wood trees and the nut eating animals were very plentiful there in the autumn.

"During the afternoon of Nov. 23rd the first snow began to fall. As soon as I thought that my good parents were asleep, I stole as softly as a thief, from my home, with a very guilty feeling. I found my Red Brother at the previously arranged meeting place.

"Each of us had a rifle with ammunition, an axe with a short handle so it could be carried in the belt and a large hunting knife. In addition, I had a long single barreled pistol and a tin kettle which held about eight quarts. This could be used as a pail to carry water and a kettle to cook food.

"Our only provision, except salt, was

the corn meal which we divided so that each carried half. Corn meal is best for such a trip, because it can be so easily and quickly cooked; a few handfuls stirred slowly into salted and boiling water makes a delicious mush which is very satisfying to a hungry stomach. The larger part of our food would be the flesh of the wild animals which we shot in the woods.

"The night was so dark and stormy that I could not make out any of the surrounding landmarks. But the young Indian, by a sort of natural instinct, led the way, a little west of north, without hesitation. Perhaps the east wind helped him.

"We passed through Madison and across the frozen surface of Silver lake. Toward morning the wind shifted into the west, the clouds cleared and the sun rose warm and pleasant.

"Soon after we crossed Silver Lake, a fat rabbit bounded from the bushes. It is a peculiar trait of these timid creatures to halt, for an instant, if they hear a loud shout, look around in a sort of mild wonder and then continue their flight with redoubled energy. So I gave a loud shout when I saw the rabbit.

"The little animal stopped and looked back, unable to restrain its curiosity, like Lot's wife, when her family were fleeing from the wicked city which God destroyed. While the rabbit hesitated my companion's rifle ended its life.

"We kindled a fire, in a sunny spot, and cooked the rabbit. After traveling all night, in the storm, such a breakfast and rest was very pleasant and delicious. I would have been very happy if my conscience had not continually reproved me for disobeying my good father. No boy can have true enjoyment when he is doing wrong.

"After a short rest, we hurried toward the north, through hilly Albany, across mountain-shadowed Chocorua lake. We made a half circle around Pequawket, the village of the cruel Paugus. Then we turned east into the wild mountain passes at the head waters of the Saco.

"I believe I was the first white person to penetrate this region, which is now so frequented by summer tourists.

"We feared the pursuit of our parents. The Bible says that 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.' This was true in our case, for our parents thought we had gone to the south of lake Winnipesaukee, as they had given us permission to do, and didn't worry about us, until later.

"Finally we came to a beautiful little valley, surrounded on three sides by wooded mountains. A small stream flowed down one side. I think this is one of the sources of the Saco.

"This valley opened toward the south. At the north end a cliff projected over the base of the mountain so as to form a sort of half cavern.

"Under this cliff, we built our wigwam, as the Indian called it. We covered the sides and top, except a small opening for the smoke thickly with pine boughs, which would catch and hold the first snow and make the camp very warm.

"At this season, the sun was so low in the southern sky that it shone pleasantly upon our little camp almost all day. It was an ideal situation for two healthy boys of sixteen at the beginning of winter, before the deep snows. This hunting trip would have been one of the most delightful episodes of my life, if my mind had not been filled with ment of an inpending calamity, a punishgloomy forebodings. I seemed to carry the heavy burden of a strange presentiment for my sin in disobeying my father.

"We stayed in this sunny, sheltered camp about three weeks. During that time, our success in getting skins surpassed our anticipations. We had quite a heap of them, including many of the rare and valuable fur of the beaver.

"We decided to stay another week, in accordance with our original plans. During this week, in our leisure time, we would make two sleds, upon which to haul our furs to our homes. We hoped that our wonderful success would cause our parents to overlook our disobedience, at least partially.

"The last day of the third week was one of the finest I ever knew in December. It was like a September day,

one of those exceptionally pleasant days, with a faint grey haze in the sky, which my father would call a 'Weather breeder,' meaning that it was likely to be followed by a big storm. Soon after dinner, Red Serpent took his rifle and started to look after some beaver traps beyond the entrance to the valley. I remained at the camp to finish some work there.

"An hour or so later, as I was going from the stream toward the camp with a kettle of water and my axe, with which I had cut a hole in the ice, I saw my Red Brother running up the valley toward me at his best speed. I knew something had happened of unusual importance. So I turned and ran to meet him.

"As he approached, he shouted:

" 'Indians! Sokokis! Paugus!'

When we met, he told me that twenty Sokokis warriors, in full war paint, led by Paugus, were approaching our valley. Probably some Indian hunter, who happened to pass through the vicinity of our valley, had seen our tracks and carried the information to Paugus. Our tracks were so numerous that the hunter must have thought our party was larger, for Paugus would not have taken twenty of his best warriors to capture two boys. But this mistake made our situation much worse.

"The calamity which had been impending, was upon us. We appeared to be caught, like rats in a trap, by the terrible Paugus. Our misfortune was so overwhelming that, for a moment, my faculties seemed benumbed and my heart almost stopped beating.

"While I stood helpless, Red Serpent darted into the camp. He came out quickly with my rifle and the ammunition, his axe, the largest bear skins and the salt. He didn't dare to try to carry away any more.

" 'White brother must follow Red brother,' he said, in quick tones, as he rejoined me. 'White Brother step in Red Brother's tracks. Leave only one trail.'

"There had been no snow for about two weeks. The light snow of the early storms was partially melted leaving large tracts of bare earth and ledges.

"Selecting these bare stretches, as much as he could, especially the ledges where our feet left no tracks, the young Indian picked his way, with the utmost care to leave a faint trail, to the forest on the west side of the valley. I followed stepping in his tracks as well as I could.

"The valley, like many others among these mountains, was a sort of natural clearing, with a few scattered trees, a part of which we had cut to build the camp for fuel. The surrounding mountains were thickly covered with evergreen trees, mostly pine and spruce.

"The young Indian took a southwest course along the side of the mountain. Under the trees the ground was almost entirely covered with snow and he made no further effort to conceal his trail. When about half way up the mountain, he halted and said:

" 'White Brother and Red Brother stop here. Rest, think, till dark come.'

" 'Why not go on as fast as we can?' I asked. 'The further we get from the Indians, the better our chances for escape.'

" 'Top mountain bare rock' replied Red Serpent. 'Sokokis have sharp eyes. See White Brother and Red Brother go across, maybe. Follow quick. Night, soon. No see in dark. Run all night, get more ahead than if run now. Good ways to home. Run fast. No sleep, no eat. Heap big run.'

" 'Warriors come up valley, soon. See wigwam. No hunters there. Think they come back soon, eat supper. Hide in bushes wait, surprise them. Hunters no come. Wait till night. Hunters no come. Wait till morning. Then think, hunters see them, run away, maybe. Look over tracks sharp. Find freshest. Follow, over mountain.'

"By this time, I was so well satisfied that Red Serpent understood Indian ways and methods better than I did that I was willing to follow his leadership. We climbed a tall pine. In its thick branches we were concealed and, at the same time, could watch the valley below us.

"After watching an hour or so without

seeing anything, I said: 'The Indians don't seem to come. Perhaps they were not coming to this valley after all.'

" 'Fifteen come' replied Red Serpent. 'Hiding round wigwam, now. Rest watch entrance to valley, maybe.'

"I was astonished, but I didn't doubt my companion's assertion. Fifteen warriors had passed up the valley in so stealthily a manner, gliding, silent as phantoms behind bushes, trees and similar concealments, that I had no suspicion of their own presence. But they had not deceived a young chief of their own race.

"Soon after dark my companion said: 'Go over mountain, now. White Brother step careful, break no stick. Sokokis have sharp ears, hear sound long ways, in night.'

"When we were well over the mountain, the Indian took a straight course, paying no further attention to noise and making no effort to hide his trail. Perhaps he knew that he could not cover his tracks so that the experienced trailers of the Sokokis could not follow.

"We hurried on, all night, without rest. About sunrise we halted, for a moment. To my surprise, I saw by the position of the sun, that we were going east, a direction opposite to our homes. When I called my companion's attention to this error, he replied:

" 'Sokokis find track of Abenakis. Go southeast, toward tribe, very natural. Send warriors round by short cut. Catch him, maybe. If Abenakis no come, Sokokis puzzled.'

" 'Now, White Brother follow Red Brother, long ways behind, far as he can see. No step in tracks, run on beside them. Do as Red Brother does, all the time.'

"In accordance with these directions, I followed him, at a distance, leaving a very crooked trail. As he ran, the Indian boy made sharp, unexpected turns in every direction. Several times, he doubled, by a sweeping curve, and ran back, quite a distance, toward the valley. He turned and twisted and twisted and doubled until I became confused and bewildered.

"This seemed very foolish, to me. When I came up with him, as he halted for a brief rest, toward night, I said:

"Why not run straight home, by the shortest course? Then it will only be a matter of out running the bad Indians."

" 'Bad Indians follow straight trail on run,' replied Red Serpent. 'See track once in a while, know all right. Run fast. Know own country better than Red Brother. Know shorter cut, maybe. Send part of warriors that way. Hide in bushes. Catch us, when come, maybe.

" 'Follow crooked trail on run. Lose it. Go back, look sharp, find it. Run other way. Lose it. Go back again, look sharp, find it. Go other way. Lose much time. No understand where trail going, any more. Crazy trail, go back toward valley.

" 'Look very sharp at tracks, now. See red man's track, straight step, Abenakis moccasin. White man's track, step slants out. Abenakis at war with white man. Why together? Bad Indians puzzled. White tracks start with red tracks. Friends. Then white man chase red man. Foes. Kill him, maybe. Bad Indians shake heads. Heap, big, crazy trail. Go slow, now. Look sharp at every track.

" 'White Brother and Red Brother run fast. Get ahead, maybe. Pretty soon good Manitou help us. Blind bad Indians.'

"Through those broken sentences I caught glimpses of the wonderful cunning of the Red Serpent of the Abenakis. In this emergency his Indian nature was coming to the front, for in his veins flowed the royal blood of a long line of forest kings.

"His last sentence puzzled me. Manitou is the Indian name of God. Why did he say that God would help us in a short time? How would He blind the bad Indians?

"After a short breathing spell, we continued our flight, weaving through the woods the most bewildering trail in Indian history.

"About the middle of the afternoon of the second day of our flight, we came upon the tracks of a bear. In this clim-

ate, these animals hibernate, or sleep, during the coldest season, but in early winter, before the deep snows, they make short excursions, from their den, on a pleasant day, for water and food.

"We had been without sleep or food for two days and had almost reached the limit of human endurance. I was never so tired and hungry before and I presume my companion felt the same. We followed the bear tracks with the avidity of starving boys.

"The trail of the animal led to a steep, rocky hill. Rifle in hand, I followed the tracks up the rough ascent.

"The more cautious Indian boy tried to restrain me. 'Let Red Brother go first,' he said, 'kill bear with knife. Make no noise. Sokokis hear gun, maybe.'

"But I was wilful and I kept on. As I scrambled around a curve in the rough path, the bear appeared so suddenly before me that I fired without pausing to take careful aim.

"The great animal gave a prodigious roar when I fired. Before I had time to dodge, he struck me on my right shoulder, with his fore paw, so hard that he knocked me off the path. I fell about fifteen feet upon sharp stones. While falling, I heard the rifle of my companion. Then my senses left me.

"The next I knew, I was laying beside a small fire, in a strange place. The young Indian was near, preparing some peculiar sticks with his sharp hunting knife. There was an expression of deep trouble upon his bronzed face.

"I tried to get up, but my head felt strange and dizzy and one of my legs seemed numb and dead. Where was I? What had happened?

" 'Did you shoot the bear, Red Serpent,' I inquired in faint tones. My voice sounded far away and unnatural.

" 'Bear dead,' replied the young Indian. 'Heap bad bear.'

"I noticed, in a vague way, that he had ten curious little sticks, five about a foot long and five about two feet in length. He had shaved one side of each one flat and smooth.

"My faculties were so confused that I supposed he had prepared these sticks to replenish the fire. I said to him, in a tone of reproof:

" 'Those greensticks will make a great smoke, Red Brother. Sokokis have sharp eyes. They will see such a smoke a long distance.'

" 'White Brother fall from hill,' replied the Indian boy. 'Break leg. Red Brother mend leg. Make sticks to hold bones.'

"This startling information brought me to a sitting position in a hurry. I found that my leg was broken about half way between the ankle and knee. It seemed a bad fracture.

"There was no longer any hope for me to escape from the tortures of the Indians. I was in the heart of the Maine wilderness, several days journey from any settlement of my people. The terrible Paugus, with his red warriors, was very near, so near that perhaps their cunning eyes were already watching me from surrounding thickets. I was overwhelmed with despair.

"How bitterly did I repent of my sin in disobeying my father. If I had heeded his wise admonitions, I would not have been in this awful situation.

"My wilful heart was humbled. I prayed to my heavenly Father for forgiveness.

"The heavy burden of sin was lifted from my soul.

"I felt easier in my mind, although I realized that the horror of Indian captivity was before me. I felt that it would not be right for my companion to share my fate. He could not help me, for a boy of sixteen could do nothing against a score of experienced warriors. But if he started at once, his chances for escape would be improved, for I had only hindered him, in his flight.

" 'My Red Brother must start for home at once,' I said, although my sorrow at our final parting was deep. 'You have done all you can for your White Brother and you must get away before the bad Indians come. Remember that the Sokokis are very bitter enemies of your people, the Abenakis. Paugus killed your father, Red Bear. He would delight in torturing the son of his old

enemy.'

"The young Indian regarded me with a strange smile, but made no direct reply. He removed his buckskin shirt and from the bottom cut a strip about half an inch wide and five yards long.

" 'Now White Brother must help Red Brother,' he said, quietly. 'Mend leg quick as can. Hurt some, maybe. Feel better soon.'

"With a little help from me, the young Indian put the broken bone in a correct position. Then he put the ten splints around the leg, with a short and a long one alternating, so that there were five from my ankle to my knee and five from my ankle to my thigh. Then he wound the strip of buckskin around them, very closely.

"This is the Indian method of mending a broken limb. It is somewhat different from the method of our surgeons. In my case it had this advantage, that the entire leg was wound so firmly that it would stand considerable shaking without displacing the broken bone.

"When this was done, I said, in faint but firm tones: 'I thank you, my Red Brother. Now lift me behind those rocks and give me my rifle. I may hold the bad Indians back a little while. Then my pistol will save me from their torture. This will give my Red Brother more time to get away. You can do no more for me. Now go, escape while you can. May God help you.'

"That strange smile upon the countenance of the young Indian seemed to intensify as he replied: 'White Brother had heap bad fall. Make mind confused, head dizzy. He talks like a squaw. Red Brother will stay with White Brother. Hide with him in the woods. Bad Indians no find us, maybe. Good Manitou blind their eyes. When leg well, go home, maybe.'

"Notwithstanding the hopeful words of my companion, I realized that it would be madness to hide in the woods from so many experienced Indian trailers. How could we find a place where their keen trained senses would not discover us? It was clear that the faithful young Indian was deliberately sacrificing his life for me.

"I understood his character so well that I knew when he had decided upon a certain course of action neither persuasion nor threats would turn him. Perhaps he inherited this trait from his ancestors, who were kings among men. As I looked upon his aquiline countenance, with its strong, almost glorified expression, these grand words of the Holy Book rang through my mind, until my eyes were filled with grateful tears:

" 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he giveth his life for his friend.'

"The young Indian noticed my tears, but misunderstood the cause of my emotion, so he said, in a sympathetic tone: 'White Brother had bad fall. Feel weak, cry like squaw. Eat bear meat, feel better.'

"While I was thinking, he had been cooking meat. He gave me some tender, delicious bear steak. I ate it and felt more hopeful.

" 'Now Red Brother go, find place to hide White Brother,' said my companion, when our meal was finished. He took the three bear skins, my kettle and axe and went away.

"In a short time he returned without these things and said, in a cheerful tone; 'Find heap good place to hide. Good Manitou drop big stone from sky to hide us from Sokokis.'

"I was puzzled by these mysterious words. What did the young Indian mean? Had God dropped a stone from heaven to hide us?

"With a little help from me, my companion got me upon his back, in what you boys would call pig back fashion. Taking my rifle for a staff, he started, toward the west, at a swift pace.

"I was heavier than the young Indian. He could bear so great a burden only a short distance, without rest. With frequent halts, he carried me about a mile, to where an immense, peculiar stone rose from the middle of a sandy plain.

" 'Heap good place to hide,' panted the young Indian, as he put me down to recover his breath. 'Paugus no find us here, maybe. Good Manitou blind bad Indians very soon.'

"I regarded the peculiar stone with

great curiosity. It was about twice as big and high as our house. The top was almost flat, like a table rock, and evidently had some soil, for bushes and small trees were growing upon it. The sides appeared so steep that I thought no man could climb them.

"This stone is now called Jocky Cap, from its shape. It is in Fryeburg, Maine, and is one of the wonders of New England.

"An eminent geologist asserts that this immense stone was carried to this spot by an ice field, from the vicinity of Hudson bay, during the ice age. Recently two or three small diamonds, of no great value, have been blasted from this stone. As diamonds are not found anywhere else in Maine, this seems to corrobate the opinion of the learned geologist.

"After a short rest, the young Indian took me upon his back again and began to ascend the rock, by a narrow and winding path, which I had not noticed. It was a difficult place to climb, with so heavy a burden, but he reached the top in a few minutes, after great exertions. He put me on a soft bear skin, in a sitting position, with my back against the trunk of a tree and said: 'Stay here long time, maybe. Red Brother go back, get bear meat before wild animals eat it, or Sokokis come.'

"When he was gone, I surveyed my strange position more minutely. The immense stone certainly looked as though it might have slipped from a melting ice field into the sea, which once covered this region, for the top was the lightest part. In shape, it somewhat resembled a human skull, with the top broken and the face mutilated.

"In the course of ages, a light soil had accumulated in the hollows of the summit. In some places this was deep enough to support scattered birches, stunted pines, smaller bushes and grass. It appeared deepest at the center, the outside being mostly bare rock. At this season, the grass was withered by frost and the bushes and trees, except the pines, were bare of leaves.

"The summit could only be reached by the winding path, which was too narrow for more than one person. With a slight protection at the top of this path, such as could be quickly made with the earth and tree trunks, two determined men, armed with rifles, could hold back a party of Indians for a long time.

"But what good would such a defence do us? There was neither water nor food upon the great rock. My companion, bearing me upon his back, had left a plain trail, straight as the flight of a bee, from the scene of my accident to the immense stone.

"Paugus, with his experienced trailers, would surely find us. The crafty old sagamore would surround the rock and wait, with Indian patience, for us to perish with thirst and hunger or give ourselves up to the greater agonies of savage torture.

"It seemed to me that my experienced companion had blundered into an awful death trap.

"In a short time, the Indian boy came back with one of the hindquarters of the bear and a bundle of slender poles about six feet long. The cunning fellow had carried these poles more than a mile so as to have no indication of cutting upon the stone or in its vicinity. I could not think what he was going to do with these poles.

"Without waiting to explain, he went back, with the long swinging Indian lope that carried him swiftly through the pine woods. He returned with the other half of the bear and another bundle of poles. He evidently planned a long stay upon this peculiar stone.

"Without rest, for he seemed to consider every minute to be important, he took his axe and my kettle and went to work where the soil appeared to be deepest. There was no snow on the summit, the top of the soil was frozen about two inches.

"He cut this up quickly. The work in the light soil beneath was more easy.

"As I watched his mysterious work I suddenly gave a great start. The Indian was digging a grave. It was not an Indian grave for they bury their warriors in a sitting position with their faces toward the rising sun. It was a

long narrow grave for a white man or youth.

"In a short time, the unique grave was ready. It was a little more than three feet deep, wide enough for two persons and long enough to have the meat and other things at our feet. The fibrous roots, which extended in every direction through the shallow soil, held up the sides.

"My companion spread a bear skin, with the long hair up, over the bottom, making a soft warm bed. Then with the low guttural laugh, which is so seldom heard from Indian lips, he said: "'Now Red Brother lay White Brother in grave. Heap big snow come quick, over tracks, blind Paugus. Paugus heap big chief, very cunning, no find Red Brother and White Brother in grave, on stone, under snow.'

"With these words of my companion, a flood of light seemed to pour into my puzzled mind. All his plans and work had centered upon the swift approach of a big snow storm, which would cover our tracks and hide us as nothing else could. My mind had been so taken up with the pain of my broken leg and despairing thoughts that I had not noticed the signs of the sky as the crafty Indian boy had done.

"I now observed indications of a storm. A damp wind came from the east and heavy, black clouds were gathering in the sky.

"The Indian boy lowered me into the grave and covered me with another bear skin. Then he layed the poles across the top and spread the third bear skin over them. He threw enough of the loose earth over the skin to keep it in position and scattered the rest so as to leave no suspicious mounds. A small opening was left at the head and foot for air. At the head he left a narrow space to turn back the skin when he wished to slip out.

"In a short time our strange hiding place became warm and cosy. After the storm, my companion was careful to make no movement that might disturb the surface of the snow.

"'White Brother may sleep now,' said the young Indian, 'Red Brother sleep too. Done all he can. Now good Manitou work.'

"It was soon dark, but my leg was too painful for sleep. The slumber of my friend appeared broken. About once an hour, as I judged, he arose, turned back the skin and looked out. On one of these occasions, I inquired if it had begun to snow.

"'No snow yet,' he replied. 'Sky black, stars gone. Snow so near, can feel it's cold breath.'

"The next time he looked out, I heard a gutteral exclamation of satisfaction, followed by these words: 'Snow's coming fast. Two, three inches before morning. Make Paugus blind, sure. Sleep safe, now.'

"He was soon sleeping soundly. As I laid there awake, my mind was busy. I saw more clearly the marvelous cunning of Red Serpent's crooked trail, for the pursuing Indians could not now determine the direction of his flight. Our leading track was that of an Abenakis and the Indians would be most likely to think he would turn east, towards the village of his people, not west toward our homes. This queer sentence, mostly from the Bible, kept running through my mind, as such things will in the night:

"There are three things, yea, there are four that are past finding out: The way of a man with a maid, the way of a ship in the sea, the way of a serpent upon a rock and the way of an Indian in the woods. I went to sleep, repeating these odd words.

"When I awoke it was day. My companion told me that it was still snowing. It snowed for four days, until the white covering was more than four feet deep, a big storm. This was followed by rain, which settled the snow to about three feet. Then colder weather froze the damp surface so hard that it would bear a man.

"During the fifth day, I was frightened, for I heard the gutteral voices of Indians in the vicinity of our hiding place. But the Indian boy quieted my alarm by saying quietly:

"'Think Indians going home, to Pequawket, no hunt for us any more,

give it up. Manitou blind eyes.'

"I remembered that the Indians could see the unbroken surface of the frozen snow among the scattered trees on the top of our stone. The sides appeared inaccessible. There were no indications that any human being had been upon that immense rock since the morning of creation. The most suspicious Indian would never dream that the Red Brother and the White Brother were lying side by side in a deep grave, in the earth, under the unbroken snow, upon the shining summit of curious Jocky Cap. I believe that it was the most cunning hiding place ever devised by man.

"We heard no more of the Indians. But my cautious companion did not open our grave for two days. It was not so uncomfortable as you might think, for it was large enough so we could lie down or sit up and change our positions quite a little.

"On the morning of the eighth day, just before light, my companion awoke me and said: 'Red Brother go out now, see if Paugus gone. Get bear, maybe. Father bear break White Brother's leg; White Brother eat father bear. Mother bear stay in den, maybe. Red Brother get her, if can.'

"The Indian opened our grave, which had been sealed by snow for seven days, and went out. I heard him slide down the steep side of the stone, on the smooth crust.

"Soon after daylight, I heard the report of a gun at a distance. This worried me for I was afraid Red Serpent had been shot or captured. What could I do without my Indian friend, with a broken leg, in the wilderness?

"About an hour later, the Indian boy returned with the information that Paugus and his warriors had taken a straight course to Pequawket. He had tracked them several miles. On his return, he shot the bear and dragged her body, on the icy snow, to the base of the stone.

"He skinned the animal, cut it up and carried the pieces to the summit. Then he collected dry wood and built a good fire.

"After enlarging the opening to our hiding place, my companion lifted me out and placed me beside the fire, in the sunshine. We were soon eating bear steak, broiled on the hot coals. This was one of the most pleasant and delicious meals of my life, for we had laid seven days in the grave with no food except the raw flesh of the bear and no way to allay our thirst except by sucking balls of snow.

"When the meal was over, the young Indian cut a long narrow strip from the bear skin and rubbed it with bear's grease until it was very soft. Then he removed the splints from my leg and carefully rubbed the injured part with warm bear's grease for a long time. Then he wound the strip of soft skin around the broken leg and replaced the five short splints.

"This gave me the use of my knee. For the first time since the accident my leg felt comfortable. But the Indian said I must not try to use my leg for seven days.

"As I sat in the pleasant sunshine, beside the cheerful fire, I remembered that we had come from our grave on Christmas morning. It was the only Christmas that I received no token of remembrance from earthly friends. Still it was a happy day to me, for I felt that my Heavenly father had not forgotten me. He had lifted the grievous burden of wrong doing from my soul; He had saved me from the merciless Indians by the timely snow; later, He would lead me 'Through green pastures and beside still waters' to a happier and holier life.

"The remaining seven days were full of enjoyment. During the time we made a nice sled to haul our things home and a crutch, the top covered with soft bear skin.

"On the fifteenth day after our arrival at Jocky Cap, we started.

"The young Indian hauled the loaded sled and I hobbled, with my crutch, behind, to see if anything fell off. We went about a mile over a plain, covered with large pines, to a pond, which was later named Lovewell's on account of the great battle with Paugus the following spring.

"The Indian said I must not use my

leg too much at first, so we prepared a comfortable camp by the pond. It is 24 miles from Jocky Cap to my home at Ossipee.

"We were fourteen days on this trip. The Indian hauled me on the sled over the ponds, streams and cleared places. I walked through the woods and where it was rough.

"We stopped to hunt in promising localities, camped in comfortable spots and even with my broken leg I enjoyed myself far more than when I was doing wrong, by running away from home. We arrived at my father's house, four weeks after my leg was broken.

"By this time, I could walk, with care, without the crutch. In justice to Indian surgery, I may add that after the first month, I felt no pain or inconvenience from my broken leg. It has been sometimes difficult to convince strangers that the bone has been broken until they felt the ring around the place. Our parents welcomed us as from the grave. After hearing my story, my father and mother seemed to think that a Higher Power had chastened me for disobedience, for they only spoke in the kindest manner about my running away from home.

"I have always remembered the important lesson that this experience taught me. From that time, I obeyed my parents. Even when I became a man and had sons and daughters of my own I heeded the admonitions of my father, for I knew that his longer experience in the affairs of life had given him a wisdom superior to mine.

"Our story caused a sensation in the settlements. Old hunters, who best understood the difficulties of an escape from the Indians, said that our experience was without an equal in colonial history. They said that the Indian boy, who was my companion, my Red Brother, had a most bright and cunning brain. All the white people became very friendly to him.

"Another very short adventure with my Red Brother may interest you, my dear boys, and show you what he did when older.

"In April of the following year, 1725, Capt. Lovewell started from Barnstable, Mass., with 46 men, on his third expedition against the Indians northeast of lake Winnipesaukee. On his march, he stopped at our house, as he was an old acquaintance and neighbor. My uncle John Chamberlain was with him. Capt. Lovewell built a stockade beside the pond on father's land. The surgeon stayed there with some of the sick and weary men.

"Capt. Lovewell, with 33 men, continued his march, following about the same route that we had taken when we came home from Jocky Cap. Red Serpent and I accompanied him, in charge of uncle John.

"On the morning of May 8th, when near Lovewell's pond, on a plain, our little party was attacked by Paugus with more than a hundred Sokokis warriors, armed with guns. The first shot, fired by the Indians, wounded Capt. Lovewell. A little later, he received a mortal wound. But he continued to direct the fight, leaning against a tree when he became too weak to stand. He fired his gun for the last time after he was too far gone to speak.

"After the death of Capt. Lowell. Ensign Wyman took command. He fell back to a stronger position, nearer the pond.

"The Indians charged upon this position many times, coming so near that their guns actually touched ours. We repulsed them with a heavy loss.

"During one of the lulls, while the Sokokis chiefs were apparently holding a council, uncle John Chamberlain went to the pond to wash out his gun, which had become foul by frequent firing. At the same time, a large Sokokis warrior came to the pond, about a gun shot distant, for the same purpose. The two enemies saw each other about the same time and began to reload their guns as fast as they could.

" 'Quick, me shoot,' shouted the Indian, as he rammed the bullet into his gun.

" 'Maybe not,' replied Uncle John, as he pounded the butt of his gun upon the ground so hard that it forced the powder into the priming tube. Then he fired his flint lock and killed the Indian,

whose gun was discharged into the air as he fell.

"Some historians say that Paugus was killed by Uncle John in this dramatic duel by the pond. Other histories assert that Paugus was shot by Ensign Wyman about the middle of the afternoon. Perhaps this difference of opinion is due to the fact that no white man knew Paugus by sight. When we saw an Indian of commanding appearance fall, we hoped he was Paugus.

"The battle lasted about eight hours. More than fifty of the Indians were killed. But their number seemed to increase by the frequent arrivals of reinforcements. Only nine of our party were left, unwounded. The Indians were closing in upon three sides, with the pond in our rear. The end, for us, seemed very near.

"Jonathan Frye, for who the town of Fryeburg was named, the chaplain or preacher of our company, fought in the front ranks until he received a mortal wound. When no longer able to use a gun, the good man fell upon his knees, raised his hands toward heaven, and prayed for us. In the lulls of the battle, I heard the prayer of the dying saint. Who can say that prayer was not answered?

"Suddenly, above the yells of the Indians and reports of the guns, there rose a peculiar and terrible cry. The Sokokis fell back, for they recognized the war cry of their most dreaded enemies, the Abenakis. They believed that a great sagamore of the Abenakis was calling his mighty warriors to assist the whites. They did not mistrust that it was only Red Serpent sounding the war cry of his father, the famous Red Bear.

"A moment later, the young Indian glided to my side, his face illuminated with savage joy. Holding up a bleeding scalp, he cried in exulting tones: 'Behold the scalp of Paugus! My mother shall weep for joy, in her wigwam, for the hand of her son has avenged the blood of his father. The scalp of Paugus shall swing in the wind above the lodge of the sagamore of the Abenakis, as a warning to his foes.'

Convinced that the warriors of Abenakis were upon them, the Sokokis retreated, just as it was becoming dusk. They were so demoralized that they did not scalp any of the dead white men, the only instance of the kind during the three years of Lovewell's war.

"We did not know this at the time. We waited and watched for a renewal of their attack until midnight. Then we retreated, with our wounded, as silently as we could. We hurried back to the stockade beside father's pond. It is a curious fact, that after one of the most important battles with the Indians in the history of northern New England, both armies retreated, in opposite directions, in the night and did not stop for several days.

"A few days later, Col. Tyng arrived from Massachusetts with eighty-seven men. He buried the white men who were killed in Lovewell's fight, in a common grave, at the foot of an immense pine, beside the tranquil pond and cut their names upon its trunk. Then he marched against Pequawket (now Conway) the celebrated village of the Sokokis.

"He found it had been abandoned for several days. He could not discover what had become of the Indians. The disappearance of the Sokokis was the most baffling mystery of this interesting war.

"Red Serpent told me later, that under Wahwa, son of Paugus, the Sokokis journeyed to the valley where they found the camp of the Red Brother and the White Brother, in the early part of winter. In this sunny vale they planted a new village of Pequawket and were unmolested by the whites for almost a generation.

"Soon after the battle at Lovewell's ponds, Red Serpent and his mother returned to their tribe. In course of time, Red Serpent became one of the most wise and powerful sagamores of the Abenakis. This name means in our language 'Fathers of the Rising Sun.'

"These two adventures, my dear boys, give you a glimpse of the two leading traits of Indian character. They are faithful to their friends and cruel to their foes."



Revolution at Port au Prince—Regiment Passing the Market Place



HAITIAN SOLDIERS

PORT AU PRINCE OR PORT AU PRESIDENT

Haiti's Capital and Her Rules.

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN

HAITI is a government of men not laws, and to make the definition even more precise it is the government of one man. This I learned soon after my first landing at Aux Cayes in the south of the Black Republic, and it was for this reason that I resolved to meet the one man—President Francis Antoine Simon.

The more a traveller sees of Haiti, the greater must be his desire to see the President. The desire is unavoidable, for here in what is acknowledged to be one of the richest countries of the earth there is an unbelievable lack of production. There is, indeed, poverty and want as far as these evils may prevail in a land blessed with the climate of Haiti. And the reason given for all this is "la politique," so the visitor naturally tries to fathom the turbid depths of Haitian politics with the result that he finds the one big fish worth while is the President.

At the time of my arrival in the land where the negro has had more than a century to show his fitness to govern himself, the president was Antoine Simon, to give his full name the abbreviation he prefers. Whether he still holds the "Palace" on the edge of The Champ de Mars at Port au Prince is a question that can be answered only by the next cablegram from that troubled place. I landed in Haiti when a revolution was in full swing, and though there were skirmishes and military executions and an official announcement of peace during my visit, the revolutionists are yet showing their discontent and their poor marksmanship.

Granting that President Simon is still the one-man power in Haiti, due credit must be given to his eldest daughter, Clementina. The outside world does not know the part she plays in the dusky intrigues of camp and capital, but this tall, angular, coal-black spinster is known from Aux Cayes in the south to Cape Haitien in the north as the adviser, companion and inspiration of the white polled old negro who until less than four years ago was a simple provincial "General de place" with very little political or military reputation. Those who know Haiti from the inside say that General Simon was egged on to seize the dangerous honors of the presidency because Clementina desired the social position which would come to her as daughter of the president and would give her precedence over all her dark-skinned



Ex-President of Haiti—Nord Alexis

rivals. In the same way, so the story was told in hotels and cafes, General Cincinnatus Leconte had started the revolution which was in progress while I was there because Madame Leconte wished to become the first lady of the land. There was an old enmity between Madame Leconte and Clementina Simon, stay in Santo Domingo, the mulatto re- said the gossips.

These things I mention for they gave the personal touch to the otherwise perplexing revolution which seemed, to be frank, simply the attempt of one set of politicians to supersede another set. Moreover, the matter-of-course acceptance of petticoat meddling in politics reflected the spirit of the Haitians, for they are essentially French in their culture. A keen critic of the little republic has said the Haitians "see the world from Paris." The truth of this observation was impressed on me in my visits to the southern ports of Haiti, during my public, and finally when I was most hospitably received at Port de Paix and Cape Haitien. All this had been a desirable preparation for my visit to Port



GENERAL ANTOINE SIMON, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI
HIS AUTOGRAPH IN PICTURE

au Prince where I met President Simon and his interesting family including the ambitious and strong willed Mademoiselle Clementina.

The arrival in the roadstead of Port au Prince was, therefore, simply an incident in my progress toward the Chief Executive. Yet my first view of the little capital as I left the Hamburg-American liner gave evidence of the progress under President Simon. This evidence was there for every visitor to see in the great wharves built by the Speyer interests of New York under a concession granted them by the president in the face of that opposition which has heretofore done so much to keep Haiti at a standstill economically and industrially.

But however new and modern the wharf was, the attitude of the black and brown officers in their red and blue and gold uniforms was just as stupidly and unnecessarily inquisitive as at the coffee-ports with their tumbledown landing stages on the south coast. Questions, which to the white man's mind, at least, have no possible bearing upon the matter in hand, must be answered; and, though it is tiresome to stand on the end of a pier under the burning Caribbean sun for a half hour's catechism, the situation would not have been without its element of humorous incongruity if I had not been through the same ordeal a dozen times before at the oth-

er ports of the Black Republic. At last, however, we satisfied the large, rotund negro who was shining with perspiration in his tight-fitting uniform of general de brigade that we had no dark and deep ulterior object in visiting the capital. Once this was clear the stumbling officiousness seemed to disappear and the general with his cordon of no less gaily caparisoned "douaniers", or customs officers, bowed and passed compliments in the best French style. Indeed, so



President Simon and His Cabinet

far did courtesy rise that they accompanied our party to the foot of the pier and lent a very welcome hand in engaging carriages and porters to take us to the hotel that had been recommended by friends at Cape Haitien.

The driver of the weather worn barouche with wobbling wheels in which I was drawn slowly through the streets of Port au Prince was a soldier. To be sure, his uniform was ragged and the color of the coat was faded to a butternut brown, but the red flannel stripes on his sleeves proclaimed him a sous-officier, a "non com" as our own soldiers would put it. The porters who carried such luggage as could not be trusted to the insecure barouche were also soldiers as their nondescript kepis, or forage caps, indicated. There was nothing unusual in this, however, for here as elsewhere in Haiti the soldiers, privates and non-commissioned officers, do whatever odd jobs they can, for the poor fellows must live and their pay is always in arrears. It is even said that their officers grant them liberal leaves of absence to work as waiters, porters, coachmen and gardeners with the understanding that the officers are to receive a percentage of the earnings. Of this, however, I have no actual proof and would rather prefer to think it untrue since many of the officers I met seemed anx-

ious to maintain the traditions of the service according to their lights.

The hotel to which we were going was the Bellevue on the Champ de Mars on the high ground at the back of Port au Prince and on the road leading to Petionville, that charming mountain suburb of the capital. From the water front of Port au Prince there is a continual and gradual slope upwards to the environs of the town. It is as if the place were built on the sloping rim of enough when all things are considered.

These open sewers are evidence of Haiti as it has been up to the last two or three years. The electric lights on the streets showed the attempts of President Simon to improve conditions. Also there was the tramway that caught my attention on my first half hour ashore. A puffing little traction engine, with a couple of small, sawed-off passenger cars behind, rolled through the streets and up the ever-rising slope to-



NATIVE WOMEN ASSORTING COFFEE AT PORT AU PRINCE

a soup plate and this fact of topography accounts for the surprisingly low death rate in one of the dirtiest cities imaginable. Thanks to the natural drainage and with no thanks to the heedless generations of blacks who have allowed the public works of the French colonists to decay, the open sewers along the streets of the capital are sufficient in themselves to keep the place healthful

ward the rear of the town. From the standpoint of progress as viewed by the West Indian, this tramway makes Port au Prince a veritable metropolis.

As our undersized and rawboned horse climbed painfully up the streets, there was plenty of time to observe the prevailing architecture. In the business district down near the harbor there were many of the old stone, brick and stucco



PORT AU PRINCE—REGIMENT PREPARING FOR WAR

fronted warehouses or depots. Two stories high as a rule, the front of the lower story was run out into an arcade with its floor raised a foot or two above the cobbled and uneven street surface. These arcades as the place was originally laid out were intended to offer the pedestrian the comfort of walking always under the shade of the overhanging roof. In the beginning, this may have been the case, but with fires and earthquakes and rebuilding and the construction only too frequently of wooden shacks along the streets the arcade has been broken up. Moreover, the floors of different arcades are at widely different heights so that the pedestrian, if he keeps to the so-called side-walk, is forever climbing up or down. Such exercise, I may remark, is not enjoyable in the average temperature of Haiti.

The buildings themselves were in general out of repair. Stucco broken off in patches that had plainly been neglected for many years, wooden buildings devoid of paint and stained by sun and rain to a dingy blackish grey—these were a few of the details of a general impression of carelessness. In front of the buildings, squatting on the edge of the arcades or sprawled out on the sun-beaten open spaces beside the sewers were soldiers. It was the same in the capital as in the villages, this public display of a half-clothed, half-fed, rag tag army. I was to see later the corps d'elite, the president's bodyguard, but these shabby chaps who seemed to have no more of military bearing than so many corn-field negroes were country levies brought into the capital on account of the dangers of the revolution.

As we turned off from the business streets and the lower line of the tramway, the residential district began with its patches here and there of lawn and its occasional imitations of wooden dwellings such as our American suburbs knew some thirty years ago, but now, praise be, know no more. For the most part, though, the dwellings were either of the blank-walled Spanish order or of a sort of compromise type. On the verandas of such as had these conven-

iences we saw groups of what the Haitien poets have sung as "petites negresses" who could be distinguished in the deep shade by the white of the eyes, teeth and gowns. From the time we left the business section until we turned suddenly down a sort of poorly kept boulevard opening on the Champ de Mars we did not pass a single white person on the streets.

The view out across the Champ de Mars was really the best thing I saw, after leaving the steamship, with the view there of the entire town against its mountainous background of deep green and purple. Here on the Champ de Mars, however, we were nearer the mountains that swept round the great plain. Closest to the brown, sunburnt expanse of the Champ de Mars rose the Canape Vert, the green sofa, as it is called, and the name can be understood, for its billows of green seem soft and inviting. Here and there on the cushions of the Green Sofa glimpses of white and red told of the houses of Petionville, the most delightful place of residence in Haiti, if not in all of Hispaniola. Off to the right was the long ridge of Hospital Hill and back of these lay the purple ranges of which I was told the Black Mountain was the highest peak.

Truly, the Champ de Mars was interesting and on its farthest edge from where our carriage had paused a moment lay the yellow rambling buildings of the President's Palace with its barrack appurtenances and its high, stone-bound fence of iron. The hotel which we had now reached, the Bellevue, looks out upon the Champ de Mars and its proximity to the center of things political reminded me of Boston's hotel of the same name close by the State House. But the similarity ended right there, for while the Port au Prince hotel was recommended as the best for white visitors it had many limitations.

During the three days spent in rest and sightseeing before meeting Presi-



Body Guard of President Simon, Returning to the Palace



SANS SOUCI

RUINS OF PALACE OF EX-PRESIDENT CHRISTOPHE NEAR CAPE HAITIEN

dent Simon, the dining room of the Hotel Bellevue afforded surprises morning, noon and night, for there I ran the gamut of Haitian cookery. The proprietor and his wife were both natives of Martinique, but they had a Haitian cook and had found it to the advantage of the local trade of Senators, Deputies and Generals to maintain the Haitian cuisine. To take one of the simplest and most easily identified of the dishes, there were "griots," pork chops grilled and served with a delicious sauce of pimentoes and orange juice. Then there appeared at nearly every luncheon or dinner platters of "guiongnions," a spicy little mushroom that is much esteemed by the Haitians and is really toothsome in sauces. A sauce for fish made of citron juice and pimentoes and a dish much like our succotash composed of corn and red beans were proof that cookery has not deteriorated in the Black Republic. Of what was served us as "gros boullions de tripailles," I was curious, not because I liked it but because it was such a mess. I inquired and the proprietor told me this is one of the triumphs of Haitian cooks—a combination of tripe, liver, beef, bananas, sweet potatoes, or yams, and a liberal addition of orange juice.

The day after our arrival there were brought to the hotel copies of Le Matin, labelled "Edition Speciale Pour Les Touristes Americans," in large letters, with the price—"10 ct. Or Americain," in type put a trifle smaller. Part of it, including tributes to United States Minister Furniss and John B. Terres, United States Consul at Port au Prince, was printed in English, but by far the most interesting matter was in French. A long article drew attention to the invitation extended by Venezuela to Haiti to take part in the coming centennial of Venezuelan independence, this in recognition of the aid that President Alexandre Petion of Haiti had given Simon Bolivar in 1815 and 1816 when Bolivar and other Venezuelan patriots had been driven to seek shelter at Aux Cayes.

But more interesting than this account of Haiti's past was the active evidence of history in the making, for Le Matin contained a long and resounding proclamation issued by President Simon as an announcement of peace. It was a hasty announcement, to be sure, for a few days later the supposedly squelched revolutionists broke forth actively once more. This presidential message was plainly a native method of "restoring confidence," and its tenor may be sensed from its caption which ran:

"Liberte Egalite Fraternite
Republique D'Haiti
Proclamation
Francois Antoine Simon
President de la Republique
Au Peuple Et a L'Armee
Concitoyens."

So it started and the first reassuring announcement was that "Peace reigns in all the length and breadth of the Republic." Then President Simon went on to say with sorrow breathing in every line that just as his projects for the bet-

tering of the land were in sight of fulfillment and in spite of his having sacrificed himself for the welfare of the people, "le bonheur du peuple," Ounaminthe had dared to rise up against him. Ounaminthe, I found, was the name of an insignificant little cross roads town in the north, not far from Cape Haitien. It was there that General Leconte had set up his standard of revolt. But did President Simon specify him in this fashion? Not he! Throughout the proclamation the leader of the other side was "Nomme Cincinnatus Leconte," or as we might say with fine scorn "one Cincinnatus Leconte so called."

It was a document that reflected Haitian politics and the soaring flights its exponents too often take. For example, I learned from President Simon that: "The Spirit of the Fatherland cursed the revolt of Ounaminthe. The God of Armies has blessed my unremitting labors for the good of my country by consecrating the triumphs of my arms."

To an outsider it seemed stretching a point to conceive a God of Battles consecrating the arms of those lazy, unkempt black soldiers whom I could see, even as I read, lolling about or shooting craps in the dust of the road by the Champ de Mars. But this calling on high Heaven at all times is a part of the stock in trade of the Haitian politician. Again, to quote once more from the proclamation: "God visibly protects those to whom He has entrusted the destiny of Peoples. All those fools who try to thwart that holy and powerful will are doomed to annihilation."

This magnifying of trivialities is characteristic and in announcing victories in and around Ounaminthe, mere skirmishes between a few hundred poorly armed blacks, the proclamation termed each either "un combat opiniatre" or "acharne." Stubborn or desperate, then, were all these affairs as viewed by the inspired eye of the president and in such places he found room to praise "mes valeureux soldats." Generals were mentioned honorably and one name at least is worth repeating for its classical allusion—General Plutarque Hercule. In winding up, President Simon said that history will brand forever those rebels of Ounaminthe for having tried to plunge the country into civil war at a solemn moment when all the higher interests cry out for union and co-operation among all Haitians for safeguarding their national autonomy." And before his signature given as "A. T. Simon," though his name is ordinarily signed "Francois Antoine Simon," he placed the words: "Vive la Paix! Vive l'Armee! Vive Haiti."

Such, then, was the high sounding production which gave me my first impression of Haiti's president. At four o'clock of the afternoon when I read this notable document, I watched with more than usual interest the review of the troops far out on the Champ de Mars. As usual, for this was a daily affair, they drew up in massed ranks about the rostrum from which they



President Simon at Cape Haitien, Commanding an Army of 12,000 Troops During the Revolution



PRESIDENT SIMON, HIS CABINET AND STAFF AT CAPE HAITIEN, PREVIOUS TO A BATTLE WITH THE REVOLUTIONISTS

were addressed by President Simon. It was hot and sunny and dusty out on the plain and the veranda of the Hotel Bellevue was cool, so I did not go over to hear the presidential address. Nevertheless, I figured that "mes valeureux soldats" were being exhorted in a sufficiently complimentary and inspiring manner to keep them contented for many months more of service with "pay in arrears." President Simon rode out accompanied by a brilliantly attired staff to meet his "legionnaires," but on the days I saw him through field glasses at a distance he wore the simple black frock coat and silk tile which are the insignia of statesmanship in the Black Republic as in certain other republics.

All these earlier, and perhaps entirely justifiable impressions, were to be erased when I met President Simon. My desire to meet him and talk with a black man who had managed to get the whip hand in this turbulent little semi-democracy was keen even before I met General Ulysse Simon, his brother, at Aux Cayes. This younger brother of the President I had found to be a tall, thin, coal-black officer of serious demeanor. His courtesy was precise and he did not affect the grandiloquent air which made so many Haitian officers seem brothers "under the skin" to Ancient Pistol. And in preparing for the interview with President Simon I was much indebted to the good offices of Mr. Henry W. Furniss, who holds so creditably the difficult post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Haiti. Once I had assured Mr. Furniss that I was not a concession hunter, his relief was evident, as no doubt it should be, and he suggested that perhaps I might like an autographed photograph of President Simon. To this I agreed and I fancy that it was a welcome reduction from the demands of so many Americans who have their eyes cast longingly on the copper mines and cabinet wood forests of the land.

Everything was most comfortably arranged—the first day I had the leisure after seeing the beauties of Port au Prince, etc., and incidentally, of course. I was informed of the time that I should have such leisure at 2.30 on a certain afternoon. The old French planters may have been massacred and driven out by the blacks, but these same blacks have retained more than a little of the French finesse. So at the appointed time I was driven up to the gates of the iron fence which surrounds the Palace. Fence, did I say? Palisade were a better word. A palisade of iron spikes some twenty feet high and bedded in stone. They were not there for ornament but were a veritable defence against whilom vagaries of the "concitoyens" who might try on some hot morning when the fumes of the overnight "taffia" were too potent to rush the home and person of "Concitoyen, le President." Considering past history, this fence is monumental. What happened to Nord Alexis, immediate predecessor of President Simon? The fence availed him not



CAPE HAITIEN—MOST IMPORTANT CITY IN NORTHERN HAITI

at all, but it might have been a great help if he had made sure of the political faith of the soldiers behind the machine guns commanding the fence.

I thought of this bit of recent history as I alighted from my carriage and faced the open gates. The path was lined most properly and ornamentally with shrubs and flowering plants, but these same shrubs could be cut down in a few moments by machete strokes and leave a clear range for the gatlings that peeped out from shelters round about the palace. Soldiers on duty by these tarpaulin covered guns could be seen through the screen of bushes, and soldiers with well-kept modern rifles lined the path I walked to the broad steps at the front of the palace. These soldiers were of the corps d'elite, the President's bodyguard, and fine looking Numidians they were. They showed what can be made of the Haitian raw material when it is properly drilled, fed and clothed. But these are few and the crap-shooting, cab-driving, self-paid soldiers are many in Haiti.

Up the long gravelled walk I went and at the steps of the big yellow-hued house with its gimcrack architecture I passed between two walls of black sentries, lined up, two on a step, at either side of me. At the top, the heavy mahogany doors opened and an aide-de-president in gold laced chapeau and dazzling buttons stood stiffly to receive from a soldier the card I presented. Then came the process of ushering, which was done in the best continental style between a hall's length of soldiers in double line. Next came a great red plush and velour hall with much gilt rococo decoration on walls and chair backs.

Have I forgotten to mention that Minister Furniss accompanied me? If so, it has been because my speculations on the meaning of iron palisade and watching soldiers were entirely personal and by no means within the official ken of our diplomatic representative in Port au Prince. The fact was, however, that Mr. Furniss was with me and called my attention to the presence of an aide who had appeared in this ante chamber bearing on a salver a large envelope addressed to me. I took it and opened it to find a photograph of President Simon with his autograph across it.

Next came two more aides, one of whom spoke excellent English, to escort us up one flight to the audience chamber. This, too, in red, was a more impressive hall, with its many heavy upholstered chairs ranged about an even heavier and more generously upholstered chair in which sat President Simon. He rose and stepped forward to meet us—a tall, muscular old man, somewhat bowed in the shoulders, with very long arms and great bony hands that showed pink white in the palms. His face, lean and drawn, was rendered bluish black by the striking contrast of white poll, white mustache and the trace of a snowy imperial on the nether lip. He looked the full-blooded negro, but his high nose, his wide forehead and the goodly brain-space of his skull showed

that he was anything but an ordinary black.

After the introductions had been made and after we had been seated, President



Mode of Conveyance in Southern Haiti

Simon also sank into his great red chair and drew his head down between his shoulders, looking up with eyes in which the whites showed purple tints. If I had thought from the proclamation I had read that he was likely to expand into a burst of rodomontade at my mention of having been in Aux Cayes two days before it was burned by the rebels I would have been disappointed. He merely sighed and shook his head. Perhaps the catastrophe was too great for words, but he seemed to wish to dismiss the subject. Since he had already proclaimed the existence of peace in all Haiti, I mentioned as a cheerful change of subject that I had noticed the electric lights, the new wharf, the tramways. At once he became animated.

"My policy is to encourage American capital," he said, and there followed a rapid-fire dissertation on the prospects of the island. I gathered that the reorganization of the National Bank of Haiti was to mean the foundation of a new financial era. The concession of a railroad to Artibonite, granted to American capital, was ultimately to open up the departments of the north, the northwest and the west. He appreciated the fact that the stagnation of agriculture was due to the lack of transportation facilities. The resources of Haiti had only been tapped in places. A comprehensive railroad system would mean development of mines, or wood cutting, of plantations. He knew the worth of the precious cabinet woods that still are a virgin growth.

On the matter of commerce and of economic advance, he was literally enthusiastic. Here was no talk of "Dieu des Armees" or of "Le Genie de la Patrie." It was the conversation of a practical man of affairs, I could not follow the flow of his rapidly uttered sentences and I was wondering whether after all the President Simon of the proclamation might be an entirely different person from the real president who was trying to better the condition of Haiti. In a word, I wondered whether the grandiloquence and bombast of his addresses "au Peuple et a l'Armee" might not be merely a pose to give the ignorant masses what they liked. If he did not please these ignorant black men with a certain amount of sound and fury they might arise and oust him overnight. Could it be that here was a real statesman working for the good of his country, but obliged to pose as a Bombastes Furioso for expediency's safe?

These things were in my mind, when Minister Furniss interrupted with a remark on my probable difficulty in following the Haitian pronunciation of French. President Simon laughed heartily, a real African laugh with a generous display of teeth, and gave an order to his aides.



Wharf at Port au Prince—Built by American Capital

At once there entered stewards with champagne—Haiti's favorite drink in official classes—and we all pledged the future of "la republique." Before we left, President Simon invited Mrs. Aus-



PALACE AT PORT AU PRINCE—WHERE PRESIDENT SIMON RESIDES

tin to come with me the next day to meet Mrs. Simon and the family, and thus ended my talk with the man who has been fighting so hard to hold his place in that same palace of machine guns, iron palisades, red plush and sweet champagne.

The meeting with the Simon family the next day was entirely informal, though as we were escorted up the path the same soldiers and machine guns could be seen thinly masked by the shrubbery. Mrs. Simon I found to be a stout, pleasant-faced woman in middle life, full-blooded African like her husband. Of the three daughters, the most interesting was, of course, Mademoiselle Clementina, the eldest. It was a meeting in which the ladies did the talking, and I noticed that Miss Clementina asked the more numerous and more intelligent questions of Mrs. Austin regarding her travels and her impressions of Haiti. If Miss Clementina really served as her father's inspiration in camp and palace I could not have been surprised for she seemed the liveliest and best balanced woman I met in all Haiti. As she talked in her logical, studied way, I thought that under other conditions she might very well have become a leader in suffrage or perhaps in social settlement work. She was, and probably still remains, a spinster of decision.

Thus ended my visits to the palace, and one result of the intimacy granted me there was that during the rest of my stay in Port au Prince I took with a grain of salt the seriousness of the proclamations and official announcements. It would not do for us to judge the mentality of the Haitian president by his proclamations alone any more that it would be proper for foreigners to judge us by our Fourth of July orations. To risk the charge of making a very bad pun, but at the same time to do justice to Haiti, I found its executive and his councillors by no means as black as they have been painted.



MRS. CRAFTS—PREVARICATOR

By AGNES GENEVIEVE GOLDEN

IT was after Gerald had graduated from Technology, and was practicing as an electrical engineer, that he and I (he was then twenty-six, and I a couple of years older) went to board at Mrs. Wilbur's. I think that we were attracted to the place chiefly because the dining-room was set with small, round tables, accommodating four people apiece. Nevertheless, while this arrangement gave us a measure of wished-for retirement, we were often infernally bored by our table companions. There were a crusty gentleman of forty, whom we called the "bachelor"—and Mrs. Crafts.

Mrs. Crafts was a fat and rather massively-built lady of some fifty years, who always appeared at dinner tightly encased in black satin. She had a soft, pudgy face and features, rather like putty; greasy, black hair ringletted to her eyebrows, and a smile of perpetual good humor. Her hands had a horrid fascination for me, they were so excessively fat, and so a-glitter with false diamonds. (Why is it that ladies with fat hands are so fond of rings?)

Everybody has some special peculiarity of temperament; and we soon discovered Mrs. Crafts'. She was a cheerful and unmitigated liar. I rather enjoyed meeting occasionally an interesting and skilful liar; but Mrs. Crafts was none were alarming contradictions in her recurrent narratives of the same event. such. Her imagination followed a dull and conventional track; moreover, there From her accounts of wealthy friends and powerful relatives, of large properties which had vanished, of a brilliant social career and extended travels abroad, with much tedious detail relating to Lady This and Ambassador That, we extracted for ourselves some sober scraps of truth, to wit: that she was the widow of a small government clerk, with sufficient income to support her economically, and a daughter who was away teaching school.

Gerald and I, at least, listened indulgently to her "fairy tales"—they were so harmless and seemed to give her so much pleasure—and pretended to be properly impressed by them. Not so the bachelor. He treated her with scant courtesy, scarcely speaking except to grunt sarcastically between "tales." Feeling vaguely, but not quite understanding, his lack of sympathy, she soon ceased to address any of her remarks to him. The bachelor was wealthy, and an old stand-by of the house, but he was not popular. His hobby was art, and he was silent on every other subject. When he talked (and he sometimes got the lead of Mrs. Crafts in conversation) he did so with an ugly tone and expression that were most uncomplimentary to us all.

Knowing Mrs. Crafts so well, we expected to find her weaving fictions about the personality of her absent daughter, whom she represented as a teacher of French and German in a fashionable New York private school (we very much doubted that fashionable school!). We were asked to believe that Miss Leila was a paragon of girlish beauty, of type blond and "spiritualistic," the importuned of many suitors; a creature, likewise, of many accomplishments—a linguist, a musician, and the possessor of a notable soprano voice—all of which we *dis*believed very heartily. And at frequent and regular intervals, Mrs. Crafts sighed and wished that we could "only see Leila," with a particularly expressive look at Gerald, who was her favorite—whereupon he and I kicked

each other under the table. We had already formed between us a mental image of Miss Leila Crafts, which we felt a vision of her in the flesh could not improve upon—a stout, commonplace girl (aged thirty-three instead of twenty-three), with a "soprano" voice of the shrill, parlor kind, and drab-lightish hair, probably inherited from her "pa," which her mother's fatal facility in story telling had glorified to golden. Indeed, when we reflected upon Mrs. Crafts, fat, oily-haired, silly, underbred and ill-educated, we thought her "Leila" fairy tales the most improbable of any that she had told us.

I was sure that Mrs. Crafts' continual harping on her daughter was chiefly for the benefit of Mr. Gerald West, for I had not the slightest doubt that she secretly coveted him for her son-in-law. Gerald was easily the most striking and and desirable man in the house—although the bachelor had far more money—a clean, handsome young fellow, albeit a bit reserved; and with a fine head on him.

In spite of his reserve, and a vividly romantic temperament that held not-easily-satisfied ideals of women, he was chivalric and tender-hearted to a fault. It would be easy, I often reflected, for a fairly determined young woman to marry him in spite of himself—especially if abetted by an equally determined mother. I confess without shame that I had more than once done my part in heading off feminine plans that seemed to point to that goal; indeed, I considered myself providentially ordained to prevent Gerald, not from marrying, but from being married.

As for Miss Leila Crafts, I surmised that she had as minute a knowledge of Mr. West as her mother could supply, and I had long suspected that she would one day descend in person upon Mrs. Wilbur's boarding house. The suspicion was verified when her mother announced one evening at dinner, her pudgy face more proudly radiant than usual, that Leila was coming to spend Thanksgiving with us, "with a little extra vacation thrown in." Her smile, embracing Gerald and me, but leaving the bachelor quite out in the cold, plainly intimated that we four were to form a happy little family party.

"Gerald," I suggested carelessly that evening, as we sat over our pipes, "aren't you going to accept that Thanksgiving invitation from your sister up in New Hampshire."

"Well, I wasn't going to," said Gerald slowly, studying my face. "You don't know how hard it is for me to get away from Grace when she once gets me up there—she's so lonesome during the winter. I almost don't dare to venture!"

"Well, you'd better this time!" I said positively. "You'd just better!"

Gerald looked at me, and I gave him a long, significant look back, and then, if I recollect rightly, I winked. He seemed to understand, for he smiled slightly, perhaps a trifle shamefacedly, but no more was said at that time. I think that (without being conceited) he was almost as much worried over Miss Crafts' coming as I was. For, undoubtedly, it held for him possible unpleasant complications. There was no mistaking Mrs. Crafts' manner toward him; and only an insane man could have misinterpreted some of her broadly-uttered remarks.

Gerald went up to his sister's for Thanksgiving. Sorely as I missed him, I felt that he had done a most discreet thing: and discretion was the better part of valor, I maintained. It seemed to me, that we were a pair of diplomats of the first rank. Yet even I felt sorry for Mrs. Crafts' discomfiture, almost piteously obvious on the evening of Gerald's departure. It cast a gloom over the dinner table that my most labored witticisms could not dispel.

Thanksgiving at Mrs. Wilbur's was served at two o'clock P. M. I was, I confess, rather curious to see what manner of girl the redoubtable Miss Crafts might be; and arriving somewhat early at my place, I awaited impatiently, as did, I suspect, every one else in the dining-room, for her appearance with her mother. At last the door opened, and both ladies announced their appearance with a soft frou-frou of silk and satin.

And Heavens! As I live and breathe, the Leila Crafts who glided across the floor, and settled herself gracefully and gently into Gerald West's place, was the very embodiment of her mother's oft-repeated description of her—except that that description had not even begun to do her justice! Not only was she golden blonde and exquisite to look at, but she had refinement and good breeding and intelligence—as the first glance of her fine eyes, the first words from her lips betrayed.

I saw the bachelor suddenly straighten up in his chair, and I was reminded somehow of the mast of a ship looming up out of a fog—in this case, it was a fog of habitual selfishness and ill-humor. His cynical mouth took on a new expression, and his cold, tired eyes lit up with a kind of wondering admiration. I knew immediately that it was all up with the bachelor. And, in a certain sense, it was with me, too! But although I lost my heart, I did not lose my head. I have never had any illusions about myself. I am an exceedingly homely man, with no niceties of manner or wiles of speech to commend me to women's liking; and I knew I had no more chance with Miss Leila Crafts than with a lady who dwelt in the moon.

I saw her mother beaming on her with pride and oyj—who wouldn't beam on such a creature!—although the full radiance of her delight was somewhat tempered by Gerald's absence. And at the thought of the part I had played in causeing that absence, I cursed myself for a knave and a simpleton. This girl was made for Gerald West, and he for her! She was his by right divine—and yet I had helped to keep them apart!

And as I noticed the complete change in the bachelor's manner; watched him courteously and sweetly winding himself into her good graces, like the polished man of the world that he was at bottom; watched his new-born deference to her mother; heard him chatting with the girl in French (a language that neither Mrs. Crafts nor myself could understand), I writhed inwardly. And all the time, he was drinking in the magic of her beauty, and of the soul in her eyes; and it had gone to his head like wine, and made him unimaginably witty and brilliant.

That very afternoon I rushed off a telegram to Gerald: "Come home at once. Important." The next day came an anxious letter inquiring if I was ill, but saying that his brother-in-law was seriously ill, and that he could not leave his sister in such a crisis. He hoped to be back in a day or two, however.

By Sunday, I was again imploring him by mail to get back, if he possibly could, before Miss Crafts' departure (she was to leave for New York the following Tuesday). For her voice was truly marvellous—a pure *bel canto* soprano—and that fiend of a bachelor was escorting her to art galleries and theatres, taking her out automobiling, and smothering her with roses! What was more, Mrs. Crafts seemed to be all in favor of the bachelor as a husband for her daughter, and to have forgotten that such a creature as Gerald ever existed.

Came a telegram saying that he would arrive Tuesday, about midday. Well, that was something, I grudgingly admitted. An hour or two spent with Miss Crafts might work wonders. And I waited like patience on a monument, smiling grimly. Tuesday, midday, and no Gerald! I was furious! All the afternoon I waited (I had purposely remained away from my office to receive him and introduce them.) The minutes, half hours, passed. Heavens! Would he never come! Idiot! What was keeping him! If he missed this chance of meeting her, she would be "lost to him forever," as I told myself melodramatically, but with anger in my heart. For there was unwonted determination in the bachelor's eye, and I was certain that he and Mrs. Crafts' were concocting a marriage between them.

I looked at my watch, and gave a final groan of despair. It was four fifteen o'clock. In fifteen minutes more, as I had taken pains to find out, the carriage would be at the door to bear Miss Crafts, her mother, and the triumphant bachelor to the station.

But just then the doorbell rang violently, and a minute or two later Gerald

came bounding up the stairs, three at a time, eager, breathless, flushed with excitement. And never had he looked so handsome!

"Jack, I missed two trains, my sister hated so to have me go! Simply had to drag myself away! And Ted, poor chap, begged me with tears in his eyes for another day! Am I too late, Jack? Where is she?"

"Calm yourself, and smooth your hair," I said. He obeyed the second, but not the first, command. Then I took him by the arm and marched him downstairs to the parlor, where Miss Crafts was waiting for the carriage.

As luck would have it, Mrs. Crafts was not in the room; and the unfortunate bachelor, who would have run his heels off for Miss Crafts, had hustled off somewhere, looking up the carriage (which they feared would be late); and perhaps at this very moment was perspiring and swearing at the cabman.

"Miss Crafts, allow me to present my friend, Mr. West," I said. Then I shut the door and went downstairs. (How that bachelor will grind his teeth at me, if this story ever comes to his eyes!)

Fifteen minutes later, Gerald came up, radiant. The carriage had come and driven away. "Jack, she's divine! She's asked me to call on her, Jack, the next time I go over to New York; and I'm going to take a run over the last of the week!"

I smiled wickedly as I looked at Gerald's handsome, ardent face and athletic figure. And I knew that the bachelor's day was over, in spite of his multitude of roses, his money, and his five days' start.

After the excitement had died down, we eyed each other sheepishly, and thought the same things about ourselves. They were not complimentary things, you may be sure!

"Gerald," I asked, in a feeble attempt to defend our intelligence, "how under the sun is any one to know when a liar is not a liar?"

But Gerald frowned and shook his head; he did not like my plain and vulgar speech at that moment.

"Sh! She's Leila's mother!" he said.

THE SUMMER MORN.

A blush of pink melting in the blue,
With a lingering star just peeping through,
A glow of light where the robin sings,
The breath of the roses' blossomings,
The silvery webs on the meadow grass
With tiny dewdrops overcast,
The soft air stirred by the waking breeze
To a low sweet song through the leafy trees,
A trill of joy in our souls new born,
All tell of the beautiful summer morn.

—B. F. BROWN.

TRUTHFUL BILLIE

By GRACE LEE

THEY had ridden over the hills, around by town, then home. She had worn a riding-habit, which fit her slender form to perfection; while on her raven locks rested a broad, cowboy hat, the brim of which flopped gently in the wind. She had caught more than once his smile, as they glanced at each other.

This was not the first of those little rides. They had been many, so many that, in the delightful intimacy of them, she had begun to call him "Billie," and he to call her "Grace." After they had run a race on their ponies to see which would reach the house first, they would sit in the little parlor and talk of nothing or next to nothing for a time, then of things of deeper moment, then of himself and of her.

"I am fond of you," he said at length. "I love to be with you. Not for years have I felt such happiness as the being with you, Grace."

She took a mountain-rose from the bunch at her waist, and, leaning forward, fastened it in the buttonhole of his coat. He imprisoned her fingers there.

"I am very fond of you," he said again.

The repetition of the phrase struck her coldly. She looked at him askance, wishing he had said instead: "I love you."

He read her wish.

"You are wondering," he told her, "why I did not say instead I love you."

"Yes," she assented with half a sigh; "that is what I was wondering."

"I did not," he asserted, "because I do not."

She drew her fingers away from his and shrank apart from him. He had not moved; but it was as if he had thrust her from him with a relentless arm, strong and firm.

Turning the delicate line of her profile to him, she awaited his explanation. He took up a book, and, with restless fingers, passed the leaves rustlingly back and forth.

"I care for you," he reiterated. "I am fond of you; but I have only half a heart to give any woman. If you will take half a heart, you are welcome to it; but that is all I have to give you, Grace."

The lingering cadence with which he spoke her name turned Grace's face once more to him. It caught at her heart-strings. She wished she was a child again that she might cry out her grief at this strange, sad news that he did not love her, that he had never loved her.

"Tell me about it," she said, when she could trust her voice to speak.

The lines encircling his mouth grew harder, his lips more firm.

"There is nothing to tell," he averred. "It is just the simple story of a man who loved a woman so well, so dearly, so deeply, that she must forever remain in his heart supreme, the only one—"

"And she?"

With a laugh he shrugged his shoulders.

"She does not know, and, if she did," he shut his teeth, "she would not care."

"And you give a whole heart to a woman who does not care," Grace burst out passionately, "and only half a heart to one—"

"To one," he finished, "who does, Grace?"

"Don't," she implored, "you call my name as if you love me— Yes. Say then, if you will, to one who does."

He placed the book on the table and rustled its leaves from there.

"Whether she cares or not," he affirmed, "the heart has been given. It cannot be recalled. It is hers."

And he repeated: "It is hers."

Grace shivered.

"It is as if she sat between us now," she breathed, "a wraith, a myth. But she chills me to the bone."

He took her hand, "Come to me," he petitioned, "and I will warm you."

"With friendliness, but not with love."

"With more than friendliness, but not *with* love."

Again Grace drew away her hand, and stood. She commenced slowly to pace up and down before him, the rose in her waist. Its light and the gray of her gown heightening the pallor of her wistful face.

"But not with love," she echoed. "As she sits between us tonight, so would she sit forever, till the end of time, separating us. Looking into your eyes, I should see the reflection, not of myself, but of her. Across the table from you, I should feel you wishing it were she sitting there is in the place I occupied. I could not endure it. I could not!"

"Come, sit down, Grace, and we will talk it calmly over together. Don't walk about so, like some animal caged. Don't wring your hands. There is nothing in this old world of ours worth such grief."

"I must walk," she said, growing quieter; "but I will try not to ring my hands if that worries you. I never meant to. But you see I must get used to the thought. I believed you loved me."

"I never said so."

"But often you looked it."

"You were mistaken, Grace. It was fondness only. I shall care for you always. Will you accept that?"

She stopped and stood before him, very short, very chubby, very young and white; so white that it was pitiful to see her.

"Suppose," she began "that after I became your wife, I should say to you, 'Do you love me, Billie?' because I should want to hear you tell me you love me. All women want to hear that. And you should say, 'No, Grace, I am fond of you, but I do not love you.' "

"Well, and then?"

She took to walking again, swiftly now, as if she fled from something of which she was afraid.

"It would kill me," she cried.

"Listen. Would you rather I had said to you, 'I love you,' telling you an untruth, all the time loving her?"

"Something of which I was ignorant could hardly have affected me. And yet, I would rather you had not told me a lie—And yet—I wish I had never found out the truth!"

She stood suddenly still.

"Why," she stormed, frowning, "should you have made me believe you loved me? Why should you have made me care? Why couldn't you have left me alone? Never knowing what your love could be like, never guessing, how could the having it or the not having it hurt me?"

He said nothing.

She came very humbly then, and, sinking on a cushion, laid her head close to his knee.

"Forgive me," she begged, "I have to thank you for the happiness of believing it for a little while at least."

He put his hand on her head.

"Grace," he reasoned, "are there many women who have a man's whole heart? I am speaking now, not of boys, but of men. At the age of thirty, are there many men who have not had at some time or other some love experience, some old thoughts they fall to dreaming over, some old fancy to which they cling? If I tell you candidly that I cannot love you, but if I promise you affection, does not that count?"

"If I were your wife," she sobbed, "I should see her face between yours and mine. When I said good-bye at the door, her head would be on your shoulder and not my head. And I should wish to be not myself, but that memory of her that you love. I should hate myself because, try as I would, I could not eat her memory out of your heart and put mine there in its warm place."

"You are bitter, Grace."

"Not bitter, but just a little broken-hearted. Let me be still a little and

think."

He stroked her hair with gentle fingers. They sat thus a long time silently; then taking out his watch and looking at it, he said: "I must go now, Grace, and will you tell me before I go tonight, or will you take till tomorrow to think it over and tell me then?"

She struggled to her feet. Putting back her hair, she stared at him strangely.

"I will tell you tonight."

He stood waiting.

"Well?" he questioned.

Throwing out her arms, she brought her hands together, slasping her fingers convulsively the one within the other.

"I will have a whole heart," she declared, "or none!"

"And this is your answer? Think, Grace. It is for good and all. This is your answer?"

"And this is my answer."

Still as if turned to stone, she saw him go into the hall. She saw him take his hat from the rack and put it on. She saw him face her for the last time, open the door, and shut it.

White and cold as the marble of the statue there, she gazed into the empty hall for hours it seemed to her, for minutes only; then rushing to the door, she threw it open.

"Billie," she called into the darkness. "Billie!"

THE HORSEMEN OF THE SEA

Out of the far depths forming,
With rein hard gripped in hand,
Stirrup to stirrup storming
They charge the serried land
Squadron by squadron riding
In lines a league of length,
Where is the foe in biding
To match their sullen strength?

Swifter and swifter faring,
With knee now touching knee,
Green is their front, on-bearing
Old Ocean's livery.
Eager they hurry, hurry—
They lean to reach and smite—
Mark! How with sudden flurry
Toss high their plumes of white!

List! In a crash like thunder
They launch, with lance laid low;
Beating the shore squares under,
Shouldering, blow on blow.
Backward they drift, now battered
By sand and granite targe;
Welding their ranks, sore shattered,
To make another charge.

Edwin L. Sabin.



SOME OLD WHITE DOORWAYS

By SARAH B. LAWRENCE

Many famous men and women of the past have walked in and out of the quaint houses on Beacon Hill.

The fluted columns on several of the entrances are made picturesque in summer, when the wistaria is in bloom, and is particularly effective on the houses where there are violet-colored glass window panes.

The Beacon Street glass came from Germany in the early part of the 18th century, and after a few years' exposure to the sunlight the violet color was produced by a chemical change caused by an excess of oxide of manganese in the composition of the glass.



DR. NICHOLS
55 Mt. Vernon St.

For many years Charles Francis Adams, minister to England during the Civil War, resided at 57 Mt. Vernon street (left door). The doorway at 59, on the same street, has a melancholy interest to literary people, for it was from this home that the gentle spirit of Thomas Bailey Aldrich was borne away a few years ago. He was one of the last of America's ninteenth century literateurs, famed alike for his verse and his prose.

In these days of peace in our land, it is difficult to imagine Boston Common as a fortified camp, occupied by the British Army in 1775-76. From the Common marched the British column that met defeat at Concord and Lexington in 1775. Intrenchents were erected on the large hill and occupied by the artillery. A battery was located on Fox Hill (now removed) which was located between Charles Street and the pond in the Public Garden. At Boylston Street, opposite Carver Street, a strong battery was erected, and fully seventeen hundred troops were quartered on the Common.

After the seige of Boston, the army under Washington were encamped here, and on the arrival of Rochambeau's army they also made the Common their camp ground. The early musters of the train bands or militia, Fourth of July celebrations, the great celebration of the introduction of water into Boston, and innumerable parades of the militia and fire department have been held here. The great parade of militia reviewed by the Prince of Wales, the assembling of the volunteer regiments that marched to battle for the Union 1861-65, and their return, are historic associations connected with the Common.

On the Common many soldiers of the Revolution are buried in tombs and graves. Tomb No. 61 contains the remains of the celebrated portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart.

The claim is made that the land which is now Boston Common was once a pasture where Major Paddock kept his cows.

The far-seeing old gentleman in a public spirited manner presented the land to Boston for a public park, but to the gift conditions were attached. In the deed it was provided that if the "Town of Boston" should perchance allow the land, or any part of it, to be used for any other purpose than a "public mall" then the property should revert to his heirs.

On April 9th, 1644, a gallows was erected and Quakers, Indians, prisoners of war, those convicted of witchcraft and arson and for robbery were executed here as late as 1797.

What would a hostess of the present day think, if after extending an invitation to a foreign admiral to come and breakfast with her and bring thirty of his officers, he should send back a message, asking if he might be permitted the pleasure of bringing all his officers including the midshipmen, making three hundred in all?

Those were not the days when the sound of the milkman was heard going up the back stairs, or coming down from the roof at three o'clock A. M., for apartment houses were not fashionable. It was found that milk sufficient for the demand could not be obtained even from

the whole vicinity of the town. Governor Hancock's style of living was not surpassed by that of any other family in Boston.

His coach, with brilliant plate-glass and handsome ornaments, was drawn by four hourses, while other fine horses were attached to the service of the family. He had thirteen house servants and on his travels he was accompanied by two outriders, a postilion, coachman and a footman, all in livery. The story of Madame Dorothy Quincy Hancock's dilemma, and how she procured milk enough for her eleven o'clock breakfast by sending the life-guards and servants out with pitchers, mugs and bowls to milk all the cows on the Common, is familiar to all. At the time set for breakfast the French officers were seen entering the farthest end of the Common in front of the governor's



Endicott House
32 Beacon St.

house, dressed in full uniform. The admiral returned the compliment paid to him by giving a grand dinner on board his ship to the governor and his wife.

The well known minister and essayist Dr. Cyrus M. Bartol resided at 17 Chestnut Street, while near by is the quaint doorway in the home of the late Edwin Booth, America's greatest actor.

No. 55 Beacon Street is little changed from the days when the historian W. H. Prescott lived there.

Dr. T. W. Parsons' old-time house stands near by where he studied and wrote of Dante, in which he was second only to Lowell and Longfellow. The famous historian, Francis Parkman, lived for twenty-nine years at No. 50 Chestnut Street, where he produced his score of great volumes.

Wendell Phillips, Boston's greatest orator, was born in the house on the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets.

At 43 Chestnut Street, R. H. Dana, the poet, lived. His son was the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," "The Ideal Man," etc., and assisted in conducting "The North American Re-



Charles Francis Adams
57 Mt. Vernon St.



LOOKING DOWN MT. VERNON ST. TO THE CHARLES RIVER

view."

One of the plainest doorways on Beacon Hill was at No. 1 Park Street. It was the sole survivor of its kind for more than half a century in the home of Mr. Thomas Wigglesworth, an esteemed citizen of Boston, Harvard '33. Not long after the death of its owner and occupant a few years ago, at the age of ninety-three, the old house was taken down and a new structure has taken its place, so that the name T. Wigglesworth is no longer an object of interest to the lovers of old Boston, the once aristocratic street having been given over entirely to business.

The unostentatious doorway at 241 was the home of Boston's best loved and most illustrious woman of letters.

To a thinking mind the question suggests itself, wherein laid the cause of the intensely unequalled veneration, one may say adoration, and nearly world-wide homage for the name of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe? The strength and power of this remarkable woman laid in the moral element, the highest type of all true greatness. Sincerity, faithfulness, and truthfulness in the building up of character, was the ground work of all her teachings.

Louisburg Square is rich in historical



MRS HARRISON GREY OTIS, "QUEEN OF THE ARMY AND NAVY"

doorways, for there Louisa M. Alcott had her last home in this city, and later W. T. Howells, when he was editor of the Atlantic Monthly, and G. S. Hilliard, who edited Spencer, lived at that place. A few steps from the Square, at No. 4, E. P. Whipple, the essayist and one of the founders of the Mercantile Library resided.

W. E. Channing, the great preacher, who said "war is the consummation of all human crimes" also lived in that vicinity.

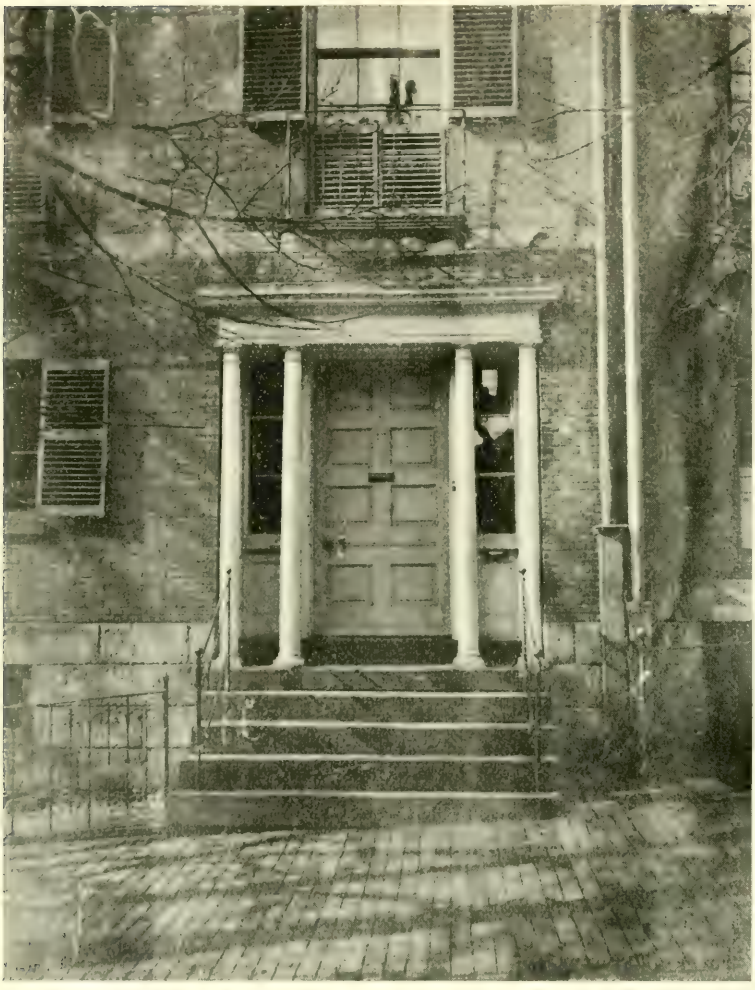
At 14 Chestnut Street Rufus Choate, the distinguished lawyer, passed in and out of the old doorway. His daughter, Mrs. Edward Ellerton Pratt, and her sister Mrs. Bell were prominent in Boston's most cultivated and intellectual circles, and were attendants at Kings Chapel.

A gifted daughter of Mrs. Pratt and a brilliant writer lives in France, one of her most discussed novels being "A Transatlantic Chatelaine," dealing with international marriages.

The doorway at No. 164 Beacon street is closely associated with Dr. Holmes for it was in this house that he lived from 1859 to 1871 and it was there that he wrote "The Autocrat."

At the time of his death he occupied the house at 296, with an ivy-covered doorway.

The doorway of 148 Beacon Street in the home of Mrs. J. T. Fields, com-



DR. CYRUS M. BARTOL 17 Chestnut Street

mands a fine view of the Charles River, and is closely associated with the late gifted writer Sarah Orne Jewett, who was a frequent guest in this home during the winter months. The house is filled with reminders of literary Boston.

A massive doorway at the corner of Joy and Mt. Vernon Streets marks the home of Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, the third Mayor of Boston, who died in this old mansion at the age of eighty-eight. His eldest son, named for his father, was the husband of Mrs. Otis, the "queen of the Army and Navy."

This queen of Boston society was the daughter of William H. Boardman, who was engaged in the Northwest Coast, China and India trade. Left a widow at an early age, Mrs. Otis took her young sons to Europe, remaining abroad seven years. She was presented at several courts and was received with marked favor among literary and aristocratic circles. After her return to Boston, she gave all the time she could spare from domestic and educational duties to charitable and philanthropic work. She rendered great aid to "The Sailor's Snug Harbor," "The Blind Asylum," and to the enterprise of purchasing Mount Vernon and secured the purchase of Washington's tomb.

It was due to Mrs. Otis that the birthday of Washington was made a legal



DOROTHY QUINCY HANCOCK

holiday in Massachusetts. Her home was the well-known resort of all the distinguished strangers who visited Boston, some of them being commended by sovereigns of the old world. Her command of wealth, her literary accomplishments, her sprightly humor and her attainments as a linguist, with a personal magnetism irresistibly charming, gave her an influence in the society of that period much like that of Mrs. Isabella Stuart Gardner, whose fame as a liberal patron of the arts has extended to all the famous centres of European countries.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion, Mrs. Otis gave up all social honors and devoted her whole time and her means to the Northern cause with an entire disregard of self. She won a place in the grateful remembrance of the whole country, her kind ministrations extending to the humblest of her Southern countrymen. It is said that she divided tens of thousands of her own fortune among the soldiers and their families.



W. H. Prescott
55 Beacon St.

One of the most unique doorways on Beacon Street is at 45, the home of Mrs. William Austin Wadsworth. This is one of the few houses, with a private stable and a paved courtyard in the rear. The passer-by only catches a glimpse of these curious old yards and gardens when a gate in the high wall surrounding them happens to be left open. In contrast to the severely plain doorway in the Wadsworth house, is one next door, with Corinthian pillars and the heavy tendril of a vine clinging to the upper part of the entrance.

A melancholy instance of vandalism, which will ever be a regret to Boston, was the demolishing of the Hancock mansion on Beacon Street. The doorway of this house stood out in all its artistic grace and beauty, as if extending the good cheer and hospitality of the house itself. A scene of pastoral beauty was spread out in front of the house when the Common was used for pasturing cows. It was here that they grazed and browsed about in the underbrush, lay down in the wallows to chew their cuds, and drank from the brooks and springs.

The doorway in the old Appleton house, 40 Beacon Street, has side lights and an upper window of great beauty. In this house are some fine examples of the violet-paned window glass.

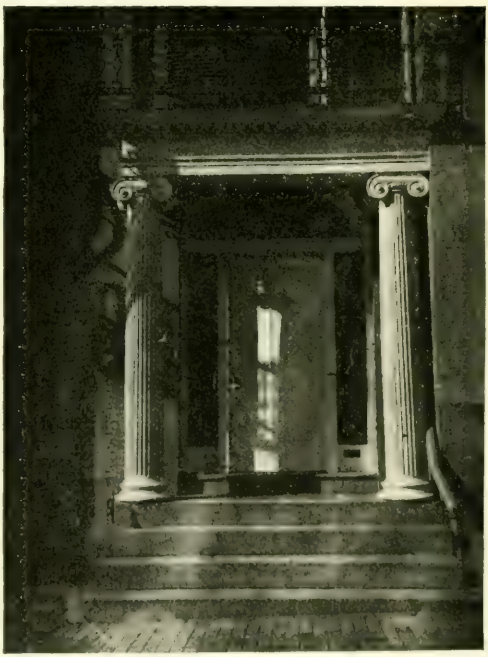
A handsome old knocker may be seen on the door at 51, the home of the historic Cabot family.

At the home of Mr. Arthur S. Lyman 39 Beacon Street, the side lights in the doorway reflect the beauty of the trees on the opposite side.

The doorway in the Endicott house at 32 Beacon Street is somewhat different from its neighbor in its elegant simplicity while the reflection of the trees opposite may be seen in the lower window.

At 55 Mt. Vernon Street the doorway in the home of Dr. Nichols is nearly concealed by an elaborate portico with ornate side lights the only one of its kind on the street.

The original doorway overlooking Park Street and the Common in the old Ticknor mansion on the corner of Beacon and Park Streets, may still be seen,



Arthur L. Lyman
39 Beacon St.

although the dingy brick edifice is now a business house. The doorways are approached by flights of spiral steps. Mr. George Ticknor's name has been brought into prominence in recent years by the publishing of his "Life, Letters and Journals."

By the terms of Mr. Ticknor's will, his famous Spanish collection of books is now in the Boston Public Library.

Among the portraits of great authors hanging on the walls of the Ticknor library was one of Sir Walter Scott by Leslie; so fine that Sir Walter's daughter disliked to have it come to this country, as she considered it the best likeness of her distinguished father that had ever been painted.

The doorway at 70 Beacon Street on the lower corner of Brimmer Street has interesting associations for it was in the married home of Emily Marshall Otis, Boston's most beautiful woman. Her wonderful beauty was more widely known than that of any other American woman, a daughter of Josiah Marshall, a merchant of Boston, who resided on Franklin Street. She married in 1831 Mr. William Grey Otis, a lawyer and a son of Mr. Harrison Grey Otis. She died in 1836, aged twenty-nine, leaving three children. Her husband survived her only a few years. A daughter, Mrs. Emily Marshall Otis Eliot, the widow of Samuel Eliot, died at 44 Brimmer Street a few years ago, aged 74 years.

TOO MUCH DEMOCRACY

By ETHEL SYFORD

SOME months ago three men of the class of 1885 of Amherst submitted to the trustees of that college a plan for its future educational policy. The three men were Messrs. E. Parmelee Prentice, Ellsworth G. Lancaster and William G. Thayer. Their report is at once the most practical and far reaching piece of wisdom which has come forth during more than a decade from the world of American educational happenings.

The practical cause of this signal project was a recognition of the superdominance throughout the country of the scientific, the practical, the vocational ideal which has, for some years, utterly consumed the efforts of all American institutions for the pursuit of academic learning. These men realized that Amherst has the choice of continuing to compete with the progressive State University and large privately endowed universities in offering elective opportunity to prepare for a professional or commercial career, or to cut looser from the vagaries of such curriculums and to adopt the occupation of educational territory in which they shall immediately achieve distinct proprietorship and by the exploitation of which they shall champion a broader and more liberal culture than is resultant from the riotous "specialization" of the modern American educational instutition. Consequently they recommended Amherst's taking an open and decided stand for a modified return to the classical ideal in education. The President and Trustees of the College announced, at the last commencement, their decision to adopt the report of the class of 1885 and to shift the focus of collegiate work from science to the classics.

"Four years of Latin will be required of all on entrance and in college two years of ancient languages. A reading knowledge at sight of German and a Romance tongue will be required in future before graduation, save where Greek is taken, and then only one of them. A third of the course is required and two-thirds will be elective; but on the group system. It is deemed desirable to maintain the number in college at about five hundred and recitation classes will be small, in five courses out of six, under thirty. Outside activities in college, dramatics, music, literary publications, intercollegiate debates and orator-

ical contests are held of great cultural value and will be regulated so as to interest every student in them and prevent any from overdoing, with rigorous requirements for scholarship. The minimum for graduation has been raised from sixty-five to seventy. In athletics the entire college is to be drawn in instead of a few and three hundred out of five hundred students are already on competitive teams. In ten years four hundred thousand dollars has been raised to advance professors' salaries and four hundred thousand more is now to be added to the endowment of the college for the purpose of adding to these salaries through gifts announced at the Commencement today. Teaching rather than research will be sought. To encourage the study of Greek the college proposes to have in residence each year, for part of a semester, a Greek scholar of the first rank, who will deliver a course of lectures and will, in addition, carry on a special work in teaching. The first incumbent under this plan will be Gilbert Murray, regius professor of Greek in Oxford University, who will visit the college next spring."

As has been said, practically speaking, this doctrine is remedial, because it is a withdrawal from the middle ranks of a half worn out fight into the vanguard of a new and in many ways, worthier one. Furthermore it is a sagacious doctrine because it foresees a probable reaction from the aforesaid vagaries which prevail in present educational life and elects the opportunity to lead that reaction. It elects the opportunity to figure forcibly in American life by offering to young men an education whose function and advantage it is to make for a broader and a higher type of individual and a more competent and fruitful citizenship rather than an education which is at most an economic commodity.

It is to be hoped that this decision to abandon the strictly scientific part of collegiate training and to stand for a liberal classical education is to some extent initiatory of a reaction in educational affairs. At any rate, if we are to have any *great* men who are worthy of the name instead of the present moment monstrosities written up by that name, if we are to have any statesmen, any real leaders of public thought, they will be men who have been equipped with the sort of training which Amherst is going to offer and they will not be followers of the vocational and economic ideal. This does not mean the elimination of the sciences but rather the requirement of such a knowledge of science as is a part of a liberal education. It means the encouragement of scientists who have somewhere in their background a general classical training. It means scholars and men of affairs who have somewhere in their background general scientific and general classical training. This means the encouragement of individuals of breadth of equipment and the largess of this is power. Amherst is right in thinking that attention to the cultivation of the "humanities" will "stimulate spiritual responsibility for the service of humanity." In neglecting this fact the colleges of the country have become the *reflection* of American life. This is not the true function of a college. College education should not reflect the movements of social activity. Rather, if the movements of social activity, that is to say, national life, is to be righteously powerful the colleges must, to a great extent, *dominate* and control the movements of social beings. In other words, the college should be a formative process of the spirit which a nation elects to represent.

As things are now and for some years have been, the God of Greed and Physical Welfare stands with one foot on the Atlantic and one foot on the Pacific. He drops a large bone in the Middle West. At the top of his voice he yells "Go for it." Colleges, ministers of the gospel, and *woman in the home*, have all obeyed the command. (That this is true concerning the last named ally to the awful edict is an awful fact. It has brought forth an economic need, a creature in distress because she has lost her righteous identification as a subtle influence. Her wail is the cry of the Suffragette.) Yes, they have all obeyed the command. Colleges hurried

to lock up their powerful Greek literature, the logical general training of mathematics and philosophy as requirements for general education. Instead they actually advertise through trains, express freights, the twentieth century limiteds, which shoot through college and are guaranteed to land a man head first and right into the midst of the various vocational fights. Consequently hordes of young men have rushed into these educational subways and emerge all out of breath into the daylight of a half-baked but money-earning American mediocre-ism. Consequently the greatest colleges in the country turn out hordes of lawyers every year who scramble through life trying to eke out an existence writing insurance, probating wills and collecting "chicken-feed" sums. And, though we have some clever and shrewd lawyers we have scarcely enough to make a quartet of great lawyers who are great men, who are great in scholarly and broad culture and in character. Chief Justice Fuller is dead.

We manufacture hordes of architects and they are working night and day covering the ground with sleight-of-hand construction of sea-side bungalows, portable cottages, garages, apartment houses and sky-scrapers,—catafalques of culture and civilization. And, in all this motley array, we have hardly a single building that is a great construction in every detail and significant of a master builder the movements of whose hands have moulded for definite vital power and artistic culture.

We have hordes of politicians who sputter and fume and scheme and not one thoroughly great statesman who is characterized by nobility of character, unfailing sanity and high seriousness of thought and culture and who is utterly devoid of selfish motive in his urgings.

We realize that there is about ninety per cent of these members of society who are seeking just what American educational life is giving them and what they get from it comes quite near to being all that the average individual can assimilate and approximates the most that he can represent. However, there always has been and always will be a per cent, perhaps no more than ten per cent, who will be and are capable of doing considerable thinking for the rest.

There is enough natural momentum in the natural current of humanity, provided it were not dammed and channelled up, to empty off every year from every vocational stream, a small percent of individuals who represent the maximum achievement for each vocation. If they do not represent that maximum achievement they represent the potentiality for it. The present indication is that in this respect we have not allowed this natural momentum to swing itself into shape but we have forced it to follow the line of least resistance.

There is something wrong with educational schemes in general as soon as it becomes evident that its result is promiscuous growth and that each vocation is minus its flower—the maximum attainment of the small per cent of exceptional individuals who should stand outside the pickets which mark his particular vocation as a pecuniary trade. The sum total of these men would form the flower of American society and be a vital force in dominating its thought and their influence would be the seed for a real American culture, for national power and for that minus quantity, genuine artistic energy.

At the Convention of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in 1909, Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, a prominent engineer, made a definite declaration for the classics as a desirable adjunct in enginering education. He said that "education is not the mere learning of a trade or profession; it is the development of the intellect and the broadening of the mind afforded by a general knowledge of all the subjects of interest to the human race. The educational preparation required to cope with current problems is practically the same in all walks of life; the general education of mind and intellect required by the engineer, or the lawyer, or the physician is essentially the same. During the last two generations the study of Latin and Greek languages and their literature as a foundation of education has been more and more relegated to the back-

ground." Dr. Steinmetz asserted that the study of the classics is not only important and valuable in itself but that it is even more important and valuable in the education of the engineer than in most other professions, because the vocation of an engineer is especially liable to make him one-sided. "By dealing exclusively with empirical science and its applications, the engineer is led to forget, or never to realize, that there are other branches of human thought besides empirical science, and equally important as factors of a broad, general education and intellectual development"

These opinions from an engineer of Dr. Steinmetz's eminence are as significant and valuable as they are refreshing There ought to be a decided per cent of the representatives of every vocation who would staunchly make a plea for this same thing. They would form a little company who would be a living proof of the fact that, whatever a man's vocation may be, if he has in mind the greatest development of himself as an unshackled thinker and a force for good instead of mere vocational efficiency, his general training and resultant achievement as an individual is not so very different from the same type of a representative of other vocations.

An architect whose work is motivated by great thoughts and sincerity and power, a great lawyer who is a force for justice, a poet who is a force for good, an engineer who projects his life with a keen and telling achievement as he projects colossal constructions,—all these ought to be forces whose cultural background and whose interpretation of life are to some extent homogeneous. It ought to be in this select company that the various professions meet in a common point.

These three wise men of the class of 1885 of Amherst were careful to expressly disclaim any criticism whatever of the vast development of schools and universities on technical and practical lines. On the contrary while insisting that that sort of education by no means meets the higher needs of the world, they especially realize that the technical and trade education have been what the greatest number have urged as a public necessity.

We dump off at Ellis Island every year too many thousands of the ill-used greed and offscourings of too many civilizations to deny the crying need for schools that are practical, that teach trades,—money-making trades to money-greedy offsprings of types that are five hundred years behind in the making. Our population is too thoroughly mixed with men and women and children whose first and greatest need is to be taught the value of fresh air and cleanliness and healthy food and to somehow or other keep their heads out of water in this stampede struggle for existence and it will be some time before we get as far as table manners with them.

This great and grand and glorious nation of ours is pretty thoroughly peppered with the sons and daughters of folk whose total assets were done up in a bandana handkerchief not so many years ago, and the greater number of them are folk who cannot speak or write correctly in *any* language. It is not significant to say that a man lands here who cannot speak English. It is significant, however, that he is illiterate in terms of the nation that he represents and that means that he is certainly as much of a national liability here as he was where he came from.

You may answer that some of our greatest men came from such, but mark you well before you say it. An oil king or steel king or iron king, because he is commercially successful, does not at all imply greatness. His wealth may figure considerably in controlling economic movements but it is a rare case that he himself as a force for culture breathes out one whiff of influence, present or future. A man is not at all a civilizing influence, nor is he helping one single bit toward the creation of a real American art merely because he has money enough to buy and transplant to our ground the past handicraft of long dead bones. The man whose whole background for hundreds of years is minus any association with refinement, whose only natural instinct is a response

to the law of self-preservation, may be *as good* as anybody, and he has a considerable chance for becoming a successful American money-getter but I maintain that the chances are few for him or his children becoming to any extent at all, a national civilizing influence. Civilizing influence and national culture and accordingly our national rating will come from those among us whose background long ago departed from attention to mere existence into a concern over the spiritualizing and refining of the realer man and to whom some degree of this concern has been transmitted as an instinct which is a reflex action. And it behooves us to look a little more attentively to this quality of citizen.

There is no aristocracy of condition but there is a very real aristocracy of the mind and of the quality of its processes. I bow down before this aristocracy and I make plea for more provision for it. Otherwise we shall stoop down to attend to the lowest among us so incessantly that we shall become hunchbacked over the matter. It is just as much of a sin to neglect to continue and to raise the ideals of the highest as to neglect the lowest.

As a nation we are somewhat guilty in this matter, at least as far as education is concerned. And all of this is not to denounce American civilization. It is to recognize one of the important and the largest of its hetrogeneous elements. It is to recognize that every year almost every school is partially filled with those whose first requisite and all-consuming desire is that they be instructed how to make a living. All of these truths of distorted democracy are vitally connected with the matter-of-fact, cold, uninspiring external education which is the sort that we quite generally have come to represent. This is why Lowell said we were the most public-schooled and least educated country in the world.

When we deplore the fact that American art and culture are at low ebb, or rather that there is almost none of it, very superior individuals mouth back at us the trite excuse that commercialism is the dominant spirit of the age in every country. That can be granted but it needs to be accompanied with the assertion that the spirit of it is not only a dominant one in America but rampant, and we need to look farther than the thing itself to account for it. It is true that the rise of the uneducated classes has been a general and a world movement. Individualism has retarded culture to a certain extent everywhere, but in spite of it other nations, educationally and socially, have saved more of a place, for a cultural margin, more of a place for the man with the genuine instincts and desire for education and culture more of a chance, a formative chance for highest as well as the most elemental type of citizen.

The rise, educationally, of the lower and middle classes in France has not been allowed to destroy the Acadamie Francaise nor the spirit of their Legion of Honor. The same stir in England has not destroyed the Oxford spirit, and Oxford will be a long time settling the "classic controversy" in any other way than the one she has chosen thus far. Of course you may say that we never possessed these institutions nor their like. Nevertheless there were the seeds in "Old New York" and "Old Boston" and "Old Cambridge" for a very real and very worthy and very vital American culture. It was a flowering garden which we have allowed to wither, so that we could busy ourselves with the "greens" and the cabbages. Beacon Street and Fifth Avenue were much shorter then than they are now, but there was more real intellectual and artistic and social culture in their little length than there is today in the whole of these United States. There are enough Bostonians and New Yorkers who must realize with chagrin and even sadness that the society in their fathers' houses twenty-five years ago was that of an enthusiastic, spontaneous culture that is almost unknown to us now Yes, we have accomplished some destruction of valuables as well as a riotous construction with our Revolution and our Civil War and our constant cry for Democracy. We have "yelled" at the top

of our voices for "Freedom" so long that most of us no longer have a sane knowledge of what it means and we think it is a plea for lawlessness and the right to do whatever we please. It is a grave condition. We need to have some sanity about it. Nobody wants anybody to have the right to do anything that he himself can not do. We have gone insane over "Rights," whether they are best for us or not. Nobody is willing to submit to the authority of anybody. The spirit of example and of guidance and wisdom has been stared out of countenance. The very manner of our organic inception demonstrates the fact that until an individual attains to the conditions of and the ability for judicious thinking it is best that he be guided. But we have eliminated the guiding spirit, as to thought. We have no upper strata. Because we have established ourselves as a Society for First Aid to the Injured we have intellectually starved the element who had strength and vitality. We have leveled things to the ground. We have become a hospital where the intellectually bow-legged and knock-kneed have been proclaimed as "having the right" to the same success and the same rating as the intellectually well and strong who could run great lengths for us, as an asset for power and culture. Accordingly, so that these cripples *could* compete, we elected to represent a form of success to which they could attain. That form,—the only form possible for them—was Commercialism. The extent to which we have catered to these cripples has been the national mistake. They may be "as good" as anybody but they are not as capable as the higher individuals who, though fewer in numbers, could have represented with their better background of intellectuality our prowess of strength. Yes, we have gone to seed with our cry for democracy and "the people," the common, common, yes, thoroughly common people. For years now they have slapped college legislation on the back and said "Look here, we want you to teach us how to get rich, and do it quick." To civic legislation they have said, "Keep out of our way now so we can have a chance to watch this work." To religion they have said, "Prove it! We have no time for spirituality. Give it a dollar and cents value or we don't want it." And ministers have almost ceased to plead for spirituality for its own sake. The result is that these commoners have become dictators. They have shrunk our educational fabric so it will wear well. We are swarming with public schools that ought to be named emergency offices. That is why politics are "rotten." That is why we have cults instead of religion. That is why we have "society" that is so crude that the best of it is comical. We have helped these ignoramuses to make fools of themselves. We have talked "Equality before the law" for some time. It would be well now to have a little law. These "common people" or at least nine-tenths of them, are not as capable as the small residue which ought to represent our intellectual margin. We should not mistreat them. We should not disregard them. We should not snub them. We also should not listen so attentively to them. Theirs cannot be the voice of wisdom for generations to come. They are still in the throes of self-preservation and we should refuse to be dominated by them. At the rate at which we are going we will soon find ourselves about to erect a signboard on the edge of a precipice which will read, "We dare to defy God, Man and the Devil," and it will not mean strength or power but self-destruction.

The American nation has paid a commission for the privilege of intimate association with commoners and the commonplace and for the privilege of running an emergency hospital for them, long enough. As is usual with us, we have played to the grandstands and galleries. More attention to and the consequent survival of the fittest may be a cruel doctrine but annihilation and neglect of the fittest is just as cruel and more significant. We have neglected the production of our most valuable asset,—the higher type of citizen whose background would have been conducive to the maintaining of a real American

culture. He has deteriorated, warped and almost vanished for want of an atmosphere that could develop him. The phrase "a man of power" has come to mean a man *in* power. We have men in power without any education and some few with education but men *of* power and scholarly culture *in* power are almost an extinct species.

It is not only true that we have laid away Charles Eliot Norton, Chief Justice Fuller, George William Curtis, Julia Ward Howe and Col. Henry L. Higginson, we have laid away the spirit, the kind of education that fostered them, that made them possible. We have allowed it to become extinct and that is an even sadder fact. These people, and more of their time, were a select company in whose presence the mention or thought of material wealth was a sacrilege. No one, whoever he was, could come in contact with them without feeling instinctively that he was in the presence of a man who had come somewhere near to making the most, the beautiful most, of the natural forces that God had given him. Out of the atmosphere of their presence there breathed refinement and culture and morality and wisdom and grace and a something that means the glory and the power of God forever and forever. And I feel sure that scholarly culture was in no wise a small ingredient of such attainment. We need to revive an interest in contact with the classics in the spirit of the classics. We need to become ashamed of the fact that almost none of the men who are powerful today are men of power or example.

We ought to suppress the printing of the account of some "great man," of his landing here with a pack on his back and now he owns so much of this or that or the other commodity of American wealth. We ought to suppress accounts of men who are "self-made" as to wealth and reprint the lives of some of the fine old gentlemen who were "self-made" in character and culture and wisdom and grace.

The retiring president of one of our large women's colleges said last year, as she decended from her throne, that she hoped to see domestic science and the gymnasium become important factors of college life. It was a shame that a woman in power should have neglected the opportunity to make a plea for something other than the practical emergency side of a girl's education—a plea for the grace and culture that is worthy of a gentlewoman. That is what a man who was retiring as president of a neighboring woman's college did make a plea for. The modern American woman needs saner and more thoughtful reasoning power and the example of noble sympathetic womanhood sorely. I believe that contact with Geometry will do more to develop the former and that Sophocles' "Antigone" and the Greek classics have more of an influence to shed over the latter than athletics and Domestic Science. If a girl has seriously enjoyed the ecstacy of some contact with the "humanities" she is quite likely to have brains enough to learn to cook and I am sure she has greater chances of becoming an influence for good. The fruits of human experience, as held up to the light by knowledge of ancient and mediaeval history have some place in the forming of noble womanhood. A girl who has listened attentively to these voices and who assimilates the joy of these intellectual experiences with a womanliness of character will have an infinitely firmer background for breathing the spirit of lovelier ideals and more worthy ideals into her children and her home. And this comes quite near to an achievement of Woman's Rights. Perhaps it is nearer to an achievement of what God gave her and which she has as her Rights. It is practical affairs and so-called practical education that has made her disregard God's rights and beg for man's.

Almost all of the femininities that one knows, who possess the grace of real feminine charm and culture, are old ladies approaching or past seventy who still read their Latin and Greek and Italian and French. I know few young ladies whose grace and homekeeping tendencies are as apparent and whose minds have associated in the select company of letters and culture to anything

like the same extent. Most of the young ladies one knows are either of the non-cultural type, the indifferent-to-letters type, or the bookworm culture feminine anomaly or feminine monstrosity type,—or the advocate-of-a-cause type. The noble, sweetly graced, full-souled, sanely thoughtful woman of broad and genuine culture is almost an extinct species. America is not likely to have a great woman poet until she pays more attention to encouraging this species.

We will have to make more of a place for "the Humanities" and make them more of an important factor of educational life before we shall have any real American art at all. That we have the "exceptional individual" who can and will live up to it, is evidenced by the pathetic attempts at writing poetry, the serious desire for an American opera. But we can't make them "ring true." Instead of the spirit of imitation we need the spirit of exalted ecstacy. Genuine imagination is not an American faculty. A classic background helps to train this. Mysticism cannot be imitated and it is not derived from scientific and modern language courses.

When American education lifts up and rises above her present subservience to convenience we will have done much toward raising the standard of American spiritual and artistic insight. We will be furnishing encouragement and equipment for the greater man, from whom, with its aid to beauty, will spring the flower of art. We realize their passing and we miss, one by one, their presence,—these fine polished righteous gentlemen and gentlewomen trained " in the humanities," and we will have no more American culture until we have more of them.

REMEMBRANCE

Night and day the lisping river
  Babbles to the garden walls,
And your voice is all its music
  And my name is what it calls.

Every flowing tide, its waters
  Bring your image close to me,
But the ebb-tide takes you outward
  To the chill dissevering sea.

O the mocking and the marvel!—
  If I rise and take the oar,
Rowing to the din of waters,
  Drifting from the craggy shore.

  All is woe and disillusion;
  Back again the phantom calls—
Backward to the lisping river
  Babbling at the garden walls.

Arthur L. Salmon.

THE GOTHIC QUEST*

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

UNDER this title the Boston architect, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, has gathered into one volume a number of papers and addresses dealing with the expression of the Christian spirit in architecture. This, Mr. Cram believes, was begun, and gloriously begun, in the art and architecture of Christian Europe from the years 600-1600, that is to say, in that artistic movement or "quest" for pure beauty generally mis-named Gothic.

The papers are frankly and refreshingly partisan with the partisanship of a pronounced and enthusiastically avowed conviction.

But it is to claim their central truth for a larger cause than that which Mr. Cram so chivalrously espouses, that we have undertaken this brief discussion of his argument. We are interested in his idealism, in his trenchant criticisms of irreligious religious architecture, and his insistence on the restoration of faith as a primal necessity in any effort at a resuscitation of true artistic feeling as a national possession. His assertion that an age of highly endowed art schools and art education more widespread than was ever known or dreamed of in any other age, has been impotent to awaken a true feeling for pure beauty among us, is absolutely in accordance with the facts. His diagnosis of the evil as arising from a dearth of faith is, we believe, unquestionable. No religion, no art, is an axiom. As a champion of this fundamental truth, Mr. Cram and his book are fighting for the most vital cause of our time.

How perfectly silly, how hopelessly unbridge-like in impression conveyed, are the hundreds of park bridges thrown by "landscape architects" over spaces that require no bridge! It is impossible to artistically bridge a place that does not need a bridge, and it is but little less ineffective to dig a hole for the sake of bridging it. In the same manner is it true that no architect can throw arches of devotional mystery over a religious faith that does not exist. You cannot enclose in aisles and naves and fretted ceilings the awe, the silence of the dwelling-place of God, where there is no God. To demand in the name of "art" of an unbelieving architect that he build for an unbeliveing congregation a temple whose columns and traceries shall inspire the spirit of worship is an absolutely impossible commission. All the dollars of Wall street cannot summon up such a law-contradicting miracle. And yet that, or its equivalent in other lines, is just what Wall street dollars and similar dollars are forever trying to do. The result is only the advertisement to the world of the shame of their own emptiness. We are attempting to revive the pageant as a means of popular education and enjoyment, and we are journalistically full of praise for the enterprise. But the actual results achieved thus far are hollow and vain, for the simple reason that we have omitted the element of religious faith without which no pageant can possess vitality.

Mr. Cram fights uncompromisingly this artistically impotent materialism that possesses us, and because he does this he is a true partisan of a cause much larger than that which he actually espouses. He may be claimed as the friend of a movement or a cause, to many phases of which he is avowedly hostile. And, contrary, his own special pleading may not

*The Gothic Quest by Ralph Adams Cram, Baker, Taylor and Co., N. Y. See also The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain, same author, Potts and Co., N. Y.

always be acceptable to those who will still hail his work with delight.

The thesis that runs through the various papers of Mr. Cram's book is that about the year 600 the Christian spirit, emancipated from barbarism on the one hand, and pagan civilization on the other, become joyously conscious of itself, of the lofty privileges of its faith and the possibilities of the life of a redeemed humanity. Under this joyous self-comprehension the soul expanded, gained visions of pure beauty and Christian art was born—an art as much greater than Greek art as its faith was nobler, its freedom larger, and its ethical ideals purer and more beautiful. As building was the great enterprise of the times, architecture and its allied arts, became the principal medium for the expression of this new spirit. And at this time, not by accident, for there are no accidents, was evolved in the Ile de France a method of construction by centred arches that became the vehicle for the expression of the new life. This principle of construction resulting in the pointed arch and its various concomitants, was worked out with a soundness and thoroughness and with a grasp of the elements of design that gave to the great architects of the time a mastery, not only over the materials in which they wrought, but over the spirits of men to whose aspirations and needs they had given the most absolute expression that the world had ever seen. Under the untiring care of the great monastic orders this new light swept over Europe and the British Isles and laid the sure foundations of a Christian civilization.

Then appears the Renaissance. At first as a revival of learning and a revulsion against certain evils, it served to quicken again the waning power of this Christian or "Gothic" movement and blossomed forth into the beautiful work of the early Italian Renaissance, the true informing spirit of which was the old Gothic and not the new Hellenism. But as this movement progressed its real nature as a return to paganism began to assert itself. Morals became corrupt, art died. All that has happened since is to Mr. Cram a nightmare of horrors. Our only salvation is a return to the point where the roads diverged, and a renewal of the "Gothic Quest" after pure beauty under the informing light of Christian faith and idealism. This will produce, not a mere imitation of the past, but a glorious revival of the artistic instinct, the feeling for pure beauty, and a product that will be the goal toward which the "Gothic Quest" was aiming when it was interrupted by the horrors of the Renaissance and the Reformation and the Materialism that has followed. To Mr. Cram, the Reformation was a mere handing over of the reins of authority to the uninformed classes, our present civilization has only the remnants of a Christian civilization and is headed for the rocks of anarchy and disaster. The way out is by the renewal of faith, of idealism and, in art, of "the Gothic Quest."

So I understand Mr. Cram's position, somewhat baldly stated. Undoubtedly he would soften and modify it much in detail, grant much to the achievements of the past few centuries and something, possibly, to the spirit of our own times. But the above, I take it, is his essential creed. Greek art was a perfected art, but the perfection of a simpler and less profound principle than that which domnated Christian art, which remains imperfect. Because of its perfection and its very simplicity, Greek art forms the best possible medium of education, of the training of students in the great elementary, immutable principles of proportion and design. But with its employment for the expression of our ideals we have nothing to do. It is essentially pagan, can never express Christian feeling, and the sooner we leave off our efforts after its adaptation and enter into our own inheritance the sooner will we restore the lost feeling for beauty among the people and build again a Christian civilization. It is a magnificent dream. As an apostle of idealism and faith and the restoration of a true and vital artistic instinct among the people, we can only hail Mr. Cram's utterance with delight. And so much larger is this main issue than any of its details that it seems ruthlessly obstructive of a great



RALPH ADAMS CRAM, BOSTON ARCHITECT AND ADVOCATE OF CHRISTIAN ART

reform to offer any counter argument or seek to weaken any of his positions. But let us reflect. Is any real reform possible along the lines indicated by Mr. Cram? Are his positions in all respects historically correct? Is he fair to the spirit of the Reformation? Does he perceive the best in the spirit of our times? Is it even remotely possible, if it were desirable, to bathe the race-consciousness in some great Leathean wave of forgetting that would wipe out of existence the past four centuries and begin the onward march of civilization again from the year 1600? To ask these questions is to answer them. In many respects the past century alone has accomplished more for the uplift of humanity than all the centuries which preceded it, nor is the vital spirit of our own times expressible in a development of perpendicular architecture and all that it symbolizes.

What Mr. Cram says about Greek art does not seem to me to be exactly true. Christianity is a vast conglomerate. The early Christian fathers borrowed enormously from Greek philosophy. It is a fair question if they did not take more



CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURGH, PITTSBURG, PA., DESIGNED BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

from that source than from the primal Palestinian spring of the teaching of the Twelve. I think it a fair issue for debate if Byzantine art is not more accurately designated as "Christian," in the historical sense, than that which we know as "Gothic." There is much of Greek thought in the very bone and marrow of Christian teaching. And it is difficult to see why the forms of Greek architecture should be stigmatized as "Pagan" or their influence any more paganizing than Gothic architecture. That their adaptations to modern use have been generally distressing is true enough. But have they been so *particularly* vicious? Have not sins as enormous been committed under the names of all the other styles of architecture, including the Gothic. I have in mind a number of "Gothic" buildings that it really would not be arson to burn down.

Similarly we might defend the rights of Romanesque architecture to a place in the grammar of expression. There is no reason, beyond that of imitation of the crude infancy of the style, or of a modern master or two, why Romanesque architecture should be forever coupled with Cyclopean masonry and looseness of design. There is no reason why modern engineering skill should not give to the



INTERIOR OF DETROIT CATHEDRAL, DESIGNED BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

style such a mastery over its own masses and their support as to eliminate this awkwardness. Construction by semicircular arches is so enormously practical that it appealed at once to the practical Romans as the best possible mode of construction for their gigantic works. It used Greek embellishment ignorantly and in the later Romanesque and Byzantine forms, is far better described as an undeveloped than a decadent style, whatever of national decadency may have accompanied its growth.

And it may be that our own Richardson seized upon the style with the sure instinct of genius, as the best medium for the expression of American institutional life. The growing use of concrete materials is certain to foster construction by round arches, and to force our architects to the various developments of Roman architecture for the fundamental ideas of the styles which they adopt in work of any architectural pretension.

The replacing of straight beams with round arches as a means of support does not necessarily call for an abandonment of refinement of line and restraint in composition. There may be sound reasons for saying that late Renaissance architecture is hopelessly and forever bad, that it is not a fit vehicle of modern artistic expression. But there can be no sound reason for the abandonment of

Greek, Romanesque and Byzantine forms even from the church architecture of today. To say that they *cannot* express Christian devotion is to say what at any moment a man of genius in architectural design may rise up and prove by his works, not by words, to be an unfounded assumption. We have reached a time when, although we are intensely interested in all that belongs to our inheritance from the past, things speak to us rather directly from their intrinsic quality than from association or reminder, much less by renewal of the spirit of the times in which that particular form of art arose and reached the zenith of its glory. To some that may seem equivalent to saying that we have fallen on evil times of cheap and shallow thought and feeling. But I think not. It is the truest reverence of the past to take all that is best of its bequest to us, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Gothic, and be able to close our eyes and ears to its evil. Another point. Mr. Cram is convinced of the beneficence of monasticism as an institution, and would like to see it flower again as a potent means to the attainment of the "Gothic Quest." This appears even more clearly in his very scholarly, enthusiastic and beautiful work on the ruined abbeys of Great Britain.

Now Monasticism died, not because it was wiped out by a brutal hostile power. *No human institution in the history of the world ever died from that cause alone.* Thirteen hundred abbeys in England in flourishing vitality and in one short period of one short reign the entire institution obliterated, not to reappear with any conspicuous strength in all the centuries that followed? Back of such an event lies something more than a tyrant's brutality. A hundred times as virulent and cruel a persecution only increased the strength of Protestantism. You cannot kill a human institution by persecution. When so vast and closely organized an institution as mediæval Monasticism is concerned, the idea of its extinction by all the governments of the world led by the most cunning and unscrupulous of men could not accomplish that. Such an institution can only die from one of two causes, or both combined, the cessation of its usefulness or its interior corruption.

We have sloughed off certain old tyrannies in the past few hundred years, and we don't want them back again. We have replaced superstitions and ignorance with science, and we don't care to exchange the new for the old. It was no divine ichor that made the few so superior to the many under the old system of things, but simply larger opportunity. We are in the business today of extending that opportunity by free institutions and popular education, and we are not disposed to exchange these blessings for dreamy naves with abjectly kneeling peasantry on the deep worn pavements and a few luxurious priests and nobles. Not at all. So far as what Mr. Cram says aims in that direction, he is the doughty knight-errant of a lost cause. It is true that we are temporarily sacrificing something. Ages of tyranny were always ages of great building enterprises and wonderful achievements in art, and particularly in architecture. The unified control of means, power in the hands of one or a few, makes the accomplishment of certain great designs far easier than under more democratic conditions. But education teaches men to unite, to co-operate intelligently, to select leaders and to abide by law. And the goal of our popular education of today is such a union of force for the accomplishment of great designs as no tyrant either of church or state ever yet accomplished The true creed is that modern scientific enlightenment, democratic institutions with the widening of opportunities and the increase of popular education will of themsleves stem the tides of materialism that they seem to have evoked.

Monastic institution is in its essence an escape from a time-spirit that is felt only as a hostile force. While here and there a strong spirit may enter and use its organic possibilities, in the main its appeal always has been, and always will be, to those who have not the virility to face the fight. There may be much in our own time to develop this spirit of withdrawal, and it may be eagerly fostered by ec-

clesiastical zealots, but that an institution that once so signally failed, and that possessed no more virility than to disappear before the first breath of opposition, like dew in a morning sun, should be the Moses to lead us out of a supersuppositious wilderness of materialism is scarcely thinkable.

TO J. P. M.

What hast thou to do with beauty? Go,
Rob not the market of thy gold
Nor ask the hireling's chisel to unfold
The semblance fine
Of yonder ancient portico—
Love's fingers wrought those marbles,
What are thine?



THE SISTERS

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"THY father is dead, Ruth," said Deborah calmly.

"How dost thou know?" cried Ruth. "We do not know; I think he will return to my mother."

"What reasons hast thou for this thought?" Deborah's black eyes were on her.

"I have sent for him," said Ruth; she lifted her head; but her eyes went past Deborah's and fixed themselves on the little table behind, and on the key-hole in one of the drawers.

"Thou hast sent for him?"

"I have sent for him by one who knew him, who had succored him in his distress."

There was that curve at the corner of Deborah's mouth that might have helped to make a smile, yet never did. Ruth had noticed that Deborah's smiles came not that way. "Thou shouldst be careful how thou dost ask young men to help thee, Ruth. They are selfish beings, all men; they do naught without prospect of reward."

"It may not always be so," said Ruth, still with her eyes on the table but striving to speak stoutly.

"It is so with the young man George Trowbridge. I have known certain of his kin and they were selfish folk before him. I have also talked with him on the Sabbath; his is a worldly heart. I fear none can lead him to higher things. Take care, Ruth. A high calling and a wonderous future await thee. Do not spoil it."

Ruth looked up. "Why dost thou speak so. It is because I have failed thee in my speaking. Dost thou now think I am not worthy to come after thee?"

Then Deborah stepped across the space between them and put one arm around Ruth's shoulders and kissed her on the forehead. "Ruth, thou has a pure heart and an able mind; thou art worthy; thou art the dearest thing I have, and it is my greatest wish thou shouldst do my work

in the days to come."

"Dost thou think it was wrong for me to send for my father?" asked Ruth with her lips close to Deborah's cheek. "My mother prayed me to, that she might ask forgiveness of him."

Deborah held her off a little. "Thy mother needs no man's forgiveness. She was a good wife to him until his hatred for me and her love for me drove her away from him. She was a woman above most women, Ruth."

"Perchance when my father comes she will recover."

Deborah looked at Ruth with that little catch of her lip, then put her gently away.

Through the most of the winter the snow lay fence-high, forbidding and impassible, yet there were milder days, even in winter's heart when Ruth could go out and down the road of Beulah and look in the direction of the Trowbridge place. Although it stood on a hill she could not see so far and no one ever came to her by the road, sometimes of unbroken whiteness, sometimes of grayly melting snow.

One day Ruth stood at the bend of the road. Her mother had said to her a little before:

"Ruth, why does he not come? Is it not almost time? It is time for me, why not for him?"

And Ruth whispering, "He will come soon, mother," had flung on her cloak and tied on her bonnet and had come out into the chill of the winter's day.

How hateful it seemed to her now, the long unresponsive stretches of cold, unbroken white, the line of road and field blotted out in one monotonous sweep. The trees gray in the fore ground, black in the distance showed each line of ugliness and each curve of grace. The river was at one side of her, a dull gray strip relieving the borders of white; on the other side was the road, and beyond it the trees, standing shoulder to shoulder with touches of sympathy in their brave nakedness. There was no sun on anything, there was no sound; the stillness of a winter's day was about her like the silence of death—a cold, naked, shivering, speechless death. Ruth shuddered and turning, walked back where awaited the reality of the thing she had seen. Then just as she came into Beulah, the sun burst out of the clouds at the West, the sky turned to clear burnished gold, the clouds above flushed pink, the snow glittered dazzlingly, and long soft purple lines stretched here and there upon it as the shadows subdued the glare.

And Ruth smiled, her face changing with nature's, and she went up the path to the door of the Sister's house with a light, relieved heart.

Mary Bennett met her at the door with a white, troubled face.

"Oh, Ruth," she cried, tearfully, "Come at once. Thy mother is dead."

The reflection of the sunset glory died from Ruth's eyes. She rushed up the stairs and into her mother's room. Her long cloak flew behind her. The Sister was kneeling by her mother's bed, but Ruth almost pushed her aside and flung herself down on her knees with an inarticulate cry. At the sound of Ruth's voice, Sarah opened her eyes and looked straight into Ruth's brown ones.

"Why, John," she said quietly, "thou are come. Wilt thou forgive me?"

"Yea, Sarah," said Ruth, with a quick perception. "I forgive, I—"

But there was no need to finish, for the peaceful smile on Sarah's face was already fixed in death.

CHAPTER VIII.

After a certain period of rest, Deborah began, with wonderful tact to interest Ruth in the work of Beulah, making her useful and necessary in many branches. To her was given what had been her mother's especial care, the management of the finances of the colony.

"Thy mother was a wonderful woman, Ruth," said the Sister, the day she took from the upper drawer in her little table, the great ledger and made ready to explain its method to Ruth, who, from helping her mother, already understood most of it. "But thou must be stronger than she."

"Why should I?" Ruth flushed quickly at the implication against her mother.

"Because a woman who would lead, must be the strongest of her kind, strong in the strength of the Lord and fearing naught but him. I have never been

fearful, I have never paused when my work was before me, and however hard the way seemed, neither man nor woman has stayed the course I knew to be right. So must thou go on, Ruth."

Ruth looked up, her face quivering, "Oh, I fear me I shall never be strong. I feel so poor and weak."

"Thou wilt soon be over this, Ruth, when thou dost get again to thy work; strength comes with labor. Let us look through the accounts now and I will explain it well to thee. Didst thou get the monies sent yesterday from thy property by Patience and her husband,"

"Yes," answered Ruth.

"Then thou must enter it beneath the other sums," said Deborah pointing with her slender finger.

"Is that where my mother's money has always been," said Ruth; she looked up at Deborah with surprise. "In the general funds of the society?"

"Yea, Ruth, have we not all things in common?" asked Deborah smiling.

"But—" began Ruth and she stared at the size of the sum equal to the contributions of many other followers.

"Ruth, there were many years when I did all for thee and thy mother, nor begrudged thee anything. Later your mother hath been prospered together with me, and that is why we live thus in peace and plenty."

"Oh, yea,—yea—" said Ruth hurriedly. Then she glanced up at Deborah. "But it is not all mine, if—my—father is living."

"He is not living Ruth," said Deborah softly; she touched the hair of the bowed head. "Perchance the Lord hath taken all from thee that thou mayest the better do His will."

"Oh, how could He?" asked Ruth. Then, at Deborah's rebuking glance, she burst into tears. "Forgive me."

Deborah stroked her hair. "Indeed I do forgive thee, thou hast had a hard winter, but I know full well that now with thy heart in the work it shall prosper."

But however hard she tried, it seemed to Ruth, she could not wholly lose herself in what had formerly been all her life to her. Her thoughts were often with the young man whom she had sent on what might have been a dangerous as well as a fruitless quest. And now she began to watch eagerly for the blue of the river to show through the gray of the ice, for the brown sodden earth to peer above the snow. It seemed to her that on the first day when it was possible to ride down the road, she would travel to the Beekham's house and ask if anything was known of George Trowbridge. But many days went by, and still she was hindered from her little trip, not by the roads or snow, but by the Sister's orders. Deborah had always something to keep Ruth's heart and hands and mind busy. But at last Ruth resolved to wait no longer, for the snow had indeed gone, and the promise of spring was at hand.

"I must ride a little today," she said to the Sister. "I am longing for it and my horse too, I know wants to be out."

"Then go, 'twill do thee good; but only a short distance, Ruth, I want to trust thee."

Ruth flushed and looked away. "I would thou didst," she said in a low tone.

As Ruth rode away from Beulah, for the first time since the fall, she felt almost light hearted. There was the tang of winter in the air beneath the sun of spring. Her eyes glowed, with the joy of life as it came back to her; her cheeks flushed with the joy of her exercise. A flock of birds alighting on the still bare branches of a tree, chattered out at her before she came to them and then flew away with a flutter as she went past. "For lo, the winter is past and the time of the singing of the birds is come," said Ruth to herself softly, and smiling and sighing as she did so.

She went over the spongy road breaking into the fallowness of spring, then on to the Beekham house. Here she would inquire if anything was known of George Trowbridge; her face grew grave and her lip quivered at the thought. How useless seemed his quest, now that it could be no happiness to her mother. Yet this lost man was her father, he too had suffered. Perhaps she could make it up to him for the loneliness he had

endured. She was now in front of the Beekham house.

At the sound of her horse James Foster peered around the corner of the house, and then came quickly towards the gate. But she had dismounted and had fastened her horse before he had reached her.

"I would see Sister Beekham, James," she said as she came towards him.

He did not answer at once. He stood still staring at her. Her life of quiet seclusion had brought a look of deep peace to her face; the winter's struggle and strain had only deepened its strength; there was an older look on the face which had so long been too child-like for its years, but it had only enhanced her beauty.

"What is the matter, James?" she asked, looking at him.

He stammered. "It—it has been so long a time since I have seen thee, Ruth, I did not know how beautiful thou wert."

"James Foster, what wicked vanity art thou speaking?" cried Ruth sweeping past him into the house.

Dame Beekham straightened her broad figure from the fire and gave Ruth glad welcome.

"Such a winter as it had been," she cried. "May I never pass such another. I will go to Beulah next winter whether I find a tenant for my farm or not. And so lonely!"

"But thou didst have James to comfort thee," Ruth leaned against the doorframe and looked smilingly into the room.

"James Foster," Widow Beekham's wide mouth spread the farther across her broad face. "What comfort is James Foster? Only to tend the stock if he must, and between times sitting lost over a book. And what book think ye?"

"Doubtless the Holy Word?" said Ruth.

"And that is what I thought, so lofty was he when I did interrupt his reading, and so cleverly did he hold his book under the Bible cover. But 'twas no Bible. 'Tis a romance." The word flung at Ruth, fraught with wickedest meaning to the disciples of the Sister, caused her to open mouth and eyes.

"Oh, Sister Beekham," Ruth shook her head gravely. "Thou must not accuse him wrongfully. Didst thou not tell me thou couldst not read thyself? How dost thou know?"

"Caleb told me," a thick red covered the broad cheeks. "And thou canst see it, I hid it from him. I found it beneath his bed."

"Thou shouldst not have done that," said Ruth; but when the dame whipped out from a capacious pocket somewhere, a small thick volume, she so far left her station from the door and thought of what 'twas proper as to peep over the widow's shoulder.

"Thou hast it upside down, I cannot read," whispered Ruth, her own pulse beat quickly with the excitement of looking on her first romance. "Yes, yea, now I see—"

"Oh,—Oh, turn a page," for Ruth herself would not touch the book. "How brave he is! Nay, nay, thou must not, it is not right," and though the woman turned a page beneath Ruth's nose, Ruth looked up and away.

"But Sister Beekham, it was most unkind of thee to take it from him. It must—be—very—trying not to know what happened at the end."

The dame nodded smilingly at her. "That's why I took it, so as to try him. What think thee he has done for me. He has told the Sister that Caleb did come here too often and that is why he could not visit me till yesterday." Dame Beekam chuckled, then sobered in an instant as a shadow fell on the doorway. The book was whipped under the woman's apron.

"Thou hast not been to Beulah for some time?" Ruth hurriedly turned toward him with her sweetest smile.

"And much to my sorrow," said James.

Ruth went on with that ever-present and ever-vital topic, common to all ages and all times: "The spring is coming, 'tis a beautiful day."

"Yes," said James, moving uneasily.

"Do not let me keep thee, James, if thou hast an errand."

"Oh, 'tis nothing, so long as thou dost

stay, Ruth, I am glad to leave all else."

"Thou art foolish, James, go and do thy errand."

James rose in reluctant obedience and went into an inner room. Ruth flew forward to the fire.

"He is gone to look for his book. Now we will have a scene," said the widow.

"But Sister Beekham," whispered Ruth, "Do you know aught of George Trowbridge? Has he yet returned?"

"Nay, I know not, and a fine young man, not like James Foster—But his man came down the road today and said something of expecting him—why—yea, 'twas—today."

"I think I must go," said Ruth hurriedly, then she turned back. "But I do not like for thee to have all the blame of the book."

"Whose fault is it, if not mine. My shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame." The widow chuckled. "I shall accuse him of reading a romance." "Go now, if thou wouldst go alone. Oh, we have high words often, 'tis all we can do for change from dullness."

Here the inner door opened again, and James Foster appeared.

"Sister Beekham, hast thou been prying about my room?"

"What hast thou done?" he roared. Ruth shivered nervously at the sound, but at a wink from the widow's eyes slipped out of the house and to the gate to unfasten her horse.

She went quickly up the road then, toward the Trowbridge place. When she came almost opposite the high white house with its shining, imposing pillars, she drew rein and waited. If he had returned why should he not come to her? And yet it was her errand on which he had gone. She sat hesitating on her horse, when suddenly she saw coming around the corner of the road, a coach drawn by two horses. Her breath came a little quicker as she sat there waiting, almost in front of the gate. Just above, the house showed renewed signs of life; a black woman in a turban came to the door and looked down the road; a man from the barn stood looking at the coach also. When the carriage came opposite the gate, a man opened the door and stepped out. Ruth bent forward on her horse, a little anxious smile dawning on her face. Then she drew back; it was no one she knew, evidently a servant, who opened the gate and then made as if to return to the carriage.

Then she heard her name called. "Miss Williams, is that you?"

It came from the coach and she tried to bend enough to see within, urging her horse a little nearer. She caught a glimpse of the man inside,—a man so pale and shaken compared with his former look of health that Ruth with a cry, heedlessly slipped from her horse and leaving it, pressed forward to the carriage door. At this the man waiting at the gate, in obedience to some word from the carriage, turned and went up the steps toward the house.

Ruth gave a little cry peering into the gloom of the carriage.

"Oh, thou hast come back. But, alas! Thou art sick! Prithee what is it?"

She grasped the half-opened door with a tense hand, her face looked frightened.

George Trowbridge answered, speaking slowly, almost painfully. "I am so sorry, I could not find your father. Everything was against me; the season, and he had gone so far—I tried to follow—but I was taken ill. There were many hardships and difficulties—"

"Oh, I should not have let thee—" cried Ruth; she put out her trembling, warm young hand and touched one of the tired ones lying on his knee. Then she withdrew hers quickly as his turned beneath her touch.

He smiled and shook his head. "It is nothing," he said. "I am only a little shaken up, though I have had a rough time of it. I think your father—was—is—among the Indians—but although I went to them—I could not seem to get on the right trail."

Ruth stood looking at him through a soft mist of tears.

"I am quite alone now," she whispered. "Quite alone. It is too late for my mother now—she, too, has gone."

Her face was working, she put up her hands to hide it.

"Have you no one left?" he asked,

leaning forward a little, with added interest.

"Oh, yea, the Sister," Ruth took down her hands with a last composing sob. "She is my father and my mother, yet sometimes I feel—quite alone."

"She is kind to you?" he asked.

"Kind, yea, she is a saint."

"If there is anything I can do for you."

"Thee do for me—" cried Ruth. "Oh, do not speak so. Thou hast done too much for me already. Thou art sick and suffering and it is my fault. Forgive me, I pray thee. What can I do to repay thee? Who will nurse thee?"

He shook his head and laughed lightly. "Oh, I need little nursing, and Dinah will do that. I am only tired and weak. But when I am well—if I come to see you in Beulah—will you give me a welcome, Miss Williams?"

"Oh, yea, come, do come," cried Ruth, "but this is so little. I cannot bear to see thee weak who wert so strong—" her sweet voice broke this time, and the tears near to the surface of her eyes formed and hung on her lashes.

"Why, Miss Williams," he put out his hand toward hers resting on the coach door. "Do you not know that for you I would gladly do a harder service twice over?"

Ruth's sweet lips parted, her moist eyes widened. "Nay, I did not know," she breathed softly. She almost fell back against the wheel, she put one hand before her eyes.

"I did not know," she repeated.

Then suddenly from around the bend of the road, before they were aware, two coach horses were almost upon them. The wheel against which Ruth was leaning moved, she sprang upon the step and clutched at the swaying door of George Trowbridge's coach. He reached out, his hand closed on her arm. Then, past the step where Ruth clung, went the great steaming bodies of two horses, then two more. The big traveling coach had almost stopped when it came opposite to George Trowbridge's carriage. Then Ruth stepped down from her perch, annoyed that two women were staring at her from the window of their coach. The space between the two sets of wheels was scant; George Trowbridge leaned out of the door with his hand still on her arm.

"Take care," he said. "There is not room between the wheels. Wait a moment, do not get down—"

Then a woman's voice interrupted him: "La! Mr. Trowbridge, who expected to see you here! I thought I recognized that voice." A woman's face, plump and rather blowsy, was looking out of the larger coach, from the man's to Ruth's face with unpleasant scrutiny. Ruth longed to move away; but the space was narrow and if the wheels moved, she might be caught.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Lawton and Miss Lawton. Who thought to see you so far from home." He spoke easily.

"La, 'tis strange and monstrous uncomfortable!"

Ruth was looking away now; but she had marked the elegance of the coach, the handsome hood around the plump face, the showy pelisse as the woman threw back a protecting mantle.

"My bones do ache with the shaking up along this vile road. To think any one can live in this God-forsaken spot. We thought we'd never reach here, and even now are not at our journey's end."

"My house is just above. Will you not stop and refresh yourselves.

"La, no, though 'tis monstrous kind of you. What a lovely place it is—such a view and—"

Here broke in another voice, ready and challenging. Ruth did not look again, but she felt that the second speaker was younger and prettier than the first. "Do we not see your place from the window, with the pillars of white? So that's what keeps you from the city so much—or are there other charms—" There was a little gurgle of laughter accompanying the last words.

Ruth stiffened and turned white; George Trowbridge looked toward her: "Mrs. Lawton, let me introduce to you Miss Williams, and Miss Williams, Miss Lawton. Doubtless you saw her standing in the road as you swept along. She

was greeting me on my return home and came near to being struck down by your leaders. Her horse was frightened and bolted. Doubtless it is hard to remember that our country roads are narrower than your city ones."

The embarrassed color left Ruth's cheeks for a moment. She turned and looked gavely into the eyes of the older lady, and then at the younger, inclining her head a little.

"Williams!" said Mrs. Lawton snapping her black eyes at Ruth. "And what is your Christian name, may I ask?"

"Ruth," answered Ruth with her steady eyes unwavering.

"Well, well, child!" cried Mrs. Lawton, and she leaned forward eagerly. "I know you well, and many a time have I trotted you on my knee. Surely you know of Martha Lawton!"

"The Sister's sister in the flesh?" Ruth smiled and leaned forward on her side.

"Her sister," said Mrs. Lawton nodding with a strange little smile. "And I am on my way to see her. The doctor says the air is excellent here and 'tis deadly quiet. Dolly is worn out with her winter in the city. It has been monstrous gay—"

"Though you were not there, Mr. Trowbridge—" Dolly nodded at him across her mother, her round little face, with its bright, red cheeks and sparkling eyes, gave Ruth a strange start. How pretty she was! And oh, the furbelows beneath the chin, the feathers above the coquettish curls of dark hair!

"And we were just about to ask the way to Beulah."

"I can show thee," said Ruth smiling gently on the pretty face, then back to the mother.

"Then come and get in our coach directly," commanded Mrs. Lawton.

"Mamma, perhaps she were going driving with Mr. Trowbridge."

Ruth bit her lip, but George answered laughing, "Miss Williams is too chary of her favors for that."

Ruth spoke quietly, "I shall be glad to return with thee since my horse is gone."

She slipped forward, past the door of George Trowbridge's coach and turned toward him as she did so, saying:

"I thank thee."

"For what?" he asked.

"For all things," she whispered quickly. In a moment more she was in Mrs. Lawton's gay travelling coach with its man behind and in front, its cushions and comforts within, and its gay adornings without. Then they were off. Dolly waved her hand behind her, toward the other coach; but Ruth sat straight and unsmiling in her place.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN PINAFORE WAS THE CRAZE

By ROBERT GRAU

It was at the Boston Museum, a theatre of great historic worth, in 1879, that the nautical opera by Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, entitled, "H. M. S. Pinafore," was first prominently revealed in this country. The delicious satire had been presented in garbled form in cities of the one-night-stand class shortly before, but it was the Boston production that first brought the public to a realization of the beauties of the score and the dry and unique humor of the libretto. It was, too, the first of the Bab ballad series to find vogue in America, an earlier work of the same author and composer, "The Sorcerer," not having been produced in this country, save by amateurs, until after the "Pinafore" craze had developed.

The Boston Museum at this time was under the dignified direction of R. M. Field, a manager who distinguished himself by maintaining a stock company for a quarter of a century, and enduring

much financial loss rather than succumb to the plan of producing combinations. He did not alter his policy until a survival of the model organization which the Boston Museum housed threatened the utter obliteration of his financial resources.

As an illustration of the calibre and versatility of the company Field maintained, it need only be stated that to present "Pinafore" it was not necessary to engage a single outside player or singer; and considering the character of the work, together with its absolute newness, its presentation by the Museum Stock Company must be regarded as an event of historic importance. The run was a long one, and during the season of 1880 and 1881 Boston had several companies simultaneously presenting this wholesome operatta.

At this period the Standard Theatre in New York (afterwards called the Manhattan), now demolished to make way for the Gimbel store), was under the direction of William Henderson and James C. Duff, and the former was not interfering with the famous productions he had evolved, so the two proceeded to Boston and were so impressed with "Pinafore" that they at once began to organize for a lavish production of it at the Standard Theatre. The cast was perhaps the most evenly balanced of any tire, comprising, as it did, a Miss Mills as Josephine, Verona Jarbeau, who made her stage *debut* as Hebe, and Estelle Mortimer, as Buttercup. The male *roles* were excellently cast. Thomas Whiffen as the Admiral was never approached in the character: William Davidge was a superb Dick Deadeye, while the minor *roles* and the chorus could not well have been improved upon.

The first night saw an audience of fair size, but the hits were so pronounced, and the praise from the press was so unanimous that the sale of seats for future performances was unprecedented. This particular production ran an entire season to audiences which tested the capacity to the theatre. These were the days of unprotected authors and composers, and the fact that this immensely successful operetta was public property caused the inauguration of the "Pinafore" craze. No opera, play or stage presentation of any period ever had the prolonged and plethoric vogue which befell this unprotected effort of the two British geniuses.

It is no exaggeration to state that in the spring of 1880 five distinct presentations of the opera were given simultaneously in New York, while on tour the various circuits were literally stampeded with hastily gathered troupes, some of which gave the work in such mutilated form that their existence was of short duration; and it is also recalled that in some of the college cities these barnstorming expeditions met with so vigorous a reception that it caused a scarcity of vegetables and "hen fruit" in their respective vicinities—at least such were the tales recorded at the time.

This mania for "Pinafore" reached its height in the fall of 1880 when there came into being juvenile "Pinafore" companies. These were by no means inferior; in fact, some of our best known stage favorites of this day were graduated from the companies directed by J. H. Haverly and "Bob" Miles. Julia Marlowe was conspicuous in the latter's organization, as were also Pauline Hall and Sallie Cohen, while in the Haverly company Arthur and Jenny Dunn were prominent. But it was the Church Choir Opera Company which had the greatest artistic success of all of the various organizations that sought to benefit from the great public desire to hear the work of the English collaborators. J. H. Haverly, then in the height of his spectacular managerial career, aided and abetted by Will J. Davis, gave one of the finest renderings of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera from a musical point of view, that was heard anywhere. This was with the Church Choir Opera Company, and it was in this production that Jessie Bartlett (afterwards Mrs. Davis) was seen and heard in her incomparable rendition of Buttercup, and John McWade, the one-armed baritone and best of Captain Corcorans, was first heard.

The success of the Haverly production was the incentive for the organization of the famous Boston Ideal Opera

Company, which gave "Pinafore" with a truly ideal cast, including Henry Clay Barnabee, Tom Karl, Myron Whitney, George Frothingham, Charles MacDonald, Marie Stone and Jessie Bartlett Davis. For several years this remarkable cast held together, afterwards adding other operas and finally merging into the Bostonians, which latter organization for fifteen years held a prosperous vogue and was regarded as the standard light opera organization of this country. Only the fact that some of the principals reached the age limit, which a discriminating public so surely determines, brought the achievements of the Bostonians to an end.

The most remarkable and unique presentation of the famous operetta of which I write, was the one given by the first of all the church choir companies. This was the Philadelphia enterprise, organized by Thomas F. Hall, an old-time actor-manager who had a long and honorable career in the Quaker City. The financial sponsor of the organization was John Gorman, who presided long over the fortunes of a cafe adjoining the Chestnut Street Opera House in that city. Gorman's name headed the announcements, and the production was first heard in Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia. The excellence of the rendering and the perfect distribution of the *roles* attracted the attention of Manager Hall, who was at the time acting manager of the Walnut Street theatre, where it drew enormous audiences long after the vogue of the work had begun to decline elsewhere, and this, too, in the summer of 1882, through a period of intense heat. This production, by far the best of all the "Pinafores," drew all New York to Daly's Theatre. In this company Louis De Lange, who later became prominent as a comedian and playwright, was the admiral and one of the best ever heard in that *role*.

As an illustration of the remarkable financial results which were achieved by the Philadelphia enterprise, it remains to be stated that during the "dog" days of August, in cities like Hartford and New Haven, receipts in excess of $2,500 for a single performance were recorded.

"Pinafore" started the comic opera fad, which prevailed for a full decade, and was followed by "The Mascot," which, being also unprotected, was given simultaneously throughout the country by a score of companies. A similar fate was accorded to "Olivette," and then came the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "Patience," "Pirates of Penzance," "Yeoman of the Guard," "The Gondoliers," "Iolanthe" and finally "The Mikado," which duplicated to a great degree the "Pinafore" craze.

John Stetson alone of American managers recognized the rights of the author and composer, while their efforts were at the mercy of the producers, and he was accorded by R. D'Oyle Carte' the sole rights of production in all their successes. His method of procedure to sustain the tenability of his position would make a far longer recital than would be permitted by limitations of space at this time.



DANCE OF FATHER TIME AND FAIRIES

THE TAUNTON PAGEANT

AMONG the many earnest efforts to replace the traditional Fourth of July celebration with something less brutal and more enjoyable, the public entertainment at Taunton, stands out as among the most conspicuously successful.

The central feature of the Taunton celebration was an historical pageant under the title of a "Pageant of Patriotism." It was given on the shores of Sabbatia Lake, a beautiful sheet of water with wooded banks which added much to the beauty of the spectacle and the outdoor spirit and social enjoyment among the spectators. The book of the pageant was prepared by Mr. Ralph Davol, a young writer of Taunton, of considerable journalistic experience, whose work has occasionally appeared in the pages of the New England Magazine. Mr. Davol's work is the best judged by its result in producing a pageant that was universally praised and enjoyed. Local history was interwoven with the printed story, and the entire result could not have been other than a stimulus to civic spirit and national patriotism. The book opens with a brief account of the settlement of the town, as follows: "The lands and waters of Cohannet were doubtless celebrated for the grandeur of their forests and for an abundance of fish and game. The banks of the Tetiquet in its course to the waters of the Narragansett were favorite places of resort for the Aberiquies, and the trails of the Wampanoags led to the attrac-

tive lakes and shores of a delightful domain.

"Edward Winslow, afterwards governor of Plymouth Colony, and Stephen Hopkins on their way to the home of Massasoit, in 1621, were the first of the Pilgrims to travel this region, and John Winthrop, Jr., son of the Governor of the Massachusetts Colony, sailed down the Great River in 1636.

"No permanent settlement of the English was effected here till the coming of Elizabeth Pole, a noble gentlewoman of Somersetshire, and her associates in 1637, and the final purchase of the lands of Cohannet which, with its civil and military organizations, became known in 1639, as the town of Taunton, situated in the heart of the Old Colony."

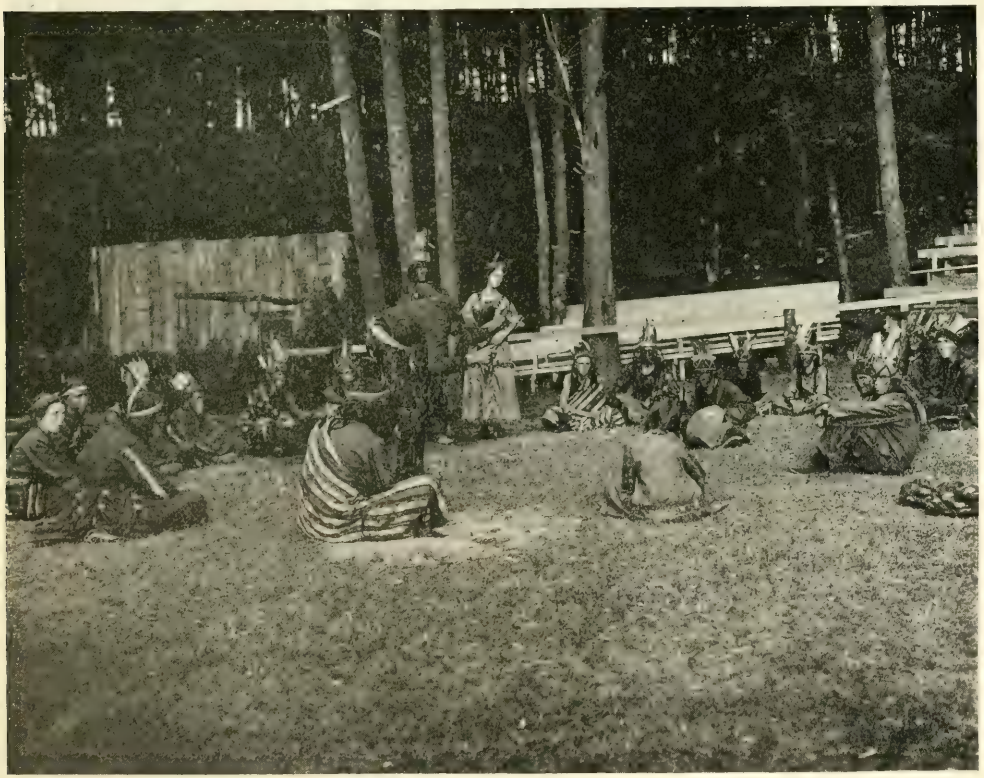
In the prologue Father Time comes down the hills chanting, as fairies and wood sprites dance about him. The burden of his song is "What have ye wrought for liberty?" The verses for this chant were composed by Rev. P. W. Sprague, and the music by W. J. Clemsar.

The first scene depicts American Indians at home, the second the Discovery of America, with the landing of Columbus, etc. An interlude of Spanish dances suggests the rejoicing in Spain over the return of Columbus.

The second episode shifts the scene to a Sunday afternoon in Taunton, old England about 1600, and introduces us to well known historic characters, Sir Walter Raleigh, Roundheads and cavaliers.

A second interlude, a "Dance of the Waves," by Miss Tanner is intended to suggest the crossing of the ocean by the Pilgrims, who were, doubtless, otherwise beguiled, as a matter of fact, during that epoch-making voyage!

The next scene brings us to the beginnings of Taunton in New England, and shows us Elder Brewster, Governor



INDIAN WAR DANCE

Carver, Miles Standish, John Alden, Samoset and others.

We are then carried to the Court of King George III, where we meet His Majesty himself, Pitt, Gage, Ben Franklin and the lords and ladies of the court. This is followed by a scene on Taunton Green on the eve of the American Revolution.

A general tableau of all the characters, music and a brief patriotic address form the finale.

The celebration was in charge of a general committee headed by Mayor William S. Woods, and committees from the Woman's Club, the D. A. R., and the Teachers' Club.

The chairman of the program committee was Mr. Joshua E. Crane, the Director of Dramatics, Mr. James Gilbert of Boston, the Director of Dances, Miss Virginia Tanner of Boston, Director of Music, Frederick W. Howe of Taunton, author of the Pageant book, Ralph Davol of Taunton.

Many others, too many to mention, took a very active part in ensuring the success of the undertaking, while approximately two hundred and fifty of the young men and women of the city took part as characters in the various scenes. The costuming of this large number, a work which was particularly well done, must have cost the committee in charge of that feature much serious study and work. The committee consisted of Mrs. Walter H. Haskell, Mrs. George A. Congdon, Mrs. Albert L. Ward, Mrs. Edwin M. S. Chandler, Mrs. Frederick S. Culver, and Miss Florence W. Davol.

Altogether, the Taunton Pageant will be studied with interest by other communities as an interesting contribution to the solution of the Fourth of July problem.



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS



THE PURCHASE OF TAUNTON FROM THE INDIANS BY ELIZABETH POLE

A brief extract from the libretto may be of special interest and value to those planning simular undertakings.

INTERLUDE.

"Dance of the Waves" by Miss Tanner to indicate the Pilgrims crossing the ocean.

EPISODE II.

Scene II.—Beginnings of New England Taunton.

Principles—Elder Brewster, Gov. Carver, Miles Standish, John Alden, Samoset, Priscilla, Elizabeth Pole, Massasoit, Richard Williams, James Leonard, Puritan men, women, Indians, small Indian Boy, and Drummer.

During the dance of the waves, three shallops appear around west end of "Clark's Island" behind which Mayflower is anchored. Pilgrims sing Duke St., as they land on Plymouth Rock. Pilgrims kneel as Brewster, standing, offers prayer of thanksgiving.

Brewster—"We lift up our eyes unto the Lord God of Hosts as we render thanksgiving for our entry into a safe harbor of shelter in this desert wilderness. Grant unto us, thy servants, to humble ourselves before thee to seek a right way for our children and for our substance. May we remain thy people and our land become the Garden of the Lord, a place of righteousness and peace for our posterity forever."

Men build log house. Women take out washing, spinning-wheel, pewter and a cradle. "Perhaps our descendants will quarrel to own these sacred heirlooms from the Mayflower," (laughter). Samoset enters exclaiming, "Welcome, Englishmen." He brings basket of corn. Drummer by log house calls Pilgrims to meeting. Carver: "Suspend for one day your cares and your labors and come to this wedding, kind friends and good neighbors." John and Priscilla walk hand in hand.

Brewster—"The Lord has sifted the English nation to sow good seed in New England."

While Brewster speaks, an Indian runs in with a snake's skin filled with arrows. Standish turns it out and fills it with shot and returns it to messenger.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S MATE

(*Continued from page* 564.)

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Exactly. To speak to you plainly and I dare say not very flatteringly, Mr. Carr, you are much too great a fool in my opinion to be a very bright and shining success in the criminal line. I am still in the dark to an extent as to Galloway's murderer. Maybe you ought to have killed him—maybe you would have been justified in doing so—I don't know as to that. But *you didn't do it!*"

"Did Butler?"

A new timbre in his low tones made his words impressive. "I do not know that I am ready to ask that question just yet," I said quietly. "Mr. Butler is not at all averse to making a cat's paw of you, young gentleman, in order to save burning his own fingers. So much I know. I know also that you are doing your very best to play directly into his hands."

"Butler and his wife are my very good friends," he said rather stiffly.

I smiled. "Until that friendship proves too costly—yes," I said indifferently. "I fail to see where you can lose anything by an investigation of the affair—a merciless and rigid one—Carr. Your name is already involved—"

His smouldering anger flared into flames again. He would have spoken but I checked him.

"I have been on the force a good many years, Carr," I said gently. "Please remember that. I dealt directly and personally with the criminal classes long before you were born. It was my business to train my mental perceptions so that I could detect a member of the class I hunted, as relentlessly as the trapper names the wild things of the wood. If I know anything at all, I know it when I am brought face to face with a deliberate violator of the law. I tell you frankly I know that you do not belong to that class. There is another thing that I want you to think about. I have seen many a convicted murderer sent to the electric chair or to the gallows. I have known then that the sentence although seemingly cruel was really most merciful, I have known others who were condemned to long terms of imprisonment—and have known at the time that whether they realized it or not, death would really have been a milder and more merciful sentence. I have known still others who left the court-room with a heavier burden to bear and a still more inexorable fate to face. Believe me, lad, the simple verdict, 'Not Proven,' is the very hardest thing of all to bear."

The color had died out of the man's face and he looked at me wistfully and with a sort of terror in his eyes. "Look you, Mr. Ratterree, my name did not even come up in the case as it was investigated by the coroner's jury," he said bitterly. "Yet the thing has cost me dearly enough already. People whom I have known for years, pass me now with averted faces. Yet I have done nothing. The girl I love—"

"I know all about that, lad," I said still gently. "Try to reconstruct some of your notions, Carr. Believe me, I am not here as you have believed, to get you or any other innocent man into trouble. I no more believe in your guilt than I believe in my own. Butler may be responsible for Galloway's death—"

"They quarreled bitterly I know more than once, but Butler is a coward," said Carr flatly. "He lost his nerve that night he faced the mob before he came to this part of the country. He did not lack the will—I do not claim that—but he never harmed Galloway."

"You mean the mob that threatened him when that child was hurt?"

"Yes—it was a damnable thing. I happened to be down in that part of the

country when the thing happened."

"Well, its not so much Butler whom I am interested in just now," I said frankly," as it is some one else. "Carr, do you mind telling me what you had against Galloway—that he should fear personal violence at your hands?"

Carr flushed. He was a burly giant but as tender and gentle in some ways as a woman. "I had a sister," he said slowly. "She met Galloway some months ago—before he went to the bad so completely. Arthur was a lovable sort of chap and Nettie lost her head completely. No, it didn't amount to much—in the eyes of the world—"

"I really believe that right at the first he meant to marry her. Maybe he would have done so if his people had let him alone. He loved her and she was a good girl and he knew it. But she was a fool about him and I dare say she was not very strong either mentally or physically. And when she found that he was tired of the whole thing and was getting ready to leave the country in order to be rid of her, why she took carbolic acid—"

"God, He knows why! There were a dozen easier ways that she could have taken—only it seems that she wasn't looking for them. It wasn't the easy way that she was looking out for in that hell in which she had set her tender little feet—"

"He faced some hell himself—Galloway did. She sent for him and I stood over him with a loaded pistol and made him watch her die. Her last look—her last words—were for him. 'I don't blame *you,* Arthur,' she said. 'And sometimes the dying see things very clearly, dear. The road by which you will follow me so soon is a far rougher one—!' And then she began to shudder and scream. 'Kill him—*kill him!*' she shrieked. 'Strike lower, Arthur—lower still! *Now,* I tell you or it will be forever too late! *NOW!!*' And then she shuddered into a convulsion and died."

The poor fellow broke down and cried like a child. He looked at me defiantly. "Galloway went away after that," he said shortly. 'He quit drinking for a while and lay low—He was afraid of me, I guess. You see he didn't know what Nettie had made me promise when she was dying. I did him all the harm that I could without breaking a solemn promise to *her.*"

My own eyes were wet. I held out my hand and impulsively repeated what Butler had already said. "You ought to have killed him, Carr," I said.

The man's jaw set in a sullen curve. "I guess that it would have been a whole lot the easiest way out of it—for us both!" he said simply and something in the way that he said the words made me shudder.

"Had he any other enemies that you know anything about?" I asked gently.

"I don't know. Nettie and I were twins, you know and there were things —Sometimes since she died I have had to get clear away out of the country to keep from—breaking my word to her. And at times there has been such a hell of rage burning in my heart—It was there when I sent the man that card."

"Then you know of no one else—who would have done him an injury—if they could?"

"No." A flush of the old moody suspicion lighted his sombre face. "It's no use, Ratterree. I'll help loose the hell-hounds on no man who is maybe quite as innocent as I am—and has less chance of escape. I hope that the man who killed Galloway goes scot-free. I would help him if I could."

"In spite of your sister?"

The old heart-sick look crept back about the firm lips. "In spite of her—if you choose to put it that way," he said indifferently and I knew that I had gone quite as far in that particular direction as it was safe to go.

"What time do you expect Butler to get back?"I asked slowly.

"He'll be here just as soon as he can get an answer to his message," he answered. "Look here, Ratterree, I warn you now that you had better look out for Butler. He is a nasty-tempered brute and at times I doubt if he is quite sane or all right mentally. He may have put Galloway out of business for all that I know."

"His wife says that he didn't."

His face softened then hardened again. "You can't account for women," he said pessimistically. "You would have thought that Nettie—and yet she bound me by an iron-clad oath in order to protect that hound from harm. And I know her well enough to know that she would gladly have lied herself into eternal hell-fire to have saved him from me. She would have done that—even at the last. You never can tell anything about women."

"Then you think that Butler's wife—

"I don't think—anything. I know that a lot of people believe that Butler is guilty all right. Give a dog a hard name, you know and then—hang him. Only Mrs. Butler didn't have anything to do with the affair that she wasn't forced to—I know that much. She is a good woman."

"What time do you *think* that your friend, Butler will get back home?"

"Getting a bit uneasy, are you?" Carr laughed recklessly. "Not before sunset, maybe. You see I agreed to keep an eye on you until he came back. Do you want to leave the Bluffs?"

"No, I don't want to leave," I said wearily. "When I do get ready to leave I don't mind telling you that I will know a whole lot more than I do now. And the very first thing that I shall do when I reach town will be to swear out a warrant for your friend, Butler—unless I change my mind."

"As well him as another," said Carr indifferently.

"I'm going to have another look at that room of Galloway's I said impulsively. "That is unless you choose to try to hinder me."

"Not I," he said and shrugged his shoulders. "I agreed to see that you did not leave the Bluffs until your host was ready to have you go. Aside from that, I am not disposed at present to try to exert any authority over you."

"You might have some trouble in enforcing your orders if you did," I said still calmly. "You may follow me if you like, Carr—if you think that my movements will have any interest for you."

He shrugged his shoulders again but followed me quietly enough into the hall where we came upon Mrs. Butler, white-faced and shivering. I could not be positive, of course that she had been listening to our conversation, but I believed that she had. Which was much the same.

"Mr. Carr and I are very good friends, Mrs. Butler," I said to her gently. "There will be no more trouble between us—you need not be afraid. I understand him now, and I think that he understands me—at least better than he did."

The woman muttered something half under her breath and went back to the kitchen.

From that time on I paid little need to Carr who simply stood aside and watched me wonderingly. Inch by inch I went over the entire room in which Arthur Galloway had met his death. Every paper was handled and examined closely—to no purpose. If there had been compromising letters or documents, some one had already put them safely out of the way. I discovered one thing however. In taking out one of the drawers of the dresser to make sure that nothing had slipped behind it, a card with a picture upon it fell at my feet.

The single look which I cast at Carr told me who it was. It was a weak, childish, pretty face—the face of the girl who had preferred to accept death rather than a life without the man who had thrown her aside like a worn-out glove.

I had too much delicacy to ask questions. I saw Carr, out of the corner of my eye, take the picture which I had laid aside and tear it into tiny bits. When he turned to me again, his eyes bore the dull look of the suffering animal and there was a tiny bloody tinge about his mouth where his teeth had bitten through his lower lip. But he did not say a word—nor did I.

I examined the blood-stain on the matting very carefully. If Galloway had struck the blow that caused it, his hand must have been nerved by desperation. I could not believe that the wound was an accident—I could not believe that it was self-inflicted—I could not believe

that it was the result on Galloway's part of a sudden and suicidal impulse. I confessed myself almost for the first time in my life, confronted by an utterly inexplicable situation—one from which I could see no possible way of escape.

Lunch time came and went. I ate little, and Carr less. Mrs. Butler would touch nothing. White and ghastly she sat at the head of the table huddled in a helpless little heap and would not speak to either of us. When it was all over—the stupid meal I mean—I went back to the room which Galloway had occupied and Carr followed me rather uncertainly and grimly.

We had not been there very long when Carr touched me on the shoulder. "Brace yourself and put up a good fight, old man," he said disinterestedly. "It's up to you, you know. Here comes Butler!"

CHAPTER EIGHT.

"I'll Tell All That I Know First!"

I will pass over the hour that followed, without going especially into detail. Rattlesnake Butler raved like a madman while his wife fled in terror to her own room, and Carr stood idly by with the old cynical smile on his face and, so long as Butler directed his remarks to me, said nothing at all.

"You are here creeping and spying about in order to get some hold upon me," the older man raved at last. "Even your illness I dare say was a mere blind—"

"It was," I said calmly. "You need not worry about my health, Mr. Butler. I am perfectly well, thank you."

"And you expect to be allowed to leave here—to have me thrown in jail to rot while you at your leisure build up a tissue of lies—"

"That will be just about enough, Butler," I said dryly. "You are not very consistent it seems to me. Last night it was Carr here whom you were goading into all sorts of mad actions. What is the matter with you both?"

Butler looked imploringly at Carr who laughed shortly. "I'm out of it, Butler," he said meaningly. "I don't mind telling you frankly though that you'd better co-operate with Ratterree than to fight him. He holds all of the tricks and there's too much back of him for a poor devil like you or me to buck against."

"I wish that I had never seen Galloway!" stormed Butler savagely.

"So do I," said Carr wistfully. 'So do a number of people, I dare say, Butler, here and—elsewhere. But that's not going to help you any now so far as I can see."

"What are you going to do?" Butler turned to me sullenly.

"If I leave here now—in my present mood and swayed by my present opinions and beliefs—I will swear out a warrant for you and have you jailed before night. This is not child's-play, Mr. Butler, and I no more like to be sworn at and abused than the next man. I am simply trying to find out about Galloway's death. I am paid to do that—not to fix the guilt of a crime upon anybody. I came here honestly believing that the chap was a victim of heart-disease.

"How do you know now that he was not?"

"Did he ever say anything to you about having any trouble of that kind?"

'I know that he took a lot of dope. I never knew whether it was for his heart, or to drown the craving for drink that was always tearing at his vitals like a starving wolf. He looked well enough to me."

"Well I don't want to arrest anybody—at this stage of the game," I said wearily. "Personally I'd a whole lot rather believe that Arthur Galloway simply died from some sort of disease. Since you seem more reasonable, Mr. Butler, I don't mind telling you frankly that that wound is the thing that looks fishy to me. What was the matter with Galloway? Was he trying to commit suicide?"

Butler shook his head sullenly. "He was much too big a coward for that, sir—if you ask me," he said simply.

"Had you ever seen the knife before?"

"Yes, I had seen it often. Galloway had a nervous way of handling it, opening and shutting it and trying the blade, when he talked. Mary said that he had

it in his hand the night before he died when that knock at the door—if it *was* a knock—roused us. I don't remember seeing it myself."

"But accidentally or intentionally you are quite sure that he wounded himself?"

Butler hesitated. "It don't look reasonable," he confessed. "Here in one breath I tell you that the man was too big a coward to harm himself, which is the truth I'll swear to that, and in the next I am swearing that I believe that that is just exactly what he did."

"Then nobody else could have used the knife?"

"Somebody else could have used a knife—not the one that Galloway still held when we found him. I don't know what he had taken that knife out for, sir. You've heard about the knock I dare say—but I'll swear that there was nothing of the kind that night at least. A dozen people will tell you that it was nearly impossible to get it out of his clenched fingers."

"I am not doubting that," I said, nor was I. "The wound must have been accident Butler—self-inflicted."

"Have it that way if you like, sir," said Butler. He looked at me a bit queerly I thought and then at Carr before his eyes fell. "I don't see how a thing like that could have happened by accident, but I dare say I'll have to let it go at that. I have no better explanation to offer. If it were not a sheer impossibility, *I* should have said that the chap was fighting somebody—who got out of the way at the wrong time. Only it *wasn't* that, for there was nobody there."

I lifted my eyebrows as a glimmering of his meaning came to me. "Delirium tremens?" I hazarded.

"No, the fellow hadn't touched a drop in weeks. It was not that. I don't know *what* it was."

"Had you happened to see any one prowling about the place, Butler, at any time after Galloway came to stay at the Bluffs? Was there any one whose movements you might have been justified as regarding as suspicious?"

"No, and yet I am quite sure that I see every one who comes to the Bluffs."

"How was the house secured that night? Was it locked in any way?"

"The house was pretty much as usual. It was a hot night—very hot—one of the sultry kind, you know that takes it out of a fellow somehow. There didn't seem to be a breath of air stirring. So everything was left open pretty much as usual."

"Even the doors?"

"Yes, even the doors. I was restless and irritable. Galloway and his queer spells had got onto my nerves somehow. Every little thing seemed to jar on me rawly. I stopped the clock because when it struck, it fairly seemed to me to make noise enough to raise the dead. Mary and I agreed that it was the hottest night that we had either of us ever experienced in a long time. I finally opened even the screen doors."

"And left them open?" I was so afraid that he would notice some change in my voice that I almost held my breath.

"And left them open, yes," he said indifferently.

I rose to my feet with a long sigh. "It'll pay you to help me all that you can, Mr. Butler," I said mildly. "It's to your interest, you know, to have Carr here remain under suspicion."

Carr groaned. "And it's to my interest, I suppose to have Butler arrested," he said shortly and scowled.

"Well is it to be peace or war, gentlemen?" I said pointedly. "It's for you to say."

"It's to be peace so far as I am concerned—after a fashion," said Butler who had evidently constituted himself spokesman. "With one understanding, Ratterree. I'm not going to sit by quietly and allow you unlimited time and opportunity to twist a rope to hang me with. And when you see fit to go to town why I'll go with you."

"All right," I said. "I'll tell you one thing now, Butler, I'm in your power, you know, your's and Carr's but I'm not afraid of either of you and I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. I'm going to town early in the morning and when I go, the murderer of Arthur Galloway *will go with me.*"

If a cannon had suddenly been fired

in the wide room I could not have more utterly astounded the two men before me. I saw a sudden greenish pillor begin at Butler's thick lips and creep to the edges of his thick hair. Carr showed less emotion but even his appearance was hopelessly incriminating. If I had been more of an amateur than I was—if I had been less familiar with crime and with criminals—I should most cheerfully have convicted them both or either upon their appearance alone. If ever in my life I saw conscious guilt, or conscious guilt's counterfeit on a human countenance I saw it in their faces that day.

Butler as the older of the two—the more assured and brazen—was the first to rally from the panic in which my words had thrown them both. "Then you are convinced that it is one of the two of us who is guilty? he said in a queer, tired sort of voice. "Which one is it?"

"I'll tell you that in the morning, Mr. Butler," I said coolly. "When I lay my hand on the murderer, he will not put up any fight, nor will you for him.

For the moment I had shocked the two into momentary collusion as against a common enemy. Carr who had been almost friendly with me grew sulky again and scowled at me peevishly.

"You talk in riddles, Ratterree," he said shortly. "And I'm not overly patient, you know. Can you not make your meaning a little clearer?"

"Not now," I said wearily. "I want you both to listen to me now for just a moment more. I want to stay at the Bluffs tonight of course. I want to be unhindered and unbiased. If you, Mr. Butler are really quite innocent you will have no objection to allowing me a free hand. And I want to occupy Galloway's room tonight."

Both men looked at me startled again but it was Butler who spoke. "I wouldn't spend a night alone in that room—not for more gold than I could carry out of it," he said decidedly.

"Superstitious?"

"You can call it that—if you like." Again he looked at me queerly. "I'm not going to hinder you, you know, Mr. Ratterree. Make Carr stay at the Bluffs tonight and give me a scrap of writing to show that I am not to be held responsible—for anything that may happen—and you are more than welcome to stay in that room just as long as you like."

"In Galloway's room?"

It was the old woman who spoke this time. Dread, utter and unspeakable was in her deadened voice—in her stiffened hair—in her clay-colored lips. "Do you mean to allow *him* to spend the night in Galloway's room?"

"That is just exactly what I mean to do," said Butler shortly. "It's the man's own suggestion. I call you to bear witness, Carr that I am only yielding to his wishes in the matter and that it was his suggestion—not mine. He has begged me to throw no obstacle in his way—or in the way of the law. He has threatened to have me arrested if I do. And so now I say, that he shall stay in that room if he likes."

"And I say that he shall *not!*" The voice was like the voice of the risen dead. "I say that he *shall not*—no matter what comes to me! I'll tell all that I know, first! I *will!* All—All—*ALL!!*"

CHAPTER NINE.

"Your Duty!"

I at least was not surprised, so much as disappointed, at the woman's utter collapse with the last words. Five minutes more of consciousness on her part might have, I told myself, saved me a very trying experience. Living under the tension that she had lived under for weeks, however, the result was inevitable. Only a quick, impulsive movement on my part saved her from pitching forward senseless at my feet.

Her husband got her to bed and summoned a doctor, who sent word that he had a bad case on hand and could not hope to reach the Bluffs before late the next morning. I could see that Butler, perhaps naturally, blamed me for the gravity of his wife's condition. She lay in a sort of stupor, scarcely seeming to breathe. Personally I regarded her state as a most alarming one.

Through the remainder of that day I

was never even for one moment off my guard. I was less afraid of Carr than Butler whom I regarded as a cold-blooded, conscienceless villain. I was sorry for his wife who seemed inclined to cling to him in spite of his brutality, but I wasted little sympathy on the man himself.

Fortunately, ordinary decency chained him for the moment a prisoner to his wife's bedside. I saw but little of him. I doubt if my life would have been safe for a moment had Carr not been there, and had Butler not, knowing what he knew, believed that he was perfectly safe in trusting his vengeance to other and safer hands than his.

Just before sunset I quitted the house, ignoring Carr's apparent surprise and strolled idly about over the place. I first carefully examined the screen door that had figured so much in the story told by Butler's wife. It was rather new, I judged that it had not been hung very long, and there was a strong and rather peculiarly-constructed fastening to it. I fancied that it could not easily have been opened without cutting the wire. Three times, according to Mrs. Butler, an effort had been made to enter the back door when the screen was fastened, without success. It was only after Butler had, according to his own admission opened the screen door and *left it open,* that the murderer had been enabled to accomplish his purpose. A peculiar phase of the affair to my mind, was the fact that the criminal had lurked about the back door night after night, patiently waiting for his opportunity when every window, flush with the floor, was left open and an entrance thus made both easy and practicable.

Back of the house, the rock-strewn hillside rose sheer into a shoulder of pine-fringed, quartz-threaded, stony soil. I did not wonder, looking at it, that the Bluffs as a farm had proven to its luckless owner very far from being a paying proposition. There were many places where a man, with the passion for murder strong in his heart, could have lain hidden calmly awaiting his chosen opportunity. I wondered if some other man, with possibly Carr's provocation and unchecked by Carr's sworn promise, had purposely—in order to make his intended victim die in anticipation more deaths than one—knocked those several times at the back door and made life for the unhappy Galloway one long-drawn agony. The theory I had in mind with regard to the tragedy was something very different. Positively as I had spoken to Butler and Carr however, I was very far from feeling sure of my ground or certain that my theory was a correct one. If it was, I risked much—including a certain and horrible death—in spending the night in Galloway's room. If not—

I had skirted the shoulder of the hill and was gradually making my slow way back to the house again, still uncertain and perplexed, when voices somewhere near me in the dusk, checked my steps as effectually as a summons to halt would have done.

Ordinarily I share the casual observer's opinion of eavesdroppers. In my profession however, one is forced naturally to lay aside many of the finer, more delicate refinements of well-bred society. I recognized Carr's voice at once. And whatever Carr had to say I felt sure could not fail at the present juncture to be of intense interest to me.

"I am sorry that you thought it necessary to give me that reason for coming, Constance," the man was saying as I heard him first. "I would rather have believed that you regretted your father's harshness and had sought me out to tell me so."

The girl, I could barely see her face in the gathering dusk, was slender and tall. She had a quantity of soft, fair hair and I liked the way that she faced Carr—fairly and squarely and honestly as another man would have faced him and with as little coquetry.

"I did not even know that you were here at the Bluffs, Richard," she said gently. "I was in Boughton Crossing when the summons for the doctor came. He could not come and you know my training in the hospital has helped me. He asked me to do what I could for Mrs. Butler until he could see her for himself."

"And that is all—that you have to say to me?" The weight of anguish in the young man's tone wrung my heart, and I am not ordinarily very sympathetic. I wondered if the young girl, before him was going to prove less so than I..

"That is the only reason that I had for coming here, dear," she said so simply and so naturally that her words and tone touched me more than any number of passionate protestations could have done. "*That* and my growing restlessness. But there are other things that I meant to say to you just as soon as the saying was made possible. One is—"

"Yes!" All the sullenness had gone out of Carr's eager voice. It was alert and alive now with a growing hope.

"One is—that no matter what the result of the re-opening of the investigation of the Galloway affair may be, you must not allow it to make any difference in our relations to each other," she said very gently. "I am very sorry that the thing should all have to be rehashed again, Richard. I am very sorry that my father should resent so bitterly the association of my name with yours. I am very sorry that poor, weak, foolish Nettie, martyred for love's sake should live again—long enough to make her name and yours a by-word. But that is all, dear—absolutely."

For a full moment Richard Carr did not speak. When he did his voice—his tone—had so altered that I should never have recognized it for his. "Your father told me—" he began.

"My father—is my father—" she said gently. But there was in spite of the softness of her tone a world of decision in her sweet voice. "I would rather not talk about him, Richard—even to you. If he hoped enough from your resentment to be willing to make—misrepresentations—to you, I would much rather not know it."

"He said that he wanted an end put to our engagement," said Carr bluntly. "You will forgive me, Constance, but there must be no evasions between us now. If I hold you to your promise to me now, dear—I know that it would be the wiser, more unselfish thing if I did not do so—it must be with your full approval. He told me that it was your own wish, as his, that I give you up."

It was too dark for me to see the girl's face. Somehow I was glad of it—it rendered the listening to their conversation easier and made me feel less like a cad. Her voice was enough and too much, I told myslf for an unlicked cub like Richard Carr. "I am afraid that my father trusted rather to your temper than to his influence over me," she said in a low voice. "If the engagement between us is ever broken, Richard, it will be you who will break it—not I. I told my father so."

"Ought I to release you from your promise, dear?" I was never so near to liking Car before or since—never so near regretting that I had no daughter of my own to stand there, slim and straight and tall and *fine,* before the man she loved, and speak as a womanly woman should. "Ought I to give you up?"

"Do you really suppose that you *could* give me up—even if you wanted to?" she asked him gravely. "It takes two to break an engagement, Richard, as to make it. I shall hold myself bound to you in any event. If you want to throw me over—"

It was the second time that I had known Carr to give way to his emotions—fine, splendid fellow that he was. He caught the girl roughly in his arms and I heard something like a sob escape his lips. "O, Constance—*Constance!!*" was all that he said however.

"There, dear!" It was the girl's turn to be comforter. "I am very sorry that my father should have caused you to misunderstand my attitude toward you. I am sorry that you are allowing the reopening of this unhappy, tragic affair, to trouble you in the least. I know that you are innocent, Richard—"

"Not of intention, Constance. I ought to have killed Galloway. I could have more easily faced Nettie with the memory of a broken vow, than to have allowed some other man to have become her avenger—and my own."

"You are wrong, Richard," said the young girl quietly. "You are fast becoming morbid and allowing your mind

to become a hot-bed for the growth of unhealthy ideas. They will all do you God only knows how much harm! To have made a cold-blooded murderer of yourself could not have helped poor Nettie—dead or alive."

He dropped her hands wearily. "Ratterree goes into town tomorrow," he said rather gloomily. "He had said that he intends to take the murderer back with him."

"I blame *you,* Richard," said the girl firmly. "If you were actually guilty of the crime of which you are afraid that you will be charged, you would act and speak much as you are acting and speaking now. Brace up. You have nothing to fear, believe me."

"Nothing to fear from the hands of the law—no," said Carr morbidly. "That is not the last word, Constance. It is of you that I am thinking, dear. It is of *your* name linked with mine and dragged through the mire—it is of your father's anger—"

I could stand no more. "You need fear neither, Carr," I said stepping boldly forth and facing him coolly enough. "You are not in on this, you must know. I thought that you were clever enough to understand that—up yonder at the house when I said what I did."

I heard the girl beside him draw a quick, half-sobbing breath. "You could have meant—leaving out Richard—only Butler or Butler's wife," she said wonderingly. "And in that case—"

"I have always *said* that a woman's instinct was worth infinitely more than a man's brains," I said admiringly. "Butler's wife! Do you know, Miss Howell, no one so far as I know, has ever considered her in connection with the affair before—seriously I mean?"

"And you are meaning for me to understand that you *are* considering her—in that light?" The girl was peering at me through the gloom, trying to study my face as best she could. "Don't lose *your* head, Mr. Ratterree—with all your vaunted cleverness. Rattlesnake Butler—"

"A rattlesnake is to be dreaded—doubtless," I said enigmatically. "The rattlesnake's mate is equally dangerous—so I have heard. Butler according to common report is a surely, dangerous man. And he and Galloway had been at dagger's-points for days before the latter's death. Butler's wife is—in her own way—quite a match for her husband, and absolutely devoted hand and foot—soul and body—to his interests."

"I do not believe that she had anything to do with Mr. Galloway's death," said the girl doggedly. "I do not care to purchase my happiness and freedom from anxiety at the price of another's peace of mind, Mr. Ratterree—and that other a helpless, wretched old woman."

"You are not going to harm Mrs. Butler, nor am I!" I said quietly. "If she is really guilty,, she ought to suffer some—ought she not?"

"*If* she is guilty—which, mind you, I do not for a moment believe—she has already suffered—enough," said the girl uncertainly. "Mr. Butler himself is bitterly angry with her for having taken you into the house. Whatever happens now he will be sure to blame her for."

"Do you think that she is dangerously ill?"

"She is seriously ill at present, but not dangerously so, I think. With care she will recover. Am I to help her to do that—in order to have her later face something that would be far worse than death?"

"You are going to do your full duty, regardless of personal considerations—just as I am going to do mine," I said shortly. "Believe me, there is not much else in this world, Miss Howell, that is so much worth while, speaking from a commonplace and unsentimental standpoint of course. We are both going to forget other things if possible and remember *only* that. You must do your duty, young lady, mind that. Your *whole* duty!"

CHAPTER TEN.

The Rattlesnahe's Mate.

I did not go back to the house with the others, partly because I did not care to have Butler know that there had been any communication between the young people and myself, and partly because I was still young enough to know that they would want a little longer time alone

together. Their road had not been in the past, and did not promise to be in the future, such a smooth and easy one that I need to grudge them that. I had a shrewd idea that Howell himself was a blatant, pig-headed idiot who would make things just as unpleasant for his daughter and his daughter's affianced as he decently could.

Mrs. Butler I found was lying much as I had left her. It is true that Constance Howell who had arrived in my absence had been able to make her more comfortable. She was breathing with more freedom and her grayish face was not so ghastly and corpse-like. She still lay with her eyes closed, however, noticing nothing, and if she was even conscious there was nothing in her appearance to indicate the fact. It was hard, looking at her, to agree with Constance Howell's diagnosis of the case, or to share her hopeful opinion of the sick woman's chances of recovery. To my frankly-unprofessional eyes she seemed wretchedly, desperately ill.

Butler himself was hovering uncertainly about the room, doing very little it seemed to me, either to show his solicitude for her or to evince an intention of attempting to ameliorate his wife's condition. He scowled darkly at me as I entered the room.

"Is she better?" I asked.

"Very little if any and it is small thanks to you that she is even alive. You have done your very best to kill her."

"Do you think—does Miss Howell think—that it will be possible for your wife to make the trip to town tomorrow?"

The words took all of the fight out of him as I had known that they would. "What do you want to take *her* to town for?" he asked me hurriedly.

"I didn't say that I wanted to take her to town. I merely asked you if you thought that she would be able to go—if I thought that it was necessary and did want her to do so."

"You are a fool!" the man said coarsely and again the old fancy that he was trying, in order to further some interests of his own, to pick a quarrel with me, crossed my mind and steadied me. "What can you possibly expect to gain tonight by occupying Mr. Galloway's room?"

I evaded the question which I rather thought that he had a good reason for asking. "I may gain much—I may gain nothing at all," I said slowly.

"You surely do not expect the man who killed Galloway—granting that he *was* killed which, mind you, I deny—to be prowling about this place still?" he asked with some new meaning which I failed to fathom in his voice.

"The murder—granting that it *was* a murder which *I* firmly believe, was preceded by a series of certain curious occurrences," I said slowly. "Twice or three times, the last time possibly only a few moments before Galloway's death, some one was heard to knock at the back door although the Bluffs is peculiarly isolated and there are no neighbors for miles. Last night both your wife and I *heard that knock again.* Have you any explanation to offer with regard to it—any theory to account for it?"

"None at all!" but the man did not look at me even once. He wetted his dry lips with his tongue and looked furtively across from me to the woman lying on the bed.

My eyes followed his own. But beyond a certain vague twitching of the stiff lips—a certain curious, hopeless darkening of the woman's ghastly face—neither of which phenomena I could feel very sure of, there was no change in her condition. She had threatened to speak, to tell what she knew, but looking at the matter now and from a merely human standpoint, the keeping of her word was utterly impossible. If there was a hidden warning for me behind those guarded lips, that warning was to do me little good. And I could expect nothing from Butler—nothing!

"Then you know of no reason why—no sensible reason why—I should not stay in that room where Arthur Galloway died, tonight?" I asked slowly. I meant to give the man all the rope that I could—and then step aside and allow him to hang himself at his leisure.

"I know of no actual, *tangible* reason

why you should not stay in that room. Galloway met his death there and no man knows how he died. I wouldn't stay in there myself—I have already told you that—for any amount of money. That is all there is to it. Frankly, if it is a reason that you want for my peculiar feelings in the matter, I tell you plainly I cannot give it. Maybe I *am* superstitious—maybe the feeling that I have about it is a matter of instinct—maybe I am just a plain fool! You can take any way out of it you like, or none of them at all—for what I care. And that is all that I have to say."

I had given the man his chance to show himself something better than an ordinary brute and he had refused to take it. My blood boiled with a sort of fury and my fingers itched with the longing to twist his thick neck like the common bully and dog that he was. I resisted the impulse, largely on account of the old woman on the bed who had dared so much in order to show me a kindness—the woman who lay with eyes still closed but whose mouth had ceased twitching so pitifully with what I had feared was the longing to speak.

Carr and the girl entered a little later. I did not care by this time whether Butler knew that I had met Constance Howell before or not. For the time, with my mind filled with bigger issues and my courage braced for higher things his movements and opinions had practically ceased to interest me. "How is Mrs. Butler now, do you suppose?" I asked the girl shortly.

She bent above the bed a moment without speaking. "She is much the same," she said quietly then. "She is not going to die, Mr. Ratterree—as a result of this attack at least. She is yielding readily to the influence of the medicine that I gave her. She ought to be much better and possibly out of danger—by morning."

I looked from her to Carr and then back again. "Do you keep watch with her tonight?" I asked.

She nodded. "That is what I am here for," she said simply. "I cannot do much for Mrs. Butler, Mr. Ratterree, but that little is more than anybody else can do, until she is attended by a regular physician. The case is hardly so serious as it appears. I expect to have very little trouble with her tonight and I should not be greatly surprised if she slept quietly without rousing until morning."

"I want to go to that room across the hall now," I said impressively. "I want you to promise me something, Miss Howell, and that is when I am gone, you will close your door—I mean the one that opens into the hall—and that no matter what sounds you may hear, no matter how imperative a call you may seemingly listen to, you will *on no account—on no account*, mind you, and I am trying to make this adjuration as impressive as possible, that you will *on no account*, open that door until I either bid you do so or the morning sun rises. More depends on this perhaps than you can possibly know—your life—your reason itself! I cannot possibly make this appeal as strong as I would like to make it. Will you give me your promise?"

"No matter even if what I hear indicates your own personal danger—no matter if I think that it is to save your own life?"

"No matter *what* is it! You are not to be the judge of the urgency of the case, remember. I shall be in no danger for I intend to be on my guard and I have been in dangerous places before—and come out of them all right. Will you give me your promise?"

"I will. Unless you call on me personally to open the door leading into the hall, I will leave it closed and bolted until sunrise."

"Thank you!" I said relievedly and mopped my brow which had suddenly grown moist. The girl was fine, splendid, a girl in a thousand, I told myself, again looking at her. And I would not have had her life or her sanity endangered—not for all the Galloway millions.

I turned on the others so sharply that Butler, gazing at me oddly, at me first and then at the girl beside me, took a backward step and I wondered as I looked at him in the light of the candle, why I had never noticed before what a

greenish cast his features had. "And my prohibition applies to you two men too," I said sternly. "There is a room adjoining this, I see which you can both occupy to be near at hand in case either Miss Howell or her patient should need you. But I warn you now that I am armed and am minded to take no chances at this stage of the game at the hands of either of you. You'll be pretty likely to stop a stray bullet if you step out in that hall tonight, and the chances are that I will likely shoot first —and ask questions about it afterwards."

Carr was hot-tempered but I dare say he judged, rightly, that the words were more for Butler's benefit than for his own. "You may trust *me* to keep out of your way, Ratterree," he said grimly and I knew from his expression that I could depend upon him to keep his word.

"And you—Butler?" I asked turning to the other man.

"Carr speaks for me too—as for himself," said Butler still looking at me oddly. "I've been living in a sort of borderland of Hades for some time, Ratterree. You don't seeem to realize that. I'm going to turn things loose a bit now—and drift with the tide."

"And you'll keep that door leading into the hall shut?"

"You may turn the key in the lock yourself if you like," he said indifferently and yet with a ring of truth in his words. And in the end that is just precisely what I did.

I lighted a candle which I found on a table in the hall and looked at my watch. It lacked fifteen minutes of nine o'clock. The sky was clear, and the moon had risen. The wet darkness outside was checkered with little pools of silver and a few faint stars were shining. I went to the back door and looked out but I could not see very far. There was a light breeze blowing and and the candle-flame flickered and flickered and threatened to go out. I smelled the moist, dead odor of the fever-few and I noticed again the slimy snail-marks on the rough stone flags. It was still hot and sultry even after the rain. I set the screen door at the back wide open, and went back through the hall and into the room which I meant to occupy—the room in which Galloway had met his death.

The single candle illumined it but poorly and so I lighted the lamp. It was an Argand burner and its radiance dissipated the shadows effectually, but after a moment or two had passed, I extinguished it again. I wanted as nearly as possible to reproduce the scene exactly as Galloway must have surveyed it on that night of the tragedy and he had had no lamp burning. With the extinguishment of the flame the uncertain shadows trooped closely in on me again.

It was hideously lonely and unspeakably depressing. I was not superstitious, or had fancied that I was not, but thoughts of the dead man swarmed thickly about me like hiving bees. I might, for all I was able to tell, have been quite alone in the house. I could not even hear the sound of voices from that closed room across the hall.

The minutes passed. The room had a musty, filthy odor quite independent of dirt. I am sure that it was quite clean. It was rank and foul however with the smell of dead air and spoiled printer's ink from the heaps of musty newspapers piled in the corners.

I went restlessly out in the hall again. A thread of light below the door across the hall showed me that some one was still awake in the house but I could hear nothing. I crossed the floor and tried the door but could not open it. "No, I do not want to come in," I said in answer to an exclamation from within the room. "I only wanted to be quite sure that my directions were being carried out strictly and to the letter. That is all," and then I went back feeling, in spite of my common sense a little left-out and lonely, to the other room again.

And again the minutes crept by fiendishly slow. I thought of all sorts of unhealthy things—of Galloway's wealth and opportunities—of his wasted gifts and ruined life—of the young girl who had loved him so, that in facing the horror of his own approach-

ing death she had all but forgotten the torture and tragedy of her own. I thought of the young people across the hall—the radiance of their youthful happiness dimmed through no fault of their own, and I thought of savage old Rattlesnake Butler and his mate—the woman who had shown me only kindness and had forgotten her own safety in order to assure my own.

When it seemed to me that at least an hour had passed, I heard the jangling old clock somewhere in the other part of the house strike the hour. I counted the strokes carefully, surprised to find that it was only ten o'clock, and wondering a little wistfully if the other long hours of the night would drag themselves out as interminably as the last had done.

Just at this juncture however something happened. Clear and unmistakable I heard the double knock at the back door.

Scarcely taking time to wonder how a knock could be heard with the screen door flung wide open, I was out in the hall with the lighted candle flaring in my hand before the echoes of the sound had died away. My haste was disastrous to my intentions however. The draught from the back door fluttered the candle-flame slightly—fluttered it again—and then it went out.

I was not so very long in finding the matches. I had to grope my way about in the darkness, however, and it took me some seconds if not minutes to locate the table in the hall, and longer to find the matches which my first incautious movement had sent to the floor. I used what speed I could, however, both in recovering the matches and in re-lighting the candle—I am sure of that.

Even then as it seemed, however, I had been far too slow. When I reached the back door again, which to my great surprise I found carefully secured on the inside, everything was still. There was small use I felt sure, in going outside. The man had had time enough to get safely away. Thrusting my candle outside, I could see only the rough flags and the shadows that clutched at me like live things. In the distance a screech owl wailed in a blood-curdling fashion.

I set the screen door open again and walked back down the hall, I stopped for a moment at the door which I had ordered closed. "Somebody has broken faith with me and shut the screen door which I had purposely left open," I said threateningly. "If it happens again I will go back to town tonight instead of tomorrow—and carry my prisoner with me—dead or alive!"

No one answered me. I tried very hard to feel that it was Butler who, tardily and in this matter, tried to correct a murderous impulse which would ruthlessly have sacrificed my life to my own ignorance and partial knowledge. Carr was both too ignorant and too honest to have broken faith with me himself and I acquitted Constance Howell as readily.

More time dragged by. To my surprise I, who had never in my life known what actual fear meant, became possessed in spite of my common sense of a feeling of panic. To divert my mind I picked up a folded newspaper from the table. Even now I can recall the commonplace words with which I attempted to recall my straying courage. "The financial outlook here remains unchanged. Money is very scarce and is only released by those who hold it rarely and then only when gilt-edged security is given. The latest estimate of this fall's cotton-crop—"

I dropped the paper so abruptly that the candle-flame wavered in its draught, fluttered and went out. Some one had entered the back door, left wide for his coming, and was now in the hall—was already between me and the rickety table which I knew held the matches. Panic-stricken as I was and grown man that I am, I would not have crossed that hall for a kingdom.

There is a certain terror, "unguardable" against if I am allowed to coin a word, which I dare say is known at times to the most courageous of us. It knows no especial cause—is governed by no given laws—is exercised by no voluntary effort of the will. It shakes the soul at times as a reed is shaken by the wind and its passing is as the passing of the

shadow of death. Such fear—such unreasoning panic—I knew in its fulness that night.

I strained my ears for the sound of some vague movement but my hearing is not very keen and I could not be sure that I heard anything. Somehow I felt that something, naked and supple, was creeping belly-flat over the bare floor trying to take me off my guard. Outside Rover whined in his sleep and then fell silent again.

I clutched my revolver but the handle was slimy in my hand with the salt sweat of fear so that I all but dropped it. In my other hand I found suddenly that I was holding an open knife, much as Galloway had held his that other night when he had struck viciously, desperately—*downward!*

Again the dog whined under the steps and as he did so I was conscious again of the close-coming death that was all but crossing the threshold of my room. I *felt* the presence of the danger that I could not see and summoning my slender remaining store of courage, I fired again and again until my revolver was empty, at the Something which I could hear and feel—but could not see.

For a single mad moment after that confusion reigned. The room was full of the bellowing echoes of the shots and the acrid smell of power-smoke. Something flung out at me savagely, striking feeble, ineffectual blows and my hands were sticky and slimy and vile—

Some one called to me across the hall and I heard the door of the other room thrown open. "Are you hurt, Ratterree?" called Carr's anxious voice. "Shall I bring a light?"

"It is all over now—yes, you may bring a light," I said exhaustedly. At my very feet the thing—Thing now after that very first shot of mine whether brute or human—was still menacing me with puerile, inefficient blows—was still thrashing about with dying energy.

A light flared so suddenly that I covered my aching, blinded eyes with my shaking hand from which the revolver had clattered noisily. An exclamation from Carr steadied my wavering wits and I stared at him stupidly enough. Between us, half inside and half outside the room, lay and quiveerd the bulk of a huge rattlesnake with its ugly, wicked head shattered as one would shatter a rotten squash.

"I never dreamed that it was a rattlesnake at first," I said honestly. "The two—the rattlesnake and his mate—had their den back there under the lip of the cliff and as the heat increased and the watter-supply dwindled, they grew more and more restless. It was the whining kittens that attracted them first, but the screen doors baffled every effort they made to reach their prey."

"Then—on that last night—you, yourself, Butler left the screen door open on account of the heat. That night Galloway was restless and nervous—that night Mrs. Butler put the kittens out of the way lest they annoy her nervous guest. Maybe the whining of the dog attracted the rattlesnake, confused by the loss of her mate. God only knows about that. But one thing is more than probable. Out of a heart-sick reverie, Galloway doomed and damned was aroused by the sight that knocked me off my feet tonight—that sight of a giant rattlesnake at his feet, coiled and ready to strike!

"Confused, befluddled by his own fear that the thing might be after all a creature of his own half-insane, liquor-crazed imagination, Galloway was betrayed into the one half-involuntary movement that the rattlesnake waited for. She struck—and struck deep! Why Galloway did not shriek—why he did not call for help—is a secret that will not be unravelled until the judgment. He had the knife open in his hand and his first impulse, conceived of God only knows what wavering scrap of intelligence, was to cut the place containing the poison-venom out remorselessly and at once. He slashed viciously at his limb. But the poison had gone too deep, and the man himself was illy prepared to resist it. He clutched at the foot of the bed—slipped—and so slipping—died!

"Long before either you or your wife entered the room, Mr. Butler, the rattlesnake's mate—still confused by the

whining of the puppy had found her way outside the house again. And after that the screen was always fastened securely—until tonight. And tonight the solution of the Galloway problem is no longer a difficulty."

I looked at Constance Howell but I spoke to Carr. I liked the way that he went straight to her, and I liked it better that she did not even flush as she yielded her lifted lips to his. She was splendid—fine—a girl in a thousand I told myself again. I wished again, not for a daughter like her, but for a son old enough to take her away from Carr —if he could.



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

On account of various small changes in Post Office regulations and in manufacturing costs, it has been found necessary by the management to increase the subscription price of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE from One Dollar and a Half a year to One Dollar and Seventy-five Cents a year. This slight change of twenty-five cents a year is just sufficient to cover the changes in manufacturing and shipping conditions, and we believe that it will be accepted by our subscribers in the spirit in which it is made, that of *furnishing the best possible* NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE *at the lowest possible price.*

This change of subscription price will begin with the September issue. There will be no change in the news-stand price.

The new college for women to be located at New London, Connecticut, appears to be an assured reality. There is room for it. If it is intended to be an institution where young women shall receive a scholarly training that is adequate and broad, and not merely of the "finishing school" type, there is a crying need for it. Even here in New England such education is principally conspicuous for its non-existence. Undoubtedly good work is done at Radcliffe and at Smith and, measurably, at Tufts, but I cannot think of any other place in New England where a young woman can receive a thorough intellectual training. The difficulty is to some degree met in the west by the co-educational feature of the state universities, but co-education is not the ideal solution of the problem. All true friends of education will watch with the keenest interest the development of the college on the Thames, in the hope that it will give to young women an equal privilege with men in intellectual training.

Our recent editorial article on some of the difficulties of the New England endowed colleges receives unexpected confirmation in the report of the president of Yale university. In this report, just issued, President Hadley frankly admits that the Western State Universities have forced on Yale a modification of her entrance requirements and have set a standard of work in scientific training that calls for an immediate enlargement of the university endowments for that purpose. The present writer glories in the great traditions and noble inheritance of Yale university, but cannot be so blinded thereby as not to see that the conditions alluded to in President Hadley's report are symptomatic of a condition certain to become more and more acute. Many features of scientific training are technical and practical, and technical education is the *business of the state.* Such a relation with the state as would render it possible for the state to support certain of the more technical branches of the scientific teaching at such an institution as Yale, is very desirable. It will demand, as a preliminary step, a closer co-relation between the endowed colleges as a body and the state than now exists and nothing in the educational line is of more vital and pressing importance today.

Possibly a still more convincing proof that the situation, as we have depicted it, is becoming more pressing every day, is the announcement by the authorities of Amherst college that they are going to make such changes in their curriculum as to put Amherst in the foremost ranks of distinctly classical education. In other words, they find it necessary to escape, by some means, from the pressure of competition. The writer is warmly in sympathy will classical education and believes that Amherst has made a wise move. It may solve the problem for them, if they shall succeed in winning a following on that basis, but it is solving it by limitation and is it not a solution that suggests the possible desirability of coalition with some other institution in some such manner as Andover Seminary has come to Cambridge to do its own distinctive work? In other words, so far as the future of Amherst as an institution is concerned, it is only a partial solution of the problem, a step in the direction of a solution —which, in its last analysis, must be *state-controlled co-ordination of the institutions of higher education.*

The Lieutenant Governorship of Massachusetts is a position that is not only intrinsically important for the public duties that belong to the office, but has always been looked upon by the people as a stepping-stone to political preferment. And for that reason it is safe to say that few positions within the gift of the people are watched with a keener interest.

The suggestion, therefore, that Louis A. Coolidge, treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Co., be approached with reference to his possible candidacy for this conspicuous office, has been instantly seized upon by the press of the state and becomes the prime theme of conversation in political circles.

The resulting comment has been so generally favorable that the suggestion must be taken seriously, and the question of Mr. Coolidge's fitness for the position is a matter of legitimate interest.

Evidently his friends believe that he possesses the necessary qualifications in a high degree, or they would never have made the suggestion, and when we find that the list includes such names as those of Hon. Samuel L. Powers, Hon. Melvin O. Adams, Hon. John D. Long, Congressman John W. Weeks, Timothy E. Byrnes, General Hugh Bancroft and others of the highest standing in the community, and of wide influence in political and commercial circles, that testimony of itself will be conclusive to many minds.

The fact that Mr. Coolidge successfully fills the important position of treasurer of the Unitted Shoe Machinery company, proves him to be a man of great executive ability and able to grasp and handle very large problems. That he has been an important factor, sharing with President Sidney M. Winslow the work of building up that great co-operative institution, is a proof that he possesses the kind of ability that the state needs to call to its aid. The fact also gives Massachusettts an opportunity to show its appreciation of the stamp of men that are doing genuine constructive work in our great commercial corporations. Massachusetts does not condemn a man just because he is working in a corporation whose growth is a part of its own prosperity.

Looking a little further back, we find Mr. Coolidge has enjoyed in other fields of activity, a wide and varied training. He was educated at Harvard college and immediately upon his graduation entered the field of journalism, accepting a position in the Springfield Republican under its great editor, Wm. Bowles. He rose in his chosen profession to the very important position of Washington correspondent of two great metropolitan dailies, the New York Record and the Boston Journal. The position of Washington correspondent of a great daily paper is one that brings a man into intimate contact with political movements and their leaders. Mr. Coolidge was very successful and took a high posi-



HON. L. A. COOLIDGE

tion among his fellow-craftsmen. He was honored with the Presidency of the Gridiron Club, a newspaper men's organization and was looked upon as one of the members of Roosevelt's "tennis cabinet." All of this means political training of the most valuable kind. His knowledge of men and of current affairs is intimate and accurate. He was director of the Republican campaign literary bureau in 1904 and in 1908 was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He was thus already on the way to political preferment when he was called from public life by the tempting offers made to him by the United Shoe Machinery Co. His return to public life would be both natural and appropriate and would give to the state the services of an experienced, capable and trained public servant.

Such a candidacy, if Mr. Coolidge allows it to develop, cannot but be received with general satisfaction.



THE RED AND BLUE WAR.

As we go to press the battle rages. Also the rain is coming down in a most business-like fashion. Of course we need the rain a great deal more than we need the "Red and Blue War," but it is a little unfortunate that we should have this annual interference of dates. Would it not be well for our military authorities to awaken to a realization of the fact that the skies of New England have a stated engagement to let down about so much rain during the first of the "dog days?" Partial failure of plans, general disappointment, and, more serious by far, a heavy crop of sickness is the annual penalty for this clash of dates. Inasmuch as it seems impracticable to persuade the universe to alter New England climatic conditions, would it not be well for the military authorities to place the annual field manoeuvres of the local militia one week earlier, or to open diplomatic "conversations" with the dog-day government.

FRANCE, GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

Speaking of "Conversations" these are now proceeding, after the usual diplomatic manner, that is with all sincerity carefully eliminated, between France and Germany over the Moroccan situation, with Great Britain soliloquizing *pro bono publico*.

Such a war as is freely discussed as possibly resulting from this entanglement, would be a world calamity, setting back the progress of civilization beyond our power to measure. The quickness with which so serious a menace developed is the real warning that something is radically wrong in existing conditions, and it is of vital importance that Americans should carefully inform themselves of the situation and come to a just opinion concerning it. What the American people think about European politics may be of no interest to the diplomats of France and Germany, but indirectly, it is a powerful influence, nevertheless. In forming our opinion two facts must be taken into the account, first, that the present situation of Great Britain is in the interests of civilization; second, that German expansion in some direction cannot be understood. If the logical conclusion from these premises should be that French pretensions to colonial rights are in the way of world-progress, it should be our opinion that France should back out as gracefully as she can, and that England should cease to use her neighbour as a check to Germany. England's real interests should be maintained, but the mere jealous feeling that every advance of Germany is a menace to Great Britain, should not be allowed to dictate international affairs. Germany, with her teeming population growing by leaps and bounds, active, energetic, enterprising, intelligent, simply must expand. France, with her stationary population, has no need of colonial possessions. Undoubtedly England is using France, but in

that she is wrong. Let Germany find her opportunity for needed expansion, let the integrity of the British Empire be maintained, and let France find a sufficient vocation in restoring the vitality of her own people, and withdraw from colonial enterprises for which she has no spare population, no super-abundant vitality and never has shown a natural genius, or successfully maintained even in her palmiest days.

A NOBLE GIFT.

The Maine Sea Coast Mission is to receive through the generosity of Mrs. John S. Kennedy, for the use of the mission a boat of sufficient power to brave the winter storms of that rugged shore.

Plans are already formulated for the building of the craft which will be constructed upon lines of the boat used to such good advantage by Dr. Grenfel in his work along the coast of Labrador, and the engine will be of the latest and best design. Funds now on hand for this purpose allow of going ahead at once with the work of building, and it is probable that the boat will be ready for service during the coming winter.

This means comfort and light, and sometimes life itself to many who inhabit or toil in terrible isolation. Such a gift is a true act of genuine philanthropy.

THE RAILROAD ARMY.

The total number of persons reported as on the pay rolls of the steam roads of the United States on June 30, 1910, was 1,699,420, or an average of 706 per 100 miles of line. As compared with returns for June 30, 1909, there was an increase of 196,597 in the total number of railway employes. There were 64,691 enginemen, 68,321 firemen, 48,682 conductors, 136,938 other trainmen, and 44,682 switch tenders, crossing tenders, and watchmen.

The total number of railway employees (omitting 95,328 not distributed) was apportioned among the six general divisions of employment as follows: To maintenance of way and structures, 504,979; to maintenance of equipment, 329,373; to traffic expenses, 21,652; to transportation expenses, 53,385; and to outside operations, [illegible],348.

The complete report will include summaries showing the average daily compensation of 18 classe of employes for a series of years, and also the aggregate amount of compensation reported for each of the several classes. The total amount of wages and salaries reported as paid to railway employes during the year ending June 30, 1910, was $1,143,725,306.

The total number of persons reported by switching and terminal companies as on their pay rolls on June 30, 1910, was 33,015. The total amount of the wages and salaries reported by this class of companies for 1910 was $21,719,549.

On June 30, 1910, the par value of the amount of railway capital outstanding, according to the returns of the companies filing reports with the Commission, was $18,417,132,238. Of that amount, $14,338,575,940 was outstanding in the hands of the public.

Of the total capital outstanding, there existed as stock $8,113,657,380, of which $6,710,168,538 was common and $1,403,488,842 was preferred; the remaining part, $10,303,474,858, represented funded debt, consisting of mortgage bonds, $7,408,183,482; collateral trust bonds, $1,153,499,846; plain bonds, debentures, and notes, $933,966,704; income bonds, $290,951,276; miscellaneous funded obligations, $163,531,972; and equipment trust obligations, $353,341,578.

Of the total capital stock outstanding, $2,701,078,923, or 33.29 percent, paid no dividends. The amount of dividends declared during the year (by both operating and lessor companies) was $405,771,416, being equivalent to 7.50 percent on dividend-paying stock. No interest was paid on $790,499,252, or 7.94 percent of the total amount of funded debt (other than equipment trust obligations outstanding.



What a price we pay for false notions of grandeur and beauty! I do not refer to dollars and cents, although the cost in that way is not small, but the price

paid in loss of a more genuine and satisfying beauty is one that the community can ill afford. How long, for example, have we suffered under the offence of the gilding of the State House dome? I do not recall ever having heard the artistic propriety of this proceeding questioned—but it ought to have been long ago. During the present regilding there was one stage of the process in which the dome was entirely covered with a flat tint, and the resulting improvement in the appearance of the entire building was astonishing. The application of a showy coat of gold disturbs, by an inevitable optical law, the natural balance and proportion of the building as it would appear if its lines and masses were left to tell their own story to the eye.

Bullfinch refined on the prevailing colonial architecture by a more careful study of proportion and balance in design and by greater restraint in ornamental detail. To mar the really fine proportions of the State House front by a false embellishment of the dome is a great pity. It is unlikely that the evil will ever be corrected, as the people are very proud of their gilded dome, which can be seen so far, and think it so very fine that they would rise in rebellion against the "parsimony" of its proper covering.

Urban art privileges, during the summer months, so far as the exhibition of current work is concerned, are apt to be of a rather perfunctory and dreary nature. It is quite unusual to find anything so provocative and piquant as the "Exhibition of Works of American Painters" in the Vose gallery. Provocative mainly of dissent, it may be, but there are some interesting pictures in the group, and the little exhibition is well worthy of a visit.

A fine, atmospheric little thing is a picture of "New London from Groton at Night." The air is full of the dark luminosity of the night, and the loom of nearby objects and haunting insistence of distant lights is well told on a canvas that is not more than two feet square.

A study by Whistler for his portrait of Carlyle that is now the property of the Corporation of Glasgow is an interesting canvas. It sets one to wondering more about Carlyle than about Whistler. What manner of man is this presented to us by artist's vivid first impressions. Forgetting everything that we know of Carlyle, and gathering our impressions only from the canvas before us, it must be admitted that the resulting conception is not a pleasant one. There is brain enough, and philosophic concentration—a little too much concentration, in fact, for normal thought,—but of moral qualities there is scarcely a desirable one detectable. If the finished portrait presents the Carlyle of this study, the corporation of Glasgow must have been very proud indeed of the great writer's world reputation to have desired to hang the picture.

Much of Carlyle's work can be very easily associated with the man on the Whistler canvas, but some of it is not so readily. Indeed, we are left wondering —is it a bad portrait, or have we here an inexplicably contradictory character?



It is stated upon competent authority that last season saw more failures of theatrical managers than has been known for many years. The fact does not appear to work as a discouragement to enterprise along this line that is so appealing to men of a certain type, nor does capital appear to be difficult to secure, although it is probably the most highly speculative use to which money could possibly be put.

According to the same source, more new managers are to be in the field and more new plays launched during the coming winter than ever before. The crop of failures is certain to be large, but an extremely lively season is pretty sure to develop from the situation. It is said that much the same state of affairs exists in the profession. Many actors will be out of work entirely, while the managers are flooded with new applicants. Of course it is as difficult as ever to find competent people for the leading parts.



From "The Gift of the Grass," by John Trotwood Moore, Little, Brown & Co.

The usual activity of private clubs and of individuals for "the uplift of the stage" may be expected to occupy about so many columns, as it does annually, of the public press, but no real progress in the way of an actual improvement is likely to arise from such a situation as that described above. Indecency in the public presentation of a stage amusement cannot go very far without being called to book. Of far greater importance is the moral uplift of theatrical life. Unhappily there is altogether too much capital ready to back theatrical enterprises from the most questionable of motives and the rewards of compliance are temptingly glittering. It is also altogether too true that, in too

many instances, the roads to managerial favor are devious. Now I myself would rather watch a very questionable play presented by actors and actresses of unblemished character, than to sit through the most moral of performances by a troupe, or a "leading gentleman" and "leading lady" whom I absolutely knew to be morally rotten. I believe of the two spectacles the first is far, far less degrading. Altogether, it is doubtful if any part of modern activity is as loosely and uneconomically organized and as near to barbarism as the stage, and to the writer it would seem certain that real reform must begin with the sound business organization of the stage as a commercial enterprise. That and a little ordinary policing of the stage door will work wonders.

The midsummer theatrical interest in Boston centers, as usual, about the vaudeville stage, especially the out-of-doors theatres, and the two stock companies, at the Majestic and the Castle Square theatres. At the Majestic Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch is being presented with marked success. It would have been difficult for the management to have made a happier selection for the time and place. It fits the midsummer palate, somewhat surfeited with vaudeville and light comic opera, and that is still unwilling to settle down to anything more serious than Mrs. Wiggs and her diverting philosophy. The play is delightfully presented and sure of a good following.

The final week of Mr. Craig's third successful season begins on Monday with a revival of "A Bachelor's Honeymoon." The Castle Square Theatre will thus have been open continuously for forty-nine successive weeks, and it will be closed but a short interval of time in order to make ready for the opening of the new season of 1911-1912. "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" is a lively farce in which the audience will find plenty of opportunity for laughter. It is funny from the start, and its ingenuity of plot, its witty dialogue and its amusing characters place it among the best plays of its kind. In laughter giving power it is fully equal of "All the Comforts of Home," and "Are You a Mason?"

"A Bachelor's Honeymoon" has for its hero a widower with three charming daughters, and having married again he finds that because of a sister who has charge of his moral and financial welfare, he has involved himself in not a little trouble. It is all amusingly worked out, in a fashion that provided generous means for laughter throughout the entire play. The cast will include Donald Meek, W. P. Carleton, Gertrude Binley and Mabel Colcord.

The new season at the Castle Square under the direction of Mr. Craig will open the first of September, and due announcement will be made of the play selected for that purpose.



The West in the East. In this breezy, little volume Mr. Price Collier, its author, has condensed the flood of impressions that come to a live American traveling for the first time in the far East. His aim is to make the East, stripped of romance and illusion, known to the West. For this work he was equipped with a very close and sympathetic knowledge of the standpoint and customary views of his compatriots, a mind naturally keen and alert, exceptional opportunities of observation in the countries visited, and, above all, and rarest of all, a clear moral sense that never allows itself to be bedabbled in the mire of a false "cosmopolitanism."

The result is a book that is always vividly and sometimes startlingly revelatory. Indeed, it often gives the average reader's easy-going assumption of knowledge a decided jog. The main ish official in India and British administration of colonial obligations, Mr. Collier not only has a profound respect, but an admiration that amounts to amazement. Not that his praise is uncritical. He finds efficiency although not always sympathy or comprehension. He cannot find words in which to express the utter

supineness of native India. In the various self-styled "progressive" movements that are supposed to represent an awakening India he sees little of struggle or vitality, and practically nothing that is even suggestive of a national movement. So far as India is concerned the influence of the West on the East, intellectually and spiritually, is practically *nil*. The India which Mr. Collier pictures leaves on the reader's mind the impression of the bed of a great stream that, by countless invasions, has been swept bare of all vegetation and all fertility. He gives you a feeling not only that there is no germination of the seeds of western civilization already sown, but no soil in which they might possibly take root. The awakening of India, according to Mr. Collier, will be, not a matter of generations but of centuries. In the meanwhile, British rule, phlegmatic, just, materially reconstructive, is the very best possible thing that could happen. There is a hint of a menace in Mohammedanism, and a need of watchfulness on the part of Great Britain, against an ever-possible wave of fanaticism. His entertainers were, of course, all delightful fellows and so on, and so on. The book will not escape the censure of crudity and hasty, snap-judgment generalization. But it will survive all such strictures by virtue of its honest soundness at the core, its sure moral instinct, Christian feeling, unprejudiced approach to facts for the sake of finding what the facts are and its fearless frankness in stating the convictions reached.

The chapters on China and Japan are rather more desultory than the three-fourths of the book which are given to India, but they are characterized by the same qualities of incisive statement, independent judgment and sound sense. Every live American of our day ought, by all means, to buy the book and read it. It is published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, at $1.50 net.

"The Patient Observer and His Friends" by Simeon Strunsky (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York) is an intensely interesting series of essays, the greater number of which were published in the New York Evening Post for 1910 under the general title of "The Patient Observer" and they are very apt observations which this patient and original observer makes. The spicy humor of his keen appreciation of the pith of things of every day life is vastly entertaining and full enough of the truth of the situation to make the records more than fictitious originality.

"The Doctors" is a clever bit of drollery. He says "All doctors, I believe, may be divded into those who go clean-shaven and those who wear beards. The difference is more than one of appearance. It is a difference of temperament and conduct. The smooth-faced physician represents the buoyant, the romantic, what one might almost call the impressionistic strain in the medical profession. The other is the conservative, the classicist. My personal likings are all for the newer type, but I do not mind admitting that if I were very ill indeed, I should be tempted to send for the physician who wears a Vandyke and smiles only at long intervals." And again, "The literature in a physician's waiting room is not exhilarating. Usually, there is an extensive collection of periodicals four months old and over. . . . The sense of age about the magazines on a doctor's table is heightened by the absence of the front and back covers. The only way of ascertaining the date of publication is to hunt for the table of contents. . . . Some physicians take in the illustrated weeklies as well as the monthly magazines. In one of the former I found the other day an excellent panoramic view of the second inauguration of President McKinley."

The "Everlasting Famine" is an interesting bit of spicy cleverness. For example, the following: "There is an established fashion of speaking about men as individuals and about women as a class and a type. And that class or type we saddle with all the faults and virtues of all its individual members. When Smith tells me that his automobile cost him three times as much as I know he has paid for it, I record my impressions by telling Jones as soon as I meet him that the man Smith

is an incorrigible liar. But when Mrs. Smith tells me that her family is one of the oldest in Massachusetts, which I have every reason to believe is not so, I invariably say to myself or to some one else "A woman's appreciation of the truth is like her appreciation of music: she likes it best when she closes her eyes to it."

We have had, it is true, considerable nonsense and slush served up to us in the form of "artistic and aesthetic dancing." Mr. Strunsky has seen forcibly the point to which aesthetic Terpsichoreanism has strained itself. We read an imaginary account in a Weekly Review for 1952 which recounts the progress which the art of dancing attained since 1910: "In a splendid series of matinees extending over two months, Professor William P. Jones danced the whole of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' The first two volumes were danced in slow time, to the accompaniment of two flutes and a lyre. . . . But beginning with the story of the barbaric invasions in the third volume, Professor Jones' interpretation took on a fury that was almost bacchantic. The sack of Rome by the Vandals in the year 451 was pictured in a veritable tempest of gyrations, leaps and somersaults. . . . A certain obscure passage in the life of Attila the Hun, which had long been a puzzle to students of Gibbon, was for the first time made clear to the average man when Professor Jones, standing on one foot, whirled around rapidly in one direction for five minutes, and then, instantly reversing himself, spun around for ten minutes in the opposite direction." . . . "In Pittsburg Mr. Spriggs is said to have moved an audience to tears when, by an original combination of the Virginia reel, the two-step, and the Navajo snake dance, he showed that if X^2+Y^2 equals 25 and $X^2—Y^2$ equals 25, X equals 5 and Y equals zero. . . . Among other works they will dance the Psalms and Ecclesiastics, Spinoza's 'Ethics,' the Gettysburg Address, Darwin's 'Origin of Species" and Mr. Dooley.' "

Other chapters are upon "The Church Universal," " Some Newspaper Traits," "On Living in Brooklyn," "Palladino Outdone," "The Cadence of the Crowd," "What We Forget," "When a Friend Marries," "Public Liars," "The Commuter," "The Sample Life," "Chopin's Successors," "The Irrepressible Culture," "The Germs of Culture."

The book is breezy and scintillates with real wit and is one that will appeal to a variety of clients,—the tired business man who likes pithy philosophy sprinkled with humor, the bookworm who needs an antidote,—any person, in fact, who is interested in the humorous side of facts about our unconsciously foolish selves and our daily life. The book is published in attractive red and gold, at $1.20 net.



A. E. ABBEY

(From the Boston Transcript.)

THE career of Edwin Austin Abbey bears a striking resemblance to that of another American painter who won his chief distinction abroad and who chose to live there. Both Benjamin West and Abbey were Pennsylvanians. Both went to England, and both obtained the favor of British kings. For forty years West found favor with George III, and Abbey was selected by the great-grandson of George III.—the late King Edward—to paint the picture of his coronation. Mr. Abbey was in his fiftieth year when he received this important and significant commission; and he lived just ten years longer.

Edwin Abbey was born on that unpropitious day, April 1st, in the year 1852. Another American artist, visiting in England at the time that Mr. Abbey was at work on his coronation picture, paid a call at his studio in Gloucestershire.

"Abbey," said the caller, "it is a great work and a great chance; but tell me, how did you get it?"

"Through my grandfather," was Abbey's laconic reply.

The friend laughingly went on. "And I see by the papers that you are also to decorate the new capitol of Pennsylvania, a work that will be monumental and take years of your life. Did your grandfather get you that commission, too?"

"If I do the work, he will be the cause," was Abbey's answer.

Roswell Abbey, this grandfather, was a merchant, an inventor of type foundry appliances, an adept in many lines of commerce, and for his own pleasure a worker in water-colors. Of a decidedly artistic temperament, he was wont to spend many hours at his easel. His son, William M. Abbey, followed almost the identical course. He, too, was a merchant, and a prosperous one, in Philadelphia, in the days when the city hardly reached above Broad street. He, too, had a talent with the brush and amused himself with sketching until late in life.

Edwin A. Abbey, the son of this man, diverged from the family tradition. He broke away from merchandise and clove to the brush exclusively. Indeed, he showed the artistic bent from his cradle. Before he was five years old his drawings on the margins of magazines attracted notice, and a few years later he was pretty evenly splitting his time between baseball and littering the family residence with sketches of his parents, his home and his playmates.

This combination of art and baseball is significant. All his days Mr. Abbey was not only the artist, but a man deeply interested in the procession of life. He showed from the start that he possessed the two requisites for the making of a great painter—talent and a sense of life.

Early in his career, moreover, he put forth another characteristic that remained with him ever after and constituted one of his chief distinctions. As a boy in his 'teens he used to pose his brother and sister and companions, always insisting that their costumes be faultlessly appropriate to time and circumstance. One of his first sketches to reach publication in a magazine was called "Tracking Rabbits." It displayed two boys out hunting—a brother and a friend, whom the young artist drove almost to distraction with his fussiness over details in their dress. When he advanced and became contributor to Oliver Optic's paper, "Our Boys and Girls," the same punctiliousness was with him, though the drawing he made was but a rebus. He was but fourteen years old at the time, but the style of this and other illustrations appearing in the paper brought him the friendship of Mr. Ad-

ams and led to the dedication of a book to the boy by the popular author.

Two years after the rebus appeared, Abbey went into a wood engraver's shop and began drawing on wood, and made his entry as an illustrator in Harper's Magazine, with a sketch of a band of Pilgrims celebrating "The First Thanksgiving," an achievement that he said gave him greater pleasure than any important commission he afterward received. In the meantime, he put in a year or so of study in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia —leaving behind the tradition, by the way, that "Ned" Abbey was a good artist, but unwilling. But the success with his first real magazine sketch drew him to New York, his student days ended, brief as they were, and his career begun The success that came to him was achieved without any academic training to speak of. He picked it up in hard work in the "shop," or as an illustrator. The American magazines gave him an excellent opportunity to experiment and teach himself, and he needed no other master. If he was exacting with his models and his costumes, he was even more severe with himself. It is said that after he had finished his painting of "Gloucester and Lady Anne," he discovered he had got the wrong quarterings in the coat-of-arms on the lady's dress, which is of heraldic design. Not deterred by the labor involved, he immediately painted the skirt over again and got it to suit his sense of exactitude. In "The Castle of King Amphortas" there is a groined and vaulted roof supported by columns with capitals out of the ordinary. That he might get them exactly as they were he traveled to Brittany and not only copied the doubtful capitals but modelled them as well. With his art and its technique he was just as painstaking, and for the particular genius he had, no master he might ever have sought could have taught him better.

It has been a long journey he has made in his art, from a stool at the drawing-table of Harper & Bros., to a seat in the Royal Academy, and Mr. Abbey has crowded it with laborious days —not unseasoned with unscorned delights. For legend has it that but for Mrs. Abbey, the early penchant for baseball, which in the later years of life in England, was transfered to cricket, the Coronation picture might never have been finished in the remarkably quick time that went to complete it. The laborious days managed to be many, nonetheless, all Abbey's life long. It was a busy and a notable crew with whom the young Pennsylvanian began work in New York—Howard Pyle, Joseph Pennell, Alfred Parsons, Charles S. Reinhart—who were helping to draw the attention of Europe to the distinctive excellence of the American art of illustration. The influence of his work and his co-workers remained ever with him. Perhaps they definitely shaped his talents, for Abbey, in all his pictures, is the story teller, in some sense the illustrator, glorified but still the illustrator.

The stages of a rapid and distinguished career are always absorbingly interesting to follow, and Abbey's progress to mastery of himself and his art have all that interest. He was still working away with his pencils as a talented youth when his first important opportunity came by—the commission to illustrate some of the poems of Herrick. The task took him to England in search of background and material—and as it happened, provided him with the home suited to his bent and tastes that every artist craves. He remained a loyal American as long as he lived, but England he found necessary to his peculiar art. It was no accident that put it in his way to illustrate an old English poet. Already his early work had pointed him that way and must have made his selection for this first undertaking an easy matter for his publisher. He was foreordained for the English life and scenery that he immediately sought and found so fertilizing to his fancy. It is easy to imagine his delight in his first tramp through rural England in quest of color for his Herrick illustrations. It hastened his natural bias for the past, and the romantic past, as England alone may boast it. That first excursion gave tenor to his whole life work.

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